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THE  
ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY TO <sup>after</sup> ~~MAY~~, 1850.

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W. H. BIDWELL, EDITOR AND PROPRIETOR.

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## INDEX.

## EMBELLISHMENTS.

1. LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL PARTING WITH HIS FAMILY, painted by Bridges, engraved by Sartain.
2. ATALIBA RECKIVING THE LAST EMBRACES OF HIS FAMILY, painted by Colin, engraved by Sartain.
3. PORTRAIT OF MISS PARDOE, painted by Lilley, engraved by Sartain.
4. ARREST OF LADY JANE GREY, painted by

## A.

- Adelaide, Queen.—*See Death.*  
 Aspects of Nature in different Lands.—*See Humboldt.*  
 Arctic Voyages, The.—*New Monthly Magazine.* 414  
 Accommodation Bill, The.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,* . . . . . 564

## B.

- Battle of Trafalgar.—*See Trafalgar.*  
 Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridge.—*See Tubular Bridge.*  
 Bank of England.—*See England.*  
 Brandenburg, History of the House of.—*English Review,* . . . . . 482

## C.

- Canada, Conquest of.—*English Review,* . . . . . 102  
 Christopher under Canvass.—*See Dies Boreales.*  
 Chemistry of the Stars.—*British Quarterly Review,* . . . . . 171  
 Cordelier, The, of Sisteron.—*New Monthly Magazine,* . . . . . 259  
 China and the Chinese.—*Dublin University Magazine,* . . . . . 27  
 Chalmers, the late Doctor, Life of.—*Tail's Magazine,* . . . . . 400  
 Christendom and Turkey.—*See Turkey.*  
 Chopin, Frederic, the Pianist.—*Bentley's Miscellany,* . . . . . 543  
 California.—*Sharpe's Magazine.* . . . . 548

## D.

- Death, Physical Phenomena of.—*See Physical Phenomena.*  
 Dies Boreales, No. 5.—*Blackwood's Magazine,* 112  
 Death of the Queen Dowager.—*Britannia,* 274  
 Denmark, Winter Pictures of.—*Tail's Magazine,* . . . . . 526

## E.

- England, Bank of.—*Hogg's Instructor,* . . . . . 254  
 Emperor's, The, Night Adventure, . . . . . 425  
 Epidemics.—*Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review,* . . . . . 455

## F.

Faith and Reason.—*See Reason.*

## H.

- Human Progress.—*Westminster Review,* . . . . . 1  
 Howard.—*Blackwood's Magazine,* . . . . . 388  
 Humboldt's Aspects of Nature in Different Lands.—*North British Review,* . . . . . 374  
 Hundred Years Ago.—*Patriot,* . . . . . 397  
 History of Epidemics.—*See Epidemics.*  
 House of Brandenburg, History of.—*See Brandenburg.*

## K.

- Knowledge, Superficial, on Mr. Macaulay's Praise of.—*Fraser's Magazine,* . . . . . 522

## L.

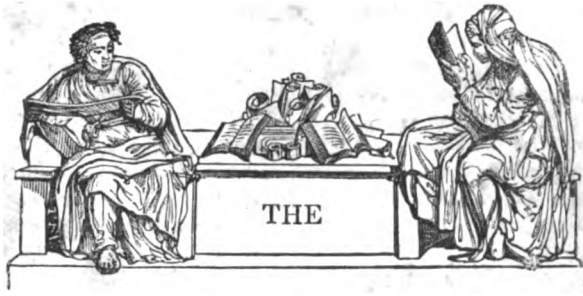
- Locke and Sydenham.—*North British Review,* . . . . . 145  
 Lycanthropy.—*Chambers's Edinburgh Journal,* . . . . . 190  
 Life and Genius of Rabelais.—*See Rabelais.*  
 Last Days of Mirabeau.—*See Mirabeau.*  
 Last of the lucas, . . . . . 288  
 Life Assurance, What is!—*North British Review,* . . . . . 326  
 Life of Howard.—*See Howard.*  
 Life of the late Dr. Chalmers.—*See Chalmers.*  
 Lady Jane Grey, . . . . . 558

## M.

- Memoir of Myself, . . . . . 184  
 Mirabeau, Last Days of.—*Dublin University Magazine,* . . . . . 243  
 Memoir of Miss Pardoe.—*See Pardoe.*  
 Man, Natural History of.—*See Natural History.*  
 Mayfield, Maurice; or, Never too Late.—*Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call,* . . . . . 531  
 MISCELLANEOUS.—Hungarian Crown, . . . . . 235

- N.
- Nature, Aspects of, in different Lands—*See* *Hm boldt*.
- Natural History of Man—*Quarterly Review*, 500
- P.
- Progress, Human—*Westminster Review*, 1
- Physical Phenomena of Death—*Quarterly Review*, 23
- Poetry, Schools of, and Tennyson.—*See* *Tennyson*.
- Posthumous Memoir of Myself—*New Monthly Magazine*, 134
- Pardoe, Miss, Memoir of—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 324
- Peerage, Romance of—*Dublin University Magazine*, 356
- Press, The, during the Past Year—*Bentley's Miscellany*, 495
- Post-Office, the British—*Fraser's Magazine*, 535
- Portrait.—My Childhood's Thought, 22; To Struggle when Hope is banished, 52; Loved at Home, 65; Sonnet to Wilberforce, 90; Now as Ever, 111; Shadow and Sunshine, 163; Love, 159; A Mother's Lament, 215; Bereavement, 228; True Philosophy, 234; Trust—Faith, 241; Hope, 253; Adieu to sorrow, 258; Love and Death, 273; Boyhood's Early Lay, 323; My Winter Room, 337; The Hermit Heart, 372; A Child's Grave at Florence, 373; The Sun-Dial and the Flower:—Borrowed Importance, 396; Lines on the Death of a Child, 453; Jaffar, 454; I wish my Love were some fair Stream, 481; To Walter Savage Landor, 542; Liking and Disliking, 557.
- R.
- Rossi, Countess of.—*See* *Sontag*.
- Russell, Lord William, 144
- Robinson Crusoe, The Original.—*See* *Selkirk*.
- Rabelais, His Life and Genius—*British Quarterly Review*, 216
- Reason and Faith, their Claims and Conflicts—*Edinburgh Review*, 239
- Romance of the Peerage.—*See* *Peerage*.
- S.
- Sontag, Henrietta—*Tail's Magazine*, 91
- Sydenham.—*See* *Locke*.
- Selkirk, Alexander—*Hogg's Instructor*, 164
- Stars, Chemistry of.—*See* *Chemistry*.
- Sphinx's Riddle—*Hogg's Instructor*, 229
- T.
- Trafalgar, Battle of—*Fraser's Magazine*, 53, 236
- Tennyson and the Schools of Poetry—*Edinburgh Review*, 66
- Tubular Bridge, The Britannia and Conway—*Quarterly Review*, 193
- Turkey and Christendom—*Edinburgh Review*, 433
- V.
- Voyages, The Arctic.—*See* *Arctic*.
- Vienna, Legend of.—*See* *Emperor*.
- W.
- What is Life Assurance!—*See* *Life Assurance*.





# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

OF

FOREIGN LITERATURE, SCIENCE, AND ART.

JANUARY, 1850.

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## HUMAN PROGRESS.

1. *Lectures on the Races of Men.* By ROBERT KNOX, M.D., F.R.S.E. *Medical Times.*
2. *The Philosophy of the Human Hand.* Translated from the French of M. LE CAINE. S. D'Arpentigny. *Medical Times.*
3. *Modern Painters.* By a Graduate of Oxford. London: Smith, Elder & Co., Cornhill.

WE have grouped these works together, though apparently dissimilar, because they all bear upon the question of all others important to man, viz., human progress, physical and mental. The lectures of Dr. Knox have excited considerable interest, and deservedly so; but we regard them as valuable rather by inciting discussion than for the soundness of their philosophy. With a thorough appreciation for all earnest men, even when their faith is questionable, and thoroughly recognizing the earnestness of Dr. Knox, we cannot sympathize with the vituperative tone he uses toward the mental inferiorities of the world, who, for their misfortune and ours, may be put in high places. We do not use terms of abuse to the sloth, or the slug, or tiger, or hyæna, when discussing their peculiarities; and why should we do so to man when he is unfortunate enough to be misfitted to his occupation,

whether king, kaiser, carle, or earl? The philosophical spirit does not deal in polemics, and abuse of individuals helps to perpetuate abuses. But Dr. Knox seems to us rather to be an acute perceiver than a sound reasoner, and somewhat prone, like the actor Dennis, to cry out, "That's *my* thunder!" But we respect him for things which he has, not expecting those he has not; and very valuable is he in his day and generation.

If we understand Dr. Knox's theory, it is that men were originally created of differing races, like the wild animals, and that however they may mingle in marriage, there is a constant tendency for the mixed race to die off, and the races to revert to their original types. More than this, he assumes that these original types are constantly disappearing, if we may judge from his words: "All things seem to move in cycles; races succeed races on the stage of the world."

Regarding man simply as an animal, this proposition may hold good ; but contemplating him as a highly intellectual being, possessing imagination and wisdom, the argument is utterly worthless. There can be no doubt that our orchard apples, were England dispeopled, would all revert to crabs, and we have, moreover,

"Some tough old crab-trees here at home, that will not  
Be grafted to our relish."

But "so long as England is England," that is, inhabited by a race of *men*, in the larger sense of the word, there is more chance of a crab-tree becoming a curiosity than of apples being extinct. The philosophy of Dr. Knox would form the whole races of men into castes—creatures of instinct, not of will. The world's history is yet but the dawn of mankind, and the reasoning built thereon lacks sufficient data. The original types of man seem to us capable of infinite variety, and that we are in a state of constant progress from lesser to greater—from plainness to beauty—from stupidity to high intellect—from loathsome animality to high and divine morality. Thus far we may agree with Dr. Knox, that the inferior types of man are disappearing and the superior increasing, as the cycles roll on,

"And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

In both Dr. Knox and M. D'Arpentigny, the love of theory seems to lead them to a Procrustean process of bending all things to their own fancy. Doubtless each human being is born with a peculiar natural aptitude, as are dogs and horses, and each human being will prove valuable to the world and to himself as this aptitude is developed ; but we hold that, in order to be perfect, reasoning man must be a compendium of all that is desirable in man ; and that, out of the whole races of men upon the earth will arise, in some future day, the mixed, or rather, perhaps, we should say, the *restored* race, that will realize the dream of man's perfectibility. Saxon industry, Celtic art, Arab passion, Negro hilarity, are all high qualities of man ; and when they shall be combined in the same individuals, instead of existing separately, a harmonious world will be the result. Man, divided into distinct types, resembles the lame man mounted on the shoulders of the blind man, recorded in one of Mrs. Barbauld's stories, producing a result by very imperfect processes.

Premising that we believe in the ultimate eradication of vicious qualities from man, in other words, in the fitting application of all man's qualities to uses beneficial to himself and his fellow-men, as intended from the beginning, we will endeavor to set forth our own views as to the processes he has passed through, and has yet to pass through. We may assume either of two theories,—that man was created civilized and lapsed into a savage, or that he was created a savage *ab initio*. In his savage state, he could only subsist on food of spontaneous growth—the vegetables of the earth, or the animals feeding on those vegetables. So long as he could procure food in plenty he would not be ferocious, but pressed by hunger he would be, like any of the carnivorous tribes, a fierce savage. He would war on his fellow-man to appropriate the scarce food, and this is precisely the practice that obtains amongst the red tribes of men in America. Gregarious man first associated, as distinct herds of cattle do, for self-protection. His food was wild animals. As they became scarce, hunger ensued, and to prevent this, a species of property—tribal property—was assumed under the title of "hunting-grounds," the claim being nearly of the same kind as a strong lion or tiger might assume. The numbers of the tribes increasing, they preyed on each other's hunting-grounds, and thus induced war, whereby the numbers of men being reduced, the numbers of animals increased, and peace followed. This was the state of the red men at the advent of Columbus, and is their state still, save where the white men have come in amongst them. It is the state of the Arab tribes in Africa also. It is the state of all nations of men where the animal faculties are in excess of the reasoning. It has been more or less the state of Ireland up to the present time. The law of prey, which is the original law of nature, can only be abrogated by the law of human reason, which, in its approach to perfection, will gradually disperse those imperfections we are accustomed to class under the name of "evil."

The origin of *race*, therefore, is very easy to understand. It is obvious that in a savage state the term *strongest* applies to the man of the most perfect animal faculties. Good ears, sharp eyes, strong teeth, good health, and nervous and muscular energy, would constitute the strong man ; *vice versa* the weak man. A portion more or less of cunning superadded to these qualities would constitute a chief of men, or king—König,

or able man. Animal faculties are the hunter's faculties, and it is easy to apprehend, that men without these faculties would directly or indirectly be destroyed, and all those growing to manhood would be of one type or race. How such a race could attain to civilization it is difficult to understand. It would be the leap from spontaneous food to artificial food, from the hunter to the husbandman, and that means individual property in the earth's surface. An individual of powerful mind might spring up into power and produce a change, but probably it would be

"With Epaminondas and Pelopidas, the glory of Thebes rose—and fell."

In a mild or warm climate, where vegetable food is spontaneous, and more natural to man, the transition would be more easy. Manco Capac in Peru, and the ancestry of Montezuma, in Mexico, are cases in point; and from thence, probably, came what is found of civilization amongst the red men of the North, whose traditions tell that their ancestors came from the warm climates—probably driven thence by the pressure of population against the means of subsistence. In these climates the race of men would vary. The vegetable food would induce a milder type of men. At this day, the races of men vary in the eastern and western portions of the American continent—in Chili and La Plata. In Chili the people are fed chiefly on dried beans, with a portion of bread. Their temperament is hilarious, their faces round, their figures plump, and of a Sancho Panza tendency. In La Plata, on the contrary, the everlasting food is animal—chiefly beef—and the men are savage-looking and lank-loined. Chili overflows with population; La Plata is scant. The stomach of the Chilian is distended, like that of a potato-eating Irishman. The stomach of the La Plata rider is like that of a hungry tiger.

The general circumstances which surround a particular community are favorable to the growth and increase of a particular type of man, and less favorable to others.

"Like follows like throughout this mortal span:" thus, the horse in Flanders becomes an unwieldy monster, and in Shetland a dwarf; and there is a tendency in animals to associate together from external resemblances, and to persecute those who are dissimilar or strange. In the Falkland Islands there are cattle of four different colors, forming separate herds in distant districts as exactly as white men separate from negroes

in the United States. On the eastern slopes of the Southern Andes, the cattle-breeders have a habit of attaching a bell to the neck of a mare. From three to four hundred horses of one color follow this mare wherever she speeds, and one proprietor frequently has a troop of grays, another of blacks, and another of duns. The internal lakes of Chili are usually inhabited by swans with black necks. The captain of an Australian trader presented a pair of the "*rare aves in terris*," the black swans, to the proprietors of one of these lakes. No sooner were they placed on the water than they were surrounded by the black-necked race, as a negro might be surrounded by an European mob, and ultimately the male negro swan was killed, and the female left to drag out her widowhood as best she might.

Where circumstances are favorable to a type, that type will increase, though in minority; but where the mass of the community is of one type, though surrounded by unfavorable circumstances, they will merely continue to degenerate till extinguished, without permitting a stronger race to grow up near them, unless laws and customs are favorable to the stronger race. Many of the ancient people of the earth have doubtless thus disappeared. Thus will the French population of Canada disappear; thus will the Celtic population of Ireland disappear, unless they mingle with the Saxon and English races.

Dr. Knox argues that there is a tendency in mules and mulattoes to die out, in human beings as well as in the animal races. That is to say, there is a tendency in man to return to his original types, to his normal state of wild man. Very probably; but so also is there a tendency to improve all breeds by crossing. The farmer understands this in his cows, and sheep, and pigs, and also in his corn, and turnips, and potatoes. It is sometimes regarded as an institution of Providence, that different lands have been made to produce different commodities, in order to induce alliances between their inhabitants. Why may not man himself fall under the same category? The strong and hardy white races of the north cannot thrive in warm southern climates, neither can the inhabitant of the torrid zone thrive in the north; and the mixed race, apparently fitted for neither, may thrive but in the temperate climate. Gradation is the general law of nature. Violent changes produce hurricanes and earthquakes. Man is partly a creature and partly a creator of circumstances. In the

far north he is white, and his skin gradually darkens as he goes southward, till at the equator he becomes black. In his highest civilized state he approaches the forms of classic beauty. In savage life his mouth becomes a muzzle, and he degenerates nearly to a monkey. It is all gradation, and we see no reason why the elements in the savage should not grow up into the sage or saint, or why the color of the negro should not change to that of the white, or *vice versa*—not in our time, but in the lapse of ages, taking advantage of favorable circumstances. It is within the bounds of possibility that Englishmen might once more become savages; but before that takes place, they must forget all the powers of nature they have pressed into their service to do man's drudgery, and return to their ancient state of ignorance.

Race, then, we believe to be the result of especial circumstances, acting for a long period of time on an especial body of people, unfavorably in certain types, and favorably in others, till they have all grown similar. Such a race may remain in the same circumstances unchanged forever; but if they change these circumstances, as for example, if they make a conquest of a new land where the circumstances are unfavorable, they will decline and disappear; and thus it is that a race of conquerors usually disappears from a conquered nation by process of time, unless the numbers be kept up by fresh importations to replace those dying off. Man differs not from the animals in these particulars. The same race of bees still flourishes in Hy-mettus; neither lion, nor tiger, nor elephant has degenerated in their native regions, and they are never voluntary emigrants. Man alone, aided by his reason, tries new circumstances, and sometimes blunders in misfitting himself to his climate.

Physical man, in a warm climate, requires food chiefly of a vegetable kind, with water for drink; in short, his wants are as simple as those of the lower animals. In such a climate there are commonly diseases enough to keep down the pressure of population; if not, wars take place, for the torrid zone is favorable to the development of vicious passions. In cool or cold climates, physical man requires food, fuel, clothing, and lodging; and some of it must be strong food, as animal food and flesh, to keep up heat and the waste of the body. If he be a hunter, his food, and the skins of beasts for clothing are easy to get, provided population be sparse. If he has, moreover, discovered the secret of nature provided for his first step in progress,

viz., the possibility of making grass produce large seeds, as wheat, barley, oats, or rye, a larger population may be provided for; but property in land must first be established, and human industry or human drudgery called into action. "In the sweat of thy brow shalt thou eat bread." But when thus far launched by nature on the ocean of progress, man is still but a savage clad in the skins of beasts. In his ever-teeming *brain*, that hive of the whole world's progress, and by the aid of that wonder-working sceptre, his *hand*, nature has provided for his ever-returning wants; the spindle and distaff and loom spring forth; animal and vegetable yield their spoils, and lo! he is clad in purple and fine linen. He and his, but not *they*. Men have become the drudges of their fellow-men, who by the sweat of their *brain* have left the sweat of the brow to the mass, while they become a leisure class, removed from bodily drudgery. Metals have been scantily wrought, palaces of stone have been built, groves have been planted, and Greece has become possible with her heroes and poets, artists and philosophers. Yet all is based on a hollow dream. There are two orders in the nation, freemen and slaves; and though the time has not come for Christ to proclaim men's universal equality, amongst that crowd of slaves arise a fresh generation of heroes, poets, artists, and philosophers, and it gets to be perceived that it is an impossible thing for any class of men to be happy in luxury while other men are unhappy in misery. Men must not "grind at the mill" forever, that other men may eat of white wheaten bread.

In a very temperate climate, men may increase in number up to the supply of food; but in the cold hyerborean regions, other things are required besides food, clothing, and lodging. An abundant supply of fuel is also essential, not merely for individuals, but for the mass. A cold climate, therefore, with only timber for fuel, can never be very densely populated. Where timber is not, savage people use oil lamps to warm their dwellings, and their lives are shortened and their numbers lessened, by breathing mephitic air. Those who cannot do this, gradually burn up their timber and migrate. And now man unfolds another page in his brain, and another of nature's secrets is laid open to him. On the surface, and below the surface of the earth, he finds a fuel stored up for him by nature before he was born, ready for his gradually developing faculties. It would have been useless to him while in a

savage state, unacquainted with the use of tools, and therefore timber was provided. The timber consumed, and the tools ready, the coal is found; and now timber trees may be left to grow up in their beauty to gladden his eyes while they stand, or be cut down only to build his ships and dwellings. A mighty boon to the earth was this of coal, wondrously enhanced by the iron lying by its side, the Castor and Pollux of this our English Argo, freighted with the world's deliverance from thralldom, and manned by such a crew as the world never before beheld, whose memory shall never die while the firm earth shall endure, or the ocean tides reverberate.

When coal, and iron, and lime, and artificial food in abundance, are thus combined together, surrounded by a vigor-giving healthy climate, then may the races of men thicken, and combine for progress. When, in addition, a watery highway is ready on all sides to waft them and their wealth there congregated, even to the furthestmost parts of the earth, there must be ever a fountain-head of the world's power. Such is this our England—such has it ever been by its island form: such has not been the interior of Europe, and therefore has its progress been slower. But when the coal and iron were found side by side in England, still was the world far from their free use. The work of the world was done by the drudgery of the slave-like many, chiefly for the benefit of the lordly few. Food might be plentiful, surface coal might easily be had for them who lived near it; but alas! for those at a distance; and the skins of beasts were still the clothing of many, while houses and other things were scarce;

"In clouted iron shoes and sheepskin breeches:"

so wrote Daniel Defoe, of the English laborers of his day. Clothing by day and by night were rags and straw. But another leaf of man's *brain* was unfolded, and again was the sweat wiped from his brow. The wind and the wave were first set to grind his corn, and pump his water, and spin his thread; and last came steam to proclaim the "beginning of the end" of human drudgery, that the time should indeed come when men might be equal in circumstances to their birthright.

The wealth, and power, and philosophy, and artistic ease of Greece, came from her slaves; that of Rome, from conquered nations. They fell because the slaves grew

too powerful to submit to work for task-masters. The wealth and power of England are sustained by the powers of nature without cruelty inflicted on man, and therefore they may be permanent. But England has not been working for herself alone. She has been the workshop of the world, and all nations have profited by her labors. She has spun and woven cotton, and flax, and silk, and wool, to clothe them, and she has given them machines and taught them to do likewise. She has built them ships till her timber has been consumed, and she has opened yet again the inexhaustible book of man's brain, to build ships of iron, moved by iron rowers—incombustible, and like the axe of Elisha, unsinkable; ships that will carry increased cargoes with less cost for materials and labor, materials inexhaustible, and labor growing lighter, and capable of indefinite increase.

Sooty and begrimed nation—gnomes of the north, artisans and not artists—thus we are called by the races whose leisure we have earned, and that, too, is to have an end. Again has the human brain been searched that the sweat may be wiped from the brows of the cleansers of clothing and buildings, and those who walk in high places. It is still puzzling its way at smoke-consuming, forgetting that the true way is to abstain from making the smoke; that though nature made coal for man's uses, she did not make it *all* fit for perfect combustion. It is the work of the manufacturing chemist to do this.

If we put ripe fruit into our stomachs we can digest it; but if we put therein raw potatoes or cabbage, we shall require some kind of chemical solvent, called *physic*. To obviate the necessity for this, we cook the vegetables before eating them. Now, the food of fire is coal. Cannel coal is analogous to ripe fruit; it will digest or burn without smoke: Newcastle, Leicester, or other coal, is analogous to the raw potatoes; it will not digest without smoke. Chemists well know that combustion is the exact mixing, in certain proportions, of certain gases. If the proportions be incorrect, the surplus portions produce smoke and vapor. Therefore, to get rid of smoke from coal fires, we must mix our coals artificially—thus manufacturing a fuel which will contain the several gases in due proportions.

This accomplished, we may go on for some time in increased comfort; but with the "process of the suns" a new difficulty will arise. Wood is of limited extent, but it is

reproducible. Coal is also of limited extent, but it is not reproducible; therefore the exhaustion of coal, which must sooner or later take place, would have a tendency to diminish population. But it will be a gradual process; and as coal increases in cost, the chemist's brain will again discover that nature has provided a remedy for this stage in man's progress also; and the gases of combustion will be artificially abstracted from many natural substances, to support light and heat: the electric light, imperfect as it is, but dimly shadowing forth the results that will obtain as the years roll on, changing the miracle of to-day into the daily occurrence of the morrow.

The physical food of man in the savage state is roots, wild fruits, and wild animals. He is omnivorous. Nature made him thus to provide for his wants in the absence of reason. The food was prepared by nature of these various kinds, ready for him to assimilate. He was no chemist, and would have starved had not his food been ready prepared. As roots and wild animals became scarce, or, in other words, as population increased, he made wheat from grass, and tamed the goat, and sheep, and black cattle in inclosed pasture-lands. As his knowledge increased, he crossed the races, and suited them better to his purposes of food. Man became what is called civilized; but, in this process of civilization, he engendered many physical disorders by ignorance. When he took to living out of the open air, he created in-door diseases. When he took to artificially feeding and housing his animals, he created diseases in them also. Smithfield-club-cattle men assumed that the trial and test of cattle was—masses of fat. Liebig had not then taught, and it was not understood that man needs fat as food as a candle needs tallow, or a lamp needs oil, to keep up his heat, and that otherwise it is of little use to him; just as bears live on their own fat, and bees on their honey, to keep them warm while hybernating. As knowledge grew it was discovered that fat was not the only essential, but no distinct ideas seem yet to prevail on the subject.

The truth is, that vegetables, generally speaking, are not a sufficiently stimulating food for intellectual man. Irishmen live on potatoes, East Indians on rice, but they are not usually men of intellectual energy. A portion of animal food seems essential to healthy stimulus. The most digestible is the flesh of wild animals fed on vegetables, especially of the aromatic kind. Venison,

or the flesh of deer, is the most digestible of all. Such deer as can procure abundant food of this kind, and shelter from the weather at their own pleasure, produce the best food. Cattle and sheep follow next, and they form the wholesomest food for man in proportion as they are in the fullest enjoyment of their animal spirits. Deer, and sheep, and cattle fed in stalls, are unhealthy and deteriorated. The writer once traveled in a wild country where cattle were driven with the caravan as food. They were in good condition, but occasionally they traveled till they were weary and footworn. If killed in this condition they were flavorless, as food. "Tired Meat" was the name given to them. The meat appeared not to nourish at all, and the appetite could not be satiated with it. There is little doubt that the *osmazome* of the chemist, and the *flavor* of the butcher, are synonymous with "animal spirits." The animal when in its healthiest state—in its state of the greatest enjoyment—is fittest for the food of man.

But not the flesh of all animals. Veal, and lamb, and fish are less digestible than venison, beef, and mutton. The reason seems to be that the former are more animal, being fed on animal substances—milk and the flesh of other animals. We are not aware that it has yet been tried to feed fish artificially on vegetables. Venison, beef, and mutton, fed on aromatic herbage, are partly antiseptic. The proof of this is that they may be eaten and relished partly decomposed, while the smallest taint renders veal, lamb, and fish disgusting. We commonly apply the term carrion to the flesh of land animals that feed on other animals. The vegetable-fed animals we consider wholesome food for ourselves. With fish we do not make this distinction.

The practice of feeding on the flesh of animals, entombing their bodies within our own, has something in it repugnant to refinement. Many individuals there are who wholly abstain from this food, and confine themselves to vegetables. Some there are who abstain even to the injury of their own health. We are not counselors of this species of martyrdom, but nevertheless think it desirable that the practice of eating animals should disappear from civilized communities so soon as other means of maintaining their physical energies can be obtained. We think that nature has provided for this also, as another phase of man's existence, when his brain shall be set to work upon it. We will endeavor to analyze the subject.

Grass and plants are organized bodies, en-

dowed with life and feeding on earths and minerals, in short aggregating together various chemical ingredients. Some of these plants we eat directly, others we eat indirectly, by feeding animals on them, and then feeding on the animals. All this is simply an indirect course of gathering together chemical ingredients in our own bodies. The problem then to solve is, how shall we accomplish the task of gathering the chemical ingredients together, and applying them to our bodies, from inorganic and not organic matter?

We shall doubtless be here met by the hackneyed remarks, that nature intended us to feed on the lower animals—created them for man's use, and what a surplus of animals there would be in the world if we did not eat them. We may meet this argument by the converse, and say that nature made man for the food of lions and tigers, who were intended to keep down man's too rapid increase. It is certain that lions and tigers have some purposes assigned them in creation, and that *may* be one of them.

Hunters have assuredly a propensity to kill and eat, from the time of Esau, or before; and in Peter's dream he was bidden to "rise, kill, and eat." But the great majority of mankind abhor killing, save under the pressure of passion or hunger; while even the cannibal mothers of the Feejee Islands will exchange children, in order not to devour their own. But they who hunger for animal food in civilized life, rarely like to kill the creatures they eat; and when killed, none like to eat the flesh of pet animals they have themselves domesticated—as pigeons, fowls, rabbits, lambs, or kids. To get rid of the distasteful operation of killing, we employ butchers—helots of the modern world, whose very name we employ as a term of vituperation. This is not Christian to say the least of it. We have no right to degrade any human beings, or regard as inferiors those who prepare the materials that enter into the most intimate combination with our own persons. There is something humiliating in the idea of a delicate person who faints at the sight of blood or a butcher's shop, and then sits down to eat of the carcasses that have there been cut up. If the employment be in itself abhorrent to our sensations, it argues little for our humanity, that we have our poorer fellows to do what we consider degrading work. If the employment of a butcher be, of necessity, the work of preserving human life, the butcher is entitled to honor as well as the physician.

But we believe that the still obtaining con-

sumption of animal food is simply a remnant of savage life, a custom doomed to vanish under the light of human reason. All the animal food artificially bred by farmers or others, is, with little exception, unwholesome. Consumption, measles, dropsy, liver complaint, and other diseases abound in the animals we eat, and have a tendency to produce those diseases in our own bodies. The poison we take in by the lungs in the gaseous form, is not the only poison we imbibe. We make an outcry about cleansing the sewers of our cities, and yet make sewers of our bodies. We cleanse our outer skin and pollute our inner skin. If the pressure of population is to continue, rendering it essential to devour unwholesome meat, our chemists and sanitary officers should at least take order to divest it of its poison, and convert it into another form, just as putrid game is made sweet by carbon, or acid fermented liquors are rectified by alkali.

All human food consists only of certain gases and chemical ingredients, present in the atmosphere and in the earth; the vegetables are assimilated inorganic matter—the animals are assimilated vegetables—"all flesh is grass." "Give us corn and grass, and what shall we want for food?" In the infancy of our race it was needful that nature should assimilate our food for us, just as the infant needs its mother's milk. The reason of man has now outgrown his earlier necessity, and he may change his earlier food. He must prepare his food without the use of animals. In examining the qualities of vegetables, we find that some are oily, some sugary, some glutinous—as the olive, the sugar-cane, and many plants and trees yielding gum. There is yet another variety, seeming to constitute the midway mixture of the animal and vegetable—the mushroom. These vegetables seem to point out to us our course. Could we produce a new vegetable, or cross some old vegetable, so as to unite the three qualities of wheat, olives, and sugar-cane, we should have attained a species of vegetable flesh, no doubt of highly nutritious quality.

Charcoal and diamond are chemical identities; so are attar of roses and naphtha. The bulk of the food we eat is soluble into gases, which gases we can procure in abundance—which we can separate from our food—but which we cannot combine to form food. Our analysis is nearly perfect, but our synthesis is yet in embryo.

There are several remarkable circumstances connected with the assimilation of

our food in our bodies, on which our knowledge is limited. We cannot live wholly on animal gelatine, on vegetable gluten, on vegetable oil, or animal fat. If we prepare these substances separately, although we saturate the stomach with them, we die as of inanition. There is an assimilation required. We lack the knowledge of the aromatic world—the osmazome—the aroma that, like the lime in iron-smelting, seems to form the flux that is to unite dead matter to living. The “tired meat” of the shambles lacks this aroma—this “animal spirit,”—and without it, it will not assimilate with our bodies, or nourish us.

Here, then, it would seem, is the great triumph of the chemist to be found—wondrous as mesmerism or electricity. Palpable to our senses, but beyond our understanding as yet, are the myriad odors wafted around us on all sides, spirits and genii of magic power. Come forth, then, ye chemists! conjure up and lay bound before us the “tricksey Ariel” of the pine, the orange, the lemon, the strawberry, the raspberry, the peach, the apricot, the venison, the October partridge, pheasant, and woodcock. Give over to us, not the “spirits of wine,” but their aromas. We can make the acid of the lemon, but where is its odorous zephyr? We can make the sugar of the honey, but where is its scent sweet as honeysuckle? We are on the eve of wondrous discoveries, but none shall be more marvelous in their results than the discovery how to produce the aromas at will. This achieved, the heaviest portion of the primal curse will be removed from us—feeding on the “beasts that perish,” by the “sweat of our brows.”

Give us this knowledge, O ye chemists! and the whole world shall fall down before ye, and bless ye as its greatest benefactors.

There is more work yet to do in the mechanical world, in the preparation of human clothing. Of the materials—animal and vegetable—such as skin, wool, hair, silk, cotton, flax, hemp, caoutchouc, gutta percha, and other materials, we are yet far from knowing all the uses; and of inorganic preparations we know almost nothing. Asbestos and woven glass are as faint visions of something that yet may be done, whereof the glass slipper of Cinderella was also a shadowy type. But even with the materials at our disposal we have rather worked as laborers than as artists. We have made huge flat webs of wool, and flax, and cotton, and of the latter we have made acres and miles of extent, sufficient to cover over the whole

of the habitable and uninhabitable globe. Such webs are good for curtains, and carpets, and bed-covers, and table-covers; but as coverings for human bodies they have no more artistic merit than a flat sheet of paper has as a cover for an artificial globe. We have put together the coverings of other animals, and pride ourselves in them; but we have not made of them garments so degraded and useful as those of their original owners, whose cast-off apparel we have taken and altered.

“The sheep and silkworm wore  
Those very garments once before.”

Much as mechanism, springing from man's brain as Minerva from the hand of Jove under the rough operation of Vulcan-Lucina—much as it has done for man, poor as well as rich, giving sheets, and shirts, and stockings, and thus facilitating cleanliness and health of body, it has left yet more to do. Tailors and sempstresses are yet a reproach amongst us. Of the word tailor, we have even lost the original sense; the *tailleur*, or artist of men's and women's shapes and forms, seeking to clothe them in comely garments. The word has long been degraded—from the time since Queen Bess, of coarse memory, addressed the deputation of eighteen tailors with “Good morning to you, gentlemen, both.” The term “ninth part of a man” is but the rude perception of wasted drudgery. The phrase to “tailor” a thing, is but another word for cobbling or botching it. To ride or drive, or play cricket badly, produces the ready vituperative from the mob—individually, perhaps, just as awkward—of Tailor! What the tailor is in the sex masculine, the shirt-maker is in the sex feminine—a thing of stitches—endless, eternal stitches. Nothing but degradation could be the result of such a monotonous occupation, so utterly insignificant a process; universal as that of the individual efforts of the coral insects, but with results altogether ephemeral. The coral insect is an architect or builder. The sempster or sempstress is a thing of seams—a mere joiner of edges. Wofully did they—

“Turn their wit the seamy side without,”

who made a society, and invented strikes or “turns out” emblematic of their occupation, to preserve to themselves this degradation—the exclusive right to make stitches. Neither craftsmen nor crafty men were they in



their war upon women for this object—to monopolize the right to be the “Feebles” of the community. It is true that Sir John Falstaff asserted his Feeble to be “forcible;” and Colonel Thompson, in our own day, has threatened what bees’-wax to their horses he could make of London tailors in the form of dragoons; but we apprehend this was and is, not a consequence of their being tailors, but in spite of their being tailors. The trade of sempsters fought for themselves as a body of “Flints,” to turn out the “Dungs” from exercising the art and mystery of stitch-making, and returned to the charge again and again, warring for the right to charge higher prices for stitches than other men, and boys, and women, and girls were willing to do them at. They advocated “division of labor,” in the mode of keeping all the “stitches” for their own dividend. But it was fruitless. The shoal came in, deluging the stitch-market with competition, if not in labor, in “stitches.” Shirt-making came to be the lowest kind of stitching, and Moses and Son obtained profits, as Hebrew-Caucasians will occasionally do, by employing the lowest races of women to stitch shirts for the lowest races of men, competing with each other as virulently as Flints against Dungs, till Lord Ashley arose in the might of his chivalry, to proclaim that the iniquity of underpaid stitches should no longer exist, that he would drive Moses out of the market by paying higher wages himself. Brave Lord Ashley! and wise as brave, were it only practicable. But it was not practicable. Many though the stitches be, still more numerous are the stitchers—still more numerous do they grow; and their cry is still, as the daughters of the horse-leech, Give, give! But even Hood’s “Song of the Shirt,” with its deep-toned earnestness, cannot prevail to raise the wages of *all*; how then should Lord Ashley? To stem the overwhelming torrent, he proclaims aloud that only “professed sempstresses” shall find work at his shop—the others may go to Moses. Alas! alas! what is a professed sempstress? Seven years of misery—stitch, stitch, stitching to learn the lowest of mechanical operations. A new trades’-union of women, headed by Lord Ashley, in a crusade against irregular interloping stitchers of their own sex! Is this all that poor benevolence can do? Well said Johnson—“Merit in a nobleman should be handsomely acknowledged.”

The late acute and wisely-benevolent magistrate, Mr. Walker, said in his “Original,”—“If we permit the existence of stagnant

waters we shall infallibly promote gnats; and there is no conceivable amount of degradation to which human beings may not be brought, provided it be by degrees.”

There is one way, and one only, to uproot the distresses of sempsters and sempstresses. It is to prohibit seams—not by Act of Parliament, but by rendering them worthless and useless. Take away the stitches, and there would no longer be a mass of people brought up to make them. They are a remnant of our imperfect condition—of the patchwork contrivances which began with the skins of beasts as a necessity, and which we have perpetuated in particular forms till we have grown to believe it ornamental artistry. The Sussex peasant covers his unsightly smock-frock with superfluous stitching, as a rude embroidery; and gent and gentleman do the same by the fronts of their shirts. They go about God’s earth, walking reproaches on the inhumanity of man, who, not satisfied with exacting drudgery from his fellow-men and women, seeks to increase that drudgery by studious contrivance. Nor are women exempt from the charge of inhumanity, who carry wasted human labor on their own persons. Let us not be told that it “provides work for the poor.” The hackneyed excuse shall not shield the miserable vanity that can only find gratification in the servitude of numerous fellow-beings. There is a morbid vanity that values things only for what they have cost in the amount of human labor wasted upon them, not for their artistical result, as Panama chains and hand-made lace, proclaiming to the world how rich the wearer is. The Scottish fishwives have a quaint way of calling their had-docks “lives o’ men,” indicating the perils which have procured them. Embroidered shirt-fronts, hand-wrought, might be justly designated “lives o’ women.” As the basis of true politeness is good-heartedness, so should the externals of a lady or gentleman indicate humanity, and thoughtful avoidance of human infliction.

The garment of Christ without a seam, was the type of that which is to come, when another leaf in man’s brain shall have been unfolded. In after years people will wonder at the ancestral processes which constructed large flat webs of machine-made cloth, and then cut them into fragments to be joined together again by hand drudgery. The time is coming that shirts will be made perfect in the loom by machine labor. The succinct garments of industry will be produced at prices lower than even Moses has dreamed

of, and the flowing drapery of the man of leisure, or of study, will mark his status better than the cramped unwholesome clothing that has made a jest of the distinction between standing up and sitting down apparel. It is a question for the mechanician to solve, how the powers of nature shall produce human garments by machinery, wholly and not in part? The problem will not be difficult to solve; and he who first solves it shall be famous amongst men, as the chemist who shall first discover the mystery of the aromas. Then may men and women indulge in artistical decoration of their persons, when it shall cease to be a result of painful handicrafty.\*

The next question is of our dwellings. In these, as regards the general masses of mankind, we are as far behind as in our food and clothing. In the warm regions of the earth we require shelter chiefly from the sun. In England, much more than this is required. We require sun-shade occasionally, but for the greater part of the year all that relates to our comfort, and the care of our bodies, must be transacted beneath a roof. Thus, as in other things, the problem to solve is—how may the greatest amount of comfort be achieved for human beings, with the minimum of drudgery to other human beings? We have no sympathy with those whose aim it is to engross the largest possible amount of personal service from others. We do not believe that human happiness is consequent on party-coloring the externals of our fellow-creatures, even though it be "considered in their wages." We are still lamentably deficient in our dwelling arrangements, far behind those of our factories. We have thought more of working for general and individual profit—which, fairly translated in the great book of nature, does not mean mere sordid gain, but the great work of the world's progress—than we have of our domestic comforts. A movement in the right direction is taking place in these latter days, partly the result of philanthropy, and partly of a growing conviction in the minds of the wealthy, that they cannot neglect their poorer fellows with impunity. One of our greatest writers has forcibly stated this:—"once a poor Irishwoman stopped in the environs of 'Merry Carlisle,' and was refused help in her sickness. She fell prostrate with

contagious fever in a road-side hovel, and ere she died communicated the infection to many other persons, thus proving her relationship." Much blundering is there in the new arrangements, but nevertheless cleanliness of body, and ventilation to give free air to the lungs, is attaining, and much more will follow. The true problem of socialism is solving gradually and without violence, as must ever be the case with all permanent results. But still the reformers are following in the rear of better things, not boldly taking the lead, with reason and experience for their guidance. The theory of dwellings it is not difficult to lay down.

Shelter from the "skyey influences" is the first consideration—in other words—a roof; a huge umbrella-covering, on walls inclosing a sufficiently large space, and this space should be gravel soil—the soil nature has provided for man to dwell on, and not for vegetables to thrive on, other than those that gladden the sight of man. The materials for constructing a roof were "some time a problem, but now the time gives them proof," since Robert Peel abolished the duty on glass, and set man's brain free to work on nature's materials, before reserved as a costly luxury for the wealthy. Four external walls, then, of sufficient height and thickness, and constructed with large hollow bricks, should be covered in with a roof of rough-surfaced glass, of greenish tinge, and of sufficient thickness to defy the hailstone. The roof structure should be of wrought iron, on the tension principle, and divided into as many spaces as may be desirable, supported on stone or cast-iron columns. Portions of the glass might be left bright, for the sun's rays to enter; other portions colored, for artistic effect. The glass should be inserted in the roof in large sheets, with elastic packing round the edges. The greater the number of the floors there can be the better, as height above the earth's surface is always favorable to health, rising above the vapor exhalation line. But, of course, there must be a certain proportion of width to height. If we assume six ranges of apartments eight feet high each—supposed for working men and families, then the area within the internal walls should not be less than one hundred feet. The floors should be double, of sawn slate, with air spaces between, and supported on iron girders. The partitions and staircases also should be of sawn slate. The apartments should all be against the external walls, with the windows opening outward, and the doors opening on inner gal-

\* While writing this, we are informed that an American has brought over a "stitching machine." This is the first step. The next is, to manufacture garments not requiring stitches. The artist and mechanician must combine for this.

leries. The ground-floor rooms should be apportioned to a dining and coffee-room, a library and lecture-room, and a kitchen. The central portion, to the height of the first floor, should be covered in with glass pavement, and applied to hot and cold baths, and wash-houses. The cellars beneath, to the stowage of provisions and fuel. The upper story should be the nursery for children, and the school-rooms. The intermediate ranges of apartments would be sitting-rooms and bed-rooms. On the north side of the building, external to the kitchen, should be a building containing a steam-engine and well, and small gas-works, with a lofty chimney running above it close to the external wall. The waste heat from the gas-works would serve to heat economically the engine boiler, and to prepare heated air to warm the building generally in the galleries and halls, and particularly in the private rooms, being in the hollows of the floors at all times, and admitted into, or excluded from the apartments, at the pleasure of the inhabitants. Each bed-room and sitting-room would be provided with a closet, dust-shoot, and sink; and some of them would be arranged to throw three or four or more apartments in groups at pleasure. The use of the engine would be, to grind and chop for the kitchen, to clean boots and shoes with circular brushes on a shaft, to clean knives and forks by the same process, to pump up hot and cold water into all the apartments, to furnish steam for the drying-closets and cooking, and cleansing earthenware and utensils, and keep going a rising and falling lift to the upper stories, to save the labor of mounting stairs. Westward and southward of the building should be laid out a garden and pleasure-ground, kept cultivated by the manure and refuse, chemically treated, to neutralize the gases. The garden would furnish plants to place in the interior of the building, to consume any vitiated air that might escape the ventilating processes. Open fire-places might be placed in the apartments on the ground floor, and gas stoves in the others.

These arrangements would suit the solitary as well as the gregariously disposed. The gas and hot water arrangements would serve for all the processes of private cookery, and the public kitchen would supply food for single men or families, to whom household drudgery were a nuisance.

The furniture should be chiefly metallic, to prevent risk of fire, and of forms simple, yet graceful. The beds should be spring

mattresses or water beds. It is not generally understood that the object of a soft bed is chiefly to *fit* the body, to prevent undue strain on any portion of the bones or muscles. Feather beds do not well attain this object, because the feathers not being pliant or moveable, are consequently compressed. The water bed obviates this, and produces equal pressure. Could the body be laid in a plaster cast exactly fitting it, there would be no sensation of hardness. Plaster casts and prints, multiplied by mechanical art, should abound. The large halls, and dining and lecture-rooms, might be furnished with statues and paintings, if they could be afforded. But all should wear a severe simplicity, though the eye should never rest on an ugly or ungraceful object.

It may be objected that this mode of living would not suit the tastes of English people, who consider "every man's house his castle," and prefer model cottages to model lodging-houses. This idea, we believe, has chiefly arisen from the distaste consequent on inconvenient and miserable lodging-houses. But there is no reason why this system should not combine all the advantages of the clubs with all the privacy of domestic life, free from its drudgery. It is certain that, upon this system, the maximum of comfort, with the minimum of labor, may be realized; and it is only by the congregation of individuals that high civilization can be attained. Let us consider the advantages.

First, the most thorough and absolute independence of all personal attendance. In such a dwelling a man might conveniently obtain all that he would require for personal use, as simply as he could buy goods in a shop. There could be no dirt, with hard slate surfaces for floors and walls. His hot and cold water, and gas, all arranged to his hand, and with the means of getting rid of waste water; with couch and furniture so simple as almost to be self-arranging; and with ready access to food at any time he might require it; he would need no personal attendance, save in case of illness. He might go in and out at his own pleasure, without trouble to himself or others. Advantageous as all this would be to individual men, infinitely greater would be the advantages to families. A large assemblage of people could maintain their own physician on the establishment; could engage their own lecturers and school teachers; could have a public nursery; could tend the sick; could have their own gymnastic grounds: in short, all the appliances which are now the ex-

clusive privileges of the wealthy. In such an establishment the natural aptitudes of children would be developed profitably to the community; and painful misfits, rendering so many intelligent persons a nuisance to their friends and the community, would be avoided. Social intercourse would be attainable without its present disadvantages, and the members of such a community would grow up attached to each other.

We have contemplated such an establishment as this for the use of working men and their families—a species of communism for the purpose of economizing expenditure, just as gas companies, and water companies, and canal and railway companies, are enabled to accomplish, economically, things which are beyond the reach of individuals. Whether out of this condition of things, long practiced and widely diffused, may ultimately grow associations for the purposes of Production amongst working men, is a fit problem for contemplation. It is the probable course of man's progress; but assuredly no fallacy can be greater than that of assuming that men who have been forced into selfish thoughts and habits by bad training and privation, can be fitted for communist association. The class of men in the mass, fitted for such purposes, have yet to be born and bred. Individuals may be found from whom pattern associations of an imperfect kind may be congregated; but it is only by a fine race of nature's gentlemen that the perfect result can be obtained. Meanwhile "coming events cast their shadows before;" o'er all the earth nations are dreaming the dream of man's coming equality, and the wonder-working process of social reforms. It will not be in our time, but we may sow the good seed which shall bear blossoms in the future. Misapprehension will probably ~~retard~~ it; for people will dream that it is ~~proposed~~ for them to live in public caravansaries, the truth being that it is desired to obtain for them, more perfectly than ever, the most complete privacy at their own option—that privacy which is ever sought in great cities, by those who understand the course of human action.

We have contemplated such an establishment as erected for working men; and the outlay of capital will not frighten those who know how comparatively cheaper large houses are built than small ones. But it is a matter for the serious contemplation of the middle and wealthier classes, if they would retain their comforts around them. Upon domestic service, their comforts, in

these badly arranged dwellings, mostly hinge, and a change is fast arriving in the character of domestic service. The position of both men and women domestic servants, is that of painful privation. Taken as a mass, good feeling is the highest of their enjoyments; good lodging is uncommon—pleasant lodging a rare exception; social intercourse is practically denied. They are, in short, mostly treated as a species of white slaves; and, as a natural consequence, they will many of them lie and pilfer like black slaves. Their higher feelings are rarely cultivated; they are regarded as a necessary evil, and "envy, and hatred, and malice, and all uncharitableness," are begotten in them toward those whom they regard as cruel taskmasters. It is said that there are upward of a million of women servants in England; and so commonly is their condition that of unjust treatment, that where individuals behave kindly to them, they are apt to think them fools or designing persons. It is impossible that this mass of injured human beings should long remain contented in their condition. They have human feelings, and they will have human ties. Domestic Servants' Associations will infallibly rise up to resist this great injustice; and infallibly they will commit other injustices in redressing their own wrongs. In England we have the example of employers' injustice; in the United States we have injustice on the part of the "helps." But to the position of the United States we are fast approaching. Service is distasteful, because, practically, it is accompanied by loss of freedom. The word *service* is in itself a gracious word, as it is a gracious thing to serve our fellows; but in our domestic servants' apprehension it has lost its original meaning, and has become distasteful servitude, or service rendered for hire. So surely as the years roll on, higher wages and lessening performance will mark domestic service, till the time comes round that the obligation is considered equal to serve and be served; that mutual attachment from superiors to inferiors in the social scale, arising from the possession of different qualifications, will be a far stronger bond than that of mere cash payment. Ere this comes to pass, there will be heavy domestic feuds between the ill-instructed of both classes, and by which the better instructed will suffer. Meanwhile, the only remedy for the middle classes, loving their ease, will be to increase their mechanical appliances and labor-saving processes, to make themselves self-dependent

as fast as their domestic servants become independent. Both parties will gain by this change; and the new generation will grow up to improved dwellings as their natural state of existence, far in advance of that of their fathers and mothers. Precisely as the Brougham carriage, with one horse and one man, has replaced the cumbrous old vehicle, with its two men and two horses, and made the rider more independent, so will the improved dwelling, with its diminished personal wants, take the place of the old inconvenient house.

But where are we to find sites for these improved dwellings and gardens for working men? will be asked by a host of objectors. Where do you find sites for your workhouses? will be our reply. Are they not all going out of town, under the new system? If you want garden land, go to the borders of the new working men's parks in Manchester, or of the new Victoria-park, in London. Go to the railways, east, west, north, and south, and find sites along their borders. On this question we have yet much to say.

We have now run through the four minor questions relating to Physical Man and his progress—Food, Fuel, Clothing, and Lodging; clearly indicating the steps by which we think it probable that he will eradicate physical evil in conformity with the laws of nature, who has provided a constant succession of new circumstances in accordance with the growth of his knowledge and power, from the form of the ferocious wild animal up to the likeness of an angel. And herein a great work will have been achieved, though we shall be met at this point by numerous objectors, who hold so strongly to the progress of man's mind, that they forget his body is a basis—a temple, wherein his mind must dwell. Following up these objectors to the extreme, we should arrive at asceticism; we should pull down our baths and wash-houses, for they are but a portion of the labor bestowed upon our bodies. Fairly meeting these objectors, we should subject them to a test. We would say to each one—What is your own personal limit of comfort and convenience; what kind of house do you inhabit; what food do you eat; what kind of clothing do you wear; what do you possess of refinement or embellishment in works of art? Cease, then, your objections to physical ease and comfort, till every human being is at least as well provided as yourself with the things that God has given good ends. If you deny this, you will

lie open to the reproach of seeking to keep others poor in order to appropriate to yourself. If you preach poverty, at least practice your preaching. We ourselves believe poverty to be an evil;—wealth, as the name imports, in its high sense of *weal*, to be a good. From poverty—in other words, from ignorance—spring countless evils; from wealth, rightly applied, innumerable goods.

One of our most earnest modern writers, the author of "Modern Painters," has written in his work some sentences capable of misapprehension on this point. We approach him with a reverential feeling, for his power and love of truth, and we would fain hope that we have misunderstood him. But we cannot let it pass unnoticed, for others may read it wrongly also, if we have so done; and it were pity that such a mind should fail to take hold of the mass, or be held as an ascetic teacher of bygone times,—a stern taskmaster of the present seeking to renew the temple-building of the past ages with the sweat of modern brows; leaving the laborer in his unwholesome hovel, while the priest inhabits a palace; teaching him to worship God in temples made with hands, while he himself has but a wretched hut to cover him. As in Egypt, the pyramid for the priest, the cavern for the worshiper. We stop to extract:—

"And yet people speak, in this working age, when they speak from their hearts, as if houses, and land, and food, and raiment, were alone useful, and as if sight, thought, and admiration, were all profitless; so that men insolently call themselves utilitarians, who would turn, if they had their way, themselves and their race into vegetables; men who think, as far as such can be said to think, that the meat is more than the life, and the raiment than the body; who look to the earth as a stable, and to its fruit as fodder; vine-dressers and husbandmen, who love the corn they grind and the grapes they crush, better than the gardens of the angels upon the slopes of Eden; hewers of wood and drawers of water, who think that the wood they hew, and the water they draw, are better than the pine-forests that cover the mountains like the shadow of God, and than the great rivers that move like his eternity. And so comes upon us that woe of the preacher, that though God 'hath made everything beautiful in his time, also he hath set the world in their hearts, so that no man can find out the work that God maketh from the beginning to the end.'

"This Nebuchadnezzar curse, that sends us to grass like oxen, seems to follow but too closely on the excess or continuance of national power and peace. In the perplexities of nations, in their struggles for existence in their infancy, their impotence, or even their disorganization, they have higher hopes and nobler passions. Out of the

suffering comes the serious mind ; out of the salvation, the grateful heart ; out of the endurance, the fortitude ; out of the deliverance, the faith ; but now, when they have learned to live under providence of laws, and with decency and justice of regard for each other, and when they have done away with violent and external sources of suffering, worse evils seem arising out of the rest,—evils that vex less and mortify more, that suck the blood though they do not shed it, and ossify the heart though they do not torture it. And deep though the causes of thankfulness must be to every people at peace with others and at unity in itself, there are causes of fear also—a fear greater than of sword and sedition—that dependence on God may be forgotten, because the bread is given and the water sure ; that gratitude to Him may cease, because his constancy of protection has taken the semblance of a natural law ; that heavenly hope may grow faint amidst the full fruition of the world, that selfishness may take place of undemanded devotion, compassion be lost in vainglory, and love in dissimulation ; that enervation may succeed to strength, apathy to patience, and the noise of jesting words, and foulness of dark thoughts, to the earnest purity of the girded loins and the burning lamp. About the river of human life there is a wintry wind, though a heavenly sunshine ; the iris colors its agitation, the frost fixes upon its repose. Let us beware that our rest become not the rest of stones, which, so long as they are torrent-tossed and thunder-stricken, maintain their majesty, but when the stream is silent, and the storm passed, suffer the grass to cover them and the lichen to feed on them, and are ploughed down into dust. And though I believe we have salt enough of ardent and holy mind amongst us to keep us in some measure from this moral decay, yet the signs of it must be watched with anxiety, in all matter however trivial, in all directions however distant. And at this time, when the iron roads are tearing up the surface of Europe, as grape-shot do the sea ; when their great *sagene* is drawing and twitching the ancient frame and strength of England together, contracting all its various life, its rocky arms, and rural heart, into a narrow, finite, calculating metropolis of manufacture ; when there is not a monument throughout the cities of Europe, that speaks of old years and mighty people, but is being swept away to build cafés and gaming-houses ; when the honor of God is thought to consist in the poverty of his temple—and the column is shortened, and the pinnacle shattered, the color denied to the casement, and the marble to the altar—while exchequers are exhausted in luxury of boudoirs, and pride of reception-rooms ; when we ravage without a pause all the loveliness of a creation which God in giving pronounced good, and destroy without a thought all those labors which men have given their lives, and their sons' sons' lives to complete, and have left for a legacy to all their kind, a legacy of more than their hearts' blood, for it is of their souls' travail ; there is need, bitter need, to bring back, if we may, into men's minds, that to live is nothing, unless to live be to

know Him by whom we live, and that he is not to be known by marring his fair works, and blotting out the evidence of his influences upon his creatures, not amidst the hurry of crowds and crash of innovations, but in solitary places, and out of the glowing intelligences which he gave to men of old. He did not teach them how to build for glory and for beauty, he did not give them the fearless, faithful, inherited energies that worked on and down from death to death generation after generation, that we, foul and sensual as we are, might give the carved work of their poured-out spirit to the axe and the hammer ; he has not cloven the earth with rivers, that their white wild waves might turn wheels and push paddles, nor turned it up under as it were fire, that it might heat wells and cure diseases ; he brings not up his quails by the east wind, only to let them fall in flesh about the camp of men ; he has not heaped the rocks of the mountain only for the quarry, nor clothed the grass of the field only for the oven.

"All science, and all art, may be divided into that which is subservient to life, and which is the object of it. As subservient to life, or practical, their results are, in the common sense of the word, useful. As the object of life or theoretic, they are, in the common sense, useless ; and yet the step between practical and theoretic science, is the step between the miner and the geologist, the apothecary and the chemist ; and the step between practical and theoretic art, is that between the bricklayer and the architect, between the plumber and the artist ; and this is a step allowed on all hands to be from less to greater, so that the so-called useless part of each profession, does by the authoritative and right instinct of mankind, assume the superior and more noble place, even though books be sometimes written, and that by writers of no ordinary mind, which assume that a chemist is rewarded for the years of toil which have traced the greater part of the combinations of matter to their ultimate atoms, by discovering a cheap way of refining sugar, and date the eminence of the philosopher, whose life has been spent in the investigation of the laws of light, from the time of his inventing an improvement in spectacles.

"But the common consent of men proves and accepts the proposition, that whatever part of any pursuit ministers to the bodily comforts, and admits of material uses, is ignoble, and whatsoever part is addressed to the mind only is noble ; and that geology does better in re-clothing dry bones, and revealing lost creations, than in tracing veins of lead and beds of iron ; astronomy better in opening to us the houses of heaven, than in teaching navigation ; botany better in displaying structure than in expressing juices ; surgery better in investigating organization, than in setting limbs ; only it is ordained that, for our encouragement, every step we make in the more exalted range of science adds something also to its practical applicabilities ; that all the great phenomena of nature, the knowledge of which is desired by the angels only, by us partly, as it reveals to farther vision the being and the glory of Him in whom

they rejoice and we live, dispense yet such kind influences and so much of material blessing as to be joyfully felt by all inferior creatures, and to be desired by them with such single desires as the imperfection of their nature may admit; that the strong torrents which, in their own gladness, fill the hills with hollow thunder, and the vales with winding light, have yet their bounden charge of field to feed and barge to bear; that the fierce flames to which the Alp owes its upheaval and the volcano its terror, temper for us the metal vein and quickening spring, and that for our incitement—I say not our reward—for knowledge is its own reward, herbs have their healing, stones their preciousness, and stars their times."

This is speech as from the lips of a prophet,—grandly expressed and purposeful in its meaning. Yet, of a surety, has Ruskin lived in the halls of the high and powerful only to have gathered up this meaning at this age of the world. Of kindred feeling was Coleridge, thinking of the proud ones of the earth, when he penned the lines—

"Oh, lady! nursed in pomp and pleasure,  
Where learned you that heroic measure?"

It is not so, John Ruskin; the workers of this world, this our English world, are not mere hewers of wood and drawers of water. The contracted utilitarian abuse of doctrine that followed on the announcement of the philosopher, passed away after but a short lapse of time, and was no more. It is the instinct of God that prompts the modern worker in his course, as surely as it prompts the preacher. The brave and heroic worker, faithful to his appointed task, even he whom men call "Navy," the stern old Saxon stock, who, like his ancestry of the race of the Vikingr, works out the mystic ways of Providence, that the bread of physical life shall be placed in the mouths of himself and his brethren;—he perchance knows not, or heeds not, the command, "that man shall not live by bread alone;" suffice it for him that man cannot live without bread.

"Parson!" cried out a fen farmer to a man of God in black garments, "why don't 'e put souls into the congregation?"—the laboring peasantry. "Souls!" replied the preacher, turning an eye of indignation on the hard man—"Souls, without bodies! Find you the bodies with fitting wages, and I will undertake to raise the souls. I cannot create souls in starving bodies!"

No! no! not in our day must the reproach be raised that we work too much, while Dorsetshire laborers starve, and hungry dogs in Skibbereen devour the unburied

bodies of men, women, and children: while men ask for bread, and get stones to break in answer; while France, and Germany, and Italy, make revolutions, incited mainly thereto by the scarcity of food, let us not be accused of too much work; while eastward, and westward, barbarism still obtains, and men are as the "beasts that perish," let us not be turned aside from the work that is to work out their civilization. Pine forests, John Ruskin, are better than wood to burn, yet that, too, is a part appointed to them. Well singeth the Transatlantic Englishman, Ralph Waldo Emerson, of the pine, and thus translates his speech:—

"The wild-eyed boy, who in the woods  
Chaunts his hymn to hill and floods,  
Whom the city's poisoning spleen  
Made not pale, or fat, or lean;  
Whom the rain and the wind purgeth,  
Whom the dawn and day-star urgeth;  
In whose cheeks the rose-leaf bluseth,  
In whose feet the lion rusheth.  
Iron arms and iron mould,  
That know not fear, fatigue, or cold.  
I give my rafters to his boat,  
My billets to his boiler's throat.  
And I will swim the ancient sea  
To float my child to victory;  
And grant to dwellers with the pine  
Dominion o'er the palm and vine.  
Westward I ope the forest gates,  
The train along the railway skates;  
It leaves the land behind, like ages past,  
The foreland flows to it in river fast;  
Missouri I have made a mart,  
I teach Iowa Saxon art."

All these uses the pine serves while man is in his infancy. When he shall grow up into full and ripened manhood, with the progress of art the pine may remain in its native forest unharmed, "to cover the mountains like the shadows of God."

Years ago a party of engineers were walking through the grounds of Woburn Abbey. All were suddenly struck with the magnificent form of a large pine-tree, and stood still saying nothing, lost in admiration of its beauty as a tree. One of the number at length, strong in his art or artistry, his second nature burst out into speech, "What a splendid water-wheel shaft that tree would make!" Years have rolled away, and water-wheel shafts are now all made of iron. The pine-tree may grow and flourish forever, undisturbed by the engineer. Nature has taught him the uses of inorganic matter.

Not even from the lips of Ruskin can we patiently listen to the vituperation of railways—the modern *Acts of the Apostles of*

*Civilization.* "Tearing up the surface of Europe as grape-shot do the sea!" Is this all that can be said of them?—this all that Ruskin can see with his prophet soul in

"The iron bands, the iron bands,  
The proxies of men's clasping hands,  
That bind together distant lands,"

that make the rough places smooth, and bring the ends of the earth together? Does he, in truth, prefer to see the grape-shot ploughing up, not the sea, but Europe? Not so we. Let but enough shot be rolled into rails, and there shall be an end of war. Yet this he deems no desirable conclusion. He fears that we shall be plunged into inglorious sloth. That the builder of towns, the civil engineer, will be more mischievous than the thrower down thereof, the military engineer. Not so we, John Ruskin! We have seen shot fired in anger and men slain thereby, and we have witnessed the peaceful engineering works of these latter days, and out of our very hearts can we pronounce that the latter is the most exciting, the most satisfying. Our "rest shall not become the rest of stones," "grass" shall not "cover us" yet awhile, nor "lichens feed on us," nor shall we be "ploughed down into dust." No, no! we will harness our fire-steeds and saddle and bridle them, and ride over the whole world's surface on the mission of "peace upon earth and good will toward men." Our work shall be incessant while there is a foe to struggle against, an ignorance to root out, a commerce to commence. Why should the artist look down with contempt on his working brother, that brother without whose help he had never become an artist? "We," say the Saxon men, "have cut through the forest and let in sunlight upon you, that you may paint your pictures with light and shadow; we built your houses to shelter your artist-work from the weather. We built the ships that bore ye to and from distant lands. We maintain rule and order, and furnish the means whereby ye build and endow churches. We have at times pulled down and destroyed churches in religious zeal, but we have also maintained peace, and preserved others. We work for Catholic, and Protestant, and Puseyite, and Dissenter; and while we uphold the remnants of the mediæval time, we call on you to remember that such things are but histories, and that progress is forward, not backward. The past is lesser than the present, the future greater. Into that future, blinded it may be with the blaze,

struggling forward, dazzled and darkened by turns, but still struggling forward into that future and through it we plunge, and rush to win for humanity a fresh resting-place for centuries yet to come."

The proposition that the "use and function of man is to be witness of the glory of God, and to advance that glory by his reasonable obedience and resultant happiness," can only hold good of man as a civilized being, not of man in the savage or partly savage state: for there are savages of pseudo-civilization, as well as of the forest. And though there be men, and women too, who love the "Hybla heather more for its sweet hives than for its purple hues," who think "the meat is more than the life, the raiment than the body; who regard the earth as a stable and the fruit as fodder; who love the corn they grind and the fruit they crush better than the garden of the angels on the slopes of Eden,"—yet they also are men and women, and the Christian soul shall not cast them out of the tabernacle. Men with bodies and without minds, are the germ of men with minds. And shall we complain that men with bodies should seek bodily pleasure; shall we believe that those pleasures, as well as the higher pleasures, are not of God's ordinance? Why were the acts of preserving and continuing the species made sources of physical pleasure, save to increase man's existence and progress on earth? That which was given as a reward cannot be regarded as low or debasing. Were a human being without passions or appetites, he were scarcely a human being. Doubtless, "sight, thought, and admiration" are the highest of our attributes, and it is debasing in those capable of them, to be unduly swayed by sensual gratifications. But, with the huge mass of mankind, born without these high attributes, the case is different—denial of such coarser pleasures as they are fitted for would induce insanity in many cases, evil passions in most. Sight, thought, and admiration are the attributes of cultivated men; but woe for these men were the assumption acted on, that no other pleasures should be permitted. There are human beings whose nerves are as cables, or as tightened parchments on drum-heads, that yield no vibration without beating thereon; others there are, whose finely-strung fibres vibrate to every breath of air—quick to pleasure and as quick to pain. Men must live to eat who cannot live to think; the honey of Hybla may be sweet on their palates without offending those who have eyes only for the heather's purple hue; the spirit of the grape



may excite their blood without disturbing the sense of hearing in those who delight in harmony of "sweet noise," and Dutch form may satisfy their coarser sense of woman's beauty, and leave unsoiled the hallowed imaginations of those who dream only of the Madonna's purity. God meant all his creatures to be happy—and commerce itself would grow to be a crime—being mainly based on the supply of sensual necessities—were the position established, that the gratification of the senses is a degradation. No, no! beautiful senses, refined, not weakened by art, are the precursors of mental excellence, of divine spirit. The Persian worships the sun as the external symbol of all beauty of light and heat. It is a sensual worship, but it is "the outward and visible sign of an inward and spiritual grace." And after all, sight is but a slight removal from hearing and taste. The senses five are but varieties of one sense, touch—physical action on the various nerves by whose agency our bodies are so constituted as to form fitting abiding places for our minds. Take a fine human being of the highest physical attributes, and with a mind proportioned to them—then destroy in succession his various nerves of sight, of scent, of taste, of hearing, of touch—and the brain, the root of these nerves, the deposit, the storehouse of ideas, the fountain of thought, will dry up and wither; and mind will be no more. Take away sight, hearing, and touch, and even speech will gradually cease. Better, then, is it to have sensual appetites, indicating the possession of nerves that may be refined, than to be devoid of senses. Better is the Sybarite couch, than the gory bed of war. Better even the alderman's feast than the abhorred squalor of Skibbereen. Better the soulless orgie than the sea-fight. Better, far better, the reclining festival, the flower-wreathed wine-cup, the witching dancing girl of the Greek, or Roman, or modern Asiatic, than the ascetic sternness of the monk, the self-glorifying privation of the Simon Stylites. Better the epicurean, keeping his nerves in pleasurable sensation, when without injury to others, than the miserable stoic, gratifying his miserable vanity, without benefit to any one, and destroying his own frame by physical privation.

It requires a strong moral sense to look at the new things acting before us, surrounded as they are by iniquities, and yet to discern clearly the good that is in them. We see Hudsons, and Capel Courts, and Stock Exchanges, with all manner of unclean things floating on the surface of railways, and we

forget the good that lies under—that Providence is working out its purposes by the agency of unclean things. Miss Barrett,\* too, can ask with a sneer, anent our "resonant steam eagles,"

"If we work our souls as nobly as our iron?"

We will endeavor to answer, to show that "the great *sage* of the iron roads, is drawing the ancient power and strength of England together; its various life, its rocky arms and rural heart," for no "narrow finite calculating metropolis of manufactures," but for the highest work of the civilization of universal man; for his rescue from the thralldom of misery, and poverty, and ignorance, that man, universal man, may become the lord of all the earth, and not a miserable quarrelsome assemblage of clans, ravaging each other's possessions like ferocious beasts. We deliberately throw down our gauntlet to the vituperators of railways, and will deal with their charges in succession, if, indeed, upon searching, we can find any specific charges.

First—It is asserted that railways are ugly. We admit it—while they are new. But so are all new constructions; new buildings of stone or brick are garish and ugly; so are new earthen banks till nature has clad them in green. New sandstone cuttings, new chalk cuttings are ugly. But this is only till they are overgrown with trees, and plants, and lichens, and herbage, and evergreens; the railway ravine, with its sweeping curve, is beautiful as a natural ravine. The South Western Railway, in some portions, is especially beautiful.

"The heath, the heath -- the upland heath,  
With the pine ridge on the height;  
And all below the purple wreath,  
Gleaming in rich sunlight;  
And the sweeping curve of the glancing rail,  
In the line of the dell below,  
Where the landships all, without oar or sail,  
Move onward in goodly row.

\* \* \* \* \*  
O'er the gladdened earth's surface are whirled,  
By the iron steeds' stride, o'er the forest so wide,  
From the wilderness winning a world."

Turf the railway embankments, and plant the cuttings, and nature will soon make them beautiful enough. The road-bridges above them may always be rendered slightly objects, if not in building, by planting them out, and covering them with ivy and other climbers. The stations, we agree, should not be architectural. In great towns they should be simply business-like; in short,

\* Now Mrs. Browning.

plain buildings, emblematic of speed and movement. The other stations should be all rural, and the station-keepers should be encouraged to plant them with roses and honeysuckles, and every variety of plant that helps to make English cottages beautiful. Miserable have been the railway attempts at architecture; and to our taste the Great Western station at Paddington, with its no pretension and evident utility, all coming by accident, is infinitely preferable to either the would-be Gothic of Bristol or the monstrous abortion of Euston square, where the original stone gateway, leading to nowhere, christened the Debtors' Door (because it was built of borrowed capital at interest), now stands at the corner of a court-yard, opening into a huge hall of stucco mock granite, with a ceiling of carved cross-beams. An oval or circular erection, we forget which, something like the Trafalgar washing-basins, but without water, stands in the centre, to put the money changers in. These abortions have altogether cost the railway proprietors upward of £110,000, so that about fifteen pounds per diem must be taken out of the pockets of travellers to pay for them.

These things are not progress, but obstacles to progress—waste of the means which should help on progress. But, were the planning of railway erections left to the taste of a Ruskin, measureless is the silent instruction they might be the means of conveying to the general community. Thoroughly to appreciate a wide field of utility herein—of true utility—the railways running through the heart of Ireland should be traversed, where squalid huts, ruder than any Indian wigwam, require that the owners of property should be shamed into a perception of the decencies of civilized life, and a taste for inexpensive rural beauty. But the vituperators of railways should, in truth, regard them as great undertakings, of a class analogous to that of cutting roads through a new country. Contrivance is at work chiefly how to get a result of transit, and it is for future times to convert mechanical structures and contrivances into pleasure-giving artistry. Happy are the proprietors whose arrangements in buildings have been of the most temporary kind.

Thirty years back, it used to cost more money to transfer a load of goods from the backbone of England to any seaport, than from that seaport to India. And all the transit, both of goods and passengers, was performed by horses, with an amount of cruelly few people are aware of, and with an in-

cessant nuisance of dust and mud, at very slow paces. This work, and an infinitely increased amount, is now performed by steam, at an infinite reduction of cost; we mean actual cost, not charges to passengers, but, practical daily cost—saying nothing of invested capital. The mud and dust, and above all, the enormous cruelty to animals, have been abolished, while the speed has been doubled and trebled. The goods and passengers carried, mean—freely translated—increased civilization to the world. The cruelty abolished, means refinement of the English nation, a result no Christian can contemplate without satisfaction. Were there no other results, these alone should close the lips of the vituperators of railways.

But the objectors will reply—Think of the iniquities and immoralities which they have caused.

Not so, we reply. There were Law's Mississippi scheme and hundreds of other schemes long before the advent of railways. God has made nothing in vain, and even iniquities and immoralities have a part to play in creation. Even Hudsons have their utilities; and those equally culpable, his co-directors and co-shareholders, whose cupidity was the true origin of his malpractices. If a railway be required, it is quite clear that it must take some time to make, say three to four years, and during that time the money laid out can yield no interest. When done, if it pays more than an average rate of profit, it cannot last, because competition will be at work, anxious to get a share in the surplus profit. If honest men propose to make a railway—to go without interest while making, and to obtain a moderate interest when made, without the power of selling shares and realizing their capital meanwhile—the public will have nothing to say to it. But let the projector propose an impracticable ten per cent., the shares are taken up immediately, and the railway is commenced; the Hudson tribe are such juggling projectors, and pay themselves for their trouble, leaving their gulls to suffer, where they can. Shares and money change hands in a gambling process, where every one expects to get profit without work done, and the public gets the railway. It is sought to exact high prices, to pay for the interest upon wasted capital, but this is not practicable. The shares fall to the value which represents the real and not the wasted capital, and they pay an average interest on the former only. This only is the witchcraft which the Hudson tribe use, taking care to buy their shares very cheap,

or get them for nothing, and to sell them at an increased price.

In tracing the progress of mankind we ran over his four chief physical wants, regarding him as a stationary being. But he requires more than this — the power of locomotion is a necessity to him. In many cases it happens that a man is born in a climate uncongenial to him. If he stays in it, he dies, or suffers incessant illness, that makes him a pain to himself and others. He therefore requires the facility of getting away to a congenial climate, and of occasionally returning to his friends. As interchange increases between nations, more of this will exist; for human affections are not to be checked by peculiarities of race, and thus, probably, it was designed by nature from the beginning. With limited means of transit, therefore, much misery must ensue. With cheap transit this misery will cease. Many a Spaniard and Italian, in natural qualities, is born in England and Germany; many a German and Englishman in Spain and Italy. Misfitted to their climates, they are useless to themselves and the world; fitted to their climates, they become producers after their several fashions. All such interchanges tend to draw close the bonds between nations, and ultimately to merge them into a cosmopolitan world, wherein war shall cease. Wars between nations are, we believe, a result of their not knowing each other, or, at least, of not knowing each other intimately enough. At present, the uses of railways are but partially developed. England, by virtue of its huge water-roads over the ocean, has become civilized faster than other nations. Men of all European nations have visted the "workshop of the world," where their ancestors came for war purposes, and left their race behind them to mingle with the natives of the soil. And the English race — essentially a mixed race, — wherein the blood of Celts, Phœnicians, Picts, Scots, Romans, Danes, Saxons, Normans and Dutchmen — and probably the best of each — was united to produce the universal man. They went forth into all lands — to America, to India, to Africa — leaving permanent colonies in all where the climate was favorable, and constantly renewing colonists where the climate was unfavorable. This mingling of races was the result of the ocean-road and shipping, combined with the plentiful blood of the fair-haired ocean rovers so largely infused in the race. Ireland lacked this blood, and her population has remained stationary. France the same. Spain and Italy the same.

The Celts are not an ocean-roving people. The Gallic cock is an emblem of Gallic inefficiency on the wide waters of ocean. This grand evil — the want of constant friendly intercourse between the nations of the earth, has kept up wars — sometimes by contrivance of the rulers, sometimes by mutual antipathies. This great evil will be utterly removed and rooted out by railways. There was a time when every English shire and county had terms of vituperation to bestow on its neighbors — when Scotland, Ireland, and Wales were at war with England, till conquered. It was making roads through the Highlands that rooted out the rebellions.

"Had you seen but this road  
Before it was made,  
You'd lift up your hands  
And bless General Wade."

What England was, Europe still is. There were roads, but only for the wealthy few — till the late advent of some few railways. But the wealthy few do not destroy national antipathies. It is the traveling of the many that must accomplish such a result. By the advent and extension of railways, the whole of Europe, the whole of the world, will assimilate to the condition of England, with the variation of climate. Little have they yet done, for they are but in their infancy. They have been sought for by individuals as a money-getting speculation, not by communities as civilizers. When they shall really be developed, it will be within the reach of the poorest of mankind to travel, and look on other lands.

Little do artists dream of the high purposes to be wrought out by the agency of railways, unless, indeed, they deem that high art and nature's bounties and wonders should be reserved wholly for the few, while the many toil to give them leisure. Would ye build temples — oh, ye men of art! — temples to God? Would ye build these temples only for the rich? No; the true artist builds for mankind. Where, then, would ye place your temples? In the squalid haunts where men congregate, in the cities that have grown up in the days of barbarism? No, no; the high places of the land, the wild heaths and pine-groves made by God, ere man was — where the lark sings — and not the dens where the mouse cheeps and the rat burrows — are the true sites for your temples, where the hand of the spoiler shall not come to build them round with dens of iniquity, where a corrupt priesthood panders to human vices. And how shall the people

go to worship at God's altars thus placed in the pure and holy air, how—but by the railways ye run down and scorn? Again, artists, would ye build temples to the drama, to the muses—where would ye place them, save on the railway line? The days have gone by when it was a need for men to build close cities; and the time is coming when, as of old, the tree will again shadow the dwelling. Time and space have been vanquished, and the residences of regenerate man have yet to be constructed. Turn whither we will—do what we will in art, artistry, mechanism, agriculture, exercise, health, knowledge, or, if it must be, war—in all things, henceforth, the iron way is the way of our worldly salvation, of our mental progress, of our soul's rescue from degradation. Look on us, ye men of high aspirations, as your veritable brethren,—we, the hewers of wood and drawers of water; the mountain-borers, the valley-fillers, the hill-upheavers, the modern centaurs; begetters of the fire-steeds of the land and the coursers of the ocean; holding the physical world in our hands at the command of God, who has bidden us to make the rough places smooth, that his people may dwell together in unity. Work ye, then, at your god-like art; let the temple rise, the sculpture grow, the picture start into life; let the poet sing and the sage speak, the prophet inspire men with his own spirit; but with all that forget not that it was the hard hands of your despised brethren, the physical workers, with sweating brows and burning hearts, that first won for ye this world from the wilderness, and gave ye the vantage ground to stand on. Rough nurses have we been to nourish the germ of baby art; but lo! it lives, moves, and has being. We reverence ye for your beauty. Scorn ye not our strength that has shielded that beauty from harm. Look ye

“Into the future, far as human eye can see,  
See the vision of the world, and all the wonder  
that will be.”

“Out of the strong comes forth sweetness,  
out of the eater comes forth meat.”

We have endeavored to trace the progress of man from the savage state through his physical gradations, the result of his reason and his circumstances, till we have shown what we believe to be practicable in perfecting the supply of his four cardinal wants—food, fuel, clothing, and lodging. We have endeavored to show that nature provided all these things from the beginning. Circumstance after circumstance, ma-

terial after material presenting themselves, as men became fitted for and needed them. The question next follows, of his mental progress.

We hold that race is self-developing on earth, as in all other organized creations or germs, just as certain plants thrive in certain latitudes and elevations, and others do not; and as plants removed by man to congenial regions thrive while others die, as the hot-house plant of one country becomes the open air plant of another: and thus, do what we will, the race of Englishmen will remain Englishmen, unless transported to other circumstances, which will not permit the peculiarly English qualities to develop themselves. They are “racy of the soil.” And were the whole race swept away tomorrow, and this island of long memories peopled with weaklings, not long would it so remain. The best blood of the North would again descend, as in the olden time—“the children of the pine”—and the world's battle would begin anew. Backward would roll the Celt, onward would press the Norseman; sharp keels would cut and cover the northern seas; and in a few hundred years, again would England be peopled by Englishmen—“racy of the soil,” rough and rude; with “blood fetched from fathers of war-proof;” with “horse to ride and weapon to wear;” but the coal still to dig and the iron to smelt; and the long course of interrupted industry to work into order and method. The hard, large hand would grow to its fitting work, and the artist's fingers would pine; the Celt would be a savage, and the Saxon a boor. Whom God hath joined together let no man put asunder; and the wars ended, Celt and Saxon intermixed, and substantial dwellings erected to make an artificial climate, English refinement becomes possible. Who shall now tell us of what blood were Shakspeare, and Bacon, and Milton—not what names their fathers and mothers were known by, but whence and how came that rare combination of brains and nerves, strong hearts and intellectual heads, that made them the world's wonder? Was it the red-haired Dane, of the large features and ogre mouth,

“That toss'd the sprawling infant on his spear;”

or the fierce Celt, who made human sacrifices in his Druid temple; or the swart Phœnician, bastard brother to the money-loving Jew; or the blue-eyed Saxon or Norwegian, loving the ale-cup; or the hard, crafty Norman baron, with the church

on his lips and sensual lusts in his heart; or was it the Dutchman of the "purest Norse blood," too thick to run through his veins till urged by alcohol? Was it not, rather, that out of the mingling of the highest qualities of all these, purged from their defects, those great spirits arose? We hold to this belief.

Throughout all nature, animate and inanimate, we seem to recognize two great principles—elasticity and gravity; and without their mutual action and reaction the world could scarcely exist. In man, the principle of elasticity is represented by the Celt, whose elastic energy all boils off in vapor, till controlled by the Saxon gravity, or moral force, which holds it down like the weighty valve of a steam-engine—if too tightly, producing dangerous explosions; if too loosely, producing no result; but, at the right degree of pressure, giving world-wide advantage.

Had England remained Celtic, she would have been as Ireland—never to thrive till gravitated. But she was an open road for all men; and when, by the process of railways, Ireland shall become the "jumping-off place" for men who go down to the ocean in ships—the highway to the Far West, then she, too, will be resorted to by strong men, who will make of her a "boast, a marvel, and a show." They who grow cotton in the Union, will perchance bring it to Ireland's western ports; and, beholding wasted water-power, and delicate Celtic fingers, fitted for textile fabrics, also lying waste in close contiguity, will draw the inference that there needs but a mill and machinery to do all the rest. And thus will Ireland become a land of manufactured fabrics, and the reproach of her poverty and misery be removed from us.

The want of communion, of free and cheap intercourse amongst the nations of the earth, has generated want of confidence. Therefore commercial transactions have required a medium of exchange not easy to counterfeit or falsify. This nature provided in the precious metals. The less civilized, the more barbarous the nation, the more essential the metallic currency. A Spanish dollar was said to "speak all languages." As knowledge increased and faith grew—that faith which has removed so many "railway mountains," and which faith will grow again, the Hudsons notwithstanding—paper was substituted for metals. The paper would be universal were honesty universal—in other words, were knowledge universal;

for Coleridge says, with truth, that "a rogue is only a fool with a circumbendibus." And now, at the time when paper has become widely extended in other lands, when honesty is greatly increased, precisely at this time has nature discovered to man large hoards of gold hitherto unknown, and which are probably only the forerunners of masses yet to be discovered, in quantities to render them applicable to useful purposes in the arts, after their rarity and value as an exchange medium shall be lost. For in this question of gold, if we consider it rightly, there seems to be no reason why it should not be as plentiful in the world as other metals, only it is less accessible. Gold is the only metal that is always found, in the metallic state, not chemically combined with other bodies. Therefore, at the cooling down of the crust of the globe, its mere weight would carry it down into crevices below the surface, precisely as the metal in a smelting-furnace falls through the slag to the bottom. The gold found in streams, and alluvium and diluvium, has been subsequently thrown out by volcanic action; as the spangle gold of California testifies, and also the lumps melted in matrices. The traditions of all South-American gold mines are, that when the water broke in—the usual mode for nature to close a mine—"it was at its richest"—*mas riquessa que nunca*. Marvellously has nature timed this Californian discovery. The railway of Panama, the first of numerous railways through that district, shortening man's transit to the East—the thing talked of and desired for ages, is its first result; and with that railway the reign of law and order commences in that region of stagnant listlessness and active tyranny. A new and improving race is planting progress. When the work shall be done, and civilization rooted, probably more gold will be discovered, if not in the very act of cutting, side by side with the coal beds we are now told of for the first time. If gold and silver can be procured as plentifully as copper, we shall be enabled to use pleasant utensils without risk of thieves. But assuredly men will not coin it into money, when free railway transit over all the earth shall have made honesty not merely the "best policy," but the only practicable policy.

Looking back on what we have written almost reminds us of the noted book title, "*De omnibus rebus et quibusdam aliis*." Our excuse must be, that man, being universal, all things fall into his category. Meanwhile we hold to the faith, that what the

printing press has been to the "republic of letters"—a bond and a covenant—that will the railway become to the republic of nations—Peace on earth and goodwill to men. And what then? When all these things shall be done, when man's physical wants shall be all supplied, and

"Food, like air, be common unto all;"

when we shall not live to eat, but eat to live;  
when war shall be extinct, and

"Man to man, the world o'er,  
Shall brithers be, and a' that:"

what shall men do then? Shall they sit on thrones apart like gods, holding high converse; or, like Alexander, shall they weep for more worlds to conquer? We believe that, "As it was in the beginning, is now, and ever shall be: world without end:" that the law of progress goes on through all eternity; that the highest philosopher of our time will be but the common staple of the times to come. We have faith that

"Ever through the ages one increasing purpose runs,  
And the thoughts of men are widened with the process of the suns."

From the Metropolitan.

## MY CHILDHOOD'S THOUGHT.

THREE fields beyond our dwelling-place, a limpid streamlet floweth,  
From spring-head onward I have traced it wheresoe'er it goeth;  
I used to idle on the banks, and childishly to ponder  
O'er that river's shining course with pleasant awe and wonder,  
Arranging in my secret mind a creed of mystic birth—  
That Elfin river was a type of my own doom on earth.  
And so from spring-head to the vale where many waters meet,  
I learnt the story page by page, and other lessons sweet.  
Where the yielding greenest moss gathers o'er the rounded rocks  
'Tis the shepherds' favorite rest, crook in hand, to watch their flocks),  
There amid the scented thyme, fern, and hyacinthine bells,  
Forth a hundred ripples gush on flowery paths to distant dells;  
'Mid this waste of summer sweets, mark a fostering hand is near,  
And a marble basin fair receives some falling diamonds here;  
Thence again 'mid beds of roses, sporting, toying on its way,  
Where a classic temple craves mirrored grace and fond delay,  
Heedless on the water runneth, wideneth, and will not stay;  
Tasteful bowers are left behind, grand and festal scenes are o'er  
And e'er spring-head murmurs fade, bids adieu forever more.  
Merrily the streamlet floweth, hidden under archways drear,  
Merrily it floweth through ruins dim and sights of fear;  
'Tis a young and saucy streamlet frolicking so lightly by,  
With its surface all unruffled, e'en though wintry breezes sigh;  
Gliding on transparently with a murmuring song forever,  
Looking not to right or left—oh, it was a careless river!  
Through the sheltered pasture-fields, winding in and winding out,  
How the friaking waters run hereabout and thereabout!  
Old oak-roots and ivy-leaves, cowslip beds and violet banks  
Washing o'er, and now and then foaming up and playing pranks.  
It was an idle, roving life; but the dancing days were done,  
When a graver work was found from the dawn to set of sun:  
And the noisy mill-wheel turning, whispered to the busy water—  
"Thy proud heart is humbled now, dainty, foolish, idle daughter!"  
Useful days and dreamless nights fill up thine appointed race,  
While the stars reflected shine on the mill-pool's placid face.  
But stars shone on the other side of that clever talking mill,  
And the holy moonbeams fell not alone on waters still.  
Darting forward with a power they had never known before,  
Swiftly onward now they flew escaping from the prison door;  
Flowery meads and gardens trim were as though they ne'er had been.  
Darksome depths, and raging foam, and splitting rocks made up the scene.

There is a deep and dread abyss, and into it the water leaps—  
A silver thread diverging ere the furious current madly sweeps;  
I shrank to hear the distant roar of the tumbling waters wild,  
I prayed no wanderer forlorn along that way might be beguiled,  
But follow by the silver thread to pastures fair where nature smiled.  
Straight and narrow is the stream, the humble stream is known to few.  
It leads to woodland solitudes, and bids the heartless crowd adieu;  
Straight and narrow, pure and deep—onward, onward calmly gliding—  
Ocean's mighty bosom this, and many silver streamlets hiding.

From the Quarterly Review.

## THE PHYSICAL PHENOMENA OF DEATH.

1. *Recherches Medico-légales sur l'incertitude des signes de la mort, les dangers des inhumations précipitées, les moyens de constater les décès et de rappeler à la vie ceux qui sont état de mort apparente.* Par M. JULIA DE FONTENELLE. 8vo. Paris. 1834.
2. *The Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology.* Part VIII. Art. "Death." By J. A. SYMONDS, M. D. London. 1836.
3. *Recherches Physiologiques sur la Vie et la Mort.* Par ZAV. BICHAT. Cinquième édition, revue et augmentée de notes pour la deuxième fois par F. Magendie. 8vo. Paris. 1829.

It was the opinion of Addison that nothing in history was so imposing, nothing so pleasing and affecting, as the accounts of the behavior of eminent persons in their dying hour. Montaigne before him had given expression to the same sentiment. Of all the passages in the annals of mankind, those, he said, which attracted and delighted him most, were the words and gestures of departing men. "If," he adds, "I were a maker of books, I would compile a register, with comments, of various Deaths, for he who should teach men to die would teach them to live." The register would not be difficult to supply. The commentary is a loss—rich as it would have been in the reflections of a shrewd and thoughtful mind, fearless in its confessions, holding up its feelings, in their weakness and their strength, as a mirror in which the readers might behold themselves. But Montaigne, who merely gives a formal adhesion to Christianity, and too generally draws both precept and practice from the code of Epicurus, was not the person to teach others to live or die. He had realized beyond most men the terror of death, studied it incessantly in all its aspects, and done his best to steel himself against the stroke; but the resources of religion are scarcely dreamt of in his philosophy of mortality. He treats the question almost like a heathen, raises more misgivings than he removes, and does less to reform the careless and encourage the timid than to offend the pious and disturb the peaceful. He seldom, indeed, touches upon a sacred subject, without leav-

ing us in doubt whether he is in earnest or in jest. He seems, in his bantering way, to be striking with one hand while he affects to support with the other; and his attack, though far from formidable, is more powerful than his defence. He would have been an eminent teacher in Greece or Rome, but was no ways fitted to be a master in Christendom. Two or three of Montaigne's countrymen have since attempted to carry out his conception: but, not inheriting his genius with his project, their works are said to be meagre and vapid. More worthless they could not be than the similar compilations which have been published in English; a page from a parish-register would be nearly as edifying.

Addison and Montaigne, in their speculations upon Death, had chiefly in view the *mental* feelings. The physical part of the question had only been treated in detached fragments, until Bichat endeavored to give a connected view of those changes in the system which are immediately concerned in the extinction of life. Even this was only a single branch of an extensive subject; and, far from exhausting it, the state of knowledge obliged him to rest content with a general outline—but it was an outline drawn with a master's hand. A more beautiful piece of scientific writing could nowhere be found—none more lucid in arrangement, more clear, simple, and concise in style. He had to deal with a mass of tangled threads, and wove them into a vivid and harmonious pattern. A disposition to fanciful system is

the principal defect of the celebrated "Researches on Life and Death," which will continue a classic, when, by the progress of discovery, it has ceased to be an authority. Since Bichat led the way, numerous writers have followed in his track—extended his experiments, corrected his errors, and modified his theories. The knowledge is confined at present to professional works which few besides professional men are likely to read, and is too much bound up with general physiology to permit us to enter at large upon the question. What Bichat imperfectly discussed in a volume, we must dismiss in a page. A summary of the newest and best information will be found in the able and philosophical Principles of Medicine by Dr. Williams, or in the Lectures on the Principles and Practice of Medicine by Dr. Watson—a work upon which his own craft have set the seal of their highest approbation, and which it may interest others to be told is not a dry detail of symptoms and remedies, but a luminous account of disease, which he has had the art to make as entertaining as instructive. It was not consistent with the plan of Dr. Williams or Dr. Watson to write a formal treatise upon death. This was done by Dr. Symonds—whose admirable article in the Cyclopædia of Anatomy and Physiology, though a condensed, is the most comprehensive description with which we are acquainted. The entire physical phenomena of natural death are passed in review; the results of original observation are combined with the researches of others; and some portions of the subject, such as the signs of dying, are more elaborately treated than anywhere else. Addressed to medical men, it presumes a degree of acquaintance with their science; yet two-thirds of the essay could hardly be more attractive to general readers if it had been penned for their use. General readers, however, are less inquisitive on the matter than their deep concern in it might lead us to expect, or it would not be confined to the domain of the physician. Addison assumed that the interest was as universal as the lot; but though

"Death only is the fate which none can miss,"

another poet has said with almost equal truth that

"All men think all men mortal but themselves."

Most feel about it much the same as did

Justice Shallow:—"The mad days that I have spent! and to see how many of mine old acquaintance are dead! *Silence.* We shall all follow, cousin! *Shallow.* Certain, 'tis certain; very sure, very sure: death, as the Psalmist saith, is certain to all; all shall die. How a good yoke of bullocks at Stamford fair?" He moralizes mechanically upon death, pays it parenthetically the tribute due to an indisputable truth—but the price of oxen has not the less of his thoughts. We persist in thinking death distant because the date is doubtful, and remain unconcerned spectators until we are summoned to be actors in the scene.

Yet, however little the majority of men may be tempted to originate inquiry, there can hardly be many to whom an account of the mental and corporal sensations which attend upon death can be a matter of indifference when brought before their eyes. Father Bridaine, a French itinerant of the last century, who in a mixture of eccentricity and fervid eloquence combined the two most powerful agencies by which a vulgar auditory are attracted and moved, once wound up a discourse by the announcement that he would attend each of his hearers to his home,—and putting himself at their head, conducted them to the house appointed for all living—a neighboring churchyard. We deeply feel that we are in many respects little qualified for the subject which we venture to take up: there is in it, however, a mysterious awfulness which may probably carry on our readers in spite of our imperfections. But the profit will be to those who remember, as they read, that we describe or attempt to describe the road which they themselves must travel, and, like Bridaine, are conducting them to their home.

John Hunter called the blood the moving material of life. Elaborated from the food we eat, it carries nutriment and stimulus to every part of the body; and while in its progress it replenishes the waste going on in the frame, it receives and throws off much of the effete and worn-out matter which would otherwise clog and encumber the machinery. The moment the blood is reduced below a certain standard, the functions languish; the moment it is restored, the functions revive. The brain, in general bleeding, is the first to feel the loss; and a mere change of position, by affecting the amount of blood in the head, will make the difference between unconsciousness and sense. Where the object is to bring down the circulation to the lowest point, the safeguard against carrying the de-



pletion too far is to make the patient sit up; and when faintness ensues, sensibility returns by laying him backward, which immediately sends a current of blood to the brain. The effect of the circulation on a limb is seen in the operation for an aneurism of the leg—a disease in which the artery, unable to resist the force of the blood, continues to distend, until, if left to itself, it usually bursts, and the patient bleeds to death. To prevent this result, the main artery itself is often tied above the tumor, and thus the blood is stopped short of the place where it was gradually working a fatal outlet. The lower part of the leg, cut off from its supply, at once turns cold, and, unless nature were ready with a new provision, would quickly perish; but if, by the disease, man is shown to be fearfully, the remedial contrivance proves him wonderfully made. The trunk artery sends out numerous tributaries, which again rejoin it further on in its course, and those above the aneurism gradually dilate to receive the obstructed circulation, and, carrying it past the break in the channel, restore warmth and vigor to the drooping limb. What is true of the leg and brain is true of every portion of the body. Not an organ can subsist deprived of a due and healthy circulation; and when the blood is brought to a stand in its career, or is in a particular degree deficient in quantity or corrupted in quality, then is death inevitable. “We are born,” says Seneca, “by a single method—we die by many.” But though mortal diseases are legion in their seat and nature, they may all be resolved into the destruction of the circulation, like the radii of a circle which come from an infinity of directions and meet in a point.

The heart is the agent for propelling the blood. It acts the part of a pump to the system, plays without our aid at the rate of four thousand strokes an hour, and sometimes continues in operation a century; but no organ, however marvellous in its construction and performances, can be beyond the reach of injury and disease in a body created mortal by design. The heart is the seat of numerous disorders which destroy its powers of contraction and expansion, and when its action ceases the blood must stop; but extreme cases are the clearest illustration of principles, and the effects of arresting its pulsations are seen best when the event is sudden. This is no uncommon occurrence. The passions of rage, joy, grief, and fear, make themselves felt in the centre of circulation; and these all have the power, when

intense, to paralyze the heart in a moment, or even to burst it by the agitation they create. A lady, overjoyed to hear that her son had returned from India, died with the news in her ears; another, prostrate with grief at parting with a son who was bound for Turkey, expired in the attempt to bid him farewell. Physical causes, in like manner, put an immediate and lasting stop to the heart. It may be done by a blow on the stomach, by the fall from a height, by too violent an exertion.

The lungs are no less essential to the circulation. The entire blood of the system passes along their innumerable vessels on its return to the heart, and ejecting through the pores the foul matter collected in its circuit, receives in exchange a fresh supply of air. The process is stopped in drowning, when there is no oxygen from without to inhale; in hanging, when the communication is cut off with the lungs; in the morbid effusions which prevent the air from reaching the blood; in the pressure which holds down the chest and abdomen and will not permit them to play; and in injuries of the portion of the spinal cord whence the nerves are derived, by which the muscular movements of respiration are sustained. A vast variety of accidents and diseases operate in one or other of these ways, and with the uniform consequence that the unpurified blood becomes stagnant in the lungs and stops the road. Breathing is indispensable to life, because the blood will barely move an inch without it; and though it did, would carry corruption in its round instead of sustenance and health.

The brain is the centre of nervous power, and without its agency we are unable to think, move, or feel; but the immediate effect of mortal injuries is to paralyze the action of the heart or the lungs. The apoplexies, in which the blood escapes with force into the brain, and breaks up its substance, kill through the first; the congestion, which is less violent, acts by impeding, and ultimately arresting, the movements of the last. In either case the circulation stops, and with it life. Whatever is the locality of a disease, the heart and lungs are either implicated themselves, or through the nerves and brain; and in the majority of disorders the whole are enfeebled together, till it is difficult to determine which is failing most. In some diseases the blood itself is utterly corrupted, and every organ it touches feels its deadly influence. In others, the stomach is incapable of discharging its office, and the fountain

is dried up which replenished the stream. The original stock, depositing its vitality as it goes, gets smaller and smaller every round. Soon the waste in the system exceeds the supply; the decaying parts drop away, and no new matter takes their place; the whole frame dwindles and languishes, and the organs, every instant feeblener in their action, become finally motionless.

Rarely is there seen a case of death from pure old age. In those who live longest, some disease is usually developed which lays the axe to the root of the tree; but occasionally the body wears itself out, and, without a malady or a pain, sinks by a slow and unperceived decay. All the aged approximate to the condition, and show the nature of the process. The organs have less life, the functions less vigor; the sight grows dim, the hearing dull, the touch obtuse; the limbs lose their suppleness, the motions their freedom, and, without local disorder or general disturbance, it is everywhere plain that vitality is receding. The old are often indolent from natural disposition; they are slow in their movements by a physical necessity. With the strength enfeebled, the bones brittle, the ligaments rigid, the muscles weak, feats of activity are no longer possible. The limbs which bent in youth would break in age. Bentley used to say he was like his battered trunk, which held together if left to itself, and would fall to pieces with the jolts and rough usage of better days. Lord Chesterfield, in his decrepitude, was unable to support the rapid motion of a carriage; and when about to take an airing, said, in allusion to the foot's pace at which he crept along, "I am now going to the rehearsal of my funeral." The expression was one of many which showed that his mind had not participated in the decay of his body; but even with men less remarkable it is common for the intellect to remain unbroken amidst surrounding infirmity. The memory alone seldom escapes. Events long gone by retain their hold — passing incidents excite a feeble interest, and are instantly forgotten. The brain, like a mould that has set, keeps the old impressions, and can take no new ones. Living rather in the past than the present, the aged naturally love to reproduce it, and grow more narrative than is always entertaining to younger ears; yet, without the smallest sense of weariness, they can sit for hours silent and unemployed, for feebleness renders repose delightful, and they need no other allurements in existence than to feel that they exist. Past recollections them-

selves are sometimes erased. Fontenelle — not the author on our present list — outlived the knowledge of his writings, but the winter which destroyed his memory allowed his wit to flourish with the freshness of spring. He could mark and estimate his growing infirmities, and make them the subject of lively sayings. "I am about," he remarked, "to decamp, and have sent the heavy baggage on before." When Brydson's family read him his admirable *Travels in Sicily*, he was quite unconscious that his own eyes had beheld the scenes, and his own lively pen described them; but he comprehended what he heard, thought it amusing, and wondered if it was true!

Next the body relapses into helplessness, the mind into vacancy — and this is the second childhood of man — an expression upon which some physiologists have built fanciful analogies, as if infancy and age, like the rising and setting sun, were the same unaltered object in opposite parts of the horizon. But there is little more resemblance than in the vegetable world between immaturity and rotteness. Sir Walter Scott, when growing infirmities made him speak of himself playfully as coming round to the starting-point of the circle, said he wished he could cut a new set of teeth. The remark touched the distinction between the morning and evening of life. Age and infancy are both toothless, but the teeth of the former are coming, the teeth of the latter are gone — the one is awakening to a world upon which the other is closing its eyes. The two portraits are in perfect contrast. Here activity, there torpor — here curiosity, there listlessness — here the prattle of dawning intelligence, there the babbling of expiring dotage. Decrepitude which has sunk into imbecility must be endeared by past recollections to be loved. But to despise it is an insult to human nature, and to pity it on its own account, wasted sympathy. Paley rightly asserted that happiness was with dozing old age in its easy chair, as well as with youth in the pride and exuberance of life, and if its feelings are less buoyant they are more placid. To die piecemeal carries with it a frightful sound, until we learn by observation that of all destroyers time is the gentlest. The organs degenerate without pain, and dwindling together, a perfect harmony is kept up in the system. Digestion languishes, the blood diminishes, the heart beats slower, and by imperceptible gradations they reach at last their lowest term. Drowsiness increases with the decline of the powers —

life passes into sleep, sleep into death. De Moivre, the master of calculation, spent, at eighty, twenty hours of the twenty-four in slumber, until he fell asleep and woke no more. His was a natural death unaccompanied by disease, and, though this is uncommon, yet disease itself lays a softer hand upon the aged than the young, as a tottering ruin is easier overthrown than a tower in its strength.

The first symptom of approaching death with some is the strong presentiment that they are about to die. Ozanam, the mathematician, while in apparent health, rejected pupils from the feeling that he was on the eve of resting from his labors, and he expired soon after of an apoplectic stroke. Flechier, the divine, had a dream which shadowed out his impending dissolution, and believing it to be the merciful warning of heaven, he sent for a sculptor and ordered his tomb. "Begin your work forthwith," he said at parting; "there is no time to lose:" and unless the artist had obeyed the admonition, death would have proved the quicker workman of the two. Mozart wrote his Requiem under the conviction that the monument he was raising to his genius would, by the power of association, prove a universal monument to his own remains. When life was fitting fast, he called for the score, and, musing over it, said, "Did I not tell you truly that it was for myself I composed this death-chant?" Another great artist, in a different department, convinced that his hand was about to lose its cunning, chose a subject emblematical of the coming event. His friends inquired the nature of his next design, and Hogarth replied, "The end of all things." "In that case," rejoined one of the number, "there will be an end of the painter." What was uttered in jest he answered in earnest, with a solemn look and a heavy sigh: "There will," he said—"and therefore the sooner my work is done the better." He commenced next day, labored upon it with unintermitting diligence, and when he had given it the last touch, seized his palette, broke it in pieces, and said "I have finished." The print was published in March under the title of "Finis," and in October, "the curious eyes which saw the manners in the face" were closed in dust. Our ancestors, who were prone to look into the air for causes which were to be found upon earth, ascribed these intimations to supernatural agency. It was conjectured that the guardian genius, who was supposed to attend upon man, infused into his mind a

friendly though gloomy foreboding, or more distinctly prefigured to him his end by a vision of the night. John Hunter has solved the mystery, if mystery it can be called, in a single sentence: "We sometimes," he says, "feel within ourselves that we shall not live, for the living powers become weak, and the nerves communicate the intelligence to the brain." His own case has often been quoted, among the marvels of which he afforded the rational explanation. He intimated on leaving home that if a discussion, which awaited him at the Hospital, took an angry turn, it would prove his death. A colleague gave him the lie; the coarse word verified the prophecy, and he expired almost immediately in an adjoining room. There was everything to lament in the circumstance, but nothing at which to wonder, except that any individual could show such disrespect to the great genius, a single year of whose existence was worth the united lives of his opponents. Hunter, in uttering the prediction, had only to take counsel of his own experience without the intervention of invisible spirits. He had long labored under a disease of the heart, and he felt the disorder had reached the point at which any sharp agitation would bring on the crisis. A memorable instance of the weakness which accompanies the greatness of man, when an abusive appellation could extinguish one of the brightest lights that ever illumined science. No discoverer has left more varied titles to fame, and none has given more abundant evidence that he would have added to the number the longer he lived, for his mind teemed with original ideas, and fast as one crop was cleared away another sprang up.

Circumstances which at another time would excite no attention are accepted for an omen when health is failing. The order for the Requiem with Mozart, the dream with Flechier, turned the current of their thoughts to the grave. The death of a contemporary, which raises no fears in the young and vigorous, is often regarded by the old and feeble as a summons to themselves. Foote, prior to his departure for the Continent, stood contemplating the portrait of a brother-actor, and exclaimed, his eyes full of tears, "Poor Weston!" In the same dejected tone he added, after a pause, "Soon others shall say, Poor Foote!"—and, to the surprise of his friends, a few days proved the justice of the prognostication. The expectation of the event has a share in producing it, for a slight shock

completes the destruction of prostrate energies. Many an idle belief, in superstitious times, lent a stimulus to disease, and pushed into the grave those who happened to be trembling on its brink. Kings and princes took the shows of the skies for their particular share. Louise of Savoy, the mother of Francis I., when sick of a fever, saw, or fancied she saw, a comet. "Ha!" she exclaimed, "there is an omen which appears not for people of low degree: God sends it for us great. Shut the window; it announces my death; I must prepare." Her physicians assured her she was not in a dying state. "Unless," she replied, "I had seen the sign of my death I should have said the same, for I do not myself feel that I am sinking." She sank, however, from that time, and died in three days. Confidence in the physician is proverbially said to be half the cure, because it keeps up hope, and lends to the body the support of the mind; but when despair cooperates with the distemper, they react upon one other, and a curable complaint is easily converted into a mortal disease. The case of Wolsey was more singular. The morning before he died he asked Cavendish the hour, and was answered past eight. "Eight of the clock," replied Wolsey, "that cannot be,—eight of the clock, eight of the clock,—nay, nay, it cannot be eight of the clock, for by eight of the clock shall you lose your master." The day he miscalculated,—the hour came true. On the following morning, as the clock struck eight his troubled spirit passed from life. Cavendish and the bystanders thought he must have had a revelation of the time of his death, and, from the way in which the fact had taken possession of his mind, we suspect that he relied upon some astrological prediction which had the credit of a revelation in his own esteem.

Persons in health have died from the expectation of dying. It was once common for those who perished by violence to summon their destroyers to appear within a stated time before the tribunal of God; and we have many perfectly attested instances in which, through the united influence of fear and remorse, the perpetrators withered under the curse and died. Pestilence does not kill with the rapidity of terror. The profligate abbess of a convent, the Princess Gonzaga of Cleves, and Guise, the profligate Archbishop of Rheims, took it into their heads for a jest to visit one of the nuns by night, and exhort her as a person who was visibly dying. While, in the performance of

their heartless scheme they whispered to each other, "She is just departing," she departed in earnest. Her vigor, instead of detecting the trick, sank beneath the alarm, and the profane pair discovered in the midst of their sport that they were making merry with a corpse. A condemned gentleman was handed over to some French physicians, who, to try the effects of imagination, told him that it was intended to despatch him by bleeding—the easiest method known to their art. Covering his face with a cloth, they pinched him to counterfeit the prick of the lancet, placed his feet in a bath, as if to encourage the stream, and conversed together on the tragic symptoms supposed to arise. Without the loss of a drop of blood, his spirit died within him from the mental impression, and when the veil was raised he had ceased to live. Montaigne tells of a man who was pardoned upon the scaffold, and was found to have expired while awaiting the stroke. Cardinal Richelieu, in the hope to extract a confession from the Chevalier de Jars, had him brought to the block, and though he comported himself with extraordinary courage and cheerfulness, yet when, an instant or two after he had laid down his head, his pardon was announced to him, he was in a state of stupefaction which lasted several minutes. In spite of his apparent indifference to death, there was an anxiety, in the pause when he was momentarily expecting the axe to descend, which had all but proved fatal.

When disease passes into dying, the symptoms usually tell the tale to every eye. The half-closed eyes, turned upward and inward, sink in their sockets; the balls have a faded, filmy look; the temples and cheeks are hollow, the nose is sharp; the lips hang, and, together with the face, are sometimes pale from the failure of the circulation, and sometimes livid from the dark blood which creeps sluggishly through the veins. Startling likenesses to relations, and the self of former days, are sometimes revealed when the wasting of the flesh has given prominence to the framework of the face. The cold of Death seizes upon the extremities and continues to spread,—a sign of common notoriety from time immemorial, which Chaucer has described in verse, Shakspeare in still more picturesque prose. The very breath strikes chill; the skin is clammy; the voice falters and loses its own familiar tones—grows sharp and thin, or faint and murmuring—or comes with an unearthly, muffled sound. The pulse, sometimes pre-

viously deceitful, breaks down; is first feeble and then slower; the beats are fitful and broken by pauses; the intervals increase in frequency and duration, and at length it falls to rise no more. The respiration, whether languid or labored, becomes slow at the close; the death-rattle is heard at every expulsion of air; the lungs, like the pulse, become intermittent in their action; a minute or two may elapse between the efforts to breathe, and then one expiration, which has made "to expire" synonymous with "to die," and the conflict with the body is over.

As an abstract description of man would fit everybody, although forming a portrait of no one, deaths have their individual peculiarities, in which the differences of detail do not affect the likeness of the outline. Many traits are frequent which are far from usual. Some, when they are sinking, toss the clothes from their chests, and though the attendants, indefatigable in enforcing their own notions of comfort, replace them unceasingly, they are as often thrust back. There must be oppression in the covering or it would not be thrown off, but the patient himself is frequently unconscious, and the act is instinctive, like the casting aside the bed-clothes on a sultry night in the obliviousness of sleep. Others pick at the sheets, or work them between their fingers, which may be done in obedience to an impulse of the nerves, or to excite by friction the sense of touch, which is growing benumbed. We have seen persons among the lower orders burst into tears at witnessing an action which conveyed to their minds a sentence of death. The senses are constantly subject to allusions. The eyes of the dying will conjure up particles which they mistake for realities, and attempt to catch them with their hand, or, if they are looking at the bed, they suppose them specks upon the clothes, and assiduously endeavor to brush them away. The awful shadow cast by death throws a solemnity over every object within its range, and gives importance to actions that would otherwise be thought too trivial for notice. Ears, soon to be insensible to sound, are often assailed by imaginary noises, which sometimes assume the form of words. Cowper, who was afterward the thrall of fancied voices, which spoke as his morbid spirit inspired, heard three times, when he hung himself in earlier days, the exclamation, "Tis over!" The old idea that the monitor of man summoned him when his final minute had arrived, may easily have been founded upon actual occurrences, and the agent was

invented to explain an undoubted and mysterious effect. Shakspeare, who possessed the power to press everything into his service, has recorded the superstition in *Troilus and Cressida*:—

"Hark! you are called: some say the Genius so  
Cries COME! to him that instantly must die!"

The workings of the mind, when taken in connection with the physical weakness, are often prominent among the symptoms of dissolution. Many of the ancients held the *novissima verba* in high esteem. They imagined that the departing imbibed a divine power from that world to which they were bound, and spoke like gods in proportion as they were ceasing to be men. Though the belief is extinct that the prophet's mantle descends upon the shoulders of the dying, there are some who maintain that as the body wanes the mind often shines with increasing lustre. Baxter called a churchyard the market-place where all things are rated at their true value, and those who are approaching it talk of the world, and its vanities, with a wisdom unknown before. But the idea that the capacity of the understanding itself is enlarged—that it acquires new powers and fresh vigor—is due, we conceive, to the emotion of the listeners. The scene impresses the imagination, and the overwrought feelings of the audience color every word. Disease has more frequently an injurious effect, and the mind is heavy, weakened, or deranged. Of the species of idiocy which ushers in death, Mrs. Quickly gives a perfect description in her narrative of Falstaff's end—an unrivaled piece of painting, and deeply pathetic in the midst of its humor: "After I saw him fumble with the sheets, and play with flowers, and smile upon his fingers' ends, I knew there was but one way, for his nose was as sharp as a pen, and 'a babbled of green fields." Falstaff, to whom a tavern chair was the throne of human felicity, and whose heart was never open to a rural impression, amusing himself with flowers like a child—Falstaff, the impersonation of intellectual wit, and who kept a sad brow at the jests which moved the mirth of every one besides, regarding his fingers' ends with simpering imbecility—there is an epitome of the melancholy contrasts which are constantly witnessed, and which would be mournful, indeed, if we did not know that the bare grain is not quickened except it die, and that the stage of decay must precede its springing into newness of life. The intellect of Falstaff has degenerated into

silliness, but he knows what he says, and comprehends what he sees. When the sensibility to outward impressions is lost or disordered, and the mind is delirious, the dying dream of their habitual occupations, and construct an imaginary present from the past. Dr. Armstrong departed delivering medical precepts; Napoleon fought some battle o'er again, and the last words he muttered were *tête d'armée*; Lord Tenterden, who passed straight from the judgment-seat to his death-bed, fancied himself still presiding at a trial, and expired with, *Gentlemen of the jury, you will now consider of your verdict*; Dr. Adam, the author of the "Roman Antiquities," imagined himself in school, distributing praise and censure among his pupils: *But it grows dark*, he said; *the boys may dismiss*; and instantly died. The physician, soldier, judge, schoolmaster, each had their thoughts on their several professions, and believed themselves engaged in the business of life when life itself was issuing out through their lips. Whether such words are always an evidence of internal consciousness may admit of a doubt. The mind is capable of pursuing a beaten track without attending to its own operations, and the least impulse will set it going when every other power has fled. De Lagny was asked the square of twelve when he was unable to recognize the friends about his bed, and mechanically answered, *one hundred and forty-four*. Repetitions of poetry are frequent in this condition, and there is usually a want of coherence and intonation which appears to indicate a want of intelligence, and leaves the conviction, expressed by Dr. Symonds, that the understanding is passive. But upon many occasions it is perfectly obvious that the language of the lips is suggested by the mental dream. The idea of Dr. Adam, that it was growing dark, evidently arose from the fading away of the vision, as the thick darkness of death covered his mind and clouded his perceptions. The man himself is his own world, and he lives among the phantoms he has created, as he lived among the actual beings of flesh and blood, with the difference, perhaps, that the feelings, like the picture, are faint and shadowy.

There is a description of dying delirium which resembles drunkenness. Consciousness remains, but not self-control. The individual nature appears in its nakedness, unrelieved by the modifications which interest imposes. A woman who had combined an insatiable appetite for scandal with the extreme caution in retailing it, fell into this

state a few hours before she died. This sluice was opened, and the venom and malice were poured out in a flood. Her tones, which in health were low and mysterious, grew noisy and emphatic—the hints were displaced by the strongest terms the language could afford—and the half-completed sentences, which were formerly left for imagination to fill up, all carried now a tail and a sting. "I verily believe," said her husband afterward, "that she repeated in that single day every word she had heard against anybody from the time she was a child." The concentration of the mind upon the single topic, the variety and distinctness of the portraits, the virulence and energy of the abuse, the indifference to the tears of her children—heart-broken that their mother should pass from the world uttering anathemas against all her acquaintances, living and dead—made a strange and fearful exhibition, one more impressive than a thousand sermons, to show the danger of indulging an evil passion.

A fatal malady sometimes appears to make a stop—the patient lives and breathes; and his friends, who had considered him as belonging to another world, are overjoyed that he is once more one of themselves. But it is death come under a mask. The lifting up from the grave is followed by a relapse which brings down to it again without return. A son of Dr. Beattie lay sick of a fever, which suddenly left him: the delirium was succeeded by a complete tranquillity, and the father was congratulating himself on the danger being over, when the physicians informed him truly that the end was at hand. Death from hydrophobia is not seldom preceded by similar appearance of recovery. A victim of this disorder, in which every drop of liquid aggravates the convulsions, and the very sound of its trickling is often insupportable, was found by Dr. Latham in the utmost composure, having drunk a large jug of porter at a draught. The nurse greeted the physician with the exclamation, "What a wonderful cure!" but in half an hour the man was dead. Sir Henry Hallford had seen four or five cases of inflammation of the brain where the raving was succeeded by a lucid interval—the lucid interval by death. One of these was a gentleman who passed three days in lunatic violence, without an instant's cessation or sleep. He then became rational, settled his affairs, sent messages to his relations, and talked of a sister lately dead, whom he said he should follow immediately,

as he did in the course of the night. Many such instances are upon record; and Cervantes must have witnessed something of the kind, or he would not have ventured to restore Don Quixote to reason in his final illness, make him abjure knight-errantry, and die a sensible as he had lived a worthy man; for throughout his adventures he displays a loftiness of principle and a rectitude of purpose which give an elevation to his character, and render him estimable when most ridiculous. Sir Henry Hallford cautioned the younger members of his profession against these appearances, which have often deluded physicians themselves. The medical attendant of Charleval, a French versifier, called out exultingly to a brother of the faculty who entered the room, "Come and see, the fever is going!" After a moment's observation, the other, more experienced, replied, "No—it is the patient." The amendment is not real unless the pulse has improved: the energies of life are otherwise worn out; and either the inertness of the disease proceeds from a want of power to sustain it, or, if it has fairly retired, the system has been too much depressed to rebound. The temporary revival is rarely complete; but a partial intermission, from its comparative ease, creates a considerable change of sensation. Hence the pause in the disorder has received the name of a "lightening before death"—a removal of the load of pain and stupor by which the patient was previously oppressed. Shakspeare confines the term to the merriment of mind which usually accompanies the relief. Paley has said, and he wrote after many visitations of gout, that the subsidence of pain is a positive pleasure which few enjoyments can exceed. The observation is sometimes strikingly illustrated in surgical operations, when neither the smarting of the wound nor the attendant horrors have the power to disturb the sense of satisfaction which directly ensues. Sir Charles Bell opened the windpipe of a man attacked with spasms of the throat, and who was dying through want of air. The incision closed with the convulsive throbs, and it was necessary to slit out a piece of the cartilage; but when the man, whose face was lately a picture of distress, who streamed with the sweat of suffering, and who toiled and gasped for life, breathed freely through the opening, he fell fast asleep while half a dozen candles threw their glare upon his eyes, and the surgeons, with their hands bathed in his blood, were still at work upon the wound, inserting materials to

keep it open. A soldier, struck in the temple at Waterloo with a musket-ball, had his skull sawn through with a trephine by Mr. Cooper, the author of the "Surgical Dictionary," and a bone pulled out which had been driven half an inch into the substance of the brain. Nearly lifeless before, he instantly sat up, talked with reason and complacency, and rose and dressed the same day. The transition is little less sudden in the "lightening before death;" and though the debility is usually too great for exuberance of spirits, there is sometimes a gentle gaiety which would have a contagious charm if it were not the signal of a coming gloom, made a hundred fold more dark by the contrast with the short-lived mirth, never in this world—unless by the tearful eye of memory—to be beheld again.

The moment which converts a sensitive body to inanimate matter is often indistinguishable; but one would hardly think that any who had deliberately contemplated a corpse—icy, stiff, and motionless, with nothing of humanity except the form—could suppose that life might put on the "borrowed likeness of shrunk death," and men, who were still of the present world, be consigned by mistake to a living tomb. Yet many persons, especially women, are so haunted with the idea, that they will almost fear to sleep lest they should wake with six feet of earth for their covering and a coffin for their bed. Solemn physicians abroad—for in England these terrorists boast no educated disciples—have written books to accredit the belief, and add a deeper horror to the grave. Each successive production of the kind, however, is little more than a resuscitation of its forgotten predecessor, from which it differs about as much as the Almanac of this year from the Almanac of last. In 1834, Julia de Fontenelle, a man of science—if several lines of philosophical titles written after his name are a voucher for the character—published his "Medico-legal Researches on the Uncertainty of the Signs of Death," which volume is at present, we believe, the standard one on the subject. The horror of being buried alive was his least motive for rousing up the public to a sense of their danger. Convinced, he said, that unwholesome diet and evil passions, the abuse of drugs and the ignorance of physicians, are but too successful in swelling the number of the undoubted dead, he conceives it his duty in compensation to preserve to society the many who were only dead in appearance. He seems to have persuaded himself that burial-grounds



are a species of human slaughter-house, and, if he had read the English Martyrology, would have seen something more than a lying legend in the story of St. Frithstane, who, saying one evening masses for the dead in the open air, as he pronounced the words *requiescant in pace*, heard a chorus of voices from the surrounding graves respond loudly *Amen*. M. Fontenelle's hopes of recruiting the population from churchyards are grounded on a hundred cases of apparent deaths gleaned from the entire history of the world—a rather slender counterpoise to the victims of passion, gluttony, drugs, and physicians, even if the instances were all well founded and all to the purpose. "He cheats by pence, is cheated by the pound." But of his examples those which are true are inapplicable, and those which are applicable are unsubstantiated.

The marvellous is most credible when left to the imagination; the attempt to verify it dissipates the illusion. Supernatural appearances seemed to be probable when the argument rested on the general belief; nothing more unlikely when the specific facts were collected and weighed. A volume of ghost stories is the best refutation of ghosts. That persons, by every outward sign long dead, have revived, is also among the opinions that have found adherents in all countries, and many are the superstitions to which it has given rise. Roger North, in his *Life of the Lord Keeper*, mentions that the Turks, if a noise is heard in a tomb, dig up the corpse, and, as one method of making matters sure, chop it into pieces. He adds, that some English merchants, riding at Constantinople in company with a Janizary, passed an aged and shriveled Jew, who was sitting on a sepulchre. The Janizary never doubted that of this sepulchre the Jew himself was the rightful tenant, and ordered him back to his grave, after rating him soundly for stinking the world a second time. Nations sunk lower in barbarism give credence to fables still more absurd, though they do not exceed in extravagance what we might expect from the exaggerations of ignorance and terror, if the cries and struggles of buried men had been heard disturbing the stillness of the tomb; but the moment an effort is made to substantiate the belief by authentic examples, the edifice is overthrown by the very endeavor to prop it up. Timidity itself would take courage on reading the terrific register of the credulous Fontenelle. An examination of his proof, while it indicates the precautions that are prudent to be taken, will reassure

those who are accustomed to shrink from the semblance of death, with its frightful accompaniments, far more than they dread the reality; for it will show that, unless by culpable recklessness and haste, there is no possibility that a single individual should be entombed before his time.

The first page shows how much his criticism has been outstripped by his zeal, for he counts among the victims of *error* the Emperor Zenon, who is said to have been interred when he was drunk, by the order of his wife, ambitious of his crown. M. Fontenelle himself relates, that for two nights he continually cried from his capacious sepulchre, "Have mercy on me! Take me out!" and surely his petition would not have been in vain, if they had buried him in good faith through an unhappy mistake. Horrors never come singly: it is added, that in his hunger he ate up his shoes and the flesh of his arms. A case among the accidents, that of an Archbishop Gêron—when or where he lived is not told—has a close resemblance to the end of poor Zenon:

He waked in the boat, and to Charon he said  
That he would be rowed back, for he was not  
yet dead.

But the persons who heard him shouting from the sepulchre refused to believe him, and he was left to his fate. There was an Abbé who had better luck. He revived on the way to the grave; and his attendants having thought fit to bury his cat with him, which sat like a night-mare upon his chest, the Abbé employed his returning strength to drive off the incubus. The animal mewed with the pain, and more regard being paid to the remonstrances of a cat than to those of an Archbishop, the procession was stopped and the coffin unscrewed. Out jumped the cat, and immediately after the dead man followed, and took to his heels. The bearers are said to have been "frozen with fear;" and the cat and the Abbé must have partaken of the chill. Some who came off with life, have yet had reason to rue the misconception. A gentleman of Rouen, returning from a tour just as his wife was being borne to the tomb, he ordered back the coffin, and had a surgeon to make five-and-twenty incisions on the corpse—a strange method of cherishing the remnant of existence, if he suspected any. Nevertheless, at the twenty-sixth incision, which went deeper than the rest, she mildly inquired "What mischief they were doing her?" and she survived to bear her husband six-and-twenty children—



a pledge for every gash. An English soldier showed more vigor and less endurance than this meekest of women. He was carried to the dissecting-room of a French hospital, where a student, to practice anatomy, cut his jugular vein. Furious with rage and pain, he leaped upon the student and flung him to the ground, where he fainted with alarm. The soldier must have been a disciple of the laughter-loving Roderick Random, who counterfeited death on his recovery from a fever, and snapped at the fingers of the surgeon as he was closing his eyes. But the more valorous son of Mars had nearly carried the jest too far, when he suffered his jugular vein to be opened before "he played out the play." Zadig, in Voltaire's story, pretends to be dead, to test the affection of his wife; and his friend, who is in the plot, applies immediately for the vacant post, and feigns a pain in his side, which nothing can cure except the application of a dead man's nose. But when the widow, deeming that a living lover is worth more than a departed husband, advances to the coffin with an open razor to take possession of the specific, Zadig is wise enough to cover his nose with one hand while he thrusts the instrument aside with the other. A man of war, who had the good fortune to recover in a dissecting-room without the aid of the knife, seeing himself surrounded, on opening his eyes, by mutilated bodies, exclaimed, "I perceive that the action has been hot!" And if M. Fontenelle had opened his eyes he might easily have perceived that the anecdote was a jest. Indeed, such is his credulity, that the story of a surgeon addicted to cards, whose death had been tested by bawling in his ears, rising up when a friend whispered in the language of piquet, "a quint, fourteen and the point," has been mistaken by him for an extraordinary case of resuscitation, instead of a commonplace joke on the passion for play. The jest-book has always contributed abundant materials to the compilers of horrors. Several anecdotes turn on that inexhaustible theme for merriment—the sorrows of matrimony. In passing through the street a bier was struck against the corner of a house, and the corpse reanimated by the shock. Some years afterward, when the woman died in good earnest, her husband called to the bearers, "Pray, gentlemen, be careful in turning the corners." Thus there is not even a step from the mirthful to the terrible. The stories, unaltered, do double duty.

Two Parisian merchants, bound together in close friendship, had one son and the

VOL. XIX. NO. I.

other a daughter, who were friends and something more. The daughter, compelled by her parents to sacrifice her lover for a wealthy suitor, fell into what M. Fontenelle calls an "hysterical syncope," and was buried. Fortune frowns upon lovers that she may enhance the value of her smiles. A strange instinct induced her adorer to disinter the body, and he had the double pleasure of delivering the fair one from a horrible death and a hateful husband. Holding that the interment had broken the marriage-tie, they fled to England, but at the end of ten years ventured back to Paris, where the lady was met by the original husband, who, no ways surprised that she should have revisited the earth, nor staggered by her denials, laid a formal claim to her in a court of justice. The lover boldly sustained that he who rescued her from death had more right to her than the claimant who interred her alive; but the doctrine being new to a court of law, the prudent pair anticipated the decision by returning to England, where they finally terminated their adventures. The plot and morality of the story are thoroughly characteristic of M. Fontenelle's nation, and the simplicity which believes it is not less so of himself. The countrymen of Shakspeare will recognize a French version of Romeo and Juliet. All ladies are not blest with resurrectionist lovers, but covetousness will sometimes do the work of chivalry. A domestic visited his mistress in her tomb, enticed by a diamond ring, which resisting his efforts to draw it off, he proceeded to amputate the finger. Thereupon the mistress revives, and the domestic drops down dead with alarm: "Thus," says M. Fontenelle, "death had his prey; it was only the victim which was changed." He gives further on a similar story, in which the lady with the ring was supposed to have died in childbirth, and some grave-diggers were the thieves. In the hurry of their flight they left a lantern which served to light the lady to her door. "Who's there?" inquired the girl who answered her knock. "Your mistress," was the reply. The servant needed to hear no more; she rushed into the room where her master was sitting, and informed him that the spirit of his wife was at the door. He rebuked the girl for her folly, and assured her that her mistress was in Abraham's bosom, but on looking out of the window the well-known voice exclaimed, "For pity's sake, open the door. Do you forget that I have just been confined, and that cold in my condition will be fatal?" This was not the doubt which troubled his

mind, nor was it the first observation we should have expected a wife to address to her husband, when, newly released from her grave by an almost miraculous deliverance, she suddenly appeared before him in the dead of night, wearing the habiliments of the tomb. But as the husband was satisfied, it is not for us to be critical. Numerous places are declared to have been the scene of the incident of the ring, which M. Fontenelle considers to be cumulative testimony to its truth. We should have thought, on the contrary, that his faith would have been diminished as the stories increased. Marvels rarely go in flocks. In the present instance few need to be told that M. Fontenelle has been drawing upon the standard literature of the nursery—that the ring-story is one of those with which children from time immemorial have been terrified and amused. “The nurse’s legends are for truth received,” and to the inventions which entertained their infancy many are indebted for their after-apprehensions lest the fate at which they shuddered in another should prove prophetic of their own. M. Fontenelle has himself thought that it would help out his subject to insert the poem of a M. Lesguillon, in which he relates from imagination the burial and resurrection of a lady, who was set free, at the crisis of her despair, by the accident of a sexton cleaving her coffin with his spade. What calls forth M. Fontenelle’s special admiration is, that the author has “wedded reason to rhyme,” and it is impossible to deny that there is as much reason in M. Lesguillon’s verse as in M. Fontenelle’s prose.

As a set-off to the miserable mortals who lost their lives through a seeming death, this very appearance is affirmed to have been the means of averting the reality. Tallemant has a story of a Baroness de Panat, who was choked by a fish-bone, and duly buried for dead. Her servants, to get her jewels, disinterred her by night, and the lady’s maid, who bore her a grudge, struck her in revenge several blows upon the neck. The malignity of the maid was the preservation of the mistress. Out flew the bone, set free by the blows, and up rose the Baroness, to the discomfiture of her domestics. The retributive justice was complete, and the only objection to the narrative is, that like the fish-bone, it sticks in the throat. In this particular, the stories mostly agree; a single anecdote comes recommended by intrinsic probability, and is no less distinguished from hearsay romances by the external authority; for it is told by the famous Sydenham, a man who was not

more an honor to his profession by his skill than to his kind by his virtues. The faculty of his day demonstrated, on principles derived from abstract reasoning, that the small-pox ought to yield to a hot regimen, and, though patients died, physicians thought death under a philosophical treatment better than a capricious and perverse recovery in defiance of rules. Sydenham, who reformed the whole system of medicine by substituting experience for speculation, and who, besides indicating the right road, was himself perhaps the nicest observer of the habits of disease that ever lived, had early discovered that the antidote was to be found at the other end of the thermometer. The science which saved the lives of the public was the torment of his own. He was assailed by the profession to the close of his days for being wiser than his generation, and among the facts by which he mildly and modestly defended his practice, he relates with evident satisfaction how a young man at Bristol was stewed by his physician into a seeming death, and afterward recovered by mere exposure to cold. The moment he appeared to expire, his attendants laid him out, leaving nothing upon his body except a sheet thrown lightly over it. No sooner had he escaped from the domain of art to the dominion of nature than he began to revive, and lived to vindicate Sydenham, to shame his opponents, and to prove that there are occasions in which the remedy against death is to seem to be dead. The ancient who originated the celebrated saying, “The physician that heals is death,” never anticipated such a verification of his maxim.

The three examples, however, which the resurrectionists consider their stronghold, yet remain to be told, and it must be confessed that many have lent them the weight of their authority who reject the mass of old wives’ fables, though with the imposing addition of being sanctioned by a philosopher and printed in a book. There was a French captain in the reign of Charles IX. who used to sign himself “François de Civile—thrice dead, thrice buried, and by the grace of God thrice restored.” The testimony seems striking; as he himself related his history to Misson the traveler, either Civile was a liar, say our authors, or the story is true. But without taking much from the romance of his adventures, the details are fatal to the value of the precedent. His first burial, to begin with, occurred before he was born. His mother died when she was advanced in pregnancy, during her husband’s absence, and nobody, before committing her body to the ground,

thought of saving the child. His father's return prevented his going altogether out of the world before he had come into it—and here was concluded the first act of the death, burial, and restoration of François de Civile. His next death was at the siege of Rouen in 1562, where he fell senseless, struck by a ball, and some workmen who were digging a trench immediately threw a little mould upon his body, which was burial the second. The servant of Civile tried to find out his remains, with the intention to bestow on them a formal interment. Returning from a fruitless search, he caught sight of a stretched-out arm, which he knew to be his master's by a diamond ring that glittered on the hand, and the body, as he drew it forth, was visibly breathing. For some days life and death waged an equal contest, and when life was winning, a party of the enemy, the town having been taken, discovered him in bed, and threw him from the window. He fell on a dung-heap, where they left him to perish, which he considered was death and burial the third. Civile's case would never have been quoted on its own merits; the prominence given it is entirely due to the imposing description which a passion for notoriety made him write after his name, and which still continues to arrest the imagination. He survived to have a fourth funeral, and we hope when he was finally laid in the earth that he did not verify a proverb, much in vogue in his day, that a sailor often wrecked gets drowned at last.

More of our readers may recollect the story of the Spanish grandee who was opened by the great anatomist Vesalius, and his heart found beating notwithstanding the havoc that had been made by the knife. The family of the nobleman, so runs the tale, complained to the Inquisition, and the Inquisition decided that in a physician with the skill of Vesalius such an error implied a crime. Philip II. employed his authority to procure a pardon, and with difficulty obtained that the sentence of death should be commuted into a pilgrimage to the Holy Land. Hallam, whose epithets have almost a judicial authority, calls the accusation absurd, and absurd it may be proved on physiological grounds. But the whole story is an idle rumor written by somebody from Spain to Hubert Languet, after the death of Vesalius, to account for a journey which puzzled the public. Clusius, who was in Madrid at the time that Vesalius set out, and had his information from Tisenau, the President of the Council of the Low Countries, the land of the anatomist's birth

and affections, has related the origin of the pilgrimage in a note on the history of De Thou, whose narrative, so far as it goes, agrees with his own. Hating the manners of the Spaniards, pining for his native country, and refused by Philip permission to return thither, Vesalius sickened with vexation, and vowed on his recovery to travel to Jerusalem, less from any superstition of his own, than to obtain his release by an appeal to the superstition of the king. A newsmonger, ignorant of the motives of an action, appeases the cravings of curiosity by invention; that the Inquisition should be at the bottom of the business, was in the reign of Philip II. a too probable guess, and a pretext for its interference was devised out of the professional pursuits of the pilgrim. The original report soon acquired strength in its progress. The offence of Vesalius was shortly vouched to be neither accidental nor solitary, and by the time the story reached Burton, the author of the "Anatomy of Melancholy," it assumed the form of a general assertion, "that Vesalius was *wont* to cut men up alive."

The fabled end of the Spanish grandee is also asserted of the Abbé Prevost,—the third vaunted example of simulated death. He had a stroke of apoplexy on a journey, and the mayor of the village ordered an immediate examination of the body. The anguish of the incision restored the Abbé to a momentary consciousness, and he expired with a cry. No authority is given for the story, and, judging from the character of the other assertions, it would be natural to infer that there was none to give. But if it be, indeed, a genuine fact among the fables, it proves nothing except the criminal haste of the village mayor, and the criminal heedlessness of the village practitioner,—vices which, in connection with death, are for the most part opposed to the feelings, the prudence, and, therefore, to the usage of mankind. No perfect security can be devised against willful carelessness any more than against willful murder; but because a friendless traveler fell a victim to the rashness of an ignorant surgeon, there is no occasion to fright the world from their propriety, and endeavor to persuade them that, with the best intentions, the living are liable to be confounded with the dead, to be packed sleeping in a coffin, and stifled waking in a grave.

In the midst of exaggeration and invention, there was one undoubted circumstance which formerly excited the worst apprehensions,—the fact that bodies were often found

turned in their coffins, and the grave-clothes disarranged. But what was ascribed, with seeming reason, to the throes of vitality, is now known to be due to the agency of corruption. A gas is developed in the decaying body which mimics by its mechanical force many of the movements of life. So powerful is this gas in corpses which have lain long in the water, that M. Devergie, the physician to the Morgue at Paris, and the author of a text-book on legal medicine, says that unless secured to the table they are often heaved up and thrown to the ground. Frequently strangers, seeing the motions of the limbs, run to the keeper of the Morgue, and announce with horror that a person is alive. All bodies, sooner or later, generate the gas in the grave, and it constantly twists about the corpse, blows out the skin till it rends with the distention, and sometimes bursts the coffin itself. When the gas explodes with a noise, imagination has converted it into an outcry or groan; the grave has been re-opened; the position of the body has confirmed the suspicion, and the laceration been taken for evidence that the wretch had gnawed his flesh in the frenzy of despair. So many are the circumstances which will occasionally concur to support a conclusion that is more unsubstantial than the fabric of a dream. Violent and painful diseases, which kill speedily, are favorable to the rapid formation of the gas; it may then exist two or three hours after death, and agitating the limbs gives rise to the idea that the dormant life is rousing itself up to another effort. Not infrequently the food in the stomach is forced out through the mouth, and blood poured from the nose, or the opening in a vein where a victim of apoplexy has been attempted to be bled. Extreme mental distress has resulted from these fallacious symptoms, for where they occur it is commonly supposed that the former appearance of death was deceitful, and that recovery was possible if attendance had been at hand.

The old superstition, that a murdered body would send forth a bloody sweat in the murderer's presence, or bleed from the wound at his touch, must have had its origin in the same cause. The sweat, which has been repeatedly observed, is produced by the struggling gas driving out the fluids at the pores of the skin. Through a rare coincidence, it may possibly have occurred during the period that the assassin was confronted with the corpse; and the ordeal of the touch, in compressing the veins, would have

a direct effect in determining a flow of blood from the wound, where it chanced that the current, by the impulse of the gas, was nearly ready to break forth. A latitude would not fail to be allowed to the experiment. If at any time afterward the body sweated or bled, it would never have been doubted that it was prompted by the presence of the murderer, though the manifestation was delayed. One success bears out many failures, for failures imply the absence of notable incidents, and having nothing to arrest attention are quickly forgotten, while the wonders of a success take hold of the mind and live in the memory.

The generation of gas in the body, with all its consequences, was thoroughly understood when M. Fontenelle wrote, but whatever could weaken his case is systematically suppressed. Nor is there in the whole of his book one single case bearing out his position that is attested by a name of the slightest reputation, or for which much better authority could be found than the Greek manuscript in the handwriting of Solomon, found by a peasant while digging potatoes at the foot of Mount Lebanon. It is no unreasonable scepticism to assume that the majority of the persons revived had never even lived. Yet not only is this book still in vogue, but the French newspapers annually multiply these tales to an extent which would be frightful if they were not refuted by their very number. An English country editor, in want of a paragraph, proclaims that a bird of passage has been shot out of season, that an apple-tree has blossomed in October, or that a poor woman has added to her family from three to half a dozen children at a birth, and by the latest advices was doing well. But we are tame and prosaic in our insular tastes. Our agreeable neighbors require a stronger stimulus, and therefore endless changes are rung upon the theme of living men buried, and dead men brought to life again.

Shakspeare, who, it is evident from numerous passages in his dramas, had watched by many a dying bed with the same interest and sagacity that he bestowed upon those who were playing their part in the busy world, has summed up the more obvious characteristics of death in the description the Friar gives to Juliet of the effects of the draught, which is to transform her into the temporary likeness of a corpse:—

“No pulse shall keep  
His natural progress, but surcease to beat

No warmth, no breath, shall testify thou livest ;  
 The roses on thy lips and cheeks shall fade  
 To pale ashes ; thy eyes' windows fall,  
 Like Death, when he shuts up the day of Life ;  
 Each part, deprived of supple government,  
 Shall stiff, and stark, and cold appear, like Death."

These are the ordinary signs by which death has always been distinguished ; and it would be as reasonable to seek hot water beneath cold ice, as to look for any remnant of vitality beneath so inanimate an exterior. The cessation of breathing, in the opinion of Sir Benjamin Brodie—and no opinion, from his natural acuteness, his philosophical habits, and his vast experience, can be more entitled to weight—is alone a decisive test of the extinction of life, and a test as palpable to sense in the application as it is sure in the result. "The movements," he says, "of respiration cannot be overlooked by any one who does not choose to overlook them, and the heart never continues to act more than four or five minutes after respiration has ceased." The ancient distinction of the heart was to be "*primum vivens, ultimum moriens*,"—the first to live, the last to die : and a Commission of the French Academy, who lately made a report on the subject, admit that when there is a considerable pause in its pulsations it is impossible for life to be lurking in the body. But as the heart can only beat for a brief space unless the lungs play, and as common observers can detect the latter more readily than the former, the termination of the breathing is the usual and safe criterion of death. To ascertain with precision whether it had completely stopped, it was formerly the custom to apply a feather or a mirror to the lips. When Lear brings in Cordelia dead, he exclaims :—

"Lend me a looking-glass ;  
 If that her breath will mist or stain the stone,  
 Why then she lives."

And immediately afterward he adds, *This feather stirs : she lives !* The same test which led Lear to the fallacious inference that Cordelia lived, induced Prince Henry to infer falsely that his father was dead :—

"By these gates of breath  
 There lies a downy feather, which stirs not :  
 Did he suspire, that light and weightless down  
 Perforce must move."

Nor were these methods merely popular : they were long likewise the trust of physicians. Sir Thomas Browne terms them

"the critical tests of death ;" and presuming that the Romans could not be ignorant of them, he thought their calling in the ears of corpses "*a vanity of affection*,"—an ostentation of summoning the departed back to life when it was known by other infallible means that life had fled. But it is now held to be a better method to scrutinize the movements of the chest and belly : one or both of which will rise and fall while any breathing whatsoever continues. It is generally, however, expedient to leave the body undisturbed for two or three hours after all seems over ; for the case of Colonel Townshend, related by Cheyne in his "*English Malady*," appears to favor the supposition, that though the heart and lungs have both stopped, life may now and then linger a little longer than usual.

Colonel Townshend, described as "*a gentleman of great honor and integrity*," was in a dying state. One morning he informed his physicians, Dr. Cheyne and Dr. Baynard, and his apothecary, Mr. Skrine, that he had found for some time "*he could expire when he pleased, and by an effort come to life again*." He composed himself for the trial, while one felt his pulse, another his heart, and the third applied a looking-glass to his mouth. Gradually the pulse ceased to beat, the heart to throb, the breath to stain the mirror, until the nicest scrutiny could discover no indication that he lived. Thus he continued for half an hour : his physicians believing that he had carried the experiment too far and was dead beyond recall, when life returned, as it had receded, by gradual steps. It was at nine o'clock in the morning that the trial was made, and at six in the evening Colonel Townshend was a corpse. The post-mortem examination did nothing toward clearing up the mystery. His only disorder was a cancer of the right kidney, which accounted for his death, without accounting for his singular power of suspending at will the functions of life. Many boldly cut the knot they are not able to untie, and maintain that there was an action of the heart and lungs which the physicians wanted the skill to perceive. The narrative of Cheyne leaves an opening for criticism ; but let it be considered that he was a man of eminence, that all three attendants were professional persons, accustomed to mark and estimate symptoms, that their attention was aroused to the utmost by previous notice, and that they had half an hour to conduct their observations ; and it must at least be acknowledged that the signs which escaped them were too obscure to be a safe

criterion for the world at large. Yet, whatever may be its other physiological bearings, it is no exception to the rule that life and breath are, for the purposes of sepulture, convertible terms. Without attaching importance to a principal peculiarity of the case, that it required an effort of the will to bring Colonel Townshend into the state, and that by an effort of the will he could bring himself out of it, he was unable, after all, to prolong the period of suspension, or apparently suspended, animation beyond a single half hour; and in order to his being buried alive he must have been a party to the act, and prepared his funeral in advance. The assumption, indeed, pervades M. Fontenelle's book, that everybody wrongly supposed to be dead had a narrow escape of premature interment, though it has never been long, in any instance that is known to be authentic, before some outward sign attracted attention, unless death had merely slackened his pace instead of turning aside his footsteps. Funerals, it is true, on the Continent take place sooner than with us. In Spain, if M. Fontenelle's word is a warrant for the fact, whoever oversleeps himself will have to finish out his slumbers in the grave,—which, beyond doubt, is the most powerful incentive to early rising that was ever devised. But in France, the grand theatre for these harrowing tragedies, it is usual to bury on the third day; and if at that interval it was common for seeming corpses to revive, we, in this country, should be habituated to behold persons whose death had been announced, whose knell had tolled, and whose coffins had been made, rise up and doff their grave-clothes, to appear once more among astonished friends. Yet so far is this from being a frequent occurrence, that whoever heard in modern England of a person who had been numbered three days among the dead resuming his vacant place among the living? At sea there may be better ground for apprehension. Nothing more excites the superstitious fears of a sailor than a cat thrown overboard, or a corpse that is not; and very shortly after death occurs it is usual to transfer the body from the ship to the deep. On one occasion a man, with concussion of the brain, who had lost the power of speech and motion, overheard what must have been to him the most interesting conversation that ever fell upon his ears,—a discussion between his brother and the captain of the vessel, as to whether he should immediately be consigned to the waves, or be carried to Rotterdam, to be buried on shore. Luckily their predilec-

tions were for a land funeral; and, though a colloquy so alarming might have been expected to complete the injury to the poor man's brain, he recovered from the double shock of fright and disease. Dr. Alfred Taylor, who has treated the signs of death with the sound sense and science that distinguish all his writings upon legal medicine, relates the anecdote as if he was satisfied of its truth, and the fate which one has narrowly missed, it is not impossible may have overtaken others. But even at sea, nothing short of the grossest negligence could occasion the calamity; and for negligence, we repeat, there is no effectual cure.

The ceasing to breathe is not the only criterion of death antecedent to corruption. There is a second token specified by Shakespeare, and familiar to every village nurse, which is quite conclusive,—the gradual transition from suppleness to rigidity. The first effect of death is relaxation of the muscles. The lower jaw usually drops, the limbs hang heavily, the joints are flexible, and the flesh soft. The opposite state of contraction ensues; then the joints are stiff and the flesh firm, and the body, lately yielding and pliant, becomes hard and unbending. The contraction commences in the muscles of the neck and trunk, appears next in the upper extremities, then in the lower, and finally recedes in the same order in which it came on. It begins on an average five or six hours after death, and ordinarily continues from sixteen to twenty-four. But the period both of its appearance and duration are considerably varied by the constitution of the person, the nature of the death, and the state of the atmosphere. With the aged and feeble, with those who die of chronic diseases, and are wasted away by lingering sickness, it comes on quickly—sometimes in half an hour—and remains for a period which is short in proportion to the rapidity of its appearance. With the strong and the muscular, with the greater part of the persons who perish by a sudden or violent death in the fullness of their powers, it is slow in advancing, and slow in going off. In cases like these, it is often a day or two before it commences, and it has been known to last a week. When decay begins its reign, this interregnum of contraction is at an end, and therefore a warm and humid atmosphere, which hastens corruption, curtails the period of rigidity, while it is protracted in the cold and dry weather that keeps putrefaction at bay. Though a symptom of some disorders, there is this clear line between mortal rigid-

ity and the spasm of disease—that in the latter the attack is never preceded by the appearance of death. In the one case the result comes after a train of inanimate phenomena; in the other, amidst functions peculiar to life. The alarmists, who deal in extravagant fables, will persist in retaining unreasonable fears; but upon no question are medical authorities more thoroughly agreed than that the moment the contraction of the muscles is apparent, there can be no revival unless the breath of life could be breathed afresh into the untenanted clay.

There is one effect of the muscular contraction of death which often occasions erroneous and painful ideas. In the stage of relaxation, when the muscles fall, and there is neither physical action nor mental emotion to disturb the calm, the countenance assumes the “mild, angelic air” described by Byron in *The Giaour*, and which he says in a note lasts for “a few, and but a few hours” after the spirit has taken flight. It is the accession of muscular contraction which dissipates the charm, which knits the brow, draws down the mouth, pinches the features, and changes a soft and soothing expression to a harsh, uneasy, suffering look. Where the contraction is slight the face is less disturbed; and Dr. Symonds has known it drawn into a seeming smile. Those who may only chance to see the corpse of a relative while it bears the care-worn aspect which is far the most frequent, are distressed at what they suppose to be an indication that the latest impressions of the world were troubled—that death took place amid pain of body and sorrow of mind. It appears from the *Journal* of Sir Walter Scott, who evidently visited the mortal remains of his wife during the crisis of contraction, what a pang the sight communicated to a heart which, if quick to feel, could never be outdone in the resolution to endure. Violent passions, extreme agony, and protracted suffering may give a *set* to the muscles which the rigid state will bring out anew into strong relief. But the expression of the face is chiefly determined by the condition of the body, or, in other words, by the degree of contraction. Persons who have died of exhausting diseases will often, notwithstanding they expire in despair, wear a look of benign repose; while a more muscular subject who fell asleep in peaceful hope, may be distinguished by a mournful, lowering visage. Even when the expression is influenced by the bent which was given to the muscles by previous feelings, it is mostly the memorial of a

storm which had spent its fury before life was extinct; for usually in natural death there is a lull at the last, and the setting is peaceful, however tempestuous the decline. In strict reason it can matter nothing, when the weary are once at rest, whether the concluding steps of the journey were toilsome or pleasant; but it is so much our instinct to attach importance to last impressions, and wounded hearts are so sensitive, that to many it will be a relief to know their inferences are mistaken and their grief misplaced.

When the heat-developing faculty is extinct the body obeys the laws of inanimate objects, and coincident for the most part with the stage of rigidity is that chill and clammy condition of the skin which is so familiarly associated with death. To judge by the feelings, the atmosphere is genial compared to the corpse. But the skin of the dead is a powerful conductor, and the rapidity with which it appropriates the warmth of the living leaves a chill behind which is a deceitful measure of its actual frost. The length of time which a body takes to cool will depend upon the state of the body itself, and the circumstances in which it may chance to be placed. The process will be slower when it is well wrapped up than when lightly covered; in summer than in winter; in a still atmosphere than in currents of air; with the stout than with the thin; with persons in their prime than with the aged or the young. Usually in proportion as the disease is acute, and the death rapid, the less heat has been expended before the fire is extinguished, and the corpse will be the longer in parting with its warmth. If the disease is slow, the lamp burns dimly before it quite goes out, and the temperature, declining during life, will afterward arrive the sooner at its lowest point. This will also happen in particular disorders which, though sudden and violent, are hostile to the development of animal warmth. In certain forms of hysteria, in swoons, and in cholera morbus, the body, to the touch, might sometimes seem a corpse. An icy skin is not of itself an evidence of death, but it is sooner or later an unfailing accompaniment.

To rigidity succeeds corruption, which, both from its own nature and the surrounding circumstances, cannot possibly be confounded with vital gangrene. It commences in the belly, the skin of which turns to a bluish green, that gradually deepens to brown or black, and progressively covers the remainder of the body. But when the hue of putrefaction has spread over the belly there is



a risk to health, without an addition to security, in waiting for the further encroachments of decay. In England a body is seldom committed to the ground before there is set upon it this certain mark that it is hurrying to the dust from whence it sprung. Nor is the haste which is used at some seasons, and in some diseases, a real deviation from the rule. The rapid onset of corruption creates the necessity, and that which renders the burial speedy ensures its being safe.

Of the innumerable paths which terminate in the common goal some are easier to tread than others, and it might be expected from the diversities of temperament that there would be a difference of opinion about which was best. Cæsar desired the death which was most sudden and unexpected. His words were spoken at supper, and the following morning the Senate-house witnessed the fulfillment of the wish. Pliny also considered an instantaneous death the highest felicity of life; and Augustus held a somewhat similar opinion. When he heard that any person had died quickly and easily, he invoked the like good fortune for himself and his friends. Montaigne was altogether of Cæsar's party, and, to use his own metaphor, thought that the pill was swallowed best without chewing. If Sir Thomas Browne had been of Cæsar's religion, he would have shared his desires, and preferred going off at a single blow to being grated to pieces with a torturing disease. He conceived that the Eastern favorite who was killed in his sleep, would hardly have bled at the presence of his destroyer. Sir Thomas Browne was one of those men who habitually apply their hearts unto wisdom, and his latter end, come when it might, would have found him prepared. But Christianity, in enlarging our hopes, has added to our fears. He felt that the mode of dying was comparatively an insignificant consideration, and however much he inclined by nature to Cæsar's choice, and studied to be ready for the hastiest summons, a sense of infirmity taught him the wisdom of that petition in the Litany by which we ask to be delivered from sudden death. With the majority flesh and blood speak the same language; they had rather that the candle should burn to the socket than the flame be blown out. The prospect, nevertheless, of protracted suffering will sometimes drive desperate beings to seek a shorter and easier passage from the world. Many of the Romans during the plague of Syracuse attacked the posts of the enemy, that they might fall by the sword instead of the pestilence.

Every day for a considerable period of the French Revolution, numbers drowned themselves in the Seine, to anticipate the tedious anguish of famine. Death, which in one form is fled from as an enemy, in a different shape is welcomed as a friend. A condemned soldier, in Montaigne's time, remarked some preparations from his prison which led him to think he was to perish by torture; he resolved to discharge for himself the executioner's office, though he had no other weapon than a rusty nail, which, having first ineffectually mangled his throat, he thrust into his belly to the very head. The authorities hastened to his cell to read out the sentence, that the law might yet be beforehand with death. The soldier, sufficiently sensible to hear what was passing, found that his punishment was simple beheading. He immediately rallied, expressed his delight, accepted wine to recruit his strength, and by the change in the kind of death seemed, says Montaigne, as though he was delivered from death itself. If his suspicions had proved correct, it is difficult to suppose that his tormentors could have improved on his own performances with the rusty nail.

Gustavus Adolphus, who realized his aspirations on the field of Lutzen, was in the habit of saying that no man was happier than he who died in the exercise of his calling. So Nelson wished the roar of cannon to sound his parting knell. "You know that I always desired to die this way," said Moore to Hardinge at Corunna—and the anguish of the wound had no power to disturb his satisfaction. Marshal Villars was told in his latest moments that the Duke of Berwick had just met at the siege of Philipsburg with a soldier's death, and he answered, "I have always said that he was more fortunate than myself." His confessor urged with justice that the better fortune was to have leisure to prepare for eternity;—but possibly the exclamation proceeded from a momentary gleam of martial ardor, which instinct kindled, and reflection quenched. A Christian would never, indeed, fail to make the preparation for battle a preparation for death. Unless "every soldier in the wars do as every sick man in his bed, wash every mote out of his conscience," he must know that he is staking both soul and body on the hazard of the fight. "Soldiers," says an old divine, "that carry their lives in their hands, should carry the grace of God in their hearts." Death at the cannon's mouth may be sudden, and answer the first of Cæsar's conditions; with none but the presumptuous



can it answer the second, and come unexpected. We once heard a recruit assign as his reason for enlisting, that he should now at least see something of life. "And," added his companion, "something of death." The poor fellow, perhaps, like many others, had forgotten that any such contingency was included in the bond.

The Duke d'Enghien appeared to feel like a man relieved, when, on issuing from his prison, he found he was to perish by a military execution. Suicides are prone to use the implements of their trade. It was the usage in Ireland in rude times, when rebels perhaps were more plentiful than rope, to hang them with willows. In the reign of Elizabeth a criminal of this description petitioned the deputy against the breach of the observance, and begged the favor to suffer by the time-honored "wyth," instead of the new-fangled halter. When Elizabeth herself expected Mary to put her to death, she had resolved on the request to be beheaded with a sword, and not with an axe,—which seems a distinction without a difference. In the same category we may place Lord Ferrers's prayer for a silken rope at Tyburn. But the fancy of the Duke of Clarence, could it be considered established, is the most singular on record. He must have been strangely infatuated by the "Pleasures of Memory," when he imagined his favorite Malmsey could give a relish to drowning. Suffocation was not more luxurious to the parasites of Elagabalus than they were stifled with perfumes.

Old Fuller, having pondered all the modes of destruction, arrived at the short and decisive conclusion—"None please me." "But away," the good man adds, "with these thoughts; the mark must not choose what arrow shall be shot against it." The choice is not ours to make, and if it were, the privilege would prove an embarrassment. But there is consolation in the teaching of physiology. Of the innumerable weapons with which Death is armed, the worst is less intolerable than imagination presents it—his visage is more terrible than his dart.

The act of dying is technically termed "the agony." The expression embodies a common and mistaken belief, which has given birth to many cruel and even criminal practices. The Venetian ambassador in England in the reign of Queen Mary mentions among the regular usages of the lower orders, that a pillow was placed upon the mouth of the dying, on which their nearest relations sat or leaned till they were stifled. The office was

held to be pious and privileged; father performed it for son, son for father. They considered they were curtailing the dreaded death-struggle—that a headlong fall from the precipice was as much easier as it was quicker than the winding descent by the path. In France it was the established practice to put to death persons attacked by hydrophobia the moment the disease was plainly incurable. There is a vulgar notion that those who are wounded by a rabid dog become inoculated with the animal's propensity to bite. But the motive of self-defence—of ridding the world of a fellow-creature who had entered into the class of noxious beings, which might be suspected to have had an influence in hard-hearted times—was not the source of these unnatural homicides. They were designed in pure pity to the wretched sufferers, though the tender mercies which are wicked are always cruel. Lestoile in his *Journal*, which belongs to the early part of the seventeenth century, relates the events of the kind which came to his knowledge under the date of their occurrence. A young woman attacked with hydrophobia had in such horror the smothering, which, the Diarist quietly observes in a parenthesis, "is usual in these maladies," that she was rendered more frantic by the prospect of the remedy than by the present disease. Habit with her relations was stronger than nature; they had no idea of remitting the customary violence, even at the entreaties of the interested person, and only so far yielded to her dread of suffocation as to mingle poison with her medicine instead, which Lestoile says was administered by her husband "with all the regrets in the world." Sometimes, however, the victims invited their doom. A page, on his way to the sea, then esteemed a specific in hydrophobia, was scratched by a thorn which drew blood, as he passed through a wood. For a person in his condition to see his own blood was supposed to be fatal. The lad, apprehending the accession of a fit, begged the attendants to smother him on the spot, "and this," says Lestoile, "they did weeping—an event piteous to hear, and still more to behold." A second page is mentioned by the same Diarist, who happily died as they were preparing to shoot him. It is evident how much these domestic immolations must have weakened the awful reverence for life; the weeping executioner of his dearest relatives was separated by a far less impassable gulf from the cold-blooded murderer. A medical trickery, which grew no doubt from the frightful reality, still remains in France

among the resources of medicine. Hydrophobia is sometimes feigned, and when the physician suspects imposture he orders the patient to be smothered between a couple of mattresses, which cures him, says Orfila, as if by enchantment.

A mode of suffocation less murderous in appearance than the smothering with the pillow was prevalent for centuries, both on the Continent and in England. The supports were withdrawn by a jerk from beneath the head, which being suddenly thrown back, the respiration that before was labored and difficult became shortly impossible. Hence it is that Shakspeare's Timon, enumerating the accursed effects of gold, says that it will—

"Pluck stout men's pillows from below their heads."

Another practice which tortured the dying under pretence of relief, even in this country, lingered among the ignorant till recent days. The expiring ascetic of the Romish faith, prolonging his penance into death, yielded up his breath on a couch of hair. Customs survive when their reasons are forgotten. A physical virtue had come to be ascribed to the hair, and Protestants, slowly sinking to their rest, were dragged from their feather-beds, and laid on a mattress to quicken their departure. The result of most of these perverted proceedings was to combine the disadvantages of both kinds of death—to add the horror of violence to the protracted pain of gradual decay. When the wearied swimmer touched the shore, a furious billow dashed him on the rock.

The pain of dying must be distinguished from the pain of the previous disease, for when life ebbs sensibility declines. As death is the final extinction of corporal feeling, so numbness increases as death comes on. The prostration of disease, like healthful fatigue, engenders a growing stupor—a sensation of subsiding softly into a coveted repose. The transition resembles what may be seen in those lofty mountains, whose sides exhibiting every climate in regular gradation, vegetation luxuriates at their base, and dwindles in the approach to the regions of snow till its feeblest manifestation is repressed by the cold. The so-called agony can never be more formidable than when the brain is the last to go, and the mind preserves to the end a rational cognizance of the state of the body. Yet persons thus situated commonly attest that there are few things in life less painful than the close. "If I had strength enough to hold a pen," said William Hunter,

"I would write how easy and delightful it is to die." "If this be dying," said the niece of Newton of Olney, "it is a pleasant thing to die;" "the very expression," adds her uncle, "which another friend of mine made use of on her death-bed a few years ago." The same words have so often been uttered under similar circumstances, that we could fill pages with instances which are only varied by the name of the speaker. "If this be dying," said Lady Glenorchy, "it is the easiest thing imaginable." "I thought that dying had been more difficult," said Louis XIV. "I did not suppose it was so sweet to die," said Francis Suarez, the Spanish theologian. An agreeable surprise was the prevailing sentiment with them all; they expected the stream to terminate in the dash of the torrent, and they found it was losing itself in the gentlest current. The whole of the faculties seem sometimes concentrated on the placid enjoyment. The day Arthur Murphy died he kept repeating from Pope,

"Taught half by reason, half by mere decay,  
To welcome death, and calmly pass away."

Nor does the calm partake of the sensitiveness of sickness. There was a swell in the sea the day Collingwood breathed his last upon the element which had been the scene of his glory. Captain Thomas expressed a fear that he was disturbed by the tossing of the ship: "No, Thomas," he replied; "I am now in a state in which nothing in this world can disturb me more. I am dying; and I am sure it must be consolatory to you, and all who love me, to see how comfortably I am coming to my end."

A second and common condition of the dying is to be lost to themselves and all around them in utter unconsciousness. Countenance and gestures might in many cases suggest that, however dead to the external world, interior sensibility still remained. But we have the evidence of those whom disease has left at the eleventh hour, that while their supposed sufferings were pitied by their friends, existence was a blank. Montaigne, when stunned by a fall from his horse, tore open his doublet; but he was entirely senseless, and only knew afterward that he had done it from the information of the attendants. The delirium of fever is distressing to witness, but the victim awakes from it as from a heavy sleep, totally ignorant that he has passed days and nights tossing wearily and talking wildly. Perceptions which had occupied the entire man could hardly be obliterated in the instant of recovery; or, if any one were in-

clined to adopt the solution, there is yet a proof that the callousness is real, in the unflinching manner in which bed-sores are rolled upon, that are too tender to bear touching when sense is restored. Wherever there is insensibility, virtual death precedes death itself, and to die is to awake in another world.

More usually the mind is in a state intermediate between activity and oblivion. Observers, unaccustomed to sit by the bed of death, readily mistake increasing languor for total insensibility. But those who watch closely can distinguish that the ear, though dull, is not yet deaf—that the eye, though dim, is not yet sightless. When a bystander remarked of Dr. Wollaston that his mind was gone, the expiring philosopher made a signal for paper and pencil, wrote down some figures, and cast them up. The superior energy of his character was the principal difference between himself and thousands who die and give no open sign. Their faculties survive, though averse to even the faintest effort, and they barely testify in languid and broken phrases that the torpor of the body more than keeps pace with the inertness of the mind. The same report is given by those who have advanced to the very border of the country from whence no traveler returns. Montaigne after his accident passed for a corpse, and the first feeble indications of returning life resembled some of the commonest symptoms of death. But his own feelings were those of a man who is dropping into the sweets of slumber, and his longing was toward blank rest, and not for recovery. "Methought," he says, "my life only hung upon my lips; and I shut my eyes to help to thrust it out, and took a pleasure in languishing and letting myself go." In many of these instances, as in the cases of stupefaction, there are appearances which we have learnt to associate with suffering, because constantly conjoined with it. A cold perspiration bedews the skin, the breathing is harsh and labored, and sometimes, especially in delicate frames, death is ushered in by convulsive movements which look like the wrestling with an oppressive enemy. But they are signs of debility and a failing system, which have no relation to pain. There is hardly an occasion when the patient fights more vehemently for life than in an attack of asthma, which, in fact, is a sufficiently distressing disorder before the sensibility is blunted and the strength subdued. But the termination is not to be judged by the beginning. Dr. Campbell, the well-known Scotch professor, had a seizure, which all but carried him off, a few months

before he succumbed to the disease. A cordial gave him unexpected relief; and his first words were to express astonishment at the sad countenance of his friends, because his own mind, he told them, was in such a state at the crisis of the attack, from the expectation of immediate dissolution, that there was no other way to describe his feelings than by saying he was in rapture. Light, indeed, must have been the suffering as he gasped for breath, since physical agony, had it existed, would have quite subdued the mental ecstasy.

As little is the death-sweat forced out by anguish. Cold as ice, his pulse nearly gone, "a mortal perspiration ran down the body" of La Boëtie, the friend of Montaigne, and it was at this very moment that, roused by the weeping of his relations, he exclaimed, "Who is it that torments me thus? Why was I snatched from my deep and pleasant repose? Oh! of what rest do you deprive me!" Such fond lamentations disturb many a last moment; and the dying often remonstrate by looks when they cannot by words. Hard as it may be to control emotions with the very heart-strings ready to crack, pity demands an effort in which the strongest affection will be surest of success. The grief will not be more bitter in the end, that to keep it back had been the last service of love. Tears are a tribute of which those who bestow it should bear all the cost. A worse torment is the attempt to arrest forcibly the exit of life by pouring cordials down throats which can no longer swallow, or more madly to goad the motionless body into a manifestation of existence by the appliance of pain. It is like the plunge of the spur into the side of the courser, which rouses him as he is falling, to take another bound before he drops to rise no more.

QUEEN MARGARET.—Help, lords, the king is dead.  
SOMERSET.—Rear up his body: wring him by the nose.

But the most approved method of what, in the language of the time, was called "fetching again," was to send a stream of smoke up the nostrils, which Hooker states to be "the wonted practicing of well-willers upon their friends, although they know it a matter impossible to keep them living;" and well-willing thoughtlessness among our peasantry to this very hour often endeavors to rescue friends from the grasp of death by torturing them into making one writhing struggle. The gentle nature of our great dramatist taught him, that to those descending into the grave

nothing was more grateful than its own stillness. Salisbury, at the death of Cardinal Beaufort, interposes with the remonstrance,

"Disturb him not, let him pass peaceably."

And when Edgar is calling to Lear,

"Look up, my lord,"

Kent, with reverent tenderness, says,

"Vex not his ghost : O ! let him pass."

When Cavendish, the great chemist, perceived that his end drew near, he ordered his attendant to retire, and not to return till a certain hour. The servant came back to find his master dead. He had chosen to breathe out his soul in solitude and silence, and would not be distracted by the presence of a man, since vain was his help. Everybody desires to smooth the bed of death ; but unreflecting feeling, worse than the want of it in the result, turns it often to a bed of thorns.

It is not always that sickness merges into the agony. The strained thread may break at last with a sudden snap. This is by no means rare in consumption. Burke's son, upon whom his father has conferred something of his own celebrity, heard his parents sobbing in another room at the prospect of an event they knew to be inevitable. He rose from his bed, joined his illustrious father, and endeavored to engage him in a cheerful conversation. Burke continued silent, choked with grief. His son again made an effort to console him. "I am under no terror," he said ; "I feel myself better and in spirits, and yet my heart flutters, I know not why. Pray talk to me, sir ! talk of religion, talk of morality, talk, if you will, of indifferent subjects." Here a noise attracted his notice, and he exclaimed, "Does it rain ?—No ; it is the rustling of the wind through the trees." The whistling of the wind and the waving of the trees brought Milton's majestic lines to his mind, and he repeated them with uncommon grace and effect :—

"His praise, ye winds, that from four quarters blow,  
Breathe soft or loud ; and wave your tops, ye pines ;  
With every plant, in sign of worship, wave !"

A second time he took up the sublime and melodious strain, and, accompanying the action to the word, waved his own hand in token of worship, and sunk into the arms of his father—a corpse. Not a sensation told him that in an instant he would stand in the pres-

ence of the Creator to whom his body was bent in homage, and whose praises still resounded from his lips. But commonly the hand of death is felt for one brief moment before the work is done. Yet a parting word, or an expression of prayer, in which the face and voice retain their composure, show that there is nothing painful in the warning. It was in this way that Boileau expired from the effects of a dropsy. A friend entered the room where he was sitting ; and the poet, in one and the same breath, bid him hail and farewell. "Good day and adieu," said he ; "it will be a very long adieu,"—and instantly died.

In sudden death which is not preceded by sickness, the course of events is much the same. Some expire in the performance of the ordinary actions of life, some with a half-completed sentence on their lips ; some in the midst of a quiet sleep. Many die without a sound, many with a single sigh, many with merely a struggle and a groan. In other instances there are two or three minutes of contest and distress, and in proportion as the termination is distant from the commencement of the attack, there will be room for the ordinary pangs of disease. But upon the whole there can be no death less awful than the death which comes in the midst of life, if it were not for the shock it gives the survivors and the probability with most that it will find them unprepared. When there are only a few beats of the pulse, and a few heavings of the bosom between health and the grave, it can signify little whether they are the throbbings of pain, or the thrills of joy, or the mechanical movements of an unconscious frame.

There is, then, no foundation for the idea that the pain of dying is the climax to the pain of disease, for, unless the stage of the agony is crossed at a stride, disease stupefies when it is about to kill. If the anguish of the sickness has been extreme, so striking from the contrast is the ease that supervenes, that—without even the temporary revival which distinguishes the lightening before death—"kind nature's signal for retreat" is believed to be the signal of the retreat of the disease. Pushkin, the Russian poet, suffered agony from a wound received in a duel. His wife, deceived by the deep tranquillity which succeeded, left the room with a countenance beaming with joy, and exclaimed to the physician, "You see, he is to live ; he will not die." "But at this moment," says the narrative, "the last process of vitality had already begun." Where the symptoms are

those of recovery there is in truth more pain to be endured than when the issue is death, for sickness does not relinquish its hold in relaxing its grasp. In the violence which produces speedy insensibility the whole of the downward course is easy compared to the subsequent ascent. When Montaigne was stunned, he passed, we have seen, from stupor to a dreamy elysium. But when returning life had thawed the numbness engendered by the blow, then it was that the pains got hold of him which imagination pictures as incident to death. Cowper, on reviving after his attempt to hang himself, thought he was in hell; and those who are taken senseless from the water, and afterward recovered, re-echo the sentiment though they may vary the phrase. This is what we should upon reflection expect. The body is quickly deadened and slowly restored; and from the moment corporal sensitiveness returns, the throes of the still disordered functions are so many efforts of pain. In so far as it is a question of bodily suffering, death is the lesser evil of the two.

Of the trials to be undergone before dying sets in, everybody, from personal experience or observation of disease, has formed a general idea. Duration is an element as important as intensity, and slow declines, which are not accompanied by any considerable suffering, put patience and fortitude to a severe test. "My friends," said *the Fontenelle*, a short time before he died, "I have no pain, —only a little difficulty in keeping up life;" but this little difficulty becomes a great fatigue when protracted without intermission through weeks and months. More, the Platonist, who was afflicted in this way, described his feelings by the expressive comparison that he was as a fish out of its element, which lay tumbling in the dust of the street. With all the kindness bestowed upon the sick, there is sometimes a disposition to judge them by the standard of our own healthy sensations, and blame them for failings which are the effects of disease. We complain that they are selfish, not always remembering that it is the importunity of suffering which makes them exacting; we call them impatient —forgetful that, though ease can afford to wait, pain craves immediate relief; we think them capricious, and overlook that fancy pictures solace in appliances which aggravate upon trial, and add disappointment to distress. There is not any situation in which steady minds and sweet dispositions evince a greater superiority over the hasty and sensual part of mankind; but self-control adapts it-

self to the ordinary exigences of life, and if surprised by evils with which it has not been accustomed to measure its strength, the firmest nerve and the sunniest temper are overcome by the sudden violence of the assault. Unless the understanding is affected, irritability and waywardness constantly diminish when experience has shown the wisdom and duty of patience, and there soon springs up with well-ordered minds a generous rivalry between submission on the one hand and forbearance on the other. From the hour that sin and death entered into the world, it was mercy that disease and decay should enter too. A sick-room is a school of virtue, whether we are spectators of the mortality of our dearest connections, or are experiencing our own.

Violent often differs little from natural death. Many poisons destroy by setting up disorders resembling those to which flesh is the inevitable heir, and as in ordinary sickness, though the disorder may be torture, the mere dying is easy. The drugs which kill with the rapidity of lightning, or which act by lulling the whole of the senses to sleep, can first or last create no suffering worthy of the name. Fatal hemorrhage is another result both of violence and disease, and from the example of Seneca—his prolonged torments after his veins were opened, and his recourse to a second method of destruction to curtail the bitterness of the first—was held by Sir Thomas Browne to be a dreadful kind of death. Browne was more influenced by what he read than by what he saw, or he must have observed in the course of his practice that it is not of necessity, nor in general, an agonizing process. The pain depends upon the rate at which life is reduced below the point where sensibility ends. The sluggish blood of the aged Seneca refused to flow in an ample stream, and left him just enough vigor to feel and to suffer. A fuller discharge takes rapid effect, and renders the suffering trifling by making it short. An obstruction to respiration is beyond comparison more painful than total suffocation.

To be shot dead is one of the easiest modes of terminating life; yet, rapid as it is, the body has leisure to feel and the mind to reflect. On the first attempt by one of the fanatic adherents of Spain to assassinate the William, Prince of Orange, who took the lead in the Revolt of the Netherlands, the ball passed through the bones of his face, and brought him to the ground. In the instant of time that preceded stupefaction, he was able to frame the notion that the

ceiling of the room had fallen and crushed him. The cannon-shot which plunged into the brain of Charles XII. did not prevent him from seizing his sword by the hilt. The idea of an attack and the necessity for defence were impressed upon him by a blow which we should have supposed too tremendous to leave an interval for thought. But it by no means follows that the infliction of fatal violence is accompanied by a pang. From what is known of the first effects of gun-shot wounds, it is probable that the impression is rather stunning than acute. Unless death be immediate, the pain is as varied as the nature of the injuries, and these are past counting up. But there is nothing singular in the dying sensations, though Lord Byron remarked the physiological peculiarity, that the expression is invariably that of languor, while in death from a stab the countenance reflects the traits of natural character—of gentleness or ferocity—to the latest breath. Some of the cases are of interest to show with what slight disturbance life may go on under mortal wounds till it suddenly comes to a final stop. A foot-soldier at Waterloo, pierced by a musket-ball in the hip, begged water from a trooper who chanced to possess a canteen of beer. The wounded man drank, returned his heartiest thanks, mentioned that his regiment was nearly exterminated, and, having proceeded a dozen yards in his way to the rear, fell to the earth, and with one convulsive movement of his limbs concluded his career. "Yet his voice," says the trooper, who himself tells the story, "gave scarcely the smallest sign of weakness." Captain Basil Hall, who in his early youth was present at the battle of Corunna, has singled out from the confusion which consigns to oblivion the woes and gallantry of war, another instance extremely similar, which occurred on that occasion. An old officer, who was shot in the head, arrived pale and faint at the temporary hospital, and begged the surgeon to look at his wound, which was pronounced to be mortal. "Indeed, I feared so," he responded with impeded utterance—"and yet I should like very much to live a little longer—if it were possible." He laid his sword upon a stone at his side, "as gently," says Hall, "as if its steel had been turned to glass, and almost immediately sunk dead upon the turf."

Drowning was held in horror by some of the ancients who conceived the soul to be a fire, and that the water would put it out. But a Sybarite could hardly have quarreled

with the death. The struggles at the outset are prompted by terror, not by pain, which commences later, and is soon succeeded by a pleasing languor; nay some, if not the majority, escape altogether the interval of suffering. A gentleman, for whose accuracy we can vouch, told us he had not experienced the slightest feeling of suffocation. The stream was transparent, the day brilliant, and as he stood upright he could see the sun shining through the water, with a dreamy consciousness that his eyes were about to be closed upon it for ever. Yet he neither feared his fate, nor wished to avert it. A sleepy sensation which soothed and gratified him made a luxurious bed of a watery grave. A friend informed Mothe-le-Vayer, that such was his delight in groping at the bottom, that a feeling of anger passed through his mind against the persons who pulled him out. It is probable that some of our readers may have seen a singularly striking account of recovery from drowning by a highly distinguished officer still living, who also speaks to the total absence of pain while under the waves; but adds a circumstance of startling interest—namely, that during the few moments of consciousness the whole events of his previous life, from childhood, seemed to repass with lightning-like rapidity and brightness before his eyes: a narration which shows on what accurate knowledge the old Oriental framed his story of the Sultan who dipped his head into a basin of water, and had, as it were, gone through all the adventures of a crowded life before he lifted it out again. No one can have the slightest disposition to question the evidence in this recent English case; but we do not presume to attempt the physiological explanation.

That to be frozen to death must be frightful torture, many would consider certain from their own experience of the effects of cold. But here we fall into the usual error of supposing that the suffering will increase with the energy of the agent, which could only be the case if sensibility remained the same. Intense cold brings on speedy sleep, which fascinates the senses and fairly beguiles men out of their lives. A friend of Robert Boyle, who was overtaken by the drowsiness while comfortably seated on the side of a sledge, assured him that he had neither power nor inclination to ask for help; and unless his companions had observed his condition he would have welcomed the snow for his winding-sheet. But the most curious example of the seductive power of cold is to be found

in the adventures of the botanical party who, in Cook's first voyage, were caught in a snow-storm on Tierra del Fuego. Dr. Solander, by birth a Swede, and well acquainted with the destructive deceits of a rigorous climate, admonished the company, in defiance of lassitude, to keep moving on. "Whoever," said he, "sits down will sleep—and whoever sleeps will perish." The Doctor spoke as a sage, but he felt as a man. In spite of the remonstrances of those whom he had instructed and alarmed, he was the first to lie down. A black servant, who followed the example, was told he would die, and he replied that to die was all he desired. But the Doctor despised his own philosophy; he said he would sleep first, and go on afterward. Sleep he did for two or three minutes, and would have slept for ever unless his companions had happily succeeded in kindling a fire. The scene was repeated thousands of times in the retreat from Moscow. "The danger of stopping," says Beaupré, who was on the medical staff, "was universally observed, and generally disregarded." Expostulation was answered by a stupid gaze, or by the request to be allowed to sleep unmolested, for sleep was delicious, and the only suffering was in resisting its call. Mr. Alison, the historian, to try the experiment, sat down in his garden at night when the thermometer had fallen four degrees below zero, and so quickly did the drowsiness come stealing on, that he wondered how a soul of Napoleon's unhappy band had been able to resist the treacherous influence. And doubtless they would all have perished if the fear of death had not sometimes contended with the luxury of dying. Limbs are sacrificed where life escapes, and such is the obtuseness of feeling that passengers in the streets of St. Petersburg rely on one another for the friendly warning that their noses are about to precede them to the tomb. An appearance of intoxication is another common result, and half-frozen people in England have been punished for drunkards—an injustice the more galling, that in their own opinion the state was produced by the very want of their sovereign specific, "a glass of something to keep out the cold." The whole of the effects are readily explained. The contracting force of the cold compresses the vessels, drives the blood into the interior of the body, and the surface, deprived of the life-sustaining fluid, is left torpid or dead. A part of the external circulation takes refuge in the brain, and the congestion of the brain is the cause of

the stupor. The celerity of the operation, when not resisted by exercise, may be judged from the circumstance that in the few instants Dr. Solander slept, his shoes dropped off through the shrinking of his feet. There is the less to wonder at in the contradiction between his precepts and his practice. In proportion to the danger which his mind foretold was the ease with which his vigilance was overpowered and disarmed.

It was a desire worthy of Caligula that the victims of the state should *taste* their death. The barbarous maxim has never lacked patrons in barbarous times, nor has humanity always kept pace with refinement. Manners continued to soften, and still it was not thought wrong that in heinous cases a forfeited life should be wrung out by any torture, however lengthened and intense. The physicians of Montpellier in the sixteenth century received from the French Government the annual present of a criminal to be dissected alive for the advancement of science. The theory of the medical art could have gained nothing to justify lessons which brutalized its professors. No amount of skill can supply to society the place of respect for life and sympathy for suffering.\* Savage buffoonery was sometimes employed to give an edge to cruelty. Among a hundred and fifty persons executed in France in the reign of Henry II., by every variety of device, for an insurrection against the salt-tax, three were found guilty of killing two collectors, and exclaiming as they threw the bodies into the river, "Go, wicked salt-tax gatherers, and salt the fish in the Charente." The grave and reverend seigniors who sat in judgment exerted their ingenuity to devise

\* When the poison-tampering Queen in Cymbeline tells the Doctor—

"I will try the force  
Of these thy compounds on such creatures as  
We count not worth the hanging (but none human)"—

her medical confidant replies—

"Your Highness  
Shall by such practice but make hard your heart;"

and on this reply, in one of those notes which modern editors usually sneer at, but to which Mr. Knight occasionally (as here) does more justice, we read:—"The thought would probably have been more amplified had our author lived to be shocked with such experiments as have been performed in later times by a race of men who have practiced torturing without pity, and are yet suffered to erect their heads among human beings." So wrote Dr. Johnson—and he himself could hardly have anticipated the systematic devilishness of many French and some English surgeons in our own day.

a scene in mimicry of this passionate outburst of infuriated men. Their legs and arms having first been broken with an iron bar, the culprits, whilst yet alive, were thrown into a fire, the executioner calling after them in obedience to the sentence, "Go, mad wretches, to roast the fish of the Charente that you have salted with the bodies of the officers of your sovereign lord and king." The assassin of Henry IV. was tortured for hours,—his guilty hand burnt off, his flesh torn with pincers, molten lead and boiling oil poured into his wounds—and the tragedy concluded by yoking horses to his arms and legs, and tearing him limb from limb. The frightful spectacle was made a court entertainment, and lords, ladies, and princes of the blood remained to the end, feasting their eyes with his contortions and their ears with his cries. Much nearer our own times, when Damiens, who was half-crazed, struck at Louis XV. with a penknife, and slightly wounded him in the ribs, the entire scene was again acted over, and again high-born dames were the eager spectators of the torment. Generations of luxury had given to the manners of court minions the polish of steel, and its hardness to their hearts.

Executions in England were less appalling than in France, and the circumstances of cruelty became sooner abhorrent to the disposition of the nation. But there was enough which revolts our humaner feelings, and the emboweling of traitors in particular was a frequent horror. A contemporary writer has preserved the details of the death of Sir Thomas Blount, in the reign of Henry IV. He was hanged in form, immediately cut down, and seated on a bench before the fire prepared to consume his entrails. The executioner, holding a razor in his hand, knelt and asked his pardon. "Are you the person," inquired Sir Thomas, "appointed to deliver me from this world?" and the executioner having answered "Yes," and received a kiss of peace, proceeded with the razor to rip up his belly. In this way perished many of the Roman Catholics who had sentence for conspiracies against Elizabeth. Either from the caprice of the executioner, or the private instructions of his superiors, the measure dealt out was extremely unequal. Some were permitted to die before the operation was begun, some were half-strangled, and some, the instant the halter had closed round their throats, were seized and butchered in the fullness of life. In the latter cases, at least, much of the rigor of the sentence was at the discretion of the wretch who carried it

into effect; and as the friends of the criminal bribed him, when they could afford it, to plunge the knife into a vital part, it is to be presumed that he regulated his mercy by his avarice. Lord Russell remarked, that it was a pretty thing to give a fee to be beheaded. But the custom of presenting fees to the headsman had the same origin with these gratuities to the hangman—the desire of his victims to propitiate a functionary who, unless they paid him like gentlemen, had it always in his power to behave like a ruffian. In the reign of George III. the letter of the law of treason was brought into harmony with what had long been the practice, and it was enacted that until life was extinct the mutilation of the body should not be commended. The change was an evidence of the complete revolution in public opinion. Instead of grades of anguish, simple death is the highest punishment known to the law. The horror of violence, the agony of suspense, the opprobrium of mankind, the misery of friends, the pangs of conscience, the dread of eternity, form a compilation of woe which requires no addition from bodily torture. Every year contributes to falsify the old reproach, that fewer hours had been devoted to soften than to exasperate death. Modern investigations have all been directed the other way; and the desire is universal, that even the criminal, whose life is most justly the forfeit of his crime, should find speedy deliverance.

Hanging has prevailed more universally than any single mode of execution—nay, more, perhaps, than all other methods combined. Recommended by simplicity, and the absence of bloodshed, it is at the same time a death from which imagination revolts. None would, prior to experience, be conceived more distressing, for *the agony* might be expected to be realized to utmost intensity in the sudden transition from the vigor of health to a forced and yet not immediate death. Many, indeed, fancy that the fall of the body dislocates the neck, when the consequent injury to the spinal cord would annihilate life at the instant of the shock. But this is among the number of vulgar errors. Though a possible result, it very rarely occurs, unless a special manœuvre is employed to produce it. Before revolutionary genius had discarded the gibbet in France, Louis, the eminent professor, struck with the circumstance that the criminals in Paris were some instants in dying, while those of Lyons hung a lifeless mass the moment the rope was strained by their weight, learned from the executioner the trick of



trade which spared his victims a struggle. In flinging them from the ladder he steadied with one hand the head, and with the other imparted to the body a rotatory movement which gave a wrench to the neck. The veritable Jack Ketch of the reign of James II., who has transmitted his name to all the inheritors of his office, may be conjectured from a story current at the time to have been in the secret, for it was the boast of his wife that though the assistant could manage to get through the business, her husband alone was possessed of the art to make a culprit "die sweetly." Where the fall is great, or the person corpulent, dislocation might take place without further interference, but with an occasional exception, those who are hanged perish simply by suffocation. There is nothing in that circumstance to occasion special regret. An immense number of persons recovered from insensibility have recorded their sensations, and agree in the report that an easier end could not be desired. An acquaintance of Lord Bacon, who meant to hang himself partially, lost his footing, and was cut down at the last extremity, having nearly paid for his curiosity with his life. He declared that he felt no pain, and his only sensation was of fire before his eyes, which changed first to black and then to sky-blue. These colors are even a source of pleasure. A Captain Montagnac, who was hanged in France during the religious wars, and rescued from the gibbet at the intercession of Viscount Turenne, complained that, having lost all pain in an instant, he had been taken from a light of which the charm defied description. Another criminal, who escaped by the breaking of the cord, said that, after a second of suffering, a fire appeared, and across it the most beautiful avenue of trees. Henry IV. of France sent his physician to question him, and when mention was made of a pardon, the man answered coldly that it was not worth the asking. The uniformity of the descriptions renders it useless to multiply instances. They fill pages in every book of medical jurisprudence. All agree that the uneasiness is quite momentary, that a pleasurable feeling immediately succeeds, that colors of various hue start up before the sight, and that, these having been gazed on for a trivial space, the rest is oblivion. The mind, averted from the reality of the situation, is engaged in scenes the most remote from that which fills the eye of the spectator,—the vile rabble, the hideous gallows, and the struggling form that swings in the wind. Formerly in England the friends of the criminal, in the

natural belief that while there was life there was pain, threw themselves upon his legs as the cart drove away, that the addition of their weight might shorten his pangs. A more sad satisfaction for all the parties concerned could not well be conceived.

In the frenzy of innovation which accompanied the French Revolution, when everything was to be changed, and (as impostors pretended and dupes believed) to be changed for the better, the reforming mania extended to the execution of criminals, and Dr. Guillotin, a weak, vain coxcomb, who revived with improvements an old machine, had the honor of giving his name to an adopted child whose operations have insured himself from oblivion. The head, he assured the tender-hearted legislature, would fly off in the twinkling of an eye, and its owner suffer nothing. It has since been maintained that, far from feeling nothing, he suffers at the time, and for ten minutes afterwards,—that the trunkless head thinks as usual, and is master of its movements,—that the ear hears, the eye sees, and the lips essay to speak. M. Sue, the father of the novelist, whose theories of human physiology have a thorough family resemblance to his son's representations of human nature, went so far as to contend that "the body felt as a body and the head as a head." The experience of the living sets the first of these assertions at rest. When a nerve of sensation is severed from its communication with the brain, the part below the lesion ceases to feel. The muscular power often continues, but sensibility there is none. The head is not disposed of so readily, for since it is the centre of feeling, it is impossible in decapitation to infer the torpor of the brain from the calousness of the body. But it would require the strongest evidence to prove that sensation survives the shock; and the evidence, on the contrary, is exceedingly weak. The alleged manifestations of feeling are only what occur in many kinds of death where we know that the pain is already past. No one frequently appears to die harder when the face is uncovered than the man that is hanged, and yet all the time there is horror on his countenance, within he is either calm or unconscious.\* If those who stood by the

\* The face after hanging is sometimes natural, but more commonly distorted. Shakespeare has given a vivid and exact description of the change in the speech where Warwick points to the indications of violence which prove that the Duke of Gloster had been murdered:—

"But see, his face is black and full of blood;  
His eye-balls further out than when he lived."

guillotine had been equally curious about other modes of dying, they would have known that the peculiarity was not in the signs, but in the interpretations they put upon them. The lips move convulsively,—the head, say they, is striving to speak,—the eyes are wide open, and are therefore watching the scene before them; as if it was not common in violent death for lips to quiver when the mind was laid to rest, and for eyes to stare when their sense was shut. It is affirmed, however, that the eyes are sometimes fixed upon cherished objects. But were the anguish, as is asserted, “full, fine, perfect,” the head, instead of employing itself in the contemplation of friends, would be absorbed in its own intolerable torments. The illusion is probably produced by the relatives themselves, who look in the direction of the eyes, which then appear to return the gaze. But it is neither necessary nor safe to find a solution for every marvel. Few have had the opportunity, and fewer still the capacity, for correct observation. The imagination of the spectator is powerfully excited, and a slight perversion suffices to convert a mechanical movement into an emotion of feeling or an effort of the will. There are not many of the ordinary statements which rest upon the testimony of competent observers; and most of the extraordinary, such as the blushing of Charlotte Corday when her cheek was struck by the villain who held up her head, are not attested by any witness whatsoever. Though everybody repeats them, no one can tell from whence

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Staring full ghastly like a strangled man;  
His hair upreared, his nostrils stretched with struggling;  
His hands abroad displayed, as one that grasped  
And tugged for life, and was by strength subdued.”

The great poets beat the philosophers out of the field. They have the two-fold faculty essential to description,—the eye which discriminates the characteristic circumstances, and the words which bring them up like pictures before the mind. By “his hands abroad displayed” must be understood that they were thrust to a distance from the body, which is an impulse with persons who are stifled by force. That the hands themselves should be wide open is inconsistent with the fact and with the idea of “grasping.” They are sometimes clenched with such violence that the nails penetrate the flesh of the palms,—another instance among many, after what we know of the sensations in hanging, how little the convulsive movements of dying are connected with pain. The circumstance is not surprising now that the splendid investigations of Sir Charles Bell, which may challenge comparison with anything that has ever been done in physiology, have demonstrated that the nerves of motion are distinct from the nerves of feeling, and that they are capable of acting independently of one another.

they came. It is a point upon which M. Sue and his school have not been exacting. One of the number mentions a man, or to speak more correctly, the *head* of a man, who turned his eyes whichever way they called him; and having thus digested the camel without difficulty, he grows scrupulous about the gnat, and cannot be confident whether the name of the person was Tillier or *De Tillier*. It is an epitome of the plan upon which many of the papers on the subject are penned. The authors take care of the pence and leave the pounds to take care of themselves. For our own part, we believe that the crashing of an axe through the neck must completely paralyze the sensation of the brain, and that the worst is over when the head is in the basket.

The section of physiologists who would hardly refuse credit to the unpunctuated averment that King Charles walked and talked half an hour after his head was cut off, are left behind by some Polish physicians, who were persuaded that by bringing into contact the newly severed parts they could make them reunite. They had sufficient faith in their folly to petition that the head when it had grown to the shoulders might be suffered to remain, and obtained a promise that their work should be respected, and the revived criminal spared a second execution. Among the authenticated curiosities of surgery is the case of a soldier, who had his nose bitten off in a street riot, and thrown into the gutter. He picked up the fragment, deposited it in the house of a neighboring surgeon, and, having pursued the aggressor, returned, and had it refitted to the parent stock. On the following day it had begun to unite, and on the fourth the old nose was again incorporated with the old face. The Polish doctors may have founded their hopes on some examples of the kind. But they overlooked that time was an element in the cure, and that life must be sustained while adhesion was going on. They seem to have imagined that the neck and head would unite together upon the first application, with the same celerity that they had flown asunder at the stroke of the executioner. With the exception of these sages of Poland, nobody, until the guillotine had been busy in France, appears to have dreamt that after head and body had parted company life or feeling could subsist. Decapitation, as the most honorable, was the most coveted kind of death, and Lord Russell scarcely exaggerated the general opinion when he said, shortly before his fatal

moment, that the pain of losing a head was less than the pain of drawing a tooth. Hated to the guillotine has had a large influence upon later judgments. The instrument for the punishment of the guilty became the instrument of guilt, and there is an inclination to extend to the machine a part of the opprobrium which attaches to those who put it in motion. And unquestionably there are moral associations, independent of every physical consideration, which will always render it the most loathsome and sickening of all the contrivances by which felons are made to pay the penalty of crime.

The punishment of the wheel was among the deaths exploded by the guillotine, and out of a spirit of hostility to everything which preceded the Revolution, the barbarities that attended it have been grossly exaggerated. The criminal fastened to a St. Andrew's cross had his limbs fractured with an iron bar. Though each blow might be conjectured to be a death in itself, the notorious Mandrin laughed on receiving the second stroke, and when the confessor reproved his levity, replied that he was laughing at his own folly in supposing that sensibility could survive the first concussion. The demeanor of a culprit is uncertain evidence of the pain he endures. The timid shriek with apprehension,—the brave by the energy of self-control can continue calm in the extremest torture. Mandrin was of that class of men whose minds are not to be penetrated by the iron which enters the flesh, and his indifference perhaps was partly assumed. But such blows have certainly a stunning effect, and rendered the punishment far less dreadful than we are accustomed to picture it. From the cross the mangled body was transferred to the wheel,—the back curved over the upper circumference, and the feet and head depending downward. Here it was common, according to some who have written since, for the unhappy wretches to linger for hours—writhing with agony, and often uttering blasphemies in their torment. Happen now and then it did, but common it was not. Of those condemned to the wheel, all except the worst description of criminals were strangled beforehand. Of those who were broken alive, none were denied the *coup-de-grace* for the final stroke. This was a blow on the pit of the stomach, with the intention, seldom defeated, of putting an end to the tortures of the victim. Rarely after the blow of grace did he continue to breathe—more rarely to feel. Yet upon the ground of this feature in the punishment of the wheel Mr. Alison declares he is

tempted to forget all the cruelties of the Revolution, and exclaim with Byron, "Arise, ye Goths, and glut your ire!" But assuming the truth of the misstatements which he has adopted from a writer of French memoirs, was it because ruffians who had inflicted greater suffering than they endured were put to death by methods repudiated in a humaner age, or, if he pleases, though it was not the case, repudiated at the time by the avengers, whom events proved to be more sanguinary than the laws,—was it on this account that kings and nobles should be brought to the scaffold, innocent men, women, and children butchered by thousands, the church be overthrown, property confiscated,—that massacre, war, havoc, and ruin should desolate the land? Feelings find vent in exaggerated language, and we should not be critical upon an expression of sympathy, though extravagant in sentiment and offensive in form, unless these outbursts of spurious indignation had pervaded the whole of Mr. Alison's account of the French Revolution. There are, it is true, abundance of passages of an opposite description, for the jarring elements of hot and cold are poured out indiscriminately, and left to mingle as they may.

Worse than the halter, axe, or wheel, was the fire which, as typical of the flames of hell, was employed in the blindness of theological fury to consume the foremost of the pilgrims to heaven. The legs of Bishop Hooper were charred, and his body scorched, before he was fully enveloped in the fire, which a wind blew aside, nor was it till the pile had been twice replenished that he bowed his head and gave up the ghost. A similar misfortune attended Ridley. An excess of fagots hindered the flames ascending, and his extremities were in ashes when his body was unsinged. Ridley yielded slightly to the dictates of nature, and struggled at the height of his protracted anguish. Hooper remained immovable as the stake to which he was chained. For three-quarters of an hour his patience was proof against the fury of the flames, and he died at length as quietly as a child in its bed. But the pain of burning is of fearful intensity, and the meek endurance of these heroes at the stake was the triumph of mind over the tortures of the flesh.

The Head, the Hope, the Supporter of those who gave their bodies to be burnt, drank himself of a bitterer cup. Of all the devices of cruel imagination, crucifixion is the masterpiece. Other pains are sharper for a time, but none are at once so agonizing and so long. One aggravation, however,

was wanting, which, owing to the want of knowledge in painters, is still, we believe, commonly supposed to have belonged to the punishment. The weight of the body was borne by a ledge which projected from the middle of the upright beam, and not by the hands and feet, which were probably found unequal to the strain. The frailty of man's frame comes at last to be its own defence; but enough remained to preserve the pre-eminence of torture to the cross. The process of nailing was exquisite torment, and yet worse in what ensued than in the actual infliction. The spikes rankled, the wounds inflamed, the local injury produced a general fever, the fever a most intolerable thirst; but the misery of miseries to the sufferer was, while racked with agony, to be fastened in a position which did not permit him even to writhe. Every attempt to relieve the muscles, every instinctive movement of anguish, only served to drag the lacerated flesh, and wake up new and acuter pangs; and this torture, which must have been continually aggravated, until advancing death began to lay it to sleep, lasted on an average two or three days.

Several punishments allied to crucifixion, but which differed in the method of fastening the body, were once common, and are not entirely obsolete. Whether men are nailed to a cross, hung up with hooks, or fixed upon stakes, there is a strong resemblance in the suffering produced; and any differential circumstance which adds to the torture, also curtails it. Maundrell has given from hearsay an account of impalement as practiced at Tripoli, which would throw its rivals into the shade. A post the size of a man's leg, sharpened at the top, was placed in the ground, and when the point had been insert-

ed between the legs of the victim, he was drawn on, as a joint of meat upon a spit, until the stake came through at the shoulders. In this condition he would sometimes sit for a day and a night, and by smoking, drinking, and talking, endeavor to beguile the weary time. Maundrell is a trustworthy traveler, but on this occasion he was certainly deceived, or the anatomy of man has degenerated since. A race of beings who could endure a post the size of a leg to traverse their vitals, and be alive at the close—who, yet more, could sit for four-and-twenty hours engaged in festive occupations, no matter with how slight a relish, while pierced from end to end with a staff more clumsy than that of Goliath's spear—a race of beings so tenacious of life, and insensible to pain, would require punishments to be heightened to meet the callousness of their structure; but with our delicate organization, too rough a usage breaks the golden cord. Nature has set bounds to the cruelty of man, for torture carried beyond a certain point defeats itself. Sorrow occupies a larger space in our minds than it does in our existence. Time, who in our happier hours put on wings and flew like the wind, in our misery toils heavily with leaden feet; but though he may lag he cannot stop, and, when every other alleviation is gone, this will always remain to sustain patience under aggravated torments—that there must be a speedy abatement or a speedy release.

We have been accompanying the body in its progress to the grave. We had meant next to retrace our steps, and observe the workings of the mind in its approach to the boundary which divides time from eternity; but this subject is, we find, too extensive to be made an appendage.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## "TO STRUGGLE WHEN HOPE IS BANISHED."

To struggle when hope is banished;  
To live when life's salt is gone;  
To dwell in a dream that's vanished;  
To endure and go calmly on;

To know and to doubt the knowledge;  
The past to undo in thought;  
To study in Misery's college  
The woes that can there be taught;—

Oh! what but despair can finish  
A task such as that for man!  
His strength will each hour diminish  
While pressed by so heavy a ban.

But, no! the heart steeped in sorrow  
Still points to a distant goal,  
And whispers, "There comes a morrow,  
With peace to the steadfast soul!"

A peace that is based on duty,  
The will and the power to think,  
Can carry, unscathed in beauty,  
The brave where the feeble sink.

At need, then, is help the highest:  
Where the storm is fiercest, there  
The courage must still be highest,  
To act—to resist—to bear.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—NO. I.

THE memory of great deeds is a part of the true wealth of a people, a property that ought to be as jealously guarded as any portion of their riches; and they who protect it from unjust invasion do good service to their country, because they thus contribute to keep alive, in health and vigor, the spirit by which those great deeds were originally achieved. Believing this to be true philosophy, we have determined to bestow a portion of our labors upon a remarkable portion of a very remarkable work,—we mean the continuation of his history of the French Revolution by M. Thiers, in which wrong is done to the victors of Trafalgar. We seek to vindicate their renown, and to show that the historian lacks not only good faith, but generosity and good feeling, when he endeavors to impeach it.

M. Thiers writes history as he would a pamphlet. He is always thinking of M. Thiers and the *portefeuille* of a minister. His *Histoire du Consulat et de l'Empire* is an elaborate political paper, and not a history; an attempt to win popularity and power for the writer by flattering the national susceptibilities of his very susceptible countrymen, and not what a history ought to be,—an honest, because an accurate record of those events which it proposes to retain in the memory of mankind. His theme has given him many legitimate occasions for triumphant descriptions of the successful valor of French soldiers, and the wondrous skill of their great Chieftain, Napoleon. With these, however, he was not content, but seeks to gather laurels for France in fields wherein victory has not hitherto been of *her* achievement.

There is a point upon which French national vanity is peculiarly sore, and that is the naval superiority of England; and any politician who wishes easily and certainly to win popular favor in France, has only to give the nation a reason, or the semblance of a reason, for believing that this superiority on the part of England is a mere pretence, and to prove by the aid of elastic figures and hardy assertions, that in valor, in seamanship, in naval

military skill, the French are immeasurably our superiors. In the way of, and opposed to, this result are certain inconvenient events, among which two shine out with an exceeding lustre,—Nile and Trafalgar; victories which placed Nelson incontestably at the head of all naval chieftains, and insured for England, even after his death, the supremacy of the seas all the remaining years of her gigantic strife with Napoleon. But M. Thiers, not satisfied with placing the hero of his historical romance "above all Greek, above all Roman fame," as a soldier, and a statesman and legislator, endeavors to prove him superior to all other men upon the ocean also; and to that end he attempts to explain away these two overwhelming defeats, by showing that Napoleon's naval policy failed rather from untoward accidents than by reason of the valor or the skill of his opponents. In the narrative of M. Thiers, English sailors are always beaten by his countrymen when the forces approximate even to equality. Overwhelming numbers alone give, in any case, the victory to the English; and the Nile and Trafalgar are made to be disasters, not defeats.

A politician—an unscrupulous politician—striving for popular favor by thus falsifying history, and endeavoring, by unfair and disparaging glosses, to soothe a wounded national vanity, exhibits no uncommon, though it be a very unedifying spectacle; but that one who pretends to the character of a philosopher, statesman, and historian, should stoop to such low arts, is verily a painful and humiliating subject of contemplation for those who have hitherto vainly flattered themselves with the belief that in all that belongs to, and constitutes true civilization in the present age, we surpass all the ages that have gone by, and are destined to hold out a high example even for ages yet to come. Painful, we say, this spectacle is, because it proves, we fear, but too surely that the standard of public morality in France, even as set up by the most distinguished of her citizens (and France, be it remembered, calls herself the head of European civilization), is a low and debasing

standard, because it admits as a principle that truth may be sacrificed without hesitation or shame even for mere personal ends; and that to mislead and deceive a people is justifiable, when such deception merely leads to personal aggrandizement.

This mode of writing history is not, however, very satisfactory, neither can it be supposed to promote any really desirable end. The French nation cannot derive any benefit from being deceived; and no people, we should suppose, could better afford to acknowledge themselves defeated when they really were so than they. Their valor is beyond dispute, whether at sea or on the land. They need no false glosses upon their history to make succeeding generations look with wonder and admiration upon the heroic achievements of their arms under the guidance of the great chief who so often led them to victory. They can afford to trust to simple truth; and he is not a faithful historian, in any sense of the term—he is not a loyal and true friend to the peace of France, who seeks to enhance the real successes of her warriors by attempting to convert their defeats into victories, or to exalt their glory by unfairly disparaging their opponents. The attempt, on the contrary, seems to throw discredit upon his whole history; for had we no evidence beyond that of M. Thiers by which to establish Napoleon's title to be deemed a successful general, we should hesitate and doubt, simply because we find the historian dealing thus unscrupulously with the facts which he professes to describe. Facts are sometimes called stubborn things; they are not so in the hands of M. Thiers. By him they are made to square with his theories, to suit his predetermined views and opinions. This is done by a short, if not a satisfactory process. The facts are the subject of change, and not the views which are supposed to result from them.

To describe one case in which this has been done, and upon a subject of no ordinary importance, is the object of the present paper.

On the 20th of October, 1805, Napoleon saw a whole Austrian army defile before him prisoners of war. Let M. Thiers relate this remarkable event:—

“Le lendemain, en effet 20 Octobre, 1805, jour a jamais mémorable, Napoléon placé au pied au Michelsburg, en face d'Ulm vit défiler sous ses yeux l'armée autrichienne. Il occupait un talus élevé, ayant derrière lui son infanterie rangée en demi-cercle sur le versant des hauteurs, et vis-a-vis sa cavalerie déployée sur une ligne

droite. Les Autrichiens défilaient entre deux, déposant leurs armes à l'entrée de cette espèce d'amphithéâtre. On avait préparé un grand feu de bivac, auprès duquel Napoléon assistait au défilé. Le Général Mack se presenta le premier, et lui remit son épée en s'écriant avec douleur, 'Voici le malheureux Mack!' Napoléon le recut lui et les officiers avec une parfaite courtoisie, et les fit ranger à ses cotés. Les soldats autrichiens avant d'arriver en sa présence, jetaient leurs armes avec un dépit honorable pour eux, et n'étaient arrachés à ce sentiment que par celui de la curiosité qui les saisissait en approchant de Napoléon. Tous devaient des yeux ce terrible vainqueur qui, depuis dix années, faisait subir de si cruels affronts à leurs drapeaux.”

At the very time that Napoleon was enjoying this great triumph, and gratifying his soldiers by the proud spectacle of a mighty army laying down their arms before their conqueror, a signal was made by the Eurymachus frigate, lying off Cadiz, which communicated to Lord Nelson the intelligence that the combined fleets of France and Spain having on the evening of the 19th left the harbor of Cadiz, appeared at that time—5 P. M. of the 20th—“determined to go to the westward.” Night soon after fell: rejoicing and triumph were in the camp of Napoleon; anxiety, not to say alarm, reigned throughout his fleet then lying outside of Cadiz. And why were the brave seamen of that formidable and gallant fleet anxious that night? and why did they anticipate with the coming day disaster and defeat? Was it that they were about, with numbers inferior to that of their enemy, to try the fate of a battle? This could not be the reason. The English had that day twenty-seven sail of the line: the combined fleets of France and Spain amounted to thirty-three. Did they feel themselves inferior in courage to their opponents? That could not be—braver men never bore arms than those, whether Frenchmen or Spaniards, who manned that combined fleet. But the prestige of victory was with the English. Throughout the war that had, with only a slight interruption, raged for many years between the two nations, victory in naval combats had invariably been on the side of England. Her sailors were more skillful, and, as seamen, more hardy and resolute, than the French. The commander of the French fleet, Villeneuve, went into battle a desponding, in fact, a beaten man. Nelson assumed with undoubting confidence that victory would be the certain consequence of the engagement which he expected, and hoped would take place. The only doubt in his mind was as to the extent of that victory, es-

timated by the number of vessels he was destined to capture.

The history of these hostile fleets before the terrible engagement of the 21st (which history is now fully known) is, as respects England, the most deeply interesting portion of the annals of that eventful period. The future destiny of England was more intimately connected with the motions of those fleets than men generally at that period knew, or could imagine; and one move in the great game played by Napoleon against England had for the time entirely failed, before the battle of Trafalgar took place. But had success attended the French on that day, that move would assuredly have been renewed. The vigor and sagacity of Nelson, and the velocity of his movements, caused the first failure of Napoleon's plan—his victory of the 21st prevented the possibility of its ever by him being again attempted.

In the autumn of 1804, Napoleon had collected upon the coasts of the Continent opposite to England an army of no less than 180,000 men. His first project was to send an army of about 36,000 men, in old vessels of war, under General Decaen, to India, in order to destroy our empire in that part of the world, and also to attract the attention and the fleets of England from the Channel. This plan, however, as it would delay, and perhaps might defeat his great object of invading England, was eventually abandoned, and his whole mind directed to that which he always considered the most vast and important project his fertile brain ever conceived, viz., the invasion of the great enemy which had hitherto lain beyond his reach. But England fortunately was surrounded by the ocean, and defended by her fleets; and Napoleon's hitherto unconquered legions sighed in vain on the shore of Boulogne for an opportunity of combating upon their own territory the soldiers and the people of England. While her fleets rode triumphant in the Channel, this was impossible. Her danger, nevertheless, was great, though now, after the failure of Napoleon's project, we treat it lightly. That he was sanguine of success is well ascertained:—

“ Le lendemain même de son arrivée [à Boulogne] il fit rassembler toute l'infanterie sur la laisse de basse mer. Elle occupait plus de trois lieues, et présentait la masse énorme de cent mille hommes d'infanterie, rangés sur une seule ligne. Depuis qu'il commandait, il n'avait rien vu de plus beau. Aussi rentré le soir à son quartier général il écrivit à l'Amiral Decrès ces mots significatifs: ‘ Les Anglais ne savent pas

ce qui leur pend à l'oreille. Si nous sommes maître douze heures de la traversée, l'Angleterre a vécu.’ ”—Vol. v. p. 436.

Napoleon's inventive genius was now employed in devising a scheme by which he might have the Channel thus to himself, free from interruption by an English fleet for three days, or, at the least, for eight-and-forty hours—he even spoke of twelve being sufficient. The plan he framed was worthy of his genius. By the good fortune of England it failed indeed, but was nevertheless a long-sighted and well-concerted scheme—one apt for its purpose, though in the end rendered abortive, partly by chance, partly by the want of enterprise in Villeneuve, and partly, and in fact mainly, by the fiery energy of Nelson, who, keeping like a bloodhound upon the traces of Villeneuve, filled his mind with such anxiety and alarm as utterly to paralyze both his spirit and his intellect. The plan as devised by Napoleon was as follows:—The precise object was to have for three days the Channel between England and France entirely free for him to act in. This could be done in two ways: some of our vessels were to be drawn away in chase, and those which remained kept occupied in action by an equal or superior force, which should engage them in the Channel, while his flotilla conveyed across the Channel the vast army congregated on the shores of France, Belgium, and Holland.

The steps by which it was proposed to attain this object were,—

1. Villeneuve, who was in Toulon watched by Nelson, was on the first favorable occasion, and during a storm, to escape from Toulon unperceived of Nelson, to pass the Straits of Gibraltar, and proceed at once to Cadiz, where he would find Gravina, the Spanish admiral, with six or seven vessels belonging to Spain, and one, l'Aigle, a vessel of France. Taking these under his command, he was thence to sail direct to Martinique. Where,

2. He was to unite, if he were still there, with Admiral Missiessy, who had been sent to the West Indies early in January. He was then,

3. To await the arrival out of Ganteaume, who, being blockaded in the harbor of Brest, by an English fleet under Admiral Cornwallis, was ordered in the same mode as that prescribed to Villeneuve to seize the first opportunity and escape from the blockading squadron, with one-and-twenty ships of the line. Ganteaume was first to proceed to Ferrol, to unite with the French and

Spanish vessels he would find there, and then sail to the rendezvous at Martinique.

4. Thus there would be, if all things went well, united at Martinique, twelve vessels under Villeneuve, six or seven under Gravina, five under Missiessy, twenty-one under Ganteaume, together with the Franco-Spanish fleet of Ferrol, making between fifty and sixty sail of the line. "A larger fleet," says M. Thiers, echoing Napoleon himself, "than was ever at any one time united upon one sea." So united, they were to return to the Channel.

5. The most profound secrecy was to be observed. The Spaniards were to be kept entirely ignorant of the object of the enterprise, and were ordered to obey without inquiry. The two French admirals, Villeneuve and Ganteaume, were alone to be cognizant of the plan and its purpose; and they were to learn that purpose at sea. Lest the secret should escape if they were made acquainted with it while in communication with the land, they would receive sealed orders, which were to be opened at sea. None of the captains in the fleet were trusted, but were told merely the names of certain places of rendezvous in case of accidental separation.

6. In the meantime reports were to be industriously circulated that the fleets which had escaped had proceeded to India; and in order to give a color to this statement, a certain number of soldiers were embarked as if for the purpose of attacking our forces in Hindostan. There were, however, in reality only about 5000, who were to be left in the West Indies, in the French garrisons there, in the place of the old soldiers, who were to be brought back and added to the army at Boulogne.

Such was the plan.\* In furtherance of it the fleets were to escape at the end of March; taking a month, it was expected, to reach Martinique, April would be passed before they arrived; May was to be occupied in joining and arranging the fleets; and June would be passed in the passage back to Europe. So that the united fleet was to be expected in the Channel early in July.

\* Knowing now what Napoleon's plan was, we can find various indications of it in the events of the day. But Nelson was evidently unaware of the object for which Villeneuve was sent to Martinique, and was mistaken as to his destination on his return. Writing on the 17th August, 1805, Nelson says,— "By all accounts I am satisfied their original destination was the Mediterranean, but they heard frequently of our track."—*Desp.* vol. vii. p. 5.

Napoleon himself, during the whole period, that is, between March and July, determined to remain in Italy, living an ostentatious life, reviewing troops, giving *fêtes*, and otherwise spending his time so as completely to hide from England the imminent danger which threatened her very existence as a nation, and which, if the projected scheme succeeded only so far as to bring a hostile fleet of fifty or sixty sail in one body into the Channel, would, it was supposed, require all, and more than all, the means she possessed to shield her from the ruin which impended.

The means of England were, however, vast, and Mr. Pitt at this period was busy in forming the last coalition of the European powers against Napoleon, which fate permitted him to accomplish. England, Austria, Russia, Sweden, Naples, united with the determination of assailing the French emperor immediately. Prussia was expected to join the coalition, and 500,000 men were, by the will of Mr. Pitt and the money of England, to be equipped and organized into invading armies, and thrust rapidly forward upon the forces and the territories of Napoleon.

Before these armies, however, could be brought to bear effectively upon him, Napoleon hoped to make his descent upon England. England alone stood between him and dominion over the whole of Europe; but so long as she remained erect, and mistress of the sea, his present power was precarious, and every extension of his dominion increased the chances of disaster. England's chief strength lay in her navy; without it at that time, against such a gigantic military power as that wielded with unrivaled skill by Napoleon, she could not have stood a day—with it, in that full supremacy she sought and attained, she kept him a prisoner in Europe. The cage, indeed, was a large one, and he possessed nearly the whole of it; still he felt the humiliation, and in an evil hour for himself, and perhaps for the world, he staked his power against that of England, and in his anger determined to risk that great stake at every throw, rather than forego the chance of destroying the sole remaining but mighty obstacle which lay in the way of his ambition.

"Avec son regard perçant le premier consul aperçut bientôt la portée de cette guerre, et il prit sa résolution sans hésiter. Il forma le projet de franchir le détroit de Calais avec une armée, et de terminer dans Londres même la rivalité des deux nations. On va le voir pendant trois années consécutives, appliquant toutes ses facultés à cette



prodigieuse entreprise, et demeurant calme, confiant, heureux même tant il était plein d'espérance en présence d'une tentative qui devait conduire, ou à être le maître absolu du monde, ou à s'engloutir lui, et son armée et sa gloire, au fond de l'océan."—Vol. iv. p. 386.

So soon as the hollow peace of Amiens was broken, Napoleon turned his whole thoughts to this one object of curbing, if not of conquering, England; and the time had now arrived, viz., in the spring of 1805, when he hoped for the fulfillment of his long-deferred and most earnest hopes. His orders were issued, and Villeneuve escaped from Toulon. Missiessy had already, in January, sailed for the Antilles, and had excited the attention of England by causing alarm for the safety of some of her West Indian colonies. Villeneuve, escaping from Toulon on the 30th of March, had, in compliance with his orders, sailed to Cadiz, taken Admiral Gravina, with six Spanish ships and one French ship, l'Aigle, under his command, and sailed thence to Martinique. But Ganteaume was unable to escape from Brest. An uninterrupted course of fine weather allowed the English fleet to keep steadily before that port, and no opportunity was offered of getting out without fighting; but fighting was not judged expedient, and the expression of M. Thiers upon the subject, escaping from him by accident, reveals the whole mystery of the matter, if mystery there be, to anything but a willfully blinded national vanity:—

"Il n'y avait d'autre ressource que de livrer un combat désavantageux à une escadre qui était à peu près égale en nombre à l'escadre française, et très supérieure en qualité."

Let us stop here a moment. We find in all French accounts of their naval affairs two classes of description relating to the same circumstances. The description of a fleet and the crews which man it *before* an action and *during* an action are in striking opposition one to the other. In the first case, that is, before the action, every effort is made to prove the fleet ineffective, and inferior to its English opponent in everything excepting simple valor, which a French writer never allows to have forsaken his countrymen. They may lack spirit, audacity, presence of mind, coolness, but never *courage*. They may be weak, vacillating, anxious, desponding, but never *cowardly*. We believe this; and herein lies the explanation of what we are about to describe. But, then, what is the meaning of the second class of descrip-

tion, which always occurs in French history so soon as the fleet gets into action? Then every necessary quality is attributed to commanders and men. They are skillful as well as bold. Everything succumbs to their valor and their admirable sagacity. They are conquered, it is true, but only by superior numbers, which at the commencement we have learned to be on their own side, but which suddenly changes sides. Napoleon speaking of Nelson's fleet, which destroyed the French fleet at the Nile, says:—

"L'escadre de Nelson était une des plus mauvaises que l'Angleterre eût mises en mer dans ces derniers temps." And then says of his own:—"L'escadre française était composée à son départ de Toulon de treize vaisseaux de ligne, de six frégates, et d'une douzaine de bricks corvettes ou avisos. L'escadre Anglaise était forte de treize vaisseaux, dont un de 50 canons, tous les autres 74. Ils avaient été armés très à la hâte, et étaient en mauvais état. Nelson n'avait pas de frégates. On comptait, dans l'escadre française, un vaisseau de 120 canons et trois de 80."

Now this description, which is all perfectly true, is given to exculpate himself. He sought to prove, and he did prove, that the French admiral had every means of defending himself. Yet, in spite of this overwhelming superiority of force, Napoleon considered the French fleet in danger so long as it was within reach of the English inferior fleet commanded by Nelson, and with strange inconsistency says:—

"Son étonnement (Napoleon's, who writes in the third person) fut grand d'apprendre que l'escadre n'était par en sûreté, qu'elle ne se trouvait ni dans le port d'Alexandrie, ni dans celui de Corfu, ni même en chemin pour Toulon; mais qu'elle était dans la rade d'Aboukir exposée aux attaques d'un ennemi supérieur."

This superior enemy being that same fleet which he had just described as the worst ever sent out by England, composed of small vessels, about half the size of the magnificent ships which conveyed his army to Egypt, and which sailed away from that country captive to the English. M. Thiers adopts the same system. The enemy, that is, the English, are always superior just when going into action—during the action they are beaten at every point, and in every seaman-like quality—but at the end they always come out the conquerors, and that is simply the result of their overwhelming superiority of force. Now we shall be able to prove just the reverse of this to be the truth. In num-

bers the French, strange to say, were at each point superior. At all points they were inferior in skill and in seaman-like qualities of every description—in daring and in hardihood. The English Government and the English commanders relied upon this, and never looked for a superiority of numbers or of metal on their own side, but were satisfied if their fleets *approached* in these particulars to the force opposed to them. The consequence was, that all our great naval victories were gained with inferior force. According to the showing of M. Thiers himself, Ganteaume had one-and-twenty vessels, Admiral Cornwallis had *about twenty* (*une vingtaine*—a very convenient phrase, because an ambiguous one. We feel certain that Cornwallis had not at that time twenty line-of-battle ships). Admiral Calder blockaded Ferrol with seven or eight, according to M. Thiers (here again we have no doubt the numbers are given in this loose way in order to make the number appear larger than reality), but in Ferrol he acknowledges that there were five French and seven Spanish ships. Thus Calder kept twelve ships in port with seven or eight—no slight disparity, even taking the numbers from M. Thiers, whom we shall *prove* immediately to be wholly untrustworthy in questions of figures.\*

We will now return to our narrative. Ganteaume was kept in Brest. This, however, need not have disconcerted the plan. Napoleon had provided for the supposed case of Ganteaume not being able to escape, and of Missiessy having returned to Rochefort, and commanded Villeneuve under those circumstances to return at once with Gravina, and then effect that which Ganteaume was to have performed, viz., relieve Ferrol from blockade, which, seeing that Calder had only five or six ships and Villeneuve eighteen, was practicable;† he was then, if possible, to touch at Rochefort, to which place Missiessy would probably have returned; and now, having fifty-six vessels, he was to proceed at once up the Channel and protect the flotilla, which would then pass from Boulogne to England.

Villeneuve, however, did none of these

things. He was haunted by the terror of Nelson being at his heels, and the narrative of his miserable voyage, as given by M. Thiers, has only to be compared with the history of Nelson's wondrous pursuit, if we wish to know why victory was the certain reward of the one chief and defeat the inevitable portion of the other.

Villeneuve, having escaped from Toulon, fled upon the wings of the wind to Cadiz. Nelson, in the hope of enticing the fleet out of Toulon, and believing that they were desirous of going to the south of Italy, gave out that he intended to cruise off Barcelona, but went in reality to the south of Sardinia. Thither he expected the French would come, and as he never doubted of victory, they would thus, he supposed, fall into his hands. The real object of Villeneuve was, however, aided by this proceeding. So soon as he was out of Toulon harbor he learned the true destination of Nelson, and was happy for the moment to be relieved of this terrible adversary, the thought of whom hung upon him like a nightmare. On the 9th of April he passed the Straits, and that same evening anchored off Cadiz. There, according to the French accounts, everything was in disorder, and Gravina requested forty-eight hours' delay to enable him to get ready.

"Mais (says M. Thiers) Villeneuve était pressant, et disait qu'il n'attendrait pas si on ne le joignit sur-le-champ. *Quotique un peu remis du trouble de sa première sortie, l'amiral français était cependant poursuivi sans cesse par l'image de Nelson, qu'il croyait toujours voir sur ses traces.*"  
—Vol. v. p. 442.

This haste and terror increased the confusion. Gravina, a bold and excellent officer, sailed that night, but one of his vessels grounded in consequence of the precipitate mode in which he was obliged to proceed. A fair wind in the morning took Villeneuve off. On the eleventh he was "*en plein océan*," says his historian, "*ayant échappé à la redoutable surveillance des Anglais.*" Being at sea, he thought himself for the moment safe, and awaited that day and the next for the Spaniards. Two only joined; he thereupon made sail, and proceeded to Martinique. On arriving there he found that four of the Spanish vessels, which at Cadiz he dared not wait for, had passed him on the voyage out, and had arrived before him. Thus proving that these much-decried Spaniards were at least equal to the French in the conduct of their ships.

\* In vol. v. page 417, the ships under Calder are said to be seven or eight; in page 419 they are called five or six. In the first instance he wanted to excuse Ganteaume for not fighting; in the second, he wishes to show how Napoleon's plan ought to have succeeded. The object changing suddenly, he as suddenly changes the figures to suit his purpose.

† Villeneuve had in fact twenty line-of-battle ships, two having joined him from Rochefort.

Arriving at Martinique on the 14th of May, Villeneuve was by his orders to remain there till the 23d, in the hope that Ganteaume might escape also and join him. This forced delay excited fresh alarms in the mind of the French Admiral, who, still haunted by the terrible spectre of Nelson, exclaimed that that time was given to Nelson to arrive and blockade him in Martinique, and beat him if he attempted to escape. A chief who indulged in such expectations was sure to have his prophecies fulfilled. The time was spent by Villeneuve in preparing for little expeditions against the English strongholds in Dominica. These preparations were, however, rather pretences than reality; nothing was done, though much was talked about. At length, on the 4th of June, Admiral Maugon arrived with two vessels from Rochefort, whence he had been sent by Napoleon to communicate to Villeneuve his change of plans in consequence of the forced detention of Ganteaume. Villeneuve was ordered to return on the 21st to Brest, the blockade of which he was to raise, and having thus freed Ganteaume, he was to perform the same service to the fleet in Ferrol, and the whole united forces were then to sail direct for the Straits of Dover. He was commanded to remain till the 21st, because there was yet a chance for the escape of Ganteaume, who, if he could get out before the 21st of May, would proceed, as originally intended, to the rendezvous at Martinique, and would then return according to the present arrangement with the united squadron. Ganteaume did not succeed, however, but still continued in Brest watched by the English fleet. Villeneuve, therefore, determined to return, and in passing by Antigua saw and captured a large convoy of our West Indian merchant-ships. From the passengers on board Villeneuve obtained news of Nelson, and was, according to M. Thiers, utterly paralyzed in consequence. This prostration of mind M. Thiers will not permit to be called cowardice; it was *responsibility* that Villeneuve dreaded, according to the historian, not danger. This, nevertheless, is very much the same thing, and certainly produced the same effects. At this time the French fleet amounted to twenty-seven sail, and Nelson, according to the varying report of the passengers, had a squadron of twelve or fourteen.\* Generally, however, the passengers said that Nelson had

only a dozen. He was said, indeed, to have taken Cochrane under his command, with the ships that were with him. "Villeneuve saw continually before him Nelson, with fourteen, sixteen, perhaps eighteen vessels,—that is to say, with a force nearly equal to his own, ready to join and attack him." These are the words of M. Thiers,—an English fleet of eighteen ships he calls nearly equal to a French fleet of twenty sail of the line and seven frigates; and he is the first to blame Villeneuve for exaggerating the fighting superiority of the English.\* Villeneuve now resolved to sail at once for Europe, spite of the remonstrances of General Lauriston, the secretary of Napoleon, who was on board in the character rather of a reporter than anything else. He, unlike Villeneuve and M. Thiers, considered, that as Cochrane had only two ships and Nelson twelve, the French, having twenty sail of the line, three fifties, five frigates, and two brigs, were nearly double the force of their opponents, and might safely risk a battle:—

"Lauriston, au contraire, s'appuyant sur l'assertion des prisonniers, qui ne donnaient que deux vaisseaux à Cochrane, ce qui en devait faire supposer tout au plus quatorze à Nelson, soutenait qu'avec vingt on était en mesure de le combattre avantageusement; et qu'après débarrassé de sa poursuite par une bataille il serait bien plus assuré de remplir sa mission."—P. 450.

Villeneuve resisted all his arguments, and sailed for Europe, being so utterly terrified lest Nelson should discover him as to determine not to take back to Martinique the soldiers whom he had withdrawn from that island and when about to attack Dominica. He therefore put as many as he could into four frigates, retaining still between four or five thousand of these troops, whom M. Thiers calls a "singularly embarrassing charge;" yet they must have been of service during the engagement which soon after took place between the French fleet and that of Sir Robert Calder.

The history of Nelson's proceedings during this period forces from M. Thiers an expression of grudging and unwilling admiration. On the 16th of April, he learned that the Toulon fleet had sailed through the Straits; and he at once decided to pursue it. West winds kept him in the Mediterranean till the

\* He really had *nine*, and with these he hesitated not to chase this vast French fleet from one hemisphere to the other.

\* M. Thiers knew the exact force of Villeneuve when he wrote this sentence: it was twenty ships of the line, three ships of fifty guns, five frigates, and three brigs. We shall see immediately that this shrouding of the numbers has a purpose.

30th. On the 10th of May he was in Lagos Bay, whence he detached one of his vessels in charge of a convoy, and sailed himself with the remainder to the West Indies, where he believed the French fleet to be. He reached Barbadoes\* early in June, after a voyage of what M. Thiers calls "*une rapidité prodigieuse*,"—sailing "*sans crainte avec neuf vaisseaux seulement*." Nelson, with nine vessels, rushed after a fleet of twenty, and was grieved only because they escaped him. M. Villeneuve, on the contrary, was absolutely frightened out of his wits lest with his vast fleet he should fall in with this small English force led by Nelson. Once in his life he had met Nelson, and the impression made on his mind by that terrible day never wore out. He had learned at the Nile how Nelson and his followers fought, and was now scared by the bare idea of again encountering him, even with the odds of twenty to fourteen in his favor. On arriving at Barbadoes Nelson imagined that the French fleet had gone to Trinidad, with the intention of reconquering it for Spain. He thereupon took 2000 men (soldiers) whom he found at Barbadoes, ordered Cochrane with his two ships to join him, and proceeded without delay at once to the Gulf of Paria in Trinidad. There not finding the French, he sailed straight to Grenada, which he reached on the 10th of June. Being still baffled in his search, he went back to Barbadoes in order to return the troops which he had taken thence, and sailed with his eleven back to Europe in hot pursuit of the enemy:—

"Que d'activité ! (here exclaims M. Thiers,) que d'énergie ! quel admirable emploi du temps ! C'est une nouvelle preuve qu'à la guerre, et dans la guerre de mer plus encore que dans la guerre de terre, la qualité des forces vaut toujours mieux que la quantité. Nelson avec onze vaisseaux était en confiance sur cette mer où Villeneuve tremblait avec vingt vaisseaux, montés cependant par des matelots héroïques !"

Villeneuve at the Azores found the frigates he had detached, and now proceeded to Europe, with his twenty sail of the line, three fifties, five frigates, and two brigs, and at length encountered an English fleet—not, however, commanded by Nelson; and the result showed how much depends upon the character of a chief in war. Sir Robert Calder had, indeed, only fifteen sail of the

line, and in the action which followed the meeting of the two fleets captured too Spanish sail of the line. M. Thiers calls this a victory on the part of the French, and the English seemed something of the same mind. Sir Robert Calder lost the command of the fleet, and was tried by a court-martial, and sentenced "to be severely reprimanded" for not having done his utmost to renew the action. The English decried their fleet because they had not captured the greater part of the enemy: the French deemed themselves victorious because they had lost only two ships. M. Thiers blames Villeneuve for not renewing the action, saying (we can hardly understand on what grounds), that as the combined fleet had only lost two vessels while they were twenty strong,\* they would the next day, when they were only eighteen, have utterly defeated the English had Villeneuve renewed the conflict. With the circumstances of this engagement we have in this paper no further concern. It led, however, to two important results, the full force of which was not at the time really understood. Nelson, who, on his return to Europe in August, had left his ship, and retired to Merton in order to recruit his shattered health, was led by the unsatisfactory result of Sir Robert Calder's action to offer his services to Mr. Pitt. His offer was accepted, and he assumed in consequence the command of the Channel fleet. The other important effect was that Villeneuve, thoroughly terrified by the action, though incomplete, and even favorable as it was considered by the French, resolved to disobey the positive command of Napoleon, rather than run any further risks. He had been commanded to relieve the blockade of Ferrol and Brest. In place of doing this, he determined to take refuge in Cadiz. Lauriston vehemently opposed this resolution, and insisted on the necessity of obeying the Emperor's commands. Villeneuve compromised the matter by anchoring at Vigo. Leaving three vessels at that port, he thence proceeded toward Ferrol, and on the 2d of August entered the open road which separates Ferrol from Corunna. At this place he was met by agents sent by Napoleon, and received

\* M. Thiers, in order to describe Villeneuve's state of mind, is obliged to use the word "fear." On this occasion his narrative runs thus:—"Nelson qu'il craignait tant était arrivé à la Barbade," &c.

\* The real force of Villeneuve, which M. Thiers anxiously veils, was in reality, as we have said in the text, twenty sail of the line, three fifty-gun ships, five frigates, and three brigs. Sir Robert Calder had fifteen sail of the line and two frigates. There can be no doubt of this, as the inquiry upon Sir Robert Calder necessarily brought out the exact force on both sides.

from them the orders of the Emperor not to enter Ferrol, as it might be difficult for him to get out again, but to proceed at once to Brest. Villeneuve sent this order on to Gravina. He, however, was already in the narrow pass leading to Ferrol, and could not return; and the Spanish part of the fleet proceeded to Ferrol, while that under Villeneuve remained outside opposite Corunna.

Villeneuve here found pressing letters from Decrès, the Minister of Marine, his old and intimate friend, and as pressing and peremptory orders from Napoleon, who, in order to inspire his fainting admiral with courage and hope, was prodigal of praise for what he had done, and of promises of future rewards and favor if he would accomplish the remainder of his task with equal success, and thus enable the Emperor to obtain the great object for which he so long had labored. He was entreated not to delay an instant, but at once to gather all the force within his reach and raise the blockade of Brest. The whole burden of the multiplied orders and advices which now reached the French admiral was,—“Go out and fight Cornwallis; never mind about being destroyed, provided you relieve Ganteaume, and that he, getting out safe and sound, is able to gather together the remains of the relieving fleet, and to proceed up the Channel.” “Faites-vous battre, même détruire, pourvu que par vos efforts la porte de Brest soit ouverte.”

But Villeneuve was not to be imbued with any of the spirit of his master. The dreaded image of Nelson was still before him. He heard that he was returned to Europe; he believed he was in the Channel, joined with Cornwallis and Calder, and waiting only to see in order to destroy him. Such is the picture which M. Thiers draws of the sailor selected from all the sailors of France by Napoleon, the most sagacious of men with respect to the character and capacity of other men, to be the chief in the operation, upon the proper direction of which depended the success of a project which Napoleon believed to be the most important of his whole life. Such is the man whom we have a right to consider the most able sailor which the French navy could supply to Napoleon, and this was the man destined by fortune to cope with Nelson in the great engagement which was to determine, not only the naval superiority, but the very existence, of England!

That Napoleon should watch with anxiety

and impatience the result of operations upon which such a stake depended, cannot surprise any one. From his camp at Boulogne he wrote, August 22, thus to Ganteaume and Villeneuve. Lauriston had written to inform him that Villeneuve had sailed for Brest. “*Nous allons à Brest*,” wrote Lauriston. The letters of Napoleon to his two admirals were as follows.

To Ganteaume he said:—

“Je vous ai déjà fait connaître par le télégraphe que mon intention est que vous ne souffriez pas que Villeneuve perde un seul jour, afin que, profitant de la supériorité que me donnent cinquante vaisseaux de ligne vous mettiez sur-le-champ en mer pour remplir votre destination, et pour vous porter dans la Manche avec tous vos forces. Je compte sur vos talents, votre fermeté, votre caractère dans une circonstance si importante. Partez et venez ici. Nous aurons vengé six siècles d’insultes et de honte. Jamais pour un plus grand objet, mes soldats de terre et de mer n’auront exposé leur vie.”

To Villeneuve he said:—

“Monsieur le Vice-amiral.—J’espère que vous êtes arrivé à Brest. Partez, ne perdez pas un moment, et avec mes escadres réunies entrez dans la Manche. L’ANGLETERRE EST À NOUS! Nous sommes tous prêts, tout est embarqué. Paraissez vingt-quatre heures et tout est terminé.”

From day to day Napoleon became more and more anxious to see the sails of his fleet as he stood in his camp at Boulogne. Every post brought him threatening intelligence. Austria was arming; Russia was preparing to aid her; Prussia was, as usual, doubtful, vacillating, and ready to desert him. War—a war with coalesced Europe—was inevitable; but the soul of this vast coalition was the land and the people whose shore was in his sight, but which as yet he was unable to reach. Could he reach it, the armies in the north, in the south, and the east, would melt away, and he would be master of Europe. Such were his hopes, such his expectations. In vain, however, did his eyes rest upon the ocean—no friendly sail appeared; and that fleet which he hoped was on its way to aid him in his mighty enterprise was, under the influence of its panic-stricken chief, now sailing to Cadiz. Nobody dared communicate the intelligence to Napoleon. Villeneuve had deceived Lauriston, and Lauriston had unwittingly deceived the emperor, by declaring that they were under way for Brest. Decrès, the minister, had, however, received a letter, in which Villeneuve revealed, rather than declared, his intention of proceeding to Cadiz; but Decrès waited until positive intelligence should undeceive Napoleon.

At length it came, and a storm followed. Napoleon, who was at no time a picker and chooser of words, burst forth, indignant as well at the cheat as the cowardice of Villeneuve. He called him "*un lâche*." Napoleon used the right word, spite of the protests of M. Thiers. He called him, also, "*un taritre*," which Villeneuve certainly was not. He determined to recall him from Cadiz, and to give the chief command to Ganteaume. But now he found an unexpected obstacle in Decrès himself, who sided with Villeneuve:—

"Le Ministre de la Marine, qui n'avait pas encore osé dire toute son opinion sur la réunion des flottes au milieu de la Manche, et dans les circonstances présentes, mais qui trouvait cette réunion *horriblement dangereuse*, depuis que les Anglais avertis s'étaient concentrés entre le Ferrol, Brest, et Portsmouth, supplia l'empereur de ne pas donner un ordre aussi funeste. lui dit que la saison était trop avancée, que les Anglais étaient trop sur leurs gardes, et que si on s'obstinait, on subirait devant Brest *quelque horrible catastrophe*."

Napoleon's constant answer was,—“There are fifty vessels, the English have not that number; if one of my two fleets is destroyed I care not, if the other, freed from blockade, can enter the Channel.” Decrès, however, was a sailor, and had the feelings of a French sailor as to the danger of encountering an English fleet; he begged to resign, rather than incur the responsibility of the proposed proceeding. Villeneuve went to Cadiz. The Austrian and Russian armies pressed upon the French forces, and Napoleon, if he intended to retain possession of his lately acquired dominions, was required upon the Rhine with an army of 200,000 men. The invasion of England was adjourned, never again to be attempted by Napoleon. On the 23d of August he became convinced that Villeneuve had sailed for Cadiz. He at once turned his attention to the Continent, withdrawing it entirely from the proposed descent upon England. But this cost him a powerful effort.

The victory of Ulm, and that triumphant scene of formal surrender by the Austrian, could not soothe his haughty soul, or obliterate the recollection of the mode in which he had been foiled. In his proclamation of congratulation to the soldiers of *la Grande Armée*, he proudly describes the extent of their success; but suddenly exclaims as the recollection of Boulogne clouds his thoughts of victory, “*Mais qu'importe à l'Angleterre? Son but est atteint; nous ne sommes plus à Boulogne;*” \* all of which M. Thiers describes,

and very dextrously closes his narrative of this remarkable project of Napoleon with a discussion upon the reality of his intention, and the possibility of fulfilling it; and ends by deciding that the plan was seriously, and for a long period, entertained by Napoleon, and that it was no chimera, no fanciful dream, but a very rational and not very difficult enterprise. A very significant allusion to steam navigation winds up the whole.

On the 2d of September Napoleon left Boulogne; on the 20th of October the Austrian army at Ulm defiled before him prisoners of war.

On leaving Boulogne he was resolved to deprive Villeneuve of his command, and to order the fleet from Cadiz to Toulon.

Decrès, who was the personal and very intimate friend of Villeneuve, endeavored to shield him from the anger of Napoleon, who, on leaving Paris to join the army in Germany, said to the minister, “Your friend Villeneuve will be probably too much of a coward to sail from Cadiz. Send Admiral Rossilly\* to Cadiz, and let him take the command of the squadron, if it have not yet sailed; and you will order Villeneuve to come to Paris and account to me for his conduct.” Decrès shrunk from communicating this order to his friend. If he was deprived of the command, he would have no means of re-establishing himself in the good opinion of Napoleon; and, therefore, to give him yet another chance, Decrès simply informed him that Rossilly had left for Cadiz, without letting Villeneuve know for what purpose he was so sent. At the same time he abstained from advising him to set sail, though he hoped that he would understand what was behind, and sail at once. To this mode of proceeding on the part of the Minister of Marine, M. Thiers ascribes the sailing of Villeneuve from Cadiz, for which, at the time, the world was at a loss to find a reason, as there appeared no adequate motive for now incurring the danger which induced him originally to take refuge in that port. Villeneuve understood his friend's intention, and determined to prove to Napoleon and the world that personal cowardice had not led to the conduct which the emperor so fiercely blamed.

“Si la marine française (writes Villeneuve to his friend the minister), n'a manqué que d'audace, comme on le prétend, l'empereur sera prochaine-

\* This is the account given by M. Thiers: yet Admiral Rossilly's flag was hoisted in the *Herwick*, which ship, with the flag flying, was at Trafalgar, and escaped thence to Cadiz.

\* Vol. vi. p. 137.

ment satisfait, et il peut compter sur les plus éclatants succès."

Every word uttered by Villeneuve after this, every word written by him, every act done, manifested a deplorable and—we will use the word—a cowardly despair. In his eagerness to prepare an exculpation, he did his utmost to insure a defeat. He found fault with everything and everybody, and by his openly expressed prognostications of destruction, disheartened his captains and his men; and, by teaching them to anticipate defeat, taught them to watch for and to seize every opportunity of escape.

"Il avait le tort comme un homme dont le moral est affecté d'exagérer le mérite de l'ennemi, et de déprécier celui de ses soldats. Il disait qu'avec vingt vaisseaux français ou espagnols il n'en voudrait pas combattre quatorze anglais, et il tenait ce langage devant ses propres officiers."—Vol. v. p. 445.

We shall see immediately the consequence of this conduct.

One declaration of this unfortunate officer, subsequent events completely disproved. He declared that when he left Toulon he was full of hope; but the experience of a few hours with his own crews shook his faith, which was utterly destroyed when he saw the condition of his Spanish allies, and he wrote to Decrès, saying, "Would to God that the Spanish squadron (except the *Argonauta*) had never joined us. They are only of use to ruin everything, which they have always done. Ce sont eux qui nous ont conduits au dernier degré des malheurs." This he said after the action with Sir Robert Calder, in which two Spanish ships had been captured by the English. It deserves, however, to be remarked, that in every case the Spaniards took the lead. They never took to flight, and fought their ships with unflinching gallantry. In Sir Robert Calder's action, victory, says M. Thiers, would have belonged to the French, if the battle had been renewed. It was not renewed, according to him, because the French admiral hesitated and was afraid. Gravina, the Spaniard, never hesitated, and was above all fear, and consequently, was extolled by the whole fleet, while Villeneuve was the subject of bitter objur-gation. "Le jugement sévère de ses équipages qui se plaignaient tout haut de son irresolution, et qui exaltaient la bravoure, la décision de l'Amiral Gravina, lui poignait le cœur;" and we shall see that in the action off Trafalgar the Spaniards all fought hero-

cally, while a large portion of the French fleet kept carefully out of fire, and at length attempted to save themselves from capture by deserting their allies and their countrymen. Nelson, who had a large experience, always declared that the Spaniards were better seamen, more bold and more hardy, than the French. M. Thiers, however, does not scruple to throw the chief blame upon these gallant allies, and to make them answerable for the defeat which followed.

Having thus given a description of the chief—a description taken from M. Thiers himself—let us now endeavor to ascertain accurately the extent and character of the force which he commanded.

The French fleet, then, according to M. Thiers, consisted of thirty-three sail of the line, three frigates, and two brigs. Of the Spanish contingent to this force, M. Thiers speaks in terms of the utmost disparagement: particularly mentioning the *Santa Aña*, le *Rayo*, and le *San Justo*, as "propres tout au plus à appareiller avec la flotte, ils étaient incapables de tenir leur place dans une ligne de bataille." Yet we shall find that the *Santa Aña* was the ship singled out by Collingwood, and which fought as gallant a fight that day as any ship of either fleet.

Having thus endeavored to diminish the value of the Spanish part of the force, M. Thiers next attempts to mislead his readers as to the weight of metal possessed by the opposing forces. Nelson, he says, had under his command nearly the same force as Villeneuve; that is to say, thirty-four or thirty-five vessels. We shall immediately give an exact account of Nelson's force, and the precise number of ships and guns with which he fought the battle; but will first, as accurately as possible, ascertain the force of the combined fleet. M. Thiers says positively that the force on each side was *nearly equal*; we say as positively, that this statement is willfully untrue. The words of the historian are as follows:—

"Enfin, vers onze heures du matin les deux colonnes ennemies, s'avançant vent arrière, et toutes voiles dehors, joignirent notre flotte.\* Elle marchaient par rang de vitesse avec la seule précaution de placer en tête leurs vaisseaux à trois ponts. Elles en comptaient sept, et nous quatre seulement, malheureusement espagnols, c'est à dire moins capables de rendre leur supériorité utile. Aussi, bien que les anglais eussent 27 vaisseaux et nous 33, ils possédaient le même

\* Accuracy seems despised by M. Thiers—the hour is here incorrectly given.

nombre de bouches à feu, et dès lors une force égale."—Vol. vi. p. 61.

The ships of both sides in action are given

below, ranged in opposite columns, with the fate attending those of the combined fleet. No English ship was lost either by capture or destruction.

ENGLISH.			COMBINED FLEET.							
			FRENCH.							
No.	Ships.	Guns.	No.	Ships.	Guns.					
100	1 Victory . . .	100	1 Bucentaure . . .	80	80	Villeneuve's vessel wrecked—some of the crew saved. Ad. Dumanoir, escaped to the southward.* Got into Gadiz, perfect. Wrecked off Rota, all perished. Taken, but escaped into Cadiz during the gale.				
	2 R. Sovereign . . .	100	2 Formidable . . .	80						
	3 Britannia . . .	100	3 Neptune . . .	80						
	4 Téméraire . . .	98	4 Indomptable . . .	80						
98	5 Prince . . .	98	5 Algesiras . . .	74	74	Returned to Cadiz in a sinking state. Escaped to the southward * Burned by the Britannia. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped southward.* Escaped southward.* Wrecked north of San Lucar. Went on shore inside of Cadiz harbor. Burned during the action. Sunk. Wrecked off Trafalgar, all perished. Escaped into Cadiz. Admiral Rossilly's flag.				
	6 Neptune . . .	98	6 Pluton . . .	74						
	7 Dreadnought . . .	98	7 Mont Blanc . . .	74						
80	8 Tonnant . . .	80	8 Intrépide . . .	74			74	Sunk by order after the action. Escaped into Cadiz. Captured, but escaped into Cadiz during gale. Wrecked near San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Sunk by Ajax. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Escaped to Cadiz. Burned by Leviathan. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked off San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped to Cadiz. Escaped to Cadiz.		
	9 Belleisle . . .	74	9 Swiftsure . . .	74						
	10 Revenge . . .	74	10 Aigle . . .	74						
	11 Mars . . .	74	11 Scipion . . .	74						
74	12 Spartiate . . .	74	12 Duguay Trouin . . .	74					112	Sunk by order after the action. Escaped into Cadiz. Captured, but escaped into Cadiz during gale. Wrecked near San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Sunk by Ajax. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Escaped to Cadiz. Burned by Leviathan. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked off San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped to Cadiz. Escaped to Cadiz.
	13 Defiance . . .	74	13 Berwick . . .	74						
	14 Conqueror . . .	74	14 Argonaute . . .	74						
	15 Defence . . .	74	15 Achille . . .	74						
	16 Colossus . . .	74	16 Rédoutable . . .	74						
	17 Leviathan . . .	74	17 Fougueux . . .	74						
	18 Achille . . .	74	18 Héro . . .	74						
	19 Bellerophon . . .	74								
	20 Minotaur . . .	74								
	21 Orion . . .	74								
64	22 Swiftsure . . .	74			100	Sunk by order after the action. Escaped into Cadiz. Captured, but escaped into Cadiz during gale. Wrecked near San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Sunk by Ajax. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Escaped to Cadiz. Burned by Leviathan. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked off San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped to Cadiz. Escaped to Cadiz.				
	23 Ajax . . .	74								
	24 Thunderer . . .	74								
	25 Polyphemus . . .	64								
64	26 Africa . . .	64					80	Sunk by order after the action. Escaped into Cadiz. Captured, but escaped into Cadiz during gale. Wrecked near San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Sunk by Ajax. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Escaped to Cadiz. Burned by Leviathan. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked off San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped to Cadiz. Escaped to Cadiz.		
	27 Agamemnon . . .	64								
	Four Frigates.									
	One Schooner.									
	One Cutter.									
			SPANISH.							
			19 Sma. Trinidad . . .	180	100	Sunk by order after the action. Escaped into Cadiz. Captured, but escaped into Cadiz during gale. Wrecked near San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Sunk by Ajax. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Escaped to Cadiz. Burned by Leviathan. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked off San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped to Cadiz. Escaped to Cadiz.				
			20 Principe de Asturias . . .	112						
			21 Sta. Aña . . .	112						
			22 Rayo . . .	100						
			23 Neptuno . . .	80	80	Sunk by order after the action. Escaped into Cadiz. Captured, but escaped into Cadiz during gale. Wrecked near San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Sunk by Ajax. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Escaped to Cadiz. Burned by Leviathan. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked off San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped to Cadiz. Escaped to Cadiz.				
			24 Argonauta . . .	80						
			25 Bahama . . .	74						
			26 Montanes . . .	74						
			27 S. Augustin . . .	74	74	Sunk by order after the action. Escaped into Cadiz. Captured, but escaped into Cadiz during gale. Wrecked near San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Sunk by Ajax. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Escaped to Cadiz. Burned by Leviathan. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked off San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped to Cadiz. Escaped to Cadiz.				
			28 S. Ildelonso . . .	74						
			29 S. Juan Nepomuceno . . .	74						
			30 Monarca . . .	74						
			31 S. Francisco d'Asis . . .	74	64	Sunk by order after the action. Escaped into Cadiz. Captured, but escaped into Cadiz during gale. Wrecked near San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Sunk by Ajax. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Escaped to Cadiz. Burned by Leviathan. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Captured, sent to Gibraltar. Wrecked off San Lucar. Wrecked near Rota. Escaped to Cadiz. Escaped to Cadiz.				
			32 San Justo . . .	74						
			33 San Leandro . . .	64						
			5 Frigates and 2 Brigs.							

The result of this table is, that the English having 2,148 guns and the combined fleet 2,628—the latter had 478 more than the English; and with these figures within his reach, and respecting which no doubt

can be raised, M. Thiers scruples not to assert that, "bien que les Anglais eussent 27 vaisseaux, et nous 33, ils possédait le même nombre de bouches à feu." *If from Villeneuve's fleet every eighty-gun ship had been*

\* The four ships marked \*, the four French ships, Formidable, Mont Blanc, Scipion, Duguay, verified the old verse:—

He who fights and runs away,  
Lives to fight another day.

They did run away, having sustained no injury, but were all taken by Sir R. Strachan on the 4th of November following.



*withdrawn—and there were of French and Spanish six such vessels that day under his command—the two fleets would have been equal in number of vessels, and the English would then have possessed two guns more than their opponents. But would Villeneuve have ventured out of Cadiz if such an equality*

*in numbers and strength had really existed?*

We have now to relate the great event to which all the circumstances here described formed a fitting prelude. But that event deserves a fuller record than our present space permits, and must therefore be reserved for the pages of our succeeding number.

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From Eliza Cook's Journal.

## "LOVED AT HOME."

I NEVER had a ten-pound note, I care not who may know,  
Nor golden brooch, nor silver chain, nor aught that's worn for show :  
I've earned each meal I've had for years by honest daily toil,  
Yet few have had a merrier heart or worn a gladder smile.

Loud demagogues have brawled for years, "you all shall soon be free ;"  
But loud and frothy prophecies have gained no vote for me.  
I've heard the factions rave and rave, and plan and counter-plan,  
Yet ne'er perceived, by all their schemes, I was a happier man.

I'm proud to be an Englishman—there is no land on earth  
I should so much have gloried in, could I have picked my birth ;  
And naught ambition tempts me with, my spirit could have strung  
To higher aim, than simple rhyme, in Shakspeare's mother tongue.

But I have had a blessed home, beneath whose humble roof  
A mother's nightly prayers for me were breathed without reproof ;  
And where my sisters' clustering love grew round my friendly stem,  
And looked into mine eyes with hope as I looked joy to them.

Ye who have given my lips delight, and ye whose friendly press  
Has ever held my hand in yours to welcome and to bless ;  
Oh, ye have ever heard me say, "Whatever else may come,  
There's no such joy on earth for man, as being 'loved at home.'"

If pride could see my scanty room, some twelve feet six by ten,  
And take down all the chattels there, 't would scarcely soil a pen ;  
But there are years of mother's love—in letters week by week,  
A wealth that hearts can better weigh than tongues can aptly speak.

And judging hence from what I've felt, when'er I see a face  
Smile-lighted on the path of life, I'm certain I can trace  
The root whence that sweet influence can only truly come,  
The inward joy that fills the soul when we are "loved at home."

From the Edinburgh Review.

## TENNYSON, AND THE SCHOOLS OF POETRY.

1. *The Princess: a Medley*. Poems by ALFRED TENNYSON. Fifth Edition. London: 1848.
2. *The Poetical Works of Percy Bysshe Shelley*. Edited by Mrs. SHELLEY. 3 vols. London: 1847.
3. *Life, Letters, and Literary Remains of John Keats*. Edited by R. MONCKTON MILNES. 2 vols. London: 1848.

IN our recent notices of Mr. Taylor's "Eve of the Conquest" and of the "King Arthur" of Sir E. B. Lytton, we ventured to deal with these remarkable productions as representatives of those forms of the poetical character to which they seemed severally to belong. On the present occasion we propose, though somewhat late, to take the opportunity which Mr. Tennyson's "Princess" affords us, of continuing our sketch of modern poetry and poets.

If a man were to scrutinize the external features of our time, for the purpose of characterizing it compendiously, he would be tempted, we suspect, to give up the task before long, and to pronounce the age a Medley. It would be hard to specify the character of our Philosophy, including as it does fragments of all systems, sometimes at open war, and sometimes eclectically combined. Not less various is the texture of Society among us, in which time-honored traditions are blended with innovations which a few months make antiquated. The Political condition of our day is a war of great principles. As heterogeneous in its character is Art among us. Here we have an imitation of the antique, there a revival of the middle ages; while sculpture itself is sometimes compelled to relax its severity, and copy the rude attire of our northern yeomen. By what term could we describe the architecture of the day? In our rising cities we find a Gothic church close to a Byzantine fane or an Italian basilica; and in their immediate neighborhood a town-hall like a Greek temple, a mansion like a Roman palace, and a club-house after the fashion of Louis XIV. The age in which we live may have a char-

acter of its own; but that character is not written in its face.

In this respect Mr. Tennyson's poem "The Princess," not without design, if we may judge by the title, resembles the age. "A Medley" he calls it; and a medley, so far as its materials are concerned, it assuredly is. We find in it classical allusions, a tournament of the middle ages, and the scientific and political associations of modern times. It is only on a repeated perusal that a certain unity of purpose which methodizes its variegated exterior discloses itself. It professes but to weave together a chaplet of gay devices, such as might amuse the idleness of a young party on a summer's day: and the reader will perhaps be disposed to regret this—if his experience be not sufficient to warn him that grand undertakings are apt to turn out tedious performances, and that often where least is promised most is accomplished.

The "Prologue" of the poem explains its drift, and is indeed one of its most graphic and graceful portions. A rural festival is celebrated in the grounds of Sir Walter Vivian, a "good old country gentleman," fond of sports and of the poor. His son, with several young college friends, is passing the vacation at his house; and some ladies from the neighboring country-seats are of the party. The morning is spent in looking over those curiosities of art and antiquity with which an old country-house may be supposed to abound: the guests inspect the rusty armor of times gone by, and dive into old family records, including a chronicle which celebrates a knight without fear and without reproach, Sir Ralph, who fought at

Ascalon, and a certain lady who had herself borne helmet and sword, and driven the foe from her walls. Leaving the house they then mingle with the crowd; after witnessing whose revels for a time, they make their retreat at last within the walls of a Gothic ruin, where they sit down to tell college tales, criticise Masters, Proctors, and Tutors, and compare old things with new. A broken statue of the good knight Ralph which Lilia, the daughter of Sir Walter, has, in a childish caprice, mantled with a scarf of crimson silk, recalls the family legend; and where, asks Walter, is a true heroine now to be found? His young sister affirms that the land is still rich in such, but that their heroic qualities are undeveloped in consequence of their being deprived of a befitting education. Catching at this idea, half in ridicule and half in sympathy, the young men agree to recount a tale of which the heroine is to be a Princess who devotes herself to the exaltation of her sex, bringing up the maidens of her land in all manly knowledge and training. The narrators, who are seven in number, engage to take up the story in succession. The character of the tale is thus announced (p. 12.):—

“But one that really suited time and place  
 Were such a medley! we should have *him*  
 back  
 Who told the Winter's Tale to do it for us!  
 A Gothic ruin, and a Grecian house,  
 A talk of college and of ladies' rights,  
 A feudal knight in silken masquerade,  
 And there, with shrieks and strange experiments,  
 For which the good Sir Ralph had burnt them  
 all,  
 The nineteenth century gambols on the grass.”

With this intimation the tale corresponds. The poem begins as an English Decameron of the nineteenth century; but it swells as it proceeds into a wider continuity of interests, and deepens in pathos. A vein of kindly irony runs through no small portion of it; but by insensible gradations, the serious and the tender first, then the pathetic and the profound, supervene upon the gamesome. Any but the most delicate execution in this respect would have produced a very coarse, not to say grotesque, effect. The humorous and the serious are, however, seldom here found antithetically opposed to each other; but blend rather, like the different shades of some fine material shifted in the light. In this respect the poem is in harmony with nature; who so intertwines the grave with the

gay, in her passages of sadness or promise, that the color of the web is dark or bright according to the humor of him who handles it. There is room both for Democritus and Heraclitus in the world; and their dispute is one in which neither can have the last word.

The narrative is but a slender thread; perhaps too slender compared with the gems of precious poetry with which it is strung. A certain Prince, of whom we know no more than that he was “blue-eyed and fair in face,” and that “on his cradle shone the Northern Star,” had been betrothed and proxy-wedded while a child, to a Princess in the south not more than eight years old. The boy wears next his heart her picture, and one dark tress of southern hair; and around these relics, as boyhood changes into youth,

“Sweet thoughts would swarm as bees about  
 their queen.”

Ida, the Princess, has had her ideal also; but to her young lover she has been faithless before she has had the opportunity of being faithful. She admits, indeed, that

“We had our dreams—perhaps he mingled with  
 them;”

but she has been the spoilt child of a doting father, and she has had her way in all things. The motherless girl had fallen, moreover, under the influence of two widows, Lady Psyche and Lady Blanche: and they have taught her, how

“Knaves are men  
 That lute and flute fantastic tenderness,  
 And dress the victim to the offering up,  
 And paint the gates of Hell with Paradise,  
 And play the slave to gain the tyranny.” (P. 71.)

Among her own companions the Princess has seen also an instance of ill-requited truth. These circumstances have strengthened an early aspiration into a fixed resolve. It is thus that the king, her father, describes it to the young Prince who has sought his court, and in vain demanded the fulfillment of the early contract. He speaks of her two widow friends (pp. 18, 19):—

“They fed her theories, in and out of place  
 Maintaining that with equal husbandry  
 The woman were an equal to the man.  
 They harp'd on this; with this our banquets  
 rang;  
 Our dances broke and buzz'd in knots of talk;  
 Nothing but this: my very ears were hot

To hear them. Last, my daughter begged a boon

A certain summer-palace which I have  
Hard by your father's frontier: I said no,  
Yet being an easy man, gave it; and there,  
All wild to found an University  
For maidens, on the spur she fled."

The utmost that the Prince can obtain is permission to seek her out, and use his own powers of persuasion. Accompanied by two faithful friends, Florian and Cyril, he returns northward to the neighborhood of the Princess' university, which no man is allowed to enter on pain of death. The three adventurers, however, effect an entrance, disguised as students. The Princess is thus presented (p. 25):—

"There at a board, by tome and paper, sat,  
With two tame leopards couch'd beside her throne,

All beauty compass'd in a female form,  
The Princess; liker to the inhabitant  
Of some clear planet close upon the Sun,  
Than our man's earth: such eyes were in her head,  
And so much grace and power, breathing down  
From over her arch'd brows, with every turn  
Lived thro' her, to the tips of her long hands,  
And to her feet."

It would be difficult to exceed the skill with which this female university is described. Even the colleges of our native land, though devoted to many studies, once held in them a certain feminine element of seclusion, decorous observance, innocence, sanctity, and obedience—of which the gown survives as the symbol. In early times, indeed, they were households on a larger scale, collected round the hearths of the church. Mr. Tennyson has availed himself of the points of analogy, touching more rarely those of contrast, and treating them in a spirit rather of friendly railery than of satire. In his management of a theme so perilous as the adventures of three young men in a secular nunnery, there is no offence against good taste or good manners. He does all honor to the purity of a high though erring intention; sees only what is worthiest to be seen, and turns even the aberrations of female willfulness into the graceful, the winning, and the womanly. The first thing that the disguised youths do is to attend lecture. The Lady Blanche and the Lady Psyche are the most famous of the professors. They enroll themselves among Psyche's pupils. (P. 28.)

"As we enter'd in,  
There sat along the forms, like morning doves

That sun their milky bosoms on the thatch,  
A patient range of pupils."

Her lecture begins with science, and ends in something more like song. Psyche, though she had been married to a nobleman of the southern land, is the sister of Florian; nor can his disguise protect him long from her recognition. After much pleading, however, the young men prevail upon her to keep their secret, on condition of their speedy departure. The next evening the Princess heads a riding party, to take the dip of certain strata in the base of the neighboring hills. All the evening they climb the precipices, and after their repast sing songs. The following, rather a suspicious one, is that sung by the Northern Prince (pp. 69, 70):—

"O Swallow, Swallow, flying, flying South,  
Fly to her, and fall upon her gilded eaves,  
And tell her, tell her what I tell to thee.

"O tell her, Swallow, thou that knowest each,  
That bright and fierce and fickle is the South,  
And dark and true and tender is the North.

"O Swallow, Swallow, if I could follow, and  
light  
Upon her lattice, I would pipe and trill,  
And cheep and twitter twenty million loves.

"O were I thou that she might take me in,  
And lay me on her bosom, and her heart  
Would rock the snowy cradle, till I died!

"Why lingereth she to clothe her heart with  
love,  
Delaying as the tender ash delays  
To clothe herself, when all the woods are green?

"O tell her, Swallow, that thy brood is flown:  
Say to her, I do but wanton in the South,  
But in the North long since my nest is made.

"O tell her, brief is life, but love is long,  
And brief the sun of summer in the North,  
And brief the moon of beauty in the South.

"O Swallow, flying from the golden woods,  
Fly to her, and pipe and woo her, and make her  
mine,  
And tell her, tell her, that I follow thee."

Before the evening is over, Cyril breaks in with some wild boisterous catch, and quite forgets the necessity of mimicking the female voice. The strangers are consequently discovered: and a sudden flight ensues. As the Princess gallops away in indignation, her horse stumbles upon the bridge, and she is precipitated into the river just above the

falls. While her maidens clap their hands and scream upon the bank, the Prince plunges into the flood, and after a hard struggle brings her safe to land. Again she mounts, and with her train reaches the university. Downcast, and with a slower pace, the discovered youths follow. They are brought before the judgment-seat of the incensed Princess, who is not in the most placable of moods. (P. 78.)

"They halted us to the Princess, where she sat  
High in the hall : above her droop'd a lamp,  
And made the single jewel on her brow  
Burn like the mystic fire on a mast-head,  
Prophet of storm : a handmaid on each side  
Bow'd toward her, combing out her long black hair  
Damp from the river ; and close behind her stood  
Eight daughters of the plough,—stronger than men !  
Huge women blow'd with health, and wind,  
and rain,  
And labor. Each was like a Druid rock ;  
Or like a spire of land that stands apart  
Cleft from the main, and clang'd about with  
mews."

It is in vain that the Prince boldly pleads his love, and urges his contract. At this critical moment the college is suddenly beleaguered by an armed host. The father of the Prince, a rough, fierce old man, with hoary hair and a fiery eye flashing beneath it, had thought from the first that an appeal to arms was the orthodox mode of settling the question of the repudiated contract. From that scheme he had been dissuaded ; but hearing that his son has made his way into the forbidden precinct, and jealous lest mischance should befall him there, he has hastily collected his army, surprised the little priggish king, the father of our formidable heroine, and surrounded the university. The Princess is equal to the emergency ; and her native character, which is heroic and self-devoted, asserts itself. She refuses to surrender, and quells the tumult. (Pp. 88, 89.)

"From the illumin'd hall  
Long lanes of splendor slanted o'er a press  
Of snowy shoulders, thick as herded ewes,  
And rainbow robes, and gems and gemlike eyes,  
And gold, and golden heads ; they to and fro  
Fluctuated, as flowers in storm, some red, some  
pale,  
All open-mouth'd, all gazing to the light,  
Some crying there was an army in the land,  
And some that men were in the very walls,  
And some they cared not ; till a clamor grew  
As of a new-world Babel, woman-built,

And worse-confounded : high above them stood  
The placid marble Muses, looking peace.

"Not peace, She look'd, the Head : but rising  
up  
Robed in the long night of her deep hair, so  
To the open window moved, remaining there  
Fixt like a beacon-tower above the waves  
Of tempest, when the crimson-rolling eye  
Glazes ruin, and the sea-birds on the light  
Dash themselves dead. She stretch'd her arms  
and called  
Across the tumult—and the tumult fell !"

The Prince is expelled by the eight "daughters of the plough."

From this moment the story gradually becomes more serious. The Princess has been from her infancy the delight of three warlike brothers ; they too collect an army, and the rival hosts meet ere long beneath the walls of the maiden college. The Prince rides forth to the hostile camp, and has an interview with the brothers of the Princess. He challenges them to submit the dispute to the arbitrament of a combat, to be fought by fifty chosen knights on each side. The combat takes place, in the presence of both courts ; and the Prince, with his two friends, after a terrible conflict, is left on the plain among the dying and the dead.

The next book begins with the Princess' song of triumph—but ends with her defeat. This scene has a greatness of character beyond, perhaps, any other part of the poem. In it more than anywhere else, the large performance breaks through the narrow limits of the unambitious design ; and we recognize, as we glance around on its manifold sources of interest—the wounded Prince, the unhappy father, the mother pleading for her child, the indignant warrior, and the Princess slow to yield—an epic breadth of effect as well as style of handling. Accompanied by her maidens, and holding in her arms the infant child of Psyche, whom she had taken to herself on its mother's flight, Ida descends to the battle-field. An enemy more formidable than armed hosts there assails her—Pity. It is not by physical suffering alone that she is confronted. Psyche pleads hard for the restoration of her child. Cyril forgets his own wounds while vindicating her claims. The memory of old friendship comes to their aid,—and Psyche is forgiven. Old Gama bitterly reproaches his daughter. The Prince's father refuses her aid. Reality comes suddenly home to one whose life has been a dream ; and nature will have her way. "Let the wounded be carried into the university,"

she exclaims, overwhelmed by the passion of sudden grief; "Psyche shall be Cyril's nurse; she will herself tend her chief enemy." She speaks, and it is done. The Prince gains, unconsciously and in defeat, the privilege after which in health and strength he had in vain aspired.

The conclusion need hardly be narrated—unless we too could tell it as it is told by the poet. The wounded knights, after a struggle discreetly prolonged, recover. The remedial process was apparently rather empirical in character, consisting, in a large measure, of transfusion and counter-irritation. By degrees renovated strength glided, from the touch of their youthful nurses and very friendly physicians, into the veins of the wounded warriors: by degrees fever left the wearied head; but a kindred unrest was transferred into the hearts (how recently occupied only by learned cares) of those who were piously grateful for the work of their own hands. The knights live; and the ladies indulgently favor their devotion. In ice itself there are different degrees of coldness. Psyche is already betrothed to Cyril, and Melissa, the daughter of the spiteful Blanche, to Florian; while the Princess still holds out, "like Teneriffe or Atlas unremoved." Example, however, is dangerous; idleness is more so; and Ida's great design has been brought by compulsion to a stand-still. Remorse, also, as well as compassion, has been dealing with her; and Spring-tide falls at last upon Ida's heart. One evening the Prince awakens from a long trance, and for the first time is conscious of outward things. Seldom has love been so described. (Pp. 148—150.)

"I saw the forms: I knew not where I was;  
Sad phantoms conjured out of circumstance,  
Ghosts of the fading brain, they seem'd; nor more  
Sweet Ida. Palm to palm she sat; the dew  
Dwelt in her eyes, and softer all her shape  
And rounder show'd: I moved: I sigh'd: a touch  
Came round my wrist, and tears upon my hand!  
Then, all for languor and self-pity, ran  
Mine, down my face; and with what life I had,  
And like a flower that cannot all unfold,  
So drench'd it is with tempest, to the sun,  
Yet, as it may, turns toward him, I on her  
Fixt my faint eyes, and utter'd whisperingly:

"If you be, what I think you, some sweet dream,  
I would but ask you to fulfill yourself:  
But if you be that Ida whom I knew,  
I ask you nothing: only, if a dream,  
Sweet dream, be perfect. I shall die to-night!  
Stoop down and seem to kiss me ere I die."

"I could no more, but lay like one in trance,  
That hears his burial talk'd of by his friends,

And cannot speak, nor move, nor make one sign,  
But lies and dreads his doom. She turn'd; she  
paused;

She stoop'd; and with a great shock of the heart  
Our mouths met! out of languor leaped a cry,  
Crown'd Passion from the brinks of death, and up  
Along the shuddering senses struck the soul,  
And closed on fire with Ida's at the lips;  
Till back I fell, and from mine arms she rose,  
Glowing all over noble shame; and all  
Her falser self slipt from her like a robe,  
And left her woman, lovelier in her mood  
Than in her mould that other, when she came  
From barren deeps to conquer all with love,  
And down the streaming crystal dropt, and she  
Far-fleeted by the purple island-sides,  
Naked, a double light in air and wave,  
To meet her Graces, where they deck'd her out  
For worship without end! Nor end of mine,  
Stateliest, for thee! but mute she glided forth,  
Nor glanced behind her, and I sank and slept,  
Fill'd thro' and thro' with Love, a happy sleep."

Again, in the middle of the night, the Prince wakes: Ida sits beside him, and holds (pp. 150, 151):—

"A volume of the Poets of her land:  
There to herself, all in low tones, she read.

"Now sleeps the crimson petal, now the white;  
Nor waves the cypress in the palace walk!  
Nor winks the gold fin in the porphyry font:  
The fire-fly wakens: waken thou with me!

"Now droops the milkwhite peacock like a ghost,  
And like a ghost she glimmers on to me.

"Now lies the Earth all Danaë to the stars,  
And all thy heart lies open unto me.

"Now slides the silent meteor on, and leaves  
A shining furrow—as thy thoughts in me.

"Now folds the lily all her sweetness up,  
And slips into the bosom of the lake:  
So fold thyself, my dearest, thou, and slip  
Into my bosom and be lost in me."

There is silence. Again she opens the volume, and reads the following Idyl (pp. 151—153):—

"Come down, O maid, from yonder mountain  
height:  
What pleasure lives in height (the shepherd  
sang)—  
In height and cold, the splendor of the hills?  
But cease to move so near the Heavens, and  
cease  
To glide a sunbeam by the blasted Pine,  
To sit a star upon the sparkling spire;  
And come, for Love is of the valley, come,  
For Love is of the valley, come thou down  
And find him! by the happy threshold, he,

Or hand in hand with Plenty in the maize,  
 Or red with spirted purple of the vats,  
 Or foxlike in the vine; nor cares to walk  
 With Death and Morning on the Silver Horns,  
 Nor wilt thou snare him in the white ravine,  
 Nor find him dropt upon the firths of ice,  
 That huddling slant in furrow-cloven falls  
 To roll the torrent out of dusky doors:  
 But follow; let the torrent dance thee down  
 To find him in the valley; let the wild  
 Lean-headed Eagles yelp alone, and leave  
 The monstrous ledges there to slope, and spill  
 Their thousand wreaths of dangling water-  
 smoke,

That like a broken purpose waste in air.  
 So waste not thou! but come! for all the vales  
 Await thee; azure pillars of the hearth  
 Arise to thee; the children call, and I  
 Thy shepherd pipe, and sweet is every sound!  
 Sweeter thy voice, but every sound is sweet;  
 Myriads of rivulets hurrying thro' the lawn,  
 The moan of doves in immemorial elms,  
 And murmuring of innumerable bees.'

"So she, low-toned; while with shut eyes I lay  
 Listening; then look'd. Pale was the perfect  
 face;

The bosom with long sighs labor'd; and meek  
 Seem'd the full lips, and mild the luminous eyes,  
 And the voice trembled and the hand. She said  
 Brokenly, that she knew it, she had fail'd,  
 In sweet humility; had fail'd in all;  
 That all her labor was but as a block  
 Left in the quarry."

In surrendering herself Ida surrenders all.  
 Her lover, however, restores to her the sub-  
 stance of her early hope, now purified from  
 presumption and ambition; and, learning as  
 well as teaching through the sympathies, as-  
 sures her that there had been a heart of truth  
 in her aspiring creed. (Pp. 156, 157.)

"For woman is not undevelop'd man,  
 But diverse: could we make her as the man,  
 Sweet love were slain, whose dearest bond is this  
 Not like to like, but like in difference:  
 Yet in the long years liker must they grow;  
 The man be more of woman, she of man;  
 He gain in sweetness and in moral height,  
 Nor lose the wrestling thews that throw the  
 world;

She mental breadth, nor fail in childward care:  
 More as the double-natured Poet, each:  
 Till at the last she set herself to man,  
 Like perfect music unto noble words;  
 And so these twain, upon the skirts of Time,  
 Sit side by side, full-summ'd in all their powers,  
 Dispensing harvest, sowing the To-be,  
 Self-reverent each and reverencing each,  
 Distinct in individualities,  
 But like each other ev'n as those who love.  
 Then comes the statelier Eden back to men:  
 Then reign the world's great bridals, chaste and  
 calm:

Then springs the crowning race of humankind!"

The reader will have been enabled, by our analysis of the story, and still more by our extracts, to form a judgment of Mr. Tennyson's poem. He will perceive that, although the discordant materials of the tale are put together with much skill, it does not propose to itself the highest objects of narrative poetry. He will discover, also, that it is equally far from being a burlesque. The work, which is eminently original in its conception, is in narrative poetry much what the comedy of poetry and character, as distinguished from that of wit and manners, is in dramatic. The "Midsummer Night's Dream" and the "Tempest" include a serious meaning, although the tragic element enters not into them. They contemplate human life in the main from the sunny side; but, even from faeryland, it is still human life which they regard. So it is with Mr. Tennyson's "Princess." The abundant grace and descriptive beauty which meet the superficial eye, constitute but its external charm. Studying his work with that attention which the labor of a true poet should always command, we soon discover that, while fantastic in its subject, it is eminently human in sentiment, and that the human gradually rises higher and higher into the moral. The poem plays with the arbitrary and the theoretical; but it plays with them only to make them their own confutors. Such is the lore which we learn from human life. Our follies are our most effectual instructors; and the strongest resolutions of manhood flourish best in that soil in which the extravagances of youthful hopes have found a grave.

The deep and rich humanity with which this poem, notwithstanding its fanciful plot, is replete, can hardly be illustrated by quotations. That its tendency is not to depreciate womanhood, but to exalt it, we have already remarked; and our observation is amply borne out by the passage, one of the most deeply touching in the poem, in which the Prince speaks of his mother. The same reverence for what is holiest in the affections is shown in the delineation of the Princess' late and reluctant love. Poets of a different class from Mr. Tennyson are always more successful in painting love than any of the other affections. One reason of this may be that in that passion there is often less of the humanities than in any other. If the love be very immature or very egotistical,—if it float in the imagination only, or be rooted in the exclusive demands of a narrow nature, and still more if it be mainly a matter of temper-  
 ament,—in any of these cases it admits of

being easily described, because it is little modified by the more complex sympathies of our nature. Such love-poetry, accordingly, is very easily written,—or rather such love is poetry ready made; and it will find acceptance with the least poetical readers. The love-poetry of the “Princess” is of another sort. In *Ida* the personal love rises out of that human love from which caprice and a wild enterprise had long estranged her. There is nothing new in the philosophy that “pity is akin ‘to love;’” but the pity which exists only for a lover, is too like the charity which begins, and ends, at home. *Ida* has first pitied the deserted infant:—

“We took it for an hour this morning to us  
In our own bed: the tender orphan hands  
Felt at our heart, and seemed to charm from  
thence  
The wrath we nursed against the world.”

She also pities the bereft mother, the estranged friend, the gray old father: and it is thus that at last she requires no formal refutation of that which had been the favorite object of her youthful aspirations. It drops away unshaken. She has been humanized; and all the great human relations assume at once their due place. Loyalty is the basis of them all. She loves; and feminine subjection appears to her no longer a tyranny, but a something beautiful, befitting, and worthy:—“Thy *desire* shall be to thy husband, and he shall have the *rule* over thee.” The scientific eminence which she has wished her sex to share becomes at once a trifling as well as a visionary thing. For this development we are prepared by many artistic touches in the progress of the poem.

It has been remarked, among the distinguishing attributes of high poetry, that such contains ever, whether intentionally or not, a number of subordinate meanings, beside that which lies on the surface. Indeed, we know not how it should be otherwise: the stream will make mention of its bed; the river will report of those shores which, sweeping through many regions and climes, it has washed; and those currents of thought whose sources lie afar off must needs be enriched with a various and precious store. The results of large generalizations must ever, though undesignedly, be symbolical—a fact which in itself proves how needless is the labor of a poet who, with a didactic purpose, devises a formal allegory, and models his work on such a framework. Suggestiveness we should class among the chief character-

istics of Mr. Tennyson's poetry. Among the lesser meanings of his most recent work, that vindication of the natural ties against the arbitrary and the theoretical, is not the least significant. Many passages in it have a remarkable reference to children. They sound like a perpetual child-protest against *Ida*'s Amazonian philosophy, which, if realized, would cast the whole of the child-like element out of the female character, and at the same time extirpate from the soul of man those feminine qualities which the masculine nature, if complete, must include. Human society can only be a perfect thing when it is the matured exponent of man's nature fully developed in it; and such development can only take place when, with due distinction and division, the contrasted parts of it, whether brought out by diversity of sex, age, rank, power, or other circumstance, are allowed an independent and separate expansion. We dare not, however, undertake the exposition of all Mr. Tennyson's hidden meanings. In these cases every reader is best contented with his own discoveries.

The faults of “*The Princess*” are, in the main, faults of detail. Here and there the heroine seems to us a little too metaphysical in her discourse, as in p. 62; and the distinction between her real character and the unnatural one which she has chosen to assume is, in one or two instances, not so carefully maintained as is usually the case. In the college hall, for instance, we would have been better pleased to hear of her “grave professors” having scattered “gems of art and science,” than of the Princess herself having riveted admiring eyes by her skill in so idle a pastime. We do not know whether the general effect of the poem is the worse for the fact that its hero, like Keats's *Endymion*, is rather an embodiment of youthful impulses than a special and individual character. It strikes us, however, that classical allusions are put too often into his mouth,—considering that he belongs to the fair academy in pretence alone. The diction of the poem, too, though scarcely ever quite simple or natural, seems to us occasionally too familiar. In the main it is graceful and terse, and in the more important parts it is richly expressive; but notwithstanding its uniformly elaborate and *recherché* tone, there are places in which its aversion to the stilted makes it colloquial to a degree hardly consistent with the dignity of poetry;—the language of which, when most homely, should still be a “*lingua communis*,” unconnected



with trivial, as well as with stately associations. Occasionally, also, we meet with periods which in their ample sweep appear to us deficient in compactness. These faults are, however, minute in character; and interfere but little with the interest of the poem.

Many characteristic qualities of the "Princess" will have been illustrated by our quotations: we shall remark on but a few in addition. There is a peculiar sweetness in Mr. Tennyson's vein of tenderness and pathos as exhibited in this poem. He is not one of those writers who think that the heart can never lawfully surrender till it has undergone a battery of exaggerated phrases, and who drive nails into us by way of touching our feelings. He knows that the odor from the flower-bed wafted to us in the casual gust is sure to please, but that the flower which is pressed too hard or held too near will smell of the stalk. The scene in which Psyche, who has discovered the secret of the intruders, promises at last not to betray them, is a remarkable specimen of the tender united with the playful. Equally tender, in a pathetic vein, is the description of Psyche, when, driven in disgrace from the university and wearied with wandering in the dark, she laments her child (pp. 98, 99):—

"Ah me, my babe, my blossom, ah my child,  
My one sweet child, whom I shall see no more!  
For now will cruel Ida keep her back;  
And either she will die from want of care,  
Or sicken with ill usage, when they say  
The child is hers!—for every little fault,  
The child is hers; and they will beat my girl,  
Remembering her mother: O my flower!  
Or they will take her, they will make her hard,  
And she will pass me by in after-life  
With some cold reverence worse than were  
she dead.

Ill mother that I was to leave her there,  
To lag behind, scared by the cry they made,  
The horror of the shame among them all:  
But I will go and sit beside the doors,  
And make a wild petition night and day,  
Until they hate to hear me like a wind  
Wailing for ever, till they open to me,  
And lay my little blossom at my feet,  
My babe, my sweet Aglaia, my one child!  
And I will take her up and go my way,  
And satisfy my soul with kissing her:  
Ah! what might that man not deserve of me,  
Who gave me back my child?" "Be comforted,"

Said Cyril, "you shall have it:" but again  
She veil'd her brows, and prone she sank, and  
so,

Like tender things that being caught feign  
death,

Spoke not, nor stirr'd."

The descriptive power exhibited throughout the whole of the "Princess" is of the highest order. As an example we will quote the following sketch of the female university (pp. 45, 46):—

"At last a solemn grace  
Concluded, and we sought the gardens: there  
One walked reciting by herself, and one  
In this hand held a volume as to read,  
And smoothed a petted peacock down with  
that:

Some to a low song oar'd a shallop by,  
Or under arches of the marble bridge  
Hung, shadow'd from the heat: some hid and  
sought:

In the orange thickets: others tost a ball  
Above the fountain-jets, and back again  
With laughter: others lay about the lawns,  
Of the older sort, and murmur'd that their May  
Was passing: what was learning unto them?  
They wish'd to marry; they could rule a house;  
Men hated learned women! and to us came  
Melissa, hitting all we saw with shafts  
Of gentle satire, kin to charity,  
That harm'd not: so we sat; and now when day  
Droop'd, and the chapel tinkled, mixt with  
those

Six hundred maidens clad in purest white,  
Before two streams of light from wall to wall,  
While the great organ almost burst his pipes,  
Groaning for power, and rolling thro' the court  
A long, melodious thunder, to the sound  
Of solemn psalms, and silver litanies,  
The work of Ida, to call down from Heaven  
A blessing on her labors for the world."

Had we space we would add the description of the Princess descending with her train to the battle-field, and the picture of Florian's love, Melissa.

If, extending our regard from the work before us to the body of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, we endeavor to ascertain the peculiar character of his genius, we are at once impressed by the Versatility of his imagination. In his earlier efforts he was fond of exploring new forms of beings; and sang us songs of mermen and sea fairies,—wild themes treated with no lack of verisimilitude. In his more recent efforts he has exercised the same rare faculty, by embodying the most dissimilar forms of poetic thought and sentiment. In his "*Ænone*" we have a thoroughly classic Idyl; in his "*Dora*," while the associations are English, the handling of the narrative reminds us, by its brevity, force, and rugged simplicity, of the old Hebrew legends. The spirit of the chivalrous romance meets us in his "*Morte d'Arthur*:" in his "*Dream of Fair Women*" we are reminded of Dante's sharp outline, keen intensity, and definite

imagery; while in his "Recollections of the Arabian Nights," and "Day Dream," we are led back to the East, and lodged in a garden of delights, where the splendor is never a mere glitter without taste or congruity,—a thing too commonly the case in that gilded furniture-poetry which takes its name from the East, and lies, amid more honest trinketry and perfumery, in the boudoir and on the dressing-table. Of all our recent poets Mr. Tennyson, we think, is the most versatile. Versatility is sometimes, indeed, in poetry as in life, only the exercise of that imitative power which betrays a want of individuality, original conception, and tenacity of purpose. In such cases it proceeds from quick and volatile sympathies vividly open to external impressions, and from that clear, unwrinkled mind, which, being all surface, apprehends and reflects all forms of thought, but is incapable of receiving a principle or resting in a conclusion. Poetry thus produced is the result neither of genius nor of high ability; but of that cleverness which bears often more resemblance to the former than to the latter.

Before examining into the character of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, considered relatively to that of our other recent poets, it may be well to make a few observations on that high poetic attribute, versatility, which it so strikingly exemplifies; for the purpose, first of removing some popular misapprehensions, and, secondly, of illustrating the importance of a faculty which gives to poetry its earliest impulse, and supplies it to the end with fresh materials. Genuine versatility like Mr. Tennyson's must ever be numbered among the chief poetical gifts. It consists in mobility of temperament united to a large mind, and an imagination that diffuses or concentrates itself at will. It is only when the "various talents" are united with "the single mind," that they give their possessors "moral might and mastery o'er mankind." The Hebrew Poet "says my heart is fixed," and then proceeds, "I will sing." And it is truly when the heart is most fixed that the imagination can afford to be most flexible. It may wave like a pine tree in the breeze, if, like the pine, it sends its root deep into the rocky soil. On these conditions, the more versatile the genius is, the ampler will be its sweep, and the mightier its resilient power. It is such versatility that enables the poet to apply his own experience, analogically and by imaginative induction, to regions unknown and forms of life untried,—at once passing into the being of others

and retaining his own. The characters delineated by the greatest poets have accordingly been always remarked to possess the two great attributes of universality and individuality. But they could never unite these, if the corresponding faculties were not united in the versatile imagination and profound moral sense of the poet. For want of the former faculty there are men who can produce but a single work of value. And such writers are plagiarists even when they borrow from life itself, for they add nothing to that which they borrow. Beyond the limit of their individual experience there is for them "nil nisi pontus et aer," and within that narrow pasture their faculties grow lean. On the other hand, how many are there who, for want of moral depth and tenacity in conjunction with versatility, remain for ever but imitators, and wholly fail to fulfill the promise of their earlier and happier efforts!

We cannot better corroborate these opinions than by observing that the greatest of dramatists not only exhibits the faculty of versatility in its perfection, but proves to us, at the same time, that other and converse faculties are consistent with it. Shakspeare, it has been said, is but a voice. If so, it is a voice direct from nature's heart—and far indeed from the voice of a mocking-bird. The *affection* which we feel for him is in itself a proof of this. In poetry, as elsewhere, those who forget themselves are the last to be forgotten by others. Shakspeare is everywhere present in his poetry, though he may be nowhere distinctly or completely seen. As the spirit of poetry tacitly pervades all nature,—refreshing, consoling, renewing,—so Shakspeare himself accompanies us through all his works, a potent and friendly genius. In all his thoughts we recognize one method of thought; his own sweet and large nature ever mediates between the natures that he describes, even when they are most discordant; his manner is familiar to us, and throughout his ample domain we recognize his genial laugh or his doubtful smile—like that of the Dryad evanescent in the branches, or the Nereid descending in the wave. Does any one need a biography to tell him whether Shakspeare was a kindly man or cold, liberal or niggardly, humble or proud? whether his faults were faults of infirmity or of malice? whether there were weeds amid his abundance, or whether his heart was a soil protected by its barrenness? whether he was a patriot, or had secluded himself from national sympathies? whether

his disposition was to believe or to scoff? These questions, at all events, have hitherto furnished no materials for critical battles.

It is of course in dramatic poetry that versatility is most needed; but all genuine poetry is in its spirit dramatic. It would be a truism to remark, that in narrative poetry there is a dramatic element,—it being in fact the soil out of which the drama (but a more concentrated form of narration) grew. Even in idyllic, nay, in descriptive poetry, the dramatic, and therefore the versatile faculty, is also necessary; nay, the humblest object which includes the beautiful, or has ever inspired song, cannot be poetically appreciated by one who is unwilling to forget himself, or unable to pass into other forms of being. In many an orderly and compact tragedy, there is less of dramatic versatility than in Burns's allusion to a worn-out horse, or Dante's description of the bird

"who midst the leafy bower  
Has in her nest sat darkling through the night,  
With her sweet brood; impatient to descry  
Their wished looks, and to bring home their food."  
(Cary's translation.)

Such things, it is obvious, cannot be thus described unless they are known—nor thus known except through the imaginative insight of the affections. Sympathy is, in truth, but versatility of heart; and large sympathies are, therefore, the most powerful auxiliaries of poetic genius. For the same reason egotism, prejudice, a habit of dogmatism, and whatever else locks up our nature, are impediments to poetry. On the other hand, among many supposed to be removed from literary influences—among the poor, and especially among children—the very essence of poetry is to be found in the form of prompt and extended sympathies. A versatile imagination is indeed the chief faculty of children. Having as yet hardly realized a self-consciousness being of their own, they have the less difficulty in passing into that of others. The consequence is that their life is almost wholly poetical; all that goes on around them is a long drama; a piece of stick with a ribbon tied to it represents a king or a queen; and they can hold delighted and truly dramatic colloquy with men and women impersonated by their fancy alone. Hans Andersen's genius consists mainly in his being so far still a child. It has been often remarked, that with nations also the poetical period is that of early youth. And the reason is, that when men have

ceased to be pressed down by the selfish wants of savage life, and not yet hardened and made selfish by the conventions of over civilization, the imagination has a versatility, and sympathy a vital power, which at other periods is unknown. It is then that the emotions are fresh; in other words, that man has a power of *moving out of himself*; it is then that the most ordinary objects appear to him wonderful, and that nothing wonderful is either extraordinary or incredible; it is then that religion is natural to him, and that nature is invested with supernatural attributes, and regarded with religious awe. A lively sensibility to grief and joy, to love and to hate, is that through which all outward things acquire for us a real existence, and become objects of affection. In the absence of these, our nearest domestic interests would have for us as remote and visionary an existence as spiritual truths possess for the merely secular intelligence; and in the presence of these, not only the animal races are brought home to our human sympathies—the brooding bird, or the faithful hound—but the inanimate elements become humanized; waves and clouds live in our life; if they swell, it is in wrath; if they fly, it is in fear; if they pursue, it is in love. In other words, nature itself, and all its powers, are dramatized; and the faculty which makes them rehearse their several parts is that of a versatile imagination.

That Mr. Tennyson's versatility is the result of a high poetic mind, and not merely that of a pliable temperament, we have abundant evidence. It is associated, in the first place, with those powers of imagination and passion which belong only to original genius. However he may vary his strain, there always remains behind an identity which cannot be overlooked; and the most dissimilar of his poems are more like to each other than any of them is to the school of which it most reminds us. Lastly, we observe, that, in all his later works, his own peculiar character of poetry has become more and more pronounced, and that his poems have proportionally increased in power. The versatility of a very young poet is indeed but a part of his docility. He will listen, with the susceptible faith of youth, successively to each of the great masters of song; and the echo which remains in his ear will in some degree modulate his tone. He will trace every path which the Muse has trod, in the hope of reaching that point from which they diverge; and it is well that he should try all things, provided he hold fast to that

which is best. The infancy of the life poetic, like that of all life, learns much by unconscious imitation; but it can only so learn when the poet possesses those high faculties which seek, through imitation, only to work out their own development. True genius will soon cast aside whatever is alien to its individual nature; while, on the other hand, incorporating into its proper substance all poetic elements that are truly congenial, it will blend them also with each other, and stamp upon them a unity of its own. The poet will be original when he wields collectively the powers that once were his only alternately; and versatility will then have been exalted into a higher gift,—that of comprehensiveness.

It is not in the instance of Mr. Tennyson alone that the faculty of versatility has recently shown itself, not only in a dramatic illustration of character, nature, and life, but also in the manifold power with which the same poet has produced the most dissimilar species of poetry. We need hardly name Byron, Shelley, and Keats. In these cases, and especially in the latter two, the character of the poetry produced by the same person was wholly different at different times. But in cases too numerous to be named, poetic versatility has also shown itself in a very different manner. All regions of the earth have been ransacked for the materials of poetry—Persia, Arabia, Hindostan, Iceland: it has been the ambition of the poet to reproduce the forms and manners, if not the mind, of the remotest lands; and even where his imagination has been content to tread on English soil, it has commonly taken refuge in some remote period of our history, and recounted the Saxon legend, the chivalrous exploit, or the feuds of border warfare. Our poets may have been impelled to this practice, in part by the fact that the age in which we live is not eminently poetical, and that the unknown has always a charm. This circumstance, however, can but have supplied the external occasion for their course. Its cause is to be found within, and may be referred to the versatile powers and instincts of the imagination. Indeed, it is in a qualified sense that we can admit our age to be unpoetical.

That any age not too late for virtue, too late for religion, and too late for the human affections, should be really too late for poetry we cannot believe,—though it may easily be unpoetical in its outward features. The Roman Empire during its decline was probably unable to produce any better poetry than

those snatches of sacred song, in which, protesting against the illusive vision of corrupt sense that surrounded it, the early Christian intelligence expressed its aspirations after the realities of the world unseen. The Greek empire, during its long and mummied existence, was as incapable as modern China is of producing anything great in poetry or in the kindred arts. Surrounded by the noblest monuments of ancient genius, the best of her degenerate children could do little more than lecture on them; and gratify with them, not a generous pride, but a narrow and sectarian vanity. In neither of these cases was it tyranny which had subdued the human mind, however tyranny may have assisted in keeping it prostrate. The positive and negative evil proceeded from the same cause. That decay of all rational and manly sentiment which connived at a despotism unsupported by the moral sense, and sustained only by arms and the superstition of custom, was inconsistent with the instincts and aspirations which incite to poetry.

Except, however, at periods of barbarism, of thoroughly corrupt morals, or of utter effeminacy, the poetic instinct will ever assert itself. For the imagination at all times pervades the whole of our nature; and is sure to work its way up into the light, no matter through what obstructions. If the age be a poetical one, the imagination will embody its sentiment, and illustrate its tendencies. If it be unpoetical, the imagination will not therefore be repressed. It will then create a world for itself—or revert to some historic period, the memorials of which it will invest with a radiance not their own. Unquestionably those ages are the most favorable to poetry in which the imagination can pluck the ears of corn as it passes through the field, and is not obliged to seek its food afar. At those periods in which life retains much of the adventurous, in which no political conventions can supply the place of valor and wisdom in rulers and of a generous loyalty in subjects, in which moral refinement coexists with an imperfect civilization, in which the first great triumphs of patriotism are won, and in which temples rise from the ground at the bidding of a zeal which has not learned to measure itself or its efforts;—at such periods it is that poetry is most genial, most real, and most authentic. Such were the periods at which Homer, Dante, and Shakspeare wrote. The heroic age of Greece, the theology and philosophy of mediæval Europe, and the manners and history of his country furnished these men respectively with the main materials of their

verse. These are the great *National* poets of the world. They belong, indeed, to all ages; but they belonged especially each to his own. The materials of each were supplied by the objects surrounding him, or the traditions which had descended to him by inheritance.

It would, however, be a grave error to suppose that the national is alone the great poet. On the contrary, it is among the results of poetic versatility, as well as of the instincts of the human heart, that there has ever existed in our literature, and, to no small degree, in that of other countries, two great schools of poetry, one only of which can properly be called national. It does not depend on the circumstances of the age alone whether the poet find his materials in the circle of surrounding things, or seek them elsewhere: this will in the main be determined by the constitution of his own moral nature, and the preponderance in it of a vivid sympathy with reality on the one hand, or, on the other, of an ardent aspiration after the ideal. In either case the imagination will lend to him its high mediating powers; in the former interpreting the outward world to him, in the latter interpreting him to his fellow-men. Even in the best and healthiest periods of national development the human mind will aspire after a region more exalted and pure than it can ever find on earth: even in the most prosaic it will be able to detect something noble in the world of common things. From this double power arise two converse schools of poetry: the one characterized by its plastic power and its function of embodying the abstractedly great and the ideally beautiful; the other by its reality, its home-bred sympathies, its affinities with national history, character, and manners. To expound the philosophy of these two schools would be to write a treatise on poetical versatility and imagination. On such an enterprise we cannot now adventure. We must content ourselves with some slight historical notices of the two schools among ourselves,—schools which have existed from the beginning of our literature, and which have been reproduced in our own day. The merest outline will illustrate the momentous truth that neither in nations nor individuals has poetry an isolated existence, but that it flourishes or declines in conjunction with that moral, political, and spiritual well-being which it helps to sustain. We shall conclude with some remarks on two poets of the ideal school, Shelley and Keats: with whom Mr. Tennyson has been sometimes compared—although, as we

shall endeavor to show, the points of resemblance between him and them are not more marked than those of dissimilarity.

The imagination, then, as we have observed, has ever recognized two great offices, distinct though allied—the one, that of representing the actual world; the other, that of creating an ideal region, into which spirits whom this world has wearied may retire. The former function, which is chiefly discharged by the “*historia spectabilis*” of dramatic poetry, is that to which Bacon refers when he speaks of poetry as “submitting the shows of things to the desires of the mind.” The latter belongs for the most part to poets lyrical or mythic, who, in the “enchanted islands” or “snowy cloisters” of ideal poetry, have provided retreats in which spirits

“Assoiled from all encumbrance of the time,”

might rest and be thankful. Mr. Keats boasts that “a thing of beauty is a joy forever,” assigning as a reason that

“it still will keep  
A bower quiet for us, and a sleep  
Full of sweet dreams, and health, and happy  
breathing.”

A perfect Poet ought to unite both the great attributes of poetry. To a limited extent the greatest have done so; but even in their case the balance has ever preponderated in one direction or the other.

In Greece, as in England, those two species of poetry coexisted; but in the former neither of them connected itself with the associations of any foreign country. No region more beautiful or sacred than Greece could then be conceived of: and the Greek poet could only forsake the company of his heroes for that of his gods. But in our northern regions, which on emerging from barbarism found the ancient literature a perfect work imperfectly explored, the South has always been regarded with feelings akin to those entertained by the Greek for the fabled Hesperia of the west. It was a region of beauty and delight on which the imagination might rest half way to heaven,—an asylum which combined the solidities of this earth with the ideal perfection of the worlds beyond. The beauty of the southern countries, their remoteness, and their ancient fame, favored the illusion: and the imagination of England was further drawn to them by the indirect attraction of those other arts,

sympathetic with poetry, which have been carried to perfection in the South alone. The southern mind, moreover, is more inventive than that of the North, though less thoughtful and imaginative; and, as a consequence, Italian and Spanish "Novelle" supplied the plot to half our British Dramas,—a circumstance too commonly ascribed to the single fact that on the revival of letters the literature of the South had sprung first into existence. All these influences imparted a character distinctly southern to that school of English Poetry, which was inspired rather by the love of the beautiful than by national associations, as both advanced to their development.

It was in Shakspeare and Milton that the two great schools found their chief representatives. The former is the greatest of national poets, although he occasionally forsook the national for the ideal department of song; and Milton is not a national poet, although (his ideal resulting as much from his moral sense as his imagination,) his poetry derives from his religion a reality and a solidity which seldom belongs to the ideal school. This distinction between the character of the two poets is illustrated by the different reception their works have met with. Shakspeare's sympathies were keenly native; and he has therefore ever been a favorite with the people. He is above their appreciation, indeed, but not beyond their love. His dramas have many planes of interest, which underlie each other like the concentric layers of bark produced by the annual growth of a tree; and while the most philosophic eye cannot penetrate the inmost, the most superficial is pleased with that which lies outside. Where any love of the drama remains, Shakspeare is enjoyed even by the most homely audience. But if any one were to submit to such an audience a page or two of the *Paradise Lost*, far from being received like the Rhapsodist of old, the Ballad-singer, or the Methodist Preacher, he would effectually disperse the crowd. The audience which Milton demanded was "fit though few." Shakspeare demanded none; but if people came, he probably thought "the more the merrier." The latter wrote for the stage, but never was at the trouble of publishing his works: the former prescribed for himself a choral audience consisting of grave divines, sage patriots, and virtuous citizens; and when this selected audience hissed him, as occasionally happened, he cursed them to their faces in Hebrew and in Greek—as "asses, apes, and dogs," whose portion

ought to be with the schismatics who had "railed at Latona's twin-born progeny!"

It is not, however, its deficient popularity so much as its subject and its form which proves that Milton's great work is not a national poem, high as it ranks among our national triumphs. If that mind had remained with him, which was his when English landscape supplied the scenery of his "Allegro," and Anglican theology inspired the moral teaching of his "Comus," he would probably have fulfilled his youthful intention, and celebrated Britain's mythic hero. But, instead of the great romance of the North, he wrote the religious epic of the World. Some will affirm that he illustrated, in that work, his age if not his country. His age, however, gave him hints rather than materials. Puritanism became transmuted, as it passed through his capacious and ardent mind, into a faith, Hebraic in its austere and simple spirit,—a faith, that sympathized, indeed, with the Iconoclastic zeal which distinguished the anti-papal and anti-patristic theology of the day, but held little consent with any of the complex definitions at that time insisted on as the symbols of Protestant orthodoxy. Had the Puritan spirit been as genuine a thing as the spirit of liberty which accompanied it; had it been such as their reverence for Milton makes many persons still suppose it to have been, the mood would not so soon have yielded to the licentiousness that followed the Restoration. Milton labored as a patriot while a field of labor was open to him: he then turned again to his true greatness, and once more confronted the mighty works of ancient genius. They pleased him still, from their severity and their simplicity: But they did not satisfy him—because they wanted elevation. When some one pointed in admiration to the dome of the Pantheon, Michael Angelo, who was already engaged on his studies for St. Peter's, rejoined, "But I will lift it up, and plant it in heaven." It was thus that Milton regarded the ancient Epic! And thus that in his *Paradise Lost* he elevated and endeavored to spiritualize that majestic form of composition. There are many who will always regard St. Peter's temple in the air as the first of architectural monuments. The admirers of the classic will, however, feel that its amplitude and elevation are no sufficient substitute for that massive simplicity and breadth of effect which belong to the Parthenon; while those who revere our cathedrals will maintain that it lacks the variety, the mystery, the aspiration, and the in-

finitude which characterize the Christian architecture of the North. On analogous grounds the more devoted admirers of Homer and of Shakspeare will ever be dissatisfied with Milton's work—however they may venerate his genius. It is undoubtedly composite in its character—the necessary result of its uniting a Hebraic spirit with a classic form. Dante, like Milton, uses the Greek mythology freely; considering it, no doubt, as part of that inheritance of the Heathen, into possession of which Christendom had right to enter; but he uses it as a subordinate ornament, and in matters of mere detail. His poem is a Vision, not an Epic, the vision of supernatural truth—of Hell, Purgatory, and Paradise—that passed before the eyes of the mediæval Church as she looked up in nocturnal vigil; not the mundane circle of life and experience, of action and of passion, exhibited in its completeness, and contemplated with calm satisfaction by a Muse that looks down from heaven. But a mystic subject, open rather to apprehension than comprehension, would not have contented Milton; who, with his classical predilections, had early laid it down as a canon that poetry should be “simple, sensuous, and impassioned,” a statement of the utmost importance where applicable, but by no means embracing the whole truth. To him the classic model supplied, not the adornment of his poem, but its structure and form. The soul that inhabited that mould was, if we cannot say the spirit of Christianity, at least a religious spirit—profound, zealous, austere, and self-reverent—as analogous, perhaps, to the warlike religion of the Eastern world, as to the traditional Faith of the second Dispensation. Such was the mighty fabric which, aloof and in his native land an exile, Milton raised; not perfect, not homogeneous, not in any sense a national work,—but the greatest of all those works which prove that a noble poem may be produced with little aid from local sympathies, or national traditions.

From the earliest period of our literature, as we have observed, we have possessed the two schools, which culminated in Shakspeare and in Milton. In Chaucer the national element greatly preponderated: it reigns almost alone in many of the *Canterbury Tales*, especially in the humorous; but in several, of which the moral tone is higher and the execution more delicate, a southern spirit prevails. Of these his “*Second Nonne's Tale*,” including the legend of St. Cecilia, is a beautiful example; illustrating, as it does, that

moral influence of which the origin eluded the eye, like the invisible garland of the saint,—that influence which was exhaled from the life and manners of the first Christians, and through which, in part, their religion was diffused. The national element of our poetry, too, has always asserted itself almost exclusively in our historical ballads; that exquisite series, the musical echo of so much of our history. Surrey and Wyatt, in no slight degree, represented that Italian-Gothic school of which Spenser may be considered as the great representative. In him the spirit of chivalry elevated the love of the beautiful; and both, while ennobled by a meditative piety, were enriched by all the gentler associations of classical song. He was a man of a graver mind than belonged to any of his models; and we miss in him that buoyant gaiety which animates the poets of the South: But such deficiencies were amply atoned for by that tenderly contemplative spirit which pervades his poetry. His Hymns on “*Heavenly Love*” and “*Heavenly Beauty*” are noble specimens of the Platonic moral philosophy: and it is probable that we can nowhere meet an exposition of the Christian Religion in its completeness and proportions, doctrinal, devotional, and practical, so searching and so large as exists in the Tenth Canto of his *First Book*, describing the visit of the Red Cross Knight to the “*House of Holiness*.” In the *Faery Queen*, indeed, we find the essence of the prose Romances of the Middle Ages—as we find the essence of their theologians in Dante. Ariosto is neither more various nor more picturesque: nor is that imaginative love-sentiment which, rather than the passion itself, was the theme of the ideal poets, celebrated with more purity, refinement, and sweetness, in the sonnets of Petrarca than in those of Spenser. Spenser's faery-land will never be much frequented by those whose sympathies are exclusively with Action, Passion, and Character. But with poetic students of another class, who, if they have advanced less in the lore of life, have wandered less from the breast of the Muses; with those by whom ideal beauty, refined sentiment, rich imagery, “*fancies chaste and noble*,” harmonious numbers, and a temperament of poetry steeped in the fountains of pleasure, but irradiating them with its own purity;—with those by whom such qualities are cherished, the poetry of Spenser must ever remain a favorite haunt. It is not, indeed, a classic temple, which charms and rests the eye by the perfection of its finite proportions. Yet to it also belongs, in its several parts, that definiteness

without which organic beauty cannot exist. It is a forest palace,—half natural, half artificial: we wander through groves as regular as galleries; and catch glimpses of openings like stately halls dismantled:—but our foot is ever upon flowers; and the moonlight of the allegory helps to sustain the illusion.

From the chivalrous paradise of Spenser's "Faery Queen" to Milton's "Paradise Lost," the two schools of English poetry maintained a friendly rivalry. Both sources of inspiration contended at times in the same author, even when a dramatist. Marlow, in his beautiful narrative poem "Hero and Leander;" Shakspeare, in his "Rape of Lucrece" and his "Venus and Adonis;" Fletcher, in his "Faithful Shepherdess;" Shirley, in his "Narcissus and Echo," are southern, not only in their subject, but in their mode of treating it. In Brown's "Britannia's 'Pastorals,'"—a poem full of beauty, and which, we are glad to see, has recently been republished in a cheap form,—the classic spirit reigns almost alone. The scenery itself is classical, though the author was probably never out of England: and its "silver streams" and "pleasant meads" are never depressed by the shade of northern mountains or clouds. The Sonnets of Drummond abound in an Italian beauty; as indeed do many of Daniel's, whose other writings are characterized by an English robustness and thoughtfulness. The exquisite fragments which, in his swift and brief career, were carelessly shaken from Sidney's affluent genius, are as full of the southern inspiration as the dew-drops of dawn are of light; and in Lovelace, Suckling, Carew, as well as other lyric poets of their time, we find a terseness and light-hearted grace which are not of northern origin. In Herrick the southern spirit becomes again the spirit of the antique. In the very constitution of his imagination he was a Greek: Yet he sang in no falsetto key: his thoughts were instinct with the true classical spirit; and it was, as it were, by a process of translation that he recast them in English words. It is to this circumstance that we are to attribute his occasional license. His poetry hardly lay in the same plane with the conventional part of our Protestant morality; but his genius never stagnates near the marsh. In his poetry we

"Recognize that Idyl scene

Where all mild creatures *without awe*,  
Amid field-flowers and pastures green  
Fulfill their being's gentle law."

With the exception of Milton, the period

\* R. M. Milnes.

that succeeded the Restoration was as fatal to the ideal as to the national school of English poetry. The religious sentiment had bled well nigh to death, through the wounds of a society cut up with sects and with schisms. The political enthusiasm had also burned out. The sublime had been changed into the ridiculous; the performance had mocked the conception; and if Milton's majestic prose treatises had sounded the Prologue, the Epilogue of this literary drama was furnished by the shrewd and thoroughly English comment of Butler's *Hudibras*. The Gothic church was pulled down, indeed; but the "second temple" remained unbuilt. Cromwell passed away; and the grand and gloomy world his shoulders had supported, fell with him. As if the Puritan prophets had but prophesied in somnambulism, as if the nation had but in hypochondria fancied itself a Levitical community, as if their lofty Hebraic aspirations had been but an ethical "renaissance" or "the nympholepsy of some fond despair," the work of their hands melted strangely away before the eyes, and with the seeming consent of the English people!

The cavaliers had again their day; but their success turned out likewise a failure. The king had been brought back; but he could not believe in himself—and the ancient loyalty was no more. A less imaginative age had succeeded, and the pleasures of sense were called in, to supply the place of spiritual illusions dispelled. The degradations of society infected literature. The national riot, to be sure, in time subsided; but the debauch of the night left the head giddy and the stomach weak in the morning; and the epicurean had soured into the cynic. That period was succeeded by a still colder one. Its chief political work, the Revolution, was effected in business-like fashion,—but with little on either side of that faith or hope which had elevated the earlier struggle. Its theology held equally in suspicion whatever was passionate and whatever was traditional: its philosophy repudiated abstractions and *a priori* views; and its arts lacked the fervor alike of ideal conceptions and of home-bred affections. At such a time poetry necessarily became imitative; and the Anglo-Gallican school grew up. The silver age of English poetry was adorned with writers of admirable abilities; of whom Dryden was the greatest in mental power, while Pope has left behind him the most perfect works. Conventional manners, satire, and if not moral philosophy at least moral disquisition, supplied their chief materials to that school:



and in the absence of a creative spirit or a shaping art, its chief attractions were found in its executive skill, and a style accomplished, masculine, and pointed. It died out soon, however, for it had no root. Its classical illusions, taken at second hand, had never breathed a genuine classical spirit; and its disquisitions gradually degenerated into metrical treatises on botany, hunting, or medicine!

In conjunction with stronger political interests and deeper feelings on moral and religious subjects, Poetry gradually revived. It exhibited, from the first, a native origin that attested its authenticity, and in time it developed an ideal aim. The former was marked by its fidelity to nature, and its frequent reference to the rural manners of England. The nature which Thomson describes is living nature, and the blood flows freely in her veins. A refined appreciation of the graceful and the poetical he lacked; and the deficiency which makes itself ridiculous in the clumsy handling of his "Musidora" and other narratives, exists also in his delineations of scenery. The landscapes of Thomson, like those of Rubens, are sensual, though in each case we remark that quality less than when the subject treated is higher; and in each the want of refinement and spirituality is compensated by a rich combination of less exalted merits. The poet and the painter alike present us, in their landscapes, with the "fat of the land:" their substantial plains and well-watered meads remind us that they were intended to be meat for man and for beast; but whatever they may lack they are not deficient in reality. With an idyllic a moral poetry rose up. The moral meditations of Young had comprised much original thought of native English growth. Cowper, a kindred, though far greater poet, expressed in purer and simpler language thoughts with more of depth and of substantial worth, as well as a strain of sentiment, manly, religious, and gravely affectionate. In him, too, we find an admirable fidelity to outward nature in detail; although with her grander forms, undecayed by association, he had little sympathy; while ideal representations of scenery are no more to be found in his poetry than ideal conceptions of character.

If the poetry of Cowper belongs to our national school, that of Burns is yet more racy of the soil. He was, on the whole, more fortunately circumstanced for poetry, though he had more to contend with. The period at which he lived furnished materials sufficiently poetical, when presented to his

keen insight and searching sensibilities; and Burns was luckily without that smattering of learning which often leads men from what surrounds them, without enabling them truly to appreciate the spirit of another age. He felt deeply; and he affected nothing foreign to his genius. Song and ballad, and light tale and humorous dialogue, the forms of composition with which the neighborhood was familiar,—with these, while he "unlocked his heart," he also interpreted that of his country. Most of those qualities which were distributed among his countrymen were concentrated in his larger being, or embraced by his ardent sympathies. As a thousand rivulets are blended in one broad river, so the countless instincts, energies, and faculties, as well as associations, traditions, and other social influences which constitute national life, are reconciled in him whom future ages are to recognize as the poet of the nation. It is not merely the romantic side of the Scotch character which was represented in Burns,—its imagination, its patriotism, its zealous affectionateness, its love of the legendary, the marvelous, and the ancient; that part, in fact, which belongs chiefly to the highlands. As amply was he furnished with the better lowland qualities,—sense, independence, courageous perseverance, shrewdness and humor; a retentive heart, and a mind truthful even when reserved. These qualities were united in his abundant nature; and his poetic temperament freed them from the limitations which belong to every character formed upon a local type. The consequence has been that his songs are sung at the hearth and on the mountain-side; his pathos is felt and his humor applauded by the village circle; his sharp descriptions and shrewd questions on grave matters are treated as indulgently by ministers of the "National Assembly," the "Free Kirk," and "orthodox dissenters," as Boccaccio's stories have been by the Italian clergy: and for the lonely traveler from the south the one small volume which contains his works is the best of guide-books,—not, indeed, to noted spots and the best inns—but to the manners, the moral soul, and the heart of the Scotch people. In other words, Burns is emphatically a national poet.

We have now brought down nearly to our own times our imperfect sketch of the two main schools into which our poetic literature may be divided; and we have already remarked that both these schools have their origin in the nature of poetry and the instincts of man. This statement derives an historical confirmation from the fact that

both became extinct together, when English poetry had declined into mere imitation; and that whenever the poetic genius of England has been most powerfully developed, both have flourished together—united like the Latin and Saxon elements of our compound language. The poetic mind of England, on its revival toward the end of the last century, again as of old, manifested itself in the form of two schools which, with much in common, still represented, notwithstanding, the northern and southern hemispheres of our literature. Wordsworth and Coleridge were the chief examples of our national school; though in Coleridge the national frequently passed into a mystical inspiration; Shelley and Keats of the ideal. These were not, perhaps, the most popular poets of their time; but they were the most characteristic, and they have exercised the most enduring influence. We have referred to but a few of the names most generally known: but to each school belonged many writers whose works will long be remembered.

The word School, we are aware, is an inadequate one; and we use it but for the convenience of classification. The growths of the same region, however diverse in detail, have yet characteristic features in common: and it is thus also with the growths of the mind. In Mr. Coleridge's poetry the reasoning faculty is chiefly that of contemplation and intuition; in Mr. Wordsworth's, the meditative and the discursive prevails; but to both a predominance of the thoughtful is common; and in that respect both poets not only illustrate the peculiar genius of their country, but are also fit interpreters of the *spirit* of their age, as distinguished from the fashion of the moment or the sentiment of the hour. In both, too, there is a remarkable absence of the versatile faculty, as exhibited in one of the modes to which we have alluded;—and accordingly, in the poetry of both, little change has taken place except that of growth. Till their genius had found out its own nature and scope it would rehearse no other part. The "Laodamia" of the latter shows at once what he might have done, and what it was foreign to him to do; nor does any great poet, mediæval or classical, seem to have ever drawn either of them into the sphere of his separate attraction, and detained him there. In the drama, also, neither of them had versatility enough to avoid a certain psychological effect—the result of a knowledge of character which was metaphysical rather than

dramatic. In both, however, we find a deep-seated patriotism, a reverence for the hearth, a love of local traditions, an English enjoyment of nature, a humanity, mournful not seldom, and even in its cheerfulness grave—as though cheerfulness were less an instinct than a virtue or a duty. Most of these qualities exist also in the poetry of Mr. Southey, in which, with less both of thought and imagination, and a style less pregnant and felicitous, there is more of invention, and a more determined purpose. It is thus that with many and important differences poets whose individuality is complete, yet admit of being classed together. The same fact is true with respect to Shelley and Keats, and Mr. Landor, and others who might be named,—poets in whom a southern temperament and more classical ideal prevails.

It was in temperament chiefly that Mr. Shelley belonged to the classical school. In intellect he was metaphysical and abstract, to a degree scarcely compatible with the sensuous character of Greek poetry. His imagination likewise, admirable as it was, differed essentially from that of the classic models. It was figurative rather than plastic. In place of moulding the subject of a poem as a whole, it scattered itself abroad in the splendor of countless metaphors, seen sometimes one through another, like a taper discerned through a taper. A beautiful image had for him an attraction independently of the thought with which it was allied; and, once brought within the sphere of its attraction, his fancy fluttered around it, bewildered and intoxicated. A thought had for him also a value irrespectively of the place which it held in his argument: he prized it as truth; he prized it yet more as knowledge; and with such thoughts his poetry, at once subtly and expansively intellectual, is charged to a degree almost unprecedented. The lamentable errors which lurked in the first principles upon which he had so recklessly precipitated himself, (errors, however, hardly worse than lurk in many grave treatises welcomed with little mistrust at the present day,) of course infected his results. The conclusions, however, at which he arrived, were logical; and those who can learn from errors as well as truths, will find a sad instruction in the coherency of his reasonings, and a comparative safety in the audacity with which they are expressed. If, for instance, we adopt the opinion—which is a suppressed premise in all his speculations,—namely, that there exists no moral evil in

the nature of man except that which finds its way there accidentally,—it will be hard to avoid conclusions analogous to his, respecting both religion and government. The seed at least of such principles will be planted, and their growth will depend on the ardor of the climate, and the fertility of the soil. It is only with his poetry, however, that we are now concerned. Its abstruse as well as imaginative character would have rendered it almost unintelligible, if he had not possessed, though apparently by nature rather than by study, a singular gift of language. His diction, which was searching, vigorous, various, arranged itself into periods, scholastic in the skill that joined clause on to clause, and the sustained melody of which at once discriminated the meaning and enforced the sentiment. The same dialectical precision gave dignity to his style, whether he wrote in verse or in prose; and imparted to both the utmost clearness which the subject matter, the involved thought, and the redundant imagery allowed of. This faculty was eminently Grecian; and the very sound of that noble language, which was not so much a study to him as a delight, will often be found in his verse. He reminds us of the Greek inspiration chiefly by the skill with which he illustrated the ancient mythology. In his "Prometheus Unbound," his classical vein is too often checked by political or metaphysical disquisitions most inappropriately introduced; but in it, and in the choruses of his "Hellas," there is an *Æschilean* energy; and many of the classical touches in his "Adonais" are admirably true. It is, however, in his minor poems that he most belongs to the South. His "Hymn of Apollo" and "Hymn of Pan" are full of the musical hilarity of the Greeks; his "Ode to Naples" is a true ode of compact structure and concentrated purpose; and his "Arethusa," the metre of which sweeps along like a vernal torrent, and in which the nymph and the element she presides over are with such skill blended and alternated, proves that Shelley's versatile temperament included that Protean power by which the Greeks dramatized Nature and humanized all her forms.

In few writers are we more instructively reminded than in Shelley, of that analogy between the Poet and the Man, without which poetry would include little inward significance and moral power. His temperament was of the highest order. All temperaments, to be sure, except the phlegmatic, can lend themselves to poetic purposes; but

while that one which unites the saturnine with the impassioned produces poetry often, as it were, by disease, poetry is the natural expression of one like his,—sanguine, and organized with the utmost of nervous sensibility. The former quality is marked by that soaring hope with which he watches the destinies of man, heralding the promise of a Future on which he—the professed enemy of Faith—had too credulous a dependence. The second we trace in the childlike wonder with which he regards the daily face of Nature; all objects, from the far-off peak to the flower at the mountain's base, wearing for him a radiance, as if the glorious apparition of the earth had but just started into existence. His disposition also, as it is described by his friends, cordial and full of sweetness, though threatening if assailed,—impetuous, yet shy at intervals, and when shy, opening no more,—makes itself felt throughout its poetry in many a passage, the sentiment of which, if deficient in robustness, is alive with pathetic tenderness. His character, too, affected as it was by outward accidents, stands up in his works conspicuous, for evil and for good. His poetry, in truth, is the embodiment of a social creed, not only dogmatic and exclusive, but aggressive. His song is no voice from Nature's recesses, sent forth to indicate the whereabouts of sweet and secret passion; still less is it the orderly array of thought with which the ambitious scholar studiously adorns his theme and commends his name to posterity. It is the chaunt of the bard, or rather the war-note of the prophet-chief. In the solitudes of the soul, and when most "hidden in the light of thought," Shelley was a public man—bent on political designs, such designs as even now convulse the world. His spirit did not, indeed, like Milton's, "sit in the pomp of singing robes," but, to use his own expression, "hovered in verse o'er his accustomed prey." Nor, in so estimating himself, did he mistake, we think, either his vocation or his abilities; but he greatly mistook the subject and himself. He taught when he had but begun to think, and before he had begun to learn; and the perverse error which blinded his eyes was a snare also to his feet, and made void one half of the work of his hands. Seldom have such gifts been so abused. He was strong in zeal, but weak through self-confidence: he rushed into the fight without armor, though with boundless courage; and with the weapon of an idle and ignorant scorn he struck, not only at abuses and corruptions, which such as he are sent to plague and to

destroy, but at truths older than either science or song, and higher than his highest hopes for man.

The errors of Mr. Shelley were not such as a true charity either conceals or palliates: but as little do we deem it our duty to enlarge on them here. The infidelity of the mind has its root oftentimes in the will. The gravity and the danger of such error cannot be exaggerated; but neither its origin, its character, nor its effects admit of being treated of in a few words. Infidelity and blasphemy need no epithets to characterize them. Partly to account for his opinions, and partly in the passion of the hour, vices were imputed to Shelley from which we believe him to have been exempt. We should believe this (were there no other reason) because we believe that a high moral sense, and a nature, however darkened, neither corrupt nor insincere, must be the basis of all elevated poetry. One of the lessons which we have to learn from Shelley is the insufficiency of the highest moral aspirations alone to guard us against lurking evil in our spiritual nature; and especially against that of pride—the root of infidelity, and the weakness that borders most nearly on insanity. Our theme, however, is an humbler one than that of theology, and we shall allude to Mr. Shelley's errors only as they affect him as a poet.

With great moral energies he had great moral deficiencies. Few men possessed more than he that high faculty of admiration, through which men learn so much and become so much. He gazed in admiration at all things, whether the triumphs of the human mind or the commonest achievements of mechanic skill: yet in all his poetry we find no trace of his having possessed the kindred, but nobler habit—that of veneration: And yet, to be without veneration is to be shut out from a complete world,—the world, moreover, which *contains* that in which we live. The spirit of his poetry often looks up in wonder and glances around in love, and flings its gaze far forward in anger or in scorn; but its eyes are never cast reverently downward, and therefore, even in its zeal for truth, it overruns the ground in which truth lies. He had an intellectual defect also which corresponded with this moral one. He had no power of suspending his judgment. He could not doubt; and his infidelity itself was in part a passionate faith in certain moral principles with which he rashly assumed Christianity to be at war; and in part that indiscriminating hatred of priestcraft to which the fanatics of liberty are subject. His mind

was extraordinarily keen, but deficient in breadth. Such minds, especially when irradiated by an imagination addicted to metaphors, admit no twilight of intelligence. All their thoughts stand out like realities, until eclipsed by rival thoughts. This one-sidedness of mind accounts in part for the fact, otherwise inexplicable, of his having denied, at an age when others at most but doubt—and obtruded rather than confessed his infidelity. His temper also was impetuous, to a degree that, while it misapplied his reasonings, deprived his poetry of that perfect sanity which we find in the great masters. He was aware that it lacked self-possession and serenity. It lacked it because his whole nature—constitutional, intellectual, and moral—was deficient in gravity. He wrote, moreover, ambitiously, and with too much effort: And his genius was to a slight degree sophisticated by egotism. The ideal of every poet includes something of himself; and Shelley's nature, in its militant capacity, is indicated in his two most important works, his "Prometheus" and his "Revolt of Islam:" but his "Alastor," "Prince Athanase," and many of his minor poems, prove that he was fond of dwelling upon it in other relations, and in a spirit of anatomical scrutiny. We should err, however, in our estimate of Shelley's genius if we did not allow for the degree in which its products were modified by circumstance. Ill health had preyed on him till his natural sensibility had been heightened into nervous irritability. This circumstance, together with the belief that his time in this world was short, made him over-task his faculties, which were thus ever in a hectic state of excitement. The abstract habit of his mind gave an additional daring to his conclusions; and that habit was increased by the fact that between him and his countrymen there was war. Isolation, indeed, always intensifies, for good or for evil, the energies of speculative men; whose powers are at once tamed down and enriched when merged in friendly communion with other minds. In the case of Shelley it also left his poetic education incomplete. He had carefully fed his mind on all things beautiful and sublime; nor had the influences of study, philosophical, scientific, and political, been wanting to him: But living remote from practical life, his genius lacked one species of nourishment, the knowledge that comes by experience. It had never been disciplined.

To estimate justly the faults as well as the merits of the truly great is a duty which we

owe not only to truth and to ourselves, but to them. It is only when we know what binderances were opposed to their greatness by the forfeits exacted from their weakness, that we can know to what that greatness might, without such obstacles, have amounted. We can but guess, therefore, what would have been the mature works of such a mind as Shelley's, when the soil had cooled down sufficiently to produce healthy growths. The manhood of human life is still but the boyhood of genius: yet how much has he not done in his brief span! There is not one of his larger works which is not a storehouse of condensed thought and beauty—whatever may be its faults in the way of unreality or exaggeration. His "Hymn on Intellectual Beauty," his odes to "Liberty," to "Naples," to "the West Wind," his "Cloud," his "Skylark," and many a choral ode in his Lyrical Dramas, are in themselves a conclusive answer to a charge frequently brought against English Poetry, namely, that it has seldom soared into the highest region of lyrical inspiration: and in his shorter pieces there are numerous snatches of song to which the term "essential poetry" would not be misapplied—poems not only of magnetic power, but as flawless as the diamond, and in their minuteness as perfect as the berry on the tree or the bubble on the fountain. Great indeed is the bequest which Shelley has left us: and it is not without somewhat of remorseful sorrow that we remember what life gave him in return. Looking on what is past and gone through the serene medium of distance, all petty details vanish from our view, and a few great realities stand bare. In sad retrospection we look forth—and we see a man and a life! A young man, noble in genius, in heart ardent, full of love, his whole being expanded to all genial and cheering influences as "a vine-leaf in the sun:"—such an one we behold, endowed richly with the treasured stores of old learning and cherished hopes for future man. With the joy of a strong swimmer he flings himself upon the stream of life—and finds himself bleeding and broken on the rocks it covers! To say "it was his own fault" is a mode of disposing of the matter rather compendious than (to us) satisfactory. For his errors he is answerable at another tribunal than ours. The age which partakes of and fosters such errors may find time to remember his sufferings as well. Through trials not the less severe because not unprovoked, he fought his way if not in peace of conscience, yet certainly with high courage and heroic hope.

He deemed that he had lived long. But he was only in his twenty-ninth year when the Mediterranean waves closed above his head. A sad career was his:—He had his intellectual resources, and he had friends; yet his was a sad career; and worthy of deeper thoughts than belong either to the region of adulation or of anger.

The genius of Keats was Grecian to a far higher degree than that of Shelley. His sense of beauty was profounder still; and was accompanied by that in which Shelley's poetry was deficient—Repose. Tranquillity is no high merit if it be attained at the expense of ardor; but the two qualities are not incompatible. The ardor of Shelley's nature shows itself in a strong evolution of thought and succession of imagery;—that of Keats in a still intensity. The former was a fiery enthusiasm, the latter was a profound passion. Rushing through regions of unlimited thought, Shelley could but throw out hints which are often suggestive only. His designs are always outline sketches, and the lines of light in which they are drawn remind us of that "temple of a spirit" described by him, the walls of which revealed

"A tale of passionate change divinely taught,  
Which in their winged dance unconscious genii wrought."

Truth and action may be thus emblemed; but beauty is a thing of shape and of color, not of light merely, and rest is essential to it. That mystic rapidity of interwoven thought, in which Shelley exulted, was foreign to the deeper temperament of Keats. One of his canons of poetry was, that "its touches of beauty should never be half-way, thereby making the reader breathless, instead of content. The rise, the progress, the setting of imagery, should, like the sun, come naturally to the poet, shine over him, and set soberly, although in magnificence, leaving him in the luxury of twilight." He disliked all poetical surprises, and affirmed that poetry "should strike the reader as a wording of his own highest thoughts, and appear almost a remembrance." Shelley's genius, like the eagle he describes,

"Runs down the slanted sunlight of the dawn."

But, beauty moves ever in curved lines, like the celestial bodies, and even in movement stimulates rest. Beauty was the adornment of Shelley's poetry; it was the very essence of Keats's. There is in his poetry not only a constant enjoyment of the beautiful,—there

is a thirst for it never to be satisfied, of which we are reminded by his portrait. Shelley admired the beautiful, Keats was absorbed in it; and admired it no more than an infant admires the mother at whose breast he feeds. That deep absorption excluded all consciousness of self,—nay, every intrusion of alien thought; and while the genius of others, too often like a double-reflecting crystal, returns a twofold image, that poetic vision which day by day grew clearer before Keats was an image of beauty only, whole and unbroken. There is a peculiar significance in the expression, “a child of song,” as applied to him. Not only his outward susceptibilities retained throughout the freshness of infancy, but his whole nature possessed that integrity which belongs but to childhood, or to the purest and most energetic genius. When the poetic mood was not on him, though his heart was full of manly courage, there was much of a child’s waywardness, want of self-command, and inexperienced weakness in his nature. His poetry is never *juvenile*. It is either the stammer of the child or the “large utterance of the early gods.”

Keats possessed eminently the rare gift of invention—as is proved by the narrative poems he has left behind. He had also, though without Shelley’s constructive skill as to the architecture of sentences, a depth, significance, and power of diction, which even the imitational affectation to be found in his earliest productions, could not disguise. He instinctively selects the words which exhibit the more characteristic qualities of the objects described. The most remarkable property of his poetry, however, is the degree in which it combines the sensuous with the ideal. The sensuousness of Keats’s poetry might have degenerated into the sensual, but for the ideality that exalted it,—a union which existed in consequence of a connection not less intimate between his sensitive temperament and his wide imagination. Perhaps we have had no other instance of a bodily constitution so poetical. With him all things were more or less sensational; his mental faculties being, as it were, extended throughout the sensitive part of his nature—as the sense of sight, according to the theory of the Mesmerists, is diffused throughout the body on some occasions of unusual excitement. His body seemed to think; and, on the other hand, he sometimes appears hardly to have known whether he possessed aught but body. His whole nature partook of a sensational character in this respect, namely, that every thought and

sentiment came upon him with the suddenness, and appealed to him with the reality of a sensation. It is not the lowest only, but also the loftiest part of our being to which this character of unconsciousness and immediateness belongs. Intuitions and aspirations are spiritual sensations; while the physical perceptions and appetites are bodily intuitions. Instinct itself is but a lower form of inspiration; and the highest virtue becomes a spiritual instinct. It was in the intermediate part of our nature that Keats had but a small part. His mind had little affinity with whatever belonged to the region of the merely probable. To his heart, kindly as he was, everything in the outer world seemed foreign, except that which for the time engrossed it. His nature was Epicurean at one side, Platonist at the other—and both by irresistible instinct. The Aristotelian definition, the Stoical dogma, the Academical disputation, were to him all alike unmeaning. His poetic gift was not a separate faculty which he could exercise or restrain as he pleased, and direct to whatever object he chose. It was when “by predominance of thought oppressed” that there fell on him that still, poetic vision of truth and beauty which only thus truly comes. The “burden” of his inspiration came to him “in *leni aurâ*,” like the visits of the gods; yet his fragile nature bent before it like a reed; it was not shaken or disturbed, but wielded by it wholly.

To the sluggish temperaments of ordinary men excitement is pleasure. The fervor of Keats preyed upon him with a pain from which Shelley was protected by a mercurial mobility; and it was with the languor of rest that Keats associated the idea of enjoyment. How much is implied in this description of exhaustion! “Pleasure has no show of enticement, and Pain no unbearable frown; neither Poetry, nor Ambition, nor Love have any alertness of countenance; as they pass me by they seem rather like three figures on a Greek vase—two men and a woman, whom no one but myself could distinguish in their disguisement. This is the *only happiness*; and is a rare instance of advantage in the body overcoming the mind.”—(P. 264, vol. i.) A nobler relief was afforded to him by that versatility which made him live in the objects around him. It is thus that he writes:—“I scarcely remember counting on any happiness. I look not for it, if it be not in the present hour. Nothing startles me beyond the moment. The setting sun will always set me to rights; or if a sparrow were

before my window, I take part in its existence, and pick with it, about the gravel." (P. 67, vol. i.) Elsewhere he speaks thus of that form of poetic genius which belonged to him, and which he contra-distinguishes from the "egotistical sublime." "It has no self. It is everything and nothing—it has no character—it enjoys light and shade—it lives in gusts, be it foul or fair, high or low, rich or poor, mean or elevated—it has as much delight in conceiving an Iago as an Imogen." (P. 221, vol. i.) In this passage, as elsewhere, he seems to confound versatility with the absence of personal character. That versatility of imagination is, however, by no means incompatible with depth of nature and tenacity of purpose we have already observed; and our opinion is confirmed by a remark of Mr. Milnes, whose life of Keats, from which we have so largely quoted, is enriched with many pieces of admirable criticism. Keats's versatility showed itself, like Mr. Tennyson's, not only in the dramatic skill with which he realized various and alien forms of existence, but also, though to a lesser degree, in the fact that the character of his poetry varied according to the model he had been studying. In "Endymion" he reminds us of Chaucer and Spenser; in "Hyperion" of Milton; in his "Cap and Bells" of Ariosto; and in his drama, the last act of which is very fine, of Ford. Mr. Milnes remarks, with reference to the last two works, that Keats's occasional resemblance to other poets, though it proves that his genius was still in a growing state, in no degree detracts from his originality. He did not imitate others, Mr. Milnes observes, so much as emulate them; and no matter whom he may resemble, he is still always himself.

The character of Keats's intellect corresponded well with his large imagination and versatile temperament. He had not Mr. Shelley's various and sleepless faculties, but he had the larger mind. Keats could neither form systems nor dispute about them; though germs of deep and original thought are to be found scattered in his most careless letters. The two friends used sometimes to contend as to the relative worth of truth and of beauty. Beauty is the visible embodiment of a certain species of truth; and it was with that species that the mind of Keats, which always worked in and through the sensibilities, held *conscious* relations. He fancied that he had no access to philosophy, because he was averse to definitions and dogmas, and sometimes saw glimpses of

truth in adverse systems. His mind had itself much of that "negative capability" which he remarked on as a large part of Shakspeare's greatness, and which he described as a power "of being in uncertainties, mysteries, doubts, without any irritable reaching after fact and reason." (P. 93, vol. i.) There is assuredly such a thing as philosophical doubt, as well as of philosophical belief: it is the doubt which belongs to the mind, not to the will; to which we are not drawn by love of singularity, and from which we are not scared by nervous tremors; the doubt which is not the denial of anything, so much as the proving of all things; the doubt of one who would rather walk in mystery than in false lights, who waits that he may win, and who prefers the broken fragments of truth to the imposing completeness of a delusion. Such is that uncertainty of a large mind, which a small mind cannot understand; and such no doubt was, in part, that of Keats, who was fond of saying that "every point of thought is the centre of an intellectual world." The passive part of intellect, the powers of susceptibility and appreciation, Keats possessed to an almost infinite degree: but in this respect his mind appears to have been cast in a feminine mould; and that masculine energy which Shakspeare combined with a susceptible temperament unfathomably deep, in him either existed deficiently, or had not had time for its development.

If we turn from the poet to the man, from the works to the life, the retrospect is less painful in the case of Keats than of Shelley. He also suffered from ill-health, and from a temperament which, when its fine edge had to encounter the jars of life, was subject to a morbid despondency: but he had many sources of enjoyment, and his power of enjoyment was extraordinary. His disposition, which was not only sweet and simple, but tolerant and kindly, procured and preserved for him many friends. It has been commonly supposed that adverse criticism had wounded him deeply: but the charge receives a complete refutation from a letter written on the occasion referred to. In it he says, "Praise or blame has but a momentary effect on the man whose love of beauty in the abstract makes him a severe critic on his own works. . . . I will write independently. I have written independently *without judgment*. I may write independently, and *with judgment*, hereafter. The Genius of Poetry must work out its own salvation in a man. . . . I was never afraid of failure."

There are, however, trials in the world from which the most imaginative cannot escape; and which are more real than those which self-love alone can make important to us. Keats's sensibility amounted to disease. "I would reject," he writes, "a Petrarchal coronation—on account of my dying day—and because women have cancers!" A few months later, after visiting the house of Burns, he wrote thus,—“His misery is a dead weight on the nimbleness of one's quill: I tried to forget it . . . it won't do. . . . We can see, horribly clear, in the works of such a man, his whole life, as if we were God's spies.” (P. 171.) It was this extreme sensibility, not less than his ideal tendencies, which made him shrink with prescient fear from the world of actual things. Reality frowned above him like a cliff seen by a man in a nightmare dream. It fell on him at last! The most interesting of all his letters is that to his brother (p. 224, vol. i.), in which he, with little anticipation of results, describes his first meeting with the Oriental beauty who soon after became the object of his passion. In love he had always been, in one sense: and personal love was but the devotion to that in a concentrated form which he had previously and more safely loved as a thing scattered and diffused. He loved and he won; but death cheated him of the prize. Tragical indeed were his sufferings during the months of his decline. In leaving life he lost what can never be known by the multitudes who but half live: and poetry at least could assuredly have presented him but in scant measure with the consolations which the Epicurean can dispense with most easily, but which are needed most by those whose natures are most spiritual, and whose thirst after immortality is strongest. Let us not, however, intrude into what we know not. In many things we are allowed to rejoice with him. His life had been one long revel. “The open sky,” he writes to a friend, “sits upon our senses like a sapphire crown: the air is our robe of state; the earth is our throne; and the sea a mighty minstrel playing before it!” Less a human being than an Imagination embodied, he passed, “like a new-born spirit,” over a world that for him ever retained the dew of the morning; and bathing in all its freshest joys he partook but little of its stain.

Shelley and Keats remained with us only long enough to let us know how much we have lost—

“We have beheld these lights, but not possessed them.”

The genius of the poet whose latest work we have discussed at the beginning of this paper has been more justly appreciated than that of either of them: But it will now probably be asked to which of the two great schools of English poetry illustrated by us he is to be referred? The answer to that question is not easy, for in truth he has much in common with both. His earlier poems might sometimes be classed in the same category with those of Shelley and Keats: For, the three have in common an ardent temperament, a versatile imagination, and an admirable power of embodying the classical; but in other respects they differ widely. Tennyson has indeed, like Keats, with whom he has most in common, a profound sense of the beautiful, a calm and often soft intensity, a certain voluptuousness in style, that reminds us of the Venetian school of painting, and a marvelous depth and affluence of diction—but here the resemblance ends. We do not yet observe in his works, to the same degree, that union of strength with lightness and freedom of touch, which, like the unerring but unlabored handling of a great master, characterized Keats's latest works. On the other hand, Tennyson has greater variety. Wide, indeed, is his domain—extending as it does from that of Keats, whose chief characteristic was ideal beauty, to that of Burns, whose songs, native to the soil, gush out as spontaneously as the warbling of the bird or the murmuring of the brook. Even in their delineation of beauty, how different are the two poets! In Keats that beauty is chiefly beauty of form; in Tennyson that of color has at least an equal place: one consequence of which is, that while Keats, in his descriptions of nature, contents himself with embodying separate objects with a luxurious vividness, Tennyson's gallery abounds with cool far-stretching landscapes, in which the fair green plain and winding river, and violet mountain ridge and peaks of remotest snow, are harmonized through all the gradations of aerial distance. Yet his is not to be classed with that recent poetry which has been noted for a devotion, almost religious, to mere outward nature. His landscapes, like those of Titian, are for the most part but a beautiful background to the figures. Men and manners are more his theme than nature. His genius seems to tend as naturally to the idyllic as that of Shelley did to the lyrical, or that of Keats to the epic.

The moral range of Mr. Tennyson's poetry, too, is as wide as the imaginative. It is remarkable how little place, notwithstanding



the ardor of Shelley and of Keats, is given in their works, to the affections properly so called. They abound in emotion and passion: in which respect Mr. Tennyson resembles them; but he is not less happy in the delineation of those human affections which depend not on instinct or imagination alone, but which, growing out of the heart, are modified by circumstance and association, and constitute the varied texture of social existence. His poetry is steeped in the charities of life, which he accompanies from the cradle to the grave. He has a Shakspearean enjoyment in whatever is human, and a Shakspearean indulgence for the frailties of humanity; the life which his verse illustrates with a genial cheer or a forlorn pathos, is life in its homely honesty, life with its old familiar associations and accidents, its "merry quips," remembered sadly at the death of the old year, its "flowing can" and its "empty cup." The truth of this statement will at once be recognized by all who have read his "Miller's Daughter," his "May Queen," and "New Year's Eve," with their beautiful "Conclusion;" his "Dora," "Audley Court," "Talking Oak," or his "Lyrical Monologue."

Nor is his intellectual region less ample. Many of his poems are the embodiment of deep philosophical speculations on the problem of life. We allude to such pieces as the "Palace of Art," "The Two Voices," the "Vision of Sin," and those brief but admirable political poems, "You ask me why though ill at ease," and "Of old sat Freedom on the Heights." In these poems, whether metaphysical or ethical, there is a characteristic difference between the style of Mr. Tennyson and Shelley; the latter of whom was essentially dogmatic in the corresponding part of his works, while the former, with an interest not less deep in the intellectual and political progress of the human race, speaks only in the way of suggestion, and in his significant hints reminds us of Mr. Keats's expression, "Man should not dispute or assert, but whisper results to his neighbor." In this department of Mr. Tennyson's poetry we can, perhaps, trace the influences of German literature, modified by an English mind, and, we are glad to observe, by English traditions.

Mr. Tennyson's genius, so far as we can pretend to judge of what is so large and manifold, is perhaps, on the whole, most strikingly characterized by that peculiar species of versatility which, as we have already observed, is the application of the dramatic fac-

ulty to other subjects instead of the dram a. All his important poems are complete embodiments, not merely illustrations of the subject treated. Each is evidently the result of long musings, meditative and imaginative; and each represents, in its integrity and distinctness, an entire system of thought, sentiment, manners, and imagery. Each is a window from which we have a vista of a new and distinct world. In each, too, we come to know far more of the characters than is explicitly stated; we know their past as well as their present, and speculate about their associates. How much, for instance, of our time and country do we find in "Locksley Hall," that admirable delineation of the modern Outlaw, the over-developed and undisciplined youth, the spoilt child and cast-away son of the nineteenth century! How many tracts against asceticism are condensed in his St. Simeon! Whether idyllic or philosophic in form, not a few of these poems are at heart dramas. If it were true, which we cannot believe, that the drama is amongst us but an anachronism, such poems would be perhaps the most appropriate substitute for it. They are remarkable also as works of art. Mr. Tennyson is a great artist; nor would it have been possible without much study, as well as a singular plastic power, to have given his poems that perfection of shape which enables a slender mould to sustain a various interest.

It is frequently asked whether Mr. Tennyson is capable of producing a great and national work. Hitherto such has obviously not been his ambition; nor can we think any man wise who, instead of keeping such a design steadily before him, and making all his labors a preparation for it, embarks on the execution of it at a period earlier than that at which his faculties and his experience approach their maturity. A great poem is a great action; and requires the assiduous exercise of those high moral powers with which criticism has no concern, and action much;—courage, prudence, enterprise, patience, self-reliance founded on self-knowledge, a magnanimous superiority to petty obstacles, a disinterested devotion to art for its own sake, and for that of all which it interprets and communicates. Should Mr. Tennyson devote himself to a great work, he has already exhibited the faculties necessary for his success: But, whether he writes it or not he has taken his place among the true poets of his country. With reference to a national poem, and to our previous observations concerning the ideal and the national in poetry,

we may remark, that Mr. Tennyson's progress has constantly been toward the latter, while he has carried along with him many attributes of the former. His early poems, steeped as they were in a certain fruit-like richness, and illumined by gleams of an imagination at once radiant and pathetic, like the lights of an evening horizon, were deficient, as all young poetry is, in subject and substance. They had then also a defect, which they shared with much of Shelley's and some of Keats's—that of appearing poetry, distilled from poetry, rather than drawn from the living sources of life and of truth. But that defect has long since been corrected; and it is observable, that in proportion as his poetry has become more robust and characteristic, it has also become more home-bred. He has given us admirably characteristic landscapes from almost all countries; but it is plainly among the meads and lawns of his native land that his imagination finds a home. Nor is it English scenery only that he illustrates with such truth and power, but English manners likewise; indeed, when we say that his poetry does not shrink from the interests and accidents of daily life, it is especially English life to which we refer. It is not merely the romantic tale that he records, as in "Godiva" and "The Lord of Burleigh," but many a modern trait from the village green, the corn-field, the manor-house, many a recollection from college life, or the social circle. The tale which we have reviewed, though not English in subject, is yet eminently English in its setting. That modern England does not contain the materials of poetry we cannot believe, as long as we find that it produces the faculties that tend to poetry; but

those materials unquestionably are obscured by the rubbish that now overlays them; and to extricate and exhibit them requires, therefore, unusual poetic discernment. The difficulty of illustrating our modern manners is increased by the fact that they include much from which poetic sympathies recoil. A deep interest in national manners and history is the best imaginative preparation for a national poem. In what way the poetical side of modern life might be seized and set forth on a large scale, is a problem well worth consideration; but our limits deter us from even an attempt at the solution of it. Assuredly that life will not be poetically exhibited merely by allusions to its outward accidents,—its railways, and its steamboats, or by the application of poetry, in the spirit of a partisan, to the disputes of the hour. To delineate modern life, the first thing must be to understand human life; and the second to trace its permanent relations as they are modified by the more essential characteristics of modern society. In this process the poet will be assisted in proportion as his sympathies are vivid, as his habits are thoughtful, and as his versatile imagination unites itself to fixed principles. The sympathies which give power to those who feel them, are such as help their immediate objects likewise. The man must feel himself a part of that life which he would illustrate (though the poet in the man, must ever preserve his isolation); the hand must inform the heart, and the heart direct the mind; for it is through the neighborly duties alone that the universal relations of society become understood vitally. Scanned in speculation alone, they are a theme for the philosopher, not the poet.

## SONNET TO WILBERFORCE.

CHASTE orator! whose silv'ry voice, when strung  
To lofty subjects hitherto untaught,  
Unheard in senate-house or regal fort,  
With vigor to thy theme adapted, rung,  
What need'st thou that thy effigy be hung  
Where heroes lie who by Trafalgar sought  
A grave illustrious, and priests who've bought

A resting-place Plantagenets among!  
In Libya, where the sun, a glaring flame  
Resembling, burns the arid plains, and where  
The Senegal pursues his tardy course,  
Most fervently, in their diurnal prayer,  
The manumitted slaves pronounce thy name,  
And teach their babes to lip forth WILBERFORCE.

From Tait's Magazine.

## HENRIETTA SONTAG—COUNTESS DE ROSSI.

THE return of Mademoiselle Sontag to the lyrical stage, through circumstances so peculiar and unforeseen, very naturally awakens a more than ordinary curiosity respecting her. Many years ago she was the pride of the operatic boards throughout Europe. Her voice was magnificent, her person and manners were fascinating, and she had formed for herself a style of singing altogether *sui generis*. It is, moreover, one of the great arts of dramatic policy to trumpet forth the merits of favorite singers, so as to excite, and sometimes to bewilder, the intellects of those whose habitual pleasure is music. We remember Mademoiselle Sontag's first appearance in London. She had previously, as is well known, gained a high reputation on the Continent, by singing at Paris, Berlin, Vienna, and other cities of Germany. But as London is the *ultima Thule* of musical ambition, her career would have been imperfect, her success almost trivial, had she not passed the Channel, and delighted the amateurs of the British capital, which, without a figure of speech, is the greatest centre of energy and intelligence in Christendom.

There is a melancholy interest attached to her late reappearance. Admired for her beauty and her talents, she was married early to a Sardinian gentleman, engaged in the business of diplomacy, who, as might have been expected, in a short time withdrew her from the excitements and pleasures of public life. She then formed one of a class constantly becoming more and more numerous in European society—we mean ladies who have been transferred from the stage to the drawing-room, which some regard as an extraordinary and fortunate achievement. We have our doubts on this point. It may not be desirable at the outset to be placed on the stage, and surrounded by all its temptations, all its gaieties, all its excitements, and all its dangers; but these once subdued by the force of habit, or neutralized by the pure love of art, there is, perhaps, no life so full

of charms, and, therefore, so difficult to be quitted, as that of the stage—we mean to those few who attain pre-eminence there, and exercise a sort of sovereign influence over public taste.

Fame of all kinds is intoxicating, but especially that of a great actor or singer, who looks renown face to face, as it were, and enjoys in person that which others only taste proleptically, by throwing themselves through the force of imagination into the bright circles of futurity. To a woman, above all things, young, beautiful, susceptible, celebrity is a Circean cup. She beholds, in some sort, thousands at her feet—she lives in an atmosphere perfumed with applause—the whole public is but as an echo to repeat her praises perpetually. All who feel, and many thousands who only affect to feel, the pleasures imparted by music—all who have a voice in society, or, still more bewitching, who can give performance to their eloquent admiration through the press, unite in accomplishing her apotheosis.

When, therefore, through love, or any other passion, she is snatched from this mimic world, this blaze of admiration, this inexpressibly sweet and soothing atmosphere, to be removed to the calm and quietude of domestic life, the change is too frequently followed by poignant disappointment and regret. The existence of a great actress or singer is external. All she does is to produce effect on others. Her talents may, in fact, be said to be latent or invisible, till they are called into activity, and rendered palpable by the presence of applauding multitudes. No painter would create a gallery of pictures if all the rest of the world were blind. No man would give up his nights and days to the study of eloquence, if the music of his periods were to be displayed before a deaf or unappreciating audience. Still less, therefore, would a singer cultivate assiduously all the resources of her voice, and almost convert herself into a mere well-

spring of sound, were she not to be repaid by the simultaneous admiration of brilliant and generous audiences, who have wealth, distinction, and fame at their command.

It is commonly believed that Mademoiselle Sontag abandoned the stage without reluctance, and voluntarily gave herself up to the obscurity of ordinary life. She herself, however, is deeply conscious, we are sure, that this is a grievous error. In the glimpses we obtain of her subsequent career, we discover irrefragable proofs that she perpetually sighed for the enjoyment of publicity. Consequently, though the causes of her reappearance cannot but be painful to her, we make no doubt that, when the happy moment arrived, she again trod the stage with rapture, like one who escapes from long imprisonment to liberty, or ascends from the dim eclipse of defeat to victory and the exercise of power. This is the event of her life on which, were we her friend, we should be most inclined to congratulate her. Like a star long hidden by thick clouds, she has now emerged once more into the clear bright heaven, and sheds radiance far and wide around her. As the Countess de Rossi, she may have tasted all that equable pleasure and satisfaction which a retired and quiet life can bestow; but as Henrietta Sontag, the *prima donna* of the opera-house, she probably enjoys, at times at least, a rapturous delight, altogether unknown to other women. This would undoubtedly be her confession, could she be brought to disclose her secret thoughts; and, accordingly, she no doubt finds, as well as the public, that adversity "oft bears a precious jewel in its head."

A great deal has been written on the merits of this distinguished singer, who has been placed in parallel with Madame Pasta, Malibran, and Jenny Lind. These comparisons are generally ridiculous, because language supplies no medium for conveying correctly to others our impressions of singing. When we are speaking of a voice which those to whom we speak have not heard, the most elaborate and learned critic will fail in the attempt to impart a true idea of it. We may describe the amount of pleasure we have received; we may enter into details respecting it; we may be eloquent; we may exhaust the terms of admiration; but, when all this has been done, our hearers or readers will only be able to gather generally that we have been extremely delighted. Of Madame Pasta, for example, now that she has disappeared from the stage, it is impossible to give the opera-goers any concep-

tion. What the voice is, we know not, save that it is a power to cause certain peculiar vibrations in the air, which, striking on our sensorium, give rise to sensations which are not afterward to be represented by ideas. Music is almost exclusively a matter of sensation, and has little or nothing to do with the intellect. It produces a peculiar condition of our nervous system; it occasions an agreeable motion in our animal spirits; it excites our feelings; it awakens our sympathies; it connects itself with innumerable associations, and stirs all the world of passion within us; but the means by which it exercises this power defy analysis, and even lie beyond the reach of conjecture. The most subtle metaphysics cannot descend into that abyss, so that we must be content to enjoy the pleasure, without knowing whence it cometh, or whither it goeth.

When persons in society talk of the opera, especially if they have the misfortune to possess a smattering of musical knowledge, you often seem ashamed to experience any pleasure in common with them, they are so intensely silly. Affecting to be pre-eminently familiar with all great singers, they talk of Pasta, Sontag, and Lind, just as, were they politicians, they would prate about Palmerston, Talleyrand, or Metternich. Often and often do they suggest a pungent quotation from Shakspeare—

"The fool hath planted in his memory  
An army of good words,"—

for, with their "contralto," their "soprano," and their "mezzo-soprano," they bother you by the hour. They do not hear music to enjoy it, but to dissertate about it. Mademoiselle Sontag is to them not a source of pleasure, but a topic. They carry their tablets to the opera-house, that they may set down those trite observations which they can afterward dole forth among persons of their own calibre in society. Nothing can exceed the airs of superiority which one of this class of persons feels, when he asks you if you have heard Lind or Sontag, and feels sure you will answer in the negative. He is then in a state of mental ecstasy; and if you care less for the truth than for a joke, you will humor him, that you may see his little mind overflowing with gratification. Yet these individuals help to make up the singers' world, which possibly, but for them, would be extremely limited; for the true lovers of music, like the true lovers of all other arts, are few indeed. We have been at the opera-

house in company with persons of this stamp, who, instead of yielding themselves up for the time to the witchery of song, have been but laboriously exhibiting their musical learning; affecting to detect faults in the most exquisite passages, and worrying us to death with their own theories of what the thing ought to have been. This is particularly the case with Mademoiselle Sontag's countrymen, who, because they have the most unmusical language in Europe, think themselves entitled to pronounce judgment, *ex cathedra*, upon all others, as well as upon music itself.

But from these let us now turn to the professional career of Mademoiselle Sontag, who was born at Coblenz on the 3d of January, 1809. The date of her birth reminds us of a strange theory which was started some years ago by one of the public journals, which was, that all persons of superior genius had been born in winter, and particularly in the month of January. The writer looked carefully through biographical dictionaries, and found sufficient instances to satisfy his own mind; and many other writers in newspapers and magazines ingeniously supported his views. After a short time it was recollected that Shakspeare was born on the 23d of April; and, without any further ceremony, the notion was dismissed. The ancient Greeks had a different theory, which was, that the best time to be born was about September or October, as the best time to get married was in January. Fancy may amuse itself with such considerations, but experience shows that every month in the year has produced its great men and women also, though philosophy, if properly set upon the track, might possibly discover reasons why one month should produce more genius than another.

Henrietta Sontag's parents were in obscure, if not in humble circumstances, as she is said to have been descended from a family of artists, of whom the utmost that can be affirmed seems to be that it was respectable. Her biographers are much too pompous to be communicative or satisfactory. Forgetting they have to relate a life, they endeavor to compose an eulogium, which they divide between her beauty and her talents, not knowing exactly to which to give the preference. If they will take our word for it, we will deliver them at once from that dilemma by informing them that she never was beautiful, though she possessed a very pleasing countenance and pretty figure. But beauty is rare in Germany, and, therefore, a little

may be allowed to go a great way. Mademoiselle Sontag had something about her more fascinating than physical beauty. We mean the witchery of genius, which would have communicated to features much inferior to hers an irresistible charm.

We are told that at five years of age she already began to give proofs of her musical talents, while at seven she obtained a reputation for beauty. This is ridiculous. She was no doubt a pretty child; and as she had even then begun to be a public character, her prettiness was generally noticed in her neighborhood. The biographies we have seen are extremely mysterious in their revelations; relating, for example, that her mother used to place her on a table to sing to a circle of friendly neighbors, or the authorities of the city, or even to the nobility of the district. If her father was a poor artist, how came he to be acquainted with the authorities or the nobility; and where, how, and when, was she perched on the table to sing? Most people are aware of what mighty consequence nobility is thought to be of in Germany. There a nobleman is necessarily an adept in all kinds of knowledge. His acquaintance with music is innate, and the voices he admires immediately become superhumanly sweet. This, therefore, was the fire that ripened Henrietta Sontag. With her arms hanging beside her, her eye on a fly crawling across the window, or watching a butterfly flitting from flower to flower without, she was beheld by some illustrious unknown, executing the grand aria of "The Queen of Night," in "The Magic Flute." Would that some sensible person had witnessed and described these things! We should then have been able to appreciate the effect produced by the little girl's voice, the power and richness of which we do not comprehend a bit the better for comparing it to mountain rills.

Jenny Lind has enjoyed the advantage of possessing a more enlightened and observing circle of friends than Henrietta Sontag, whose life would be highly interesting if written by a man of sense, with the proper materials at his disposal. From the ordinary sketches put forward, we learn very little. They move through her biography by leaps and bounds, skipping four or five years at a time; and that, too, when it is most important to know what was the training of the voice, what the system, if any, of diet, what the collateral instruction she received from those around her. Her parents, we are told, were too judicious to think of deriving profit from exhibiting their child as

an infant wonder through the opera managers of Germany—a phrase of exquisite vagueness—who were eager to secure her services, each for his own theatre.

One thing we distinctly discover, namely, that she was brought up in a sort of musical hotbed, since already, at the age of eleven years, a part entitled “The Little Daughter of the Danube” was written expressly for her; and in this she performed at the theatre of Darmstadt, no doubt with unbounded applause, for the Germans are as liberal of praise to their own countrywomen as they are sometimes grudging of it to strangers. There must, however, have been in this exhibition something upon the whole unsatisfactory; otherwise, we can scarcely believe that parents who are injudicious enough to permit so premature a display would, immediately afterward, have exhibited the prudence necessary to withdraw her from the “heat of theatres, and the warmth of admiration,” and transport her to the conservatory of Prague. Prodigies are always great nuisances, especially to themselves. Nothing is beautiful but what is natural; and it is highly unnatural to force a child into the situation of a woman, and expect from her the impersonation and expression of passions which she has never felt, and therefore can neither understand nor realize to others. To a certain extent, Henrietta Sontag was preserved from this humiliation; though, in common with many other celebrated singers, she was several times brought forward too early, and owed her success more to the indulgence than to the judgment of her critics.

Much has, no doubt, been written on the musical education of Germany, which, until recently, had scarcely anything but music on which habitually to pride itself. But we are yet greatly in the dark respecting those methods of voice-training which succeed so well in that country. We are accordingly unable to appreciate, save by the result of the instructions received by Mademoiselle Sontag, whether at Darmstadt or Prague. We know not how to distinguish between what was contributed by nature and what was effected by art. We only know that in three years Henrietta had made great progress in her studies, and was led to aspire to make a figure on those boards where the “Marriage of Figaro” and the “Clemenza di Tito” were first produced by Mozart.

We now come to an epoch in Mademoiselle Sontag’s life. Scarcely had she attained the age of fourteen when, through the ill-

ness of the principal *prima donna* of the Prague opera, she was called upon to make her début in earnest as a public singer. Her parents, we are told, now no longer felt any objection to her appearing definitely on the stage—conceiving, apparently, that a girl of fourteen is fully capable of projecting herself into the passions of women, at least as they are represented in opera-houses, where the sorrows of the heart are set to music, and people laugh, cry, rave, make love, stab, and die, singing. “*Chantez toujours,*” as they say in France, “*n’importe! allons, messieurs et mesdames, saisons l’amour.*” There is nothing like it. So thought the Prague managers; and little Henrietta, at once transformed into a heroine, was called upon to do her part in “Jean de Paris.”

But on the lyric stage, as the know-ones express it, it is impossible to make love, or sing about it, until you are, or appear to be, of a certain height. Henrietta was too short by four inches for love; but this did not signify. There was a mighty Hellenist at Prague, who, in his profound researches into antiquity, had discovered that the Greek actors wore the Kothurnos when they desired to represent gods or goddesses; personages who, of course, were a little taller than we. This extraordinary genius suggested that Henrietta should wear cork heels; and eke soles, we presume, otherwise four inches of heel might have been inconvenient. By erudite investigations into the history of France, it was also found that the ladies of the court of Louis XV. wore high-heeled shoes, and dyed them red. Behold, then, the whole difficulty got over, and Henrietta mounted on the Kothurnos, before all the rank and fashion of Prague, who must of necessity have been extremely delighted. We should, certainly, have been much gratified to have seen her on that night as Princess of Navarre, with her high vermilion heels and short petticoats. But the Bohemians saw her, and were enchanted, as all German populations are bound to be with a musical prodigy. They would otherwise be no better than the rest of the world—their chief distinction consisting in that high degree of mock enthusiasm which they can, at any time, get up to order.

They who are profoundly versed in operatic history will, no doubt, know all about Gerstener, of whose merits, or performances, our knowledge is rather slight. He was, nevertheless, considered, in his day, a great man at Prague, where, like other great men, he would seem to have treated the public

rather cavalierly, it being his custom to act very carelessly, on ordinary occasions; but when he perceived the sort of voice possessed by the little cork-heeled heroine, against whom, properly speaking, he was pitted, the man of faces and grimaces made a great effort, fearing he might, otherwise, lose ground in public estimation. In fact, Henrietta Sontag's voice soon awakened him from his dream of false security, and warned him that if he would be tolerated any longer, he must do his best. For many nights did little Henrietta figure on vermillion cork as Princess of Navarre, delighting, as at Coblenz, the authorities of the town, and the nobility of the district, as all will readily believe who have had the pleasure to hear her.

It may with truth be said, that Germany is governed by the fiddle-stick—not the people only, but bishops, margraves, kings, kaisars, and all. No sooner had the Imperial Court heard of the little cork-heeled prodigy of Prague, than an order was sent down to deprive the Bohemians of their favorite, who, next year, therefore, made her appearance at Vienna; and, in conjunction with her judicious parents, she gave proofs of an astonishing patriotism. Figuratively or financially speaking, there were giants in the land in those days as well as in ours. One of Henrietta's biographers talks of "Kings of Railways," and "Colossi of Rhodes," and then proceeds to state that in that particular section of our century there were colossal managers in Italy, among whom Barbaja was chief. Justice is scarcely done to this gentleman. It is rashly taken for granted that he owed his success to his cash. But we, who deal forth equal justice to all mankind, desire to know how he earned this cash; whether it was not by understanding his business, and performing assiduously the duties attached to it.

Barbaja, it seems, was a sort of princely theatrical monopolist, who had a palace on the Bay of Naples, where he imprisoned musical geniuses in upper rooms, as Solomon of old imprisoned genii in copper bottles. There, in the upper rooms we mean, not in the bottle, they wrote operas, fanned during their work with the backs of music-books, by little boys. With these Barbaja would then electrify Europe, until fortune descended to him, as Jupiter did to Danæ, in a golden shower. We can discover no utility in disparaging the genius of the enterprising Neapolitan adventurer, who, in 1824, was lessee of the principal German and Italian theatres. Managers, it is supposed, had need, in our days, of much greater talent

than in those early piping days of peace, when great singers were as plentiful as blackberries, and great musical composers almost as rife. We do not see this. On the contrary, we think Barbaja displayed more genius than all the managers now living put together, though he failed in tempting Henrietta into Italy, where she would probably have improved her voice, as well as her style of singing, magnificent as both are.

When Barbaja arrived at Vienna, he immediately, of course, heard of the "wonder"—to adopt musical language—and, in spite of his antipathy to the harsh Teutonic jargon, went to the German opera to hear her sing. Of course he was enchanted, and made her a handsome offer, provided she would accompany him into the sunny regions of the South. To this her parents very wisely objected, since at the time she was much too young for the experiment not to have been hazardous. Other considerations may also have had their weight. At any rate, Barbaja was this time doomed to encounter disappointment; and from that day to the present, Mademoiselle Sontag has never traversed the Alps in her professional capacity. Fortunately for her fame, however, some concession was made to the Neapolitan manager; that is, she was permitted to sing in the Italian opera at Vienna.

On the occasion of Henrietta's removal to the Carinthia at Vienna, mention is made by the biographers of Madame Fodor; and an expression is, in so doing, made use of, that may excite some reflection. That distinguished *prima donna*, it is said, is still remembered by the old *habitués* of her Majesty's Theatre. And is this the fame of a great singer? How many of those *habitués* remain? How rapidly will the circle of Madame Fodor's memory diminish until it is at length extinguished with the death of the last of the *habitués*? Poor lady! When she heard Henrietta Sontag sing at the Carinthia, she exclaimed, "Had I her voice, I would hold the whole world at my feet!" What an eccentric idea! What vanity! The whole world meant the few musical persons who frequented the opera; few, we mean, comparatively. But in proportion as the fame of a singer is fleeting, is it vital and delightful while it lasts. The singer has no time to think of futurity, of the interminable succession of coming ages, of the innumerable causes which must conspire to quench her name, and overwhelm it with oblivion. She ministers pleasure to tens of thousands

while she lives, and fortunately for her, she is not gifted in general with sufficient power of reflection to look forward and anticipate the darkness that must, in a short time, engulf her power.

Should Germany ever awaken in reality from the political dream in which it has hitherto lain oppressed, and half strangled by the nightmare of monarchy, many of its cities will probably contend for the honor of having given birth to Robert Blum, though the infamy of having been the place of his martyrdom will cling everlastingly to Vienna. Up to the present time, nearly the only talent that awakens the rivalry of German cities is that of a singer or composer. The Prussians, it is said, are proud, or were formerly, that Mademoiselle Sontag was born at Coblenz, rendered notorious in other days by the assembling there of French emigrants, to plot and conspire against liberty. As a Prussian, Henrietta was invited to Berlin, and there for a time steeped in elysium the ears of those effeminate *dilettanti*, who seem to have mistaken music for morality, and a rage for the opera, for patriotism. This, of course, was no fault of Mademoiselle Sontag. It was not her mission to regenerate her fatherland. As she could afford delight to the idle public, she was, and ought to be satisfied, because that was her profession, that was what she aimed at, and that, it must be owned, she accomplished triumphantly.

But the Berliners were not destined long to retain their fascinating countrywoman, who, yielding to the solicitations of Rochefoucault, backed by those of Rossini, accepted an engagement in Paris, whither she repaired, after having reaped a golden harvest in the Rhenish provinces, and in Holland. The French capital under the Restoration is well known to have been a sort of Circean sty, in which all the vices were cultivated to perfection, and royalty reigned over hearts dead to everything but the sense of voluptuousness. Millions would then have been cheerfully given by the Court to any one who should have invented a new pleasure. Among this effeminate rabble, noble and ignoble, Mademoiselle Sontag excited for awhile the utmost enthusiasm. The madness we have seen prevail on the subject of Jenny Lind was diffused through Paris by Sontag, whose name was in every mouth, and for whose merits there were ten thousand dandies ready to fight so many harmless duels! This was just three years before the overthrow of the Bourbons—before that

epicurean and degraded race had been driven forever from power; for, though a second restoration should be effected to-morrow, instead of restoring them to power, it would only place them in a position to attract and concentrate upon themselves the contempt of France and all Europe.

When she returned to Berlin, a scene took place in Koenigstadt, which, while it illustrates the calm courage and self-possession of Mademoiselle Sontag, shows, at the same time, to what unmanly excesses the rage for music, real or affected, could then hurry a German audience. Because, in the search after fortune and reputation, their countrywoman had thought proper to exercise her talents in the French capital, those silly Berliners endeavored to overwhelm her with hisses and contempt, and tried to extract from her a promise, an oath, that she would go no more among the hated foreigners. The *auri sacra fames*, and her self-respect, both preserved Mademoiselle Sontag from yielding to this contemptible persecution. While they yelled, bellowed, and hissed, she stood immovable on the stage, determined not to yield a jot; and when they perceived the scornful superiority with which she treated them, they shrunk into themselves, and suffered her to display her distinguished powers for their amusement.

On her return to Paris, she met and became intimate with Malibran, whose extraordinary style of singing afterward made so powerful an impression on the public mind in this country. The readers of Roman history will remember how rival jockeys had vast factions to support them in the Eternal City. Such persons will experience no surprise that, among the indolent and voluptuous citizens of Paris, every eminent *prima donna* has her party ready to sacrifice the reputations of all other ladies at her shrine. But Malibran and Sontag, instead of studiously exciting this absurd feeling among their admirers, had the good sense to perceive how much better it would be to cultivate each other's friendship, which they did, to the no small surprise of those petty agitators who constitute so large a portion of a singer's audience, and contribute so much to the spread of her fame. No one who has heard the two singers can fail to be sensible how vast was the difference between their styles. Calm and sweet, and possessing consummate skill, Mademoiselle Sontag displays all the resources of art in



her impersonations of passion. Gifted with a superior understanding, she knows how to represent every shade of feeling by the intonations of the voice; but, in her most enthusiastic moments, she is acting still. She never forgets herself in the character she assumes; but, by observation and diligent study, has acquired the power to project herself successively into a variety of parts, with immense facility and effect. Malibran, on the contrary, fiery and impetuous, often forgot herself entirely, and was hurried away irresistibly by the illusions of the stage. She did not act, but lived the part. For a moment, she was what she seemed, and her voice—rich, warm, flexible, and full of power—poured through the theatre like a flood, agitating every breast, and inundating it with pleasure.

It is one of the characteristics of genius to be generous and compassionate; and Mademoiselle Sontag is said to have always possessed this quality in an eminent degree. Having, in her early years, known what poverty was, she has always cherished a lively sympathy for the poor, and sought, by every means in her power, to mitigate their sufferings. This is better even than professional success—to triumph is to enjoy personal delight; but to distribute largely the fruits of that triumph among the poor, to shed joy and gladness over the humble hearth, to be a protector to the widow and the orphan, and a friend to the friendless; these are the achievements of something still nobler than genius itself—they belong to virtue and religion, and raise the mind that performs them far above all conventional greatness. One cold night, when Mademoiselle Sontag was quitting the theatre, still full of the deep emotion inspired by her having performed the part of Donna Anna, in "Don Giovanni," she saw, on the step of a door, three German girls, clustered around their mother, singing the songs of their fatherland. She was immediately attracted to the group, and, on drawing nearer, discovered that the mother, a woman of about thirty, had once, as she remembered, been a singer in the theatre at Darmstadt. All persons understand the love of country—all know what it is to have one's patriotism awakened by distress in a foreign land. Imagine one of my readers hearing an acquaintance, however slight or casual, striking up,—

VOL. XIX. NO. I.

"My heart's in the Highlands, my heart is not here."

on the banks of the Mississippi or the Oronoko! What would he not do for him? Would not his purse be out in an instant? Would he not take the man to his inn, and perform on some scale, small or great, the part of the good Samaritan? Mademoiselle Sontag at least did this. She asked the woman where she lived, gave her money, and left her. The same evening a trusty servant was sent to the poor actress's lodging with the means for her return to Darmstadt, namely, £120 sterling; and, for seven years afterward, Sontag, without making herself known, allowed her a pension sufficient for her support, and the musical education of her daughters. This is acting in the true spirit of Christianity; this is to—

"Do good by stealth, and blush to find it fame."

One of these three girls has since risen to the highest eminence as a singer on the German stage. Her name, for obvious reasons, need not be mentioned; but it is only within the last two years that she has learned the name of her long invisible benefactress.

During her residence in Paris, Mademoiselle Sontag was married to the Count di Rossi, a diplomatist of respectable talents, but who would never have been known widely to the public, save as her husband. The King of Sardinia, in whose service he was, thought it an act of condescension in a count to marry a singer. The condescension was on the other side, and Mademoiselle Sontag may be said to have ennobled Count di Rossi, by giving him her hand. However, she had been herself ennobled before the ceremony by the King of Prussia, who, with that ludicrous generosity for which princes are sometimes remarkable, granted letters of nobility to her and her ancestors for seven or eight generations back—Mademoiselle Sontag does not know exactly which. Many an honest bargher of Coblenz, therefore, went to his grave without knowing he was a count; which, seeing the estimation in which titles are held in Germany, may be regarded as a particular misfortune.

We now come to Mademoiselle Sontag's appearance in London, which may be regarded as by far the most important event in her life, all she had achieved on the Con-

minent having been nothing but a prelude to this greater triumph. The managers of the opera-house were some time in negotiation with her before she would accept an engagement; which may be accounted for by the very natural wish on her part to enhance her own merits, and to yield only to the most pressing solicitations. In singing, as in other things, coyness and distance only augment the eagerness of desire. The more peremptory was her refusal, the higher rose the offers of the managers; till, having at length reached the desired pitch, she gracefully yielded, and quitted Paris for London.

There was then among the opera-goers the same sort of rage for Sontag as we have since witnessed for Jenny Lind, though the press did not yield itself so completely to the tyranny of music. Novelty, of course, had its influence, and for a short time even Pasta herself appeared to be eclipsed by the new star from Germany. But in the minds of all true judges there never existed a moment's hesitation in deciding between the two singers. Madame Pasta, in truth, stood alone; not only without any one who could rival, but without any one who could approach her. Equal, perhaps, as an actress, to Mrs. Siddons herself, she possessed a voice which, however it may be technically characterized, was in all respects the finest in the world. They who judge by ordinary rules, may deny it the praise of this or that quality, but it had precisely the thing which constitutes the highest excellence. It was unequalled for its power of exciting emotion, and searching all the recesses of the heart. We have placed ourselves in every part of the opera-house, in order to be able to observe its effects from different distances—in the stalls, in the pit, in the slips, in the boxes, in the gallery—and everywhere the same absorbing flood of sound has enveloped us. To technicalities we often attach no definite idea. It signifies nothing whether her voice was a *mezzo soprano* or not. It was an instrument of unparalleled force, flexibility, and sweetness, and expressed, better than that of any woman we ever heard, the most subtle workings of the passions. Madame Pasta appeared to infuse her intellect into her voice, and listening to her was consequently a pleasure, differing in kind from listening to any other singer. In two things, especially, she seemed to us to attain something like perfection—in expressing the joy of triumph and passion, and the keenest and most poignant feelings of sorrow. Thus she embraced the poles, as it were, of human feeling, the excess of joy and the ex-

cess of grief; and she ranged through all the intermediate sentiments with a grace, ease, and power, unknown to other singers.

Nevertheless, when Mademoiselle Sontag made her appearance, that most distinguished woman was thrown into the shade. We went, of course, to hear the new singer, and felt and admitted all her excellencies. She had a style entirely her own, some idea of which we may have succeeded in conveying to the reader, though it is so impossible to do this completely, that the celebrity, built on the exercise of the voice, must inevitably perish for that very reason. In all other arts, a complete terminology has been invented by artists. You can convey an idea of any peculiar excellence from age to age. You may describe poetry, or painting, or sculpture, so as to enable future generations to judge correctly of the productions you delineate, though they should themselves, in the interval, be utterly lost. But not so of singing. It perishes as it is born. It penetrates the soul, and creates, as it were, a thrill of pleasure in it, as when you cast a stone into the ocean, and produce an emotion on its surface. But when the emotion has subsided, no distinct idea has been left upon the mind—nothing but a confused recollection of delight—an impassioned memory, if we may so express ourselves—of which we can render no account to others. We may be eloquent, indeed, on the pleasure we have tasted; we may dilate upon it; we may excite the envy of our hearers or readers; we may create the impression that it was something wonderful; but of its nature and extent we can convey no conception. We heard Mademoiselle Sontag in several of her favorite parts—in “The Barber of Seville,” in “Otello,” in “The Cenerentola,” in “The Crociato in Egitto,” in “Don Giovanni”—and in each and all of these her performance inspired us with extraordinary delight. She was young, moreover, and handsome; and her person, consequently, strengthened the impression made by her voice. There was something sylph-like and bounding in her form. Fair, with peculiarly fine arms and neck, she seemed the most delicate of opera queens; and the knowledge that her character was every way equal to her abilities tinged your admiration with profound respect.

Still, we never could look on her with the same eyes as we looked on Madame Pasta, whose character was equally excellent, and whose genius was greatly superior. When she appeared upon the stage, the applause was possibly less vociferous, but it was more

heartfelt. There was a majesty in her manner which often rebuked boisterousness into silence. There would have been more demonstration had the delight felt been less. She did not seem so much a person to be applauded as to be gazed at with silent rapture. It is known that her figure was latterly deformed by corpulence—that she moved heavily, and not apparently without effort—but the instant her figure appeared from behind the scene, one deep universal thrill of pleasure passed through the whole house; and then, perhaps, followed bursts of tumultuous applause. But we have been present when the only intimations of pleasure given by an immense audience were suppressed sobs and tears—when the women all wept irresistibly, and the men hid their faces in their hands to conceal their emotion. There was no applause then—no shouting, no clapping, no throwing of wreaths or bouquets on the stage. One universal sob was the only tribute to her genius, except that here and there women went into hysterics, while men, ashamed of their humanity, dashed out of their boxes to recover themselves in the corridor. Such were the effects of Pasta's singing, and they were such as we have never seen produced in the same degree by any other performer.

On one occasion we heard Pasta, Sontag, and Velluti, in the same opera; and we have more than once heard Sontag play "*Desdemona*" to Pasta's "*Otello*." We could then compare the voices of the two singers, and estimate the effect produced on the mind by each. In Pasta art was so complete that it concealed art, and seemed to be pure nature; but in Sontag you always felt the presence of science, and the extraordinary resources of art—consummate and wonderful, indeed, but still you felt them, to the no small diminution of your pleasure.

From London, Mademoiselle Sontag returned to Berlin, whence, after having sung with the usual effect, she departed, by the way of Warsaw, for St. Petersburg. Despotism, fatal to everything else, is propitious to the opera, which shows that there is nothing revolutionary in music. This, indeed, is perhaps the only art which can be said to thrive within the precincts of tyranny. The poet, the sculptor, and the painter, may so far forget their sacred missions as to contribute to adorn a despot's reign, though the influence of their genius is circumscribed by his arbitrary authority; while they themselves are degraded in becoming instruments of imperial pleasure. Music easily allies itself with

power of every kind; and, consequently, even the Czar, hateful as he is to every man of liberal sentiments, becomes amiable toward singers, whom he patronizes and enriches with lavish munificence. No wonder, therefore, that Sontag was a favorite at St. Petersburg—that the Czar smiled upon her, that the nobles re-echoed the sentiments of the court. Fortune, of course, followed in the train of all this patronage; and the amount of property amassed by the successful use of the voice was, in Henrietta's case, great almost beyond example.

At length came the period when the King of Sardinia consented to allow the Count di Rossi to make his marriage public. Up to that period, the policy of the Court of Turin had ably seconded the interests of the Count, which were greatly promoted by suffering his wife to remain upon the stage. But, as she was thought to have accumulated sufficient, the royal assent was immediately obtained to her public recognition as Countess di Rossi. Then, of course, followed her retirement from the lyric boards, where she had won so many laurels, and enjoyed so much personal gratification. It is observed by one of her biographers that the King of Sardinia was induced, by her eminent virtues, to hasten the period of her recognition, and afterward, by the same sagacious writer, that the King of Bavaria was likewise excited to admiration by her virtues. That Mademoiselle Sontag's virtues were great and numerous, we acknowledge with pleasure; and we believe there is no person in Europe who does not yield her the tribute of praise on that score. But it is pre-eminently comic to be told that the lover of Lola Montes particularly admired Mademoiselle Sontag for her virtues; in truth, we have yet to learn that virtue is any recommendation to a king—especially that virtue of self-respect for which Mademoiselle Sontag was always remarkable. We think it far more probable that her personal beauty, and the power of her voice, were her chief recommendations; and that, if she had been less virtuous, the attraction would have been thought to be so much the greater.

However, virtuous she was, and is, in spite of kings and courts, and we entertain no doubt that when she was admitted into the diplomatic circles at the Hague, she constituted by far the most eminent and remarkable personage there. This we say through our admiration for genius of every kind, and not out of any disrespect toward diplomatists, or diplomatists' wives, who generally

have as much vanity as any *prima donna*, though often without any of her claims to the admiration of the world.

We remarked at the outset that, when Mademoiselle Sontag quitted the theatre, she made far too great a sacrifice, and one to which her inclinations by no means prompted. On the contrary, it is evident she always regretted the life she had left; and, in the midst of what is called high society, sighed for the laborious days when most of her hours were spent in study, and in preparing for the triumphs of the evening. This we learn from the tenor of her amusements, which were all, more or less, connected with music. On every fitting occasion she allowed herself to be induced to sing, not through what is properly called vanity, but through the consciousness of possessing distinguished talents, properly to exercise which is to be happy. The droning trivialities of society could not content her; and the position she occupied, respectable and influential in itself, could not permit her to enjoy the true delights of domestic life. Even these, however desirable they may be, would never have satisfied a woman accustomed to the turbulent emotions of a *prima donna*. Women who have never emerged from privacy know nothing of the intoxicating influence of fame, and it is well they should never know it. All cannot be public personages; all cannot figure on the stage. Their best and holiest duties lie elsewhere — at the domestic hearth, beside the cradles of their children, in the society of their husbands, or at the bedside of sickness and sorrow—and the performance of these duties will suffice, when nothing more is known, to fill up their whole minds, and gratify all their aspirations. But when a woman has been a *prima donna*—when the admiration of the world has raised her into something like imperial pre-eminence—when, night after night, through weeks, and months, and years, she has swayed the emotions of thousands of hearts at once, and been habituated to applause, to deference, to personal admiration, and to the eulogies of the press—it is not within the power of human nature to relinquish all these pleasures without a sigh, in order to be received in cold diplomatic circles as Countess this or that.

Accordingly, we find Mademoiselle Sontag, in whatever circle she moved, getting up concerts, and making the nearest approaches possible to the life of the stage. No doubt she derived from these mimic exhibitions a certain degree of satisfaction—faint, indeed,

and vapid, when compared to the pleasures of her former life; but, being rational and good, she reconciled herself as best she might to the unenviable splendors of her new position—always sighing, however, in secret for the occurrence of some stroke of fortune, some blessed calamity, which would carry her back in triumph to the stage, and enable her to taste once more that tumultuous joy inspired by beholding pleasure in ten thousand faces piled from floor to ceiling, and by hearing innumerable voices shouting your name with grateful rapture.

Nothing is more commonplace than the life of an ordinary diplomatist, who devotes his days and nights to the practice of political intrigue, which, though it keeps up an incessant effervescence in the minds of those who are plunged in it, leads in general to no great result. If this be true of the husbands, who are the principal actors, it is still truer of the wives. Of course they have their own intrigues, the management of which amuses them a little now and then; but this also, from its sameness, soon grows insipid, and they take to cards and scandal as the only infallible remedies for ennui. What attractions could Mademoiselle Sontag find in the perpetual society of such women? Persons who exercise their intellects often wish they could enjoy an immortality upon earth; because, engaged perpetually in the development of mental energy, they think that existence would never pall upon the appetite, or urge them to call upon death as their sweetest deliverer. But, to inert and insane people, the period of life is too protracted as it is. They cannot fill it up with useful exertion, cannot discover agreeable employment for their time, and have often no recourse but in the excitement of vice. But the person, be it man or woman, who has cultivated any art, is never plunged into this lamentable vacuity, this Serbonian bog of existence, which overwhelms with despair. Mademoiselle Sontag, pregnant with active faculties, always desired to be engaged in doing something—in acts of benevolence, in acts of friendship, and, above all things, in the exercise of her art.

A lady, writing from the Baltic, thus describes some days spent in the society of Mademoiselle Sontag, during a period of ruralizing at Revel:—

“And now let me revert more particularly to one of the fairest ornaments, both in mind and person, which our party possesses, whose never clouded name is such favorite property with the public, as to justify one in naming it—I mean the Countess Rossi. The advantages which her pe-

culiar experience and knowledge of society have afforded her, added to the happiest *naturel* that ever fell to human portion, render her exquisite voice and talent, both still in undiminished perfection, by no means her chief attraction in society. Madame Rossi could afford to lose her voice to-morrow, and would be equally sought. True to her nation, she has combined all the *Liebenswürdigkeit* of a German with the witchery of every other land. Madame Rossi's biography is one of great interest and instruction, and, it is to be hoped, will one day appear before the public. It is not generally known that she was ennobled by the King of Prussia, under the title of Mademoiselle de Lauenstein; and, since absolute will, it seems, can bestow the past, as well as the present and future, with seven *ahnern*, or forefathers—'or eight,' said the Countess, laughing, 'but I can't remember;' and, though never disowning the popular name of Sontag, yet, in respect for the donor, her visiting cards, when she appears in Prussia, are always printed *Née de Lauenstein*. We were greatly privileged in the enjoyment of her rich and flexible notes in our private circle, and, under her auspices, an amateur concert was now proposed for the benefit of the poor in Revel.

"The rehearsals were merry meetings; and when our own bawling was over, Madame Rossi went through her songs as scrupulously as the rest. I will never forget the impression she excited one evening. We were all united in the great ball-room of the governor's castle at Revel, which was partially illuminated for the occasion, and having wound up our last noisy 'Tournament,' we all retreated to distant parts of the *salle*, leaving the Countess to rehearse the celebrated *Scena* from the *Freischütz* with the instrumental parts. She was seated in the midst, and completely hidden by the figures and desks around her. And now arose a train of melody and expression which it thrills every nerve to recall; the interest and pathos creeping gradually on through every division of this most noble and passionate of songs—the gloomy light—the invisible songstress—all combining to increase the effect, till the feeling became too intense to bear. And then the hum in the distance, and the husky voice of suppressed agony whilst doubt possessed her soul, chilled the blood in our veins, and the final burst '*er ists, er ists*,' was one of agony to the audience. Tears, real tears, ran down cheeks both fair and rough, who knew not and cared not that they were there; and not until the excitement had subsided did I feel that my wrist had been clenched in so convulsive a grasp by my neighbor, as to retain marks long after the siren had ceased. I have heard Schröder and Malibran, both grand and true in this composition, but neither searched the depths of its passionate tones, and with it the hearts of the audience, so completely as the matchless Madame Rossi."

But now came a reverse of fortune. After enjoying for many years the sort of happiness which is to be tasted by getting up amateur concerts, and private imitations of the opera, the revolutions of Germany de-

stroyed her fortune, while the troubles in Sardinia shattered that of her husband. Then came the necessity of returning to her former way of life. She had, fortunately for herself, continued to cultivate music as an art, and can, probably, at this moment, sing as well as at any period of her life. The years which have passed by have detracted little from her personal appearance. She is still a fine, handsome woman, with a figure less buoyant and agile, perhaps, than when, at nineteen, she first made her appearance in England; but she is not less able, but rather, perhaps, more, to give full efficacy to impassioned singing, and stir the deeper emotions of the heart.

We regret, of course, that the political events of Prussia should have deprived her of the property amassed in her early years. But all the occurrences of our lives carry along with them a compensating power, so that our very sufferings are often made profitable to us. We trust it may be so with Mademoiselle Sontag, whose reception on her return to London must have been in the highest degree gratifying to her. Even after the sensation produced by the extraordinary singing of Jenny Lind, she found it no way impossible to inspire the public with enthusiasm, though various feelings combined to render her reappearance memorable. Of the crowds who had beheld her on her first appearance, many, perhaps most, had gone the way of all living, yet thousands remained to institute a comparison between her former and her later efforts; and among these the general impression is, that she has gained rather than lost by her long retreat from public life. Her voice, perhaps, has not that exquisite buoyancy which youth bestows, but it has a more searching power, and richer and mellow tones, produced by the softening influence of time.

She has improved also as much in art as though she had been almost all the while upon the stage, and consequently will continue to excite as much admiration as any living singer. It may not be necessary for her to desire a protracted continuance of public favor, because her object, we believe, is merely to repair the losses she has sustained by the failure of banks and commercial houses in Germany, after which she will retire once more to the quiet of domestic life, never to appear again before the public. For ourselves, we wish this day may be far distant; though, at the same time, it would afford us pleasure to learn that she had been fortunate in her professional undertakings,

From the English Review.

## THE CONQUEST OF CANADA.

*The Conquest of Canada.* By the Author of "*Hochelaga*." In 2 vols. 8vo. London: Bentley, 1849.

THOSE who are already acquainted with "*Hochelaga*" will welcome with pleasure a work by the same author on the same soil; and we can confidently assure them that any pleasurable anticipations which they may form will be fully realized by a perusal of the volumes now before us. They embrace, indeed, not merely the last struggle between France and England for the possession of those vast and interesting territories which lie between the great lake-chain and the Northern Ocean, but contain a full history of Canada, from its first discovery to its final reduction by the arms of Britain, and convey much information regarding the natural productions of the country, and the customs of its aboriginal inhabitants. The author has employed great research, and gives the result in a very attractive form: his style is eloquent, his narrative lucid; and we generally, though not universally, coincide in his views. Having said thus much by way of prelude, we proceed to our vocation, with the certainty of gratifying ourselves, and the hope that we shall gratify our readers, by a rapid sketch of "*The Conquest of Canada*."

After a very interesting account of all the speculations of the ancients regarding the existence of the Western World, and of those voyages of discovery, either real or imaginary, which preceded the exploit of the great Genoese, Mr. Warburton briefly, but strikingly, touches on the career of Columbus, and then proceeds:—

"It was by accident only that England had been deprived of these great discoveries. Columbus, when repulsed by the courts of Portugal and Spain, sent his brother Bartholomew to London, to lay his projects before Henry VII., and seek assistance for their execution. The king, although the most penurious of European princes, saw the vast advantage of the offer, and invited the great Genoese to his court. Bartholomew was, however, captured by pirates on his return voyage, and detained till too late; for in the mean while Isabella of Castille had adopted the project

of Columbus, and supplied the means for the expedition.

"Henry VII. was not discouraged by this disappointment: two years after the discoveries of Columbus became known in England, the king entered into an arrangement with John Cabot, an adventurous Venetian merchant, resident at Bristol, and on the 5th of March, 1495, granted him letters patent for conquest and discovery. Henry stipulated that one-fifth of the gains in this enterprise was to be retained for the crown, and that the vessels engaged in it should return to the port of Bristol. On the 24th of June, 1497, Cabot discovered the coast of Labrador, and gave it the name of *Primavista*.

"A large island lay opposite this shore: from the vast quantity of fish frequenting the neighboring waters, the sailors called it *Bacallaos*; Cabot gave this country the name of St. John's, having landed there on St. John's day. Newfoundland has long since superseded both appellations. John Cabot returned to England in August of the same year, and was knighted, and otherwise rewarded by the king; he survived but a very short time in the enjoyment of his fame, and his son Sebastian Cabot, although only twenty-three years of age, succeeded him in the command of an expedition destined to seek a north-west passage to the South Seas.

"Sebastian Cabot sailed in the summer of 1498; he soon reached Newfoundland, and thence proceeded north as far as the fifty-eighth degree. Having failed in discovering the hoped-for passage, he returned toward the south, examining the coast as far as the southern boundary of Maryland, and perhaps Virginia. After a long interval, the enterprising mariner again, in 1517, sailed for America, and entered the bay which a century afterward received the name of Hudson. If prior discovery confer a right of possession, there is no doubt that the whole eastern coast of the North American continent may be justly claimed by the English race.

"Gasper Cortereal was the next voyager in the succession of discoverers; he had been brought up in the household of the King of Portugal, but nourished an ardent spirit of enterprise and thirst for glory, despite the enervating influences of a court. He sailed early in the year 1500, and pursued the track of John Cabot as far as the northern point of Newfoundland: to him is due

the discovery of the Gulf of St. Lawrence, and he also pushed on northward by the coast of Labrador, almost to the entrance of Hudson Bay."—vol. i. pp. 27—31.

Portugal and Spain each attempted to explore the northern continent, but with little success and less credit. The expeditions of Cortereal were rather slave-trading ventures than voyages of discovery; whilst those of Ponce de Leon aimed at an imaginary good, and obtained little real benefit. The beautiful coast, which he surnamed Florida, from the richness and variety of its flowers, has passed not only from the crown, but even from the race of Castille:—

"The first attempt made by the French to share in the advantages of these discoveries was in the year 1504. Some Basque and Breton fishermen at that time began to ply their calling on the great bank of Newfoundland and along the adjacent shores. From them the island of Cape Breton received its name. In 1506, Jean Denys, a man of Harfleur, drew a map of the Gulf of St. Lawrence. Two years afterward, a pilot of Dieppe, named Thomas Aubert, excited great curiosity in France, by bringing over some of the savage natives from the New World: there is no record whence they were taken, but it is supposed from Cape Breton. The reports borne back to France by these hardy fishermen and adventurers were not such as to raise sanguine hopes of riches from the bleak northern regions they had visited: no teeming fertility or genial climate tempted the settler, no mines of gold or silver excited the avarice of the soldier, and for many years the French altogether neglected to profit by their discoveries."—p. 34.

The decree by which that disgrace to humanity, Alexander the Sixth, divided the western hemisphere between the crowns of Castille and Portugal, impeded, though it did not suppress, the maritime discoveries of other nations. It was not long ere the Reformation, by denying the authority, destroyed the effect of the papal bull as far as regarded England; and France, though adhering to the communion of Rome, showed an early determination to dispute the Borgia grant:—

"In the year 1523, Francis I. fitted out a squadron of four ships to pursue discovery in the west; the command was intrusted to Giovanni Verazzano of Florence, a navigator of great skill and experience, then residing in France: he was about thirty-eight years of age, nobly born, and liberally educated; the causes that induced him to leave his own country and take service in France are not known. It has often been remarked as strange, that three Italians should have directed the discoveries of Spain, England, and

France, and thus become the instruments of dividing the dominions of the New World among alien powers, while their own classic land reaped neither glory nor advantage from the genius and courage of her sons. Of this first voyage the only record remaining is a letter from Verazzano to Francis I., dated 8th of July, 1524, merely stating that he had returned in safety to Dieppe.

"At the beginning of the following year Verazzano fitted out and armed a vessel called the *Dauphine*, manned with a crew of thirty hands, and provisioned for eight months. He first directed his course to Madeira; having reached that island in safety, he left it on the 17th of January, and steered for the west. After a narrow escape from the violence of a tempest, and having proceeded for about nine hundred leagues, a long low line of coast rose to view, never before seen by ancient or modern navigators. This country appeared thickly peopled by a vigorous race, of tall stature and athletic form: fearing to risk a landing at first with his weak force, the adventurer contented himself with admiring at a distance the grandeur and beauty of the scenery, and enjoying the delightful mildness of the climate. From this place he followed the coast for about fifty leagues to the south, without discovering any harbor or inlet where he might shelter his vessel; he then retraced his course, and steered to the north. After some time Verazzano ventured to send a small boat on shore to examine the country more closely: numbers of savages came to the water's edge to meet the strangers, and gazed on them with mingled feelings of surprise, admiration, joy, and fear. He again resumed his northward course, till, driven by want of water, he armed the small boat, and sent it once more toward the land to seek a supply; the waves and surf, however, were so great, that it could not reach the shore. The natives, assembled on the beach, by their signs and gestures eagerly invited the French to approach: one young sailor, a bold swimmer, threw himself into the water, bearing some presents for the savages, but his heart failed him on a nearer approach, and he turned to regain the boat; his strength was exhausted, however, and a heavy sea washed him almost insensible up upon the beach. The Indians treated him with great kindness, and, when he had sufficiently recovered, sent him back in safety to the ship.

"Verazzano pursued his examination of the coast with untiring zeal, narrowly searching every inlet for a passage through to the westward, until he reached the great island, known to the Breton fishermen, Newfoundland. In this important voyage he surveyed more than two thousand miles of coast, nearly all that of the present United States, and a great portion of British North America."—p. 37.

Another expedition under the same commander was devoid of any result. In 1525 Stefano Gomez sailed from Spain for Cuba and Florida, whence, coasting northward, he reached Cape Race on the south-eastern coast of Newfoundland. His object in steer-

ing to the north was to discover the north-west passage to India,—that fatal mirage which has lured so many noble spirits across the shifting desert of the barren sea to fail and to perish. The other delusions of early times have left us. The philosopher's stone no longer excites the ambition of our scholars and chemists; our mechanics no longer attempt to produce perpetual motion in perishable things; the ancien régime, with all its faults and follies, has passed away for ever; and popery has, generally speaking, lost all hold either upon the heart, or the head, of the educated classes on the European continent. But the north-west passage still remains a monument of past ignorance and present perversity, like a hoar-headed barbarian, who (the last of his own generation) yet survives to tell the tale of the past to his civilized descendants.

How far Gomez penetrated is unknown; but there is reason to believe that he entered the estuary of the St. Lawrence, and traded on its banks. A Spanish tradition asserts, that the Spaniards reached these shores before the French, and, disappointed with finding no symptoms of gold or silver mines, repeatedly cried out "*ca nada!*" here (*there is*) nothing; whence the name Canada. This, however, is evidently one of those punning derivations by which ingenious idlers attempt to account for names with the origin of which they are unacquainted. The word Kannata or Kannada signifies village, or a collection of Indian cabins, in the dialect of several of the tribes which inhabited the shores of the Gulf of St. Lawrence when the French arrived there, and it is clear the name Canada arose from a misconception of the strangers, who, whenever they asked the name of an inhabited spot, received for answer a word which they supposed to denote the whole country.

"In the year 1534, Philip Chabot, admiral of France, urged the king to establish a colony in the New World, by representing to him in glowing colors the great riches and power derived by the Spaniards from their transatlantic possessions. Francis I., alive to the importance of the design, soon agreed to carry it out. JACQUES CARTIER, an experienced navigator of St. Malo, was recommended by the admiral to be intrusted with the expedition, and was approved of by the king. On the 20th of April, 1534, Cartier sailed from St. Malo with two ships of only sixty tons burden each, and 120 men for their crews. He directed his course westward, inclining rather to the north; the winds proved so favorable, that on the twentieth day of the voyage he had made Cape Bonavista in Newfoundland. But the harbors of that

dreary country were still locked up in the winter's ice, forbidding the approach of shipping; he then bent to the south-east, and at length found anchorage at St. Catherine, six degrees lower in latitude. Having remained here ten days, he again turned to the north, and on the 21st of May reached Bird Island, fourteen leagues from the coast.

"Jacques Cartier examined all the northern shores of Newfoundland without having ascertained that it was an island, and then passed southward through the Straits of Belleisle. The country appeared everywhere the same bleak and inhospitable wilderness; but the harbors were numerous, convenient, and abounding in fish. He describes the natives as well-proportioned men, wearing their hair tied up over their heads, like bundles of hay, quaintly interlaced with birds' feathers. Changing his course still more to the south, he then traversed the Gulf of St. Lawrence, approached the main land, and on the 9th of July entered a deep bay; from the intense heat experienced there, he named it the '*Baye de Chaleurs.*' The beauty of the country, and the kindness and hospitality of his reception, alike charmed him; he carried on a little trade with the friendly savages, exchanging European goods for their furs and provisions.

"Leaving this bay, Jacques Cartier visited a considerable extent of the gulf-coast; on the 24th of July he erected a cross thirty feet high, with a shield bearing the fleur-de-lys of France on the shore of Gaspi Bay. Having thus taken possession of the country for his king in the usual manner of those days, he sailed on the 25th of July on his homeward voyage. At this place two of the natives were seized by stratagem, carried on board the ships, and borne away to France. Cartier coasted along the northern shores of the gulf the 15th of August, and even entered the mouth of the River St. Lawrence, but the weather becoming stormy, he determined to delay his departure no longer; he passed again through the Straits of Belleisle, and arrived at St. Malo on the 5th of September, 1534, contented with his success, and full of hope for the future.

"Jacques Cartier was received with the consideration due to the importance of his report. The Court at once perceived the advantage of an establishment in this part of America, and resolved to take steps for its foundation. Charles de Moncy, Sieur de la Mailleray, vice-admiral of France, was the most active patron of the undertaking; through his influence Cartier obtained a more effective force, and a new commission, with ampler powers than before. When the preparations for the voyage were completed, the adventurers all assembled in the cathedral of St. Malo, on Whit-Sunday, 1535, by the command of their pious leader; the bishop then gave them a solemn benediction, with all the imposing ceremonials of the Romish Church."—p. 45.

On the 19th of May, Cartier again set sail, his fleet consisting of three small vessels, the largest being not more than 120 tons burden. Separated by storms from each other, they



all made for Newfoundland, where the leader's vessel arrived first, on the 7th of July. On the 26th her consorts joined her. We proceed in Mr. Warburton's own glowing language; for to abridge in such a case would be unpardonable.

Having taken in supplies of fuel and water, they sailed in company to explore the Gulf of St. Lawrence. A violent storm arose on the 1st of August, forcing them to seek shelter. They happily found a port on the north shore, at the entrance of the Great River, where, though difficult of access, there was a safe anchorage. Jacques Cartier called it St. Nicholas, and it is now almost the only place still bearing the name he gave. They left their harbor on the 7th, coasting westward along the north shore, and on the 10th came to a gulf filled with numerous and beautiful islands. Cartier gave this gulf the name of St. Lawrence, having discovered it on that Saint's festival day. On the 15th of August, they reached a long rocky island toward the south, which Cartier named l'Isle de l'Assumption, now called Anticosti. Thence they continued their course, examining carefully both shores of the Great River, and occasionally holding communication with the inhabitants, till, on the 1st of September, they entered the mouth of the deep and gloomy Saguenay. The entrance of this great tributary was all they had leisure to survey; but the huge rocks, dense forests, and vast body of water, forming a scene of sombre magnificence such as had never before met their view, inspired them with an exalted idea of the country they had discovered. Still passing to the south-west of the St. Lawrence, on the 6th they reached an island abounding in delicious filberts, and on that account named by the voyagers Isle aux Coudres. Cartier being now so far advanced into an unknown country, looked out anxiously for a port where his vessels might winter in safety. He pursued his voyage till he came upon another island, of great extent, fertility, and beauty, covered with woods and thick-clustering vines. This he named Isle de Bacchus: it is now called Orleans. On the 7th of September, Donnacona, the chief of the country, came with twelve canoes filled by his train, to hold converse with the strangers, whose ships lay at anchor between the island and the north shore of the Great River. The Indian chief approached the smallest of the ships with only two canoes, fearful of causing alarm, and began an oration, accompanied with strange and uncouth gestures. After a time he conversed with the Indians who had been seized on the former voyage, and now acted as interpreters. He heard from them of their wonderful visit to the great nation over the salt lake, of the wisdom and power of the white men, and of the kind treatment they had received among the strangers. Donnacona appeared moved with deep respect and admiration; he took Jacques Cartier's arm and placed it gently over his own bended neck, in token of confidence and regard. The admiral cordially returned these friendly demonstrations. He en-

tered the Indian's canoe, and presented bread and wine, which they ate and drank together. They then parted in all amity.

"After this happy interview, Jacques Cartier with his boats pushed up the north shore against the stream, till he reached a spot where a little river flowed into a 'goodly and pleasant sound,' forming a convenient haven. He moored his vessels here for the winter on the 18th of September, and gave the name of St. Croix to the stream, in honor of the day on which he first entered its waters; Donnacona, accompanied by a train of 500 Indians, came to welcome his arrival with generous friendship. In the angle formed by the tributary stream and the Great River stood the town of Stadacona, the dwelling-place of the chief; thence an irregular slope ascended to a lofty height of table-land: from this eminence a bold headland frowned over the St. Lawrence, forming a rocky wall 300 feet in height. The waters of the Great River, here narrowed to less than a mile in breadth, rolled deeply and rapidly past into the broad basin beyond. When the white men first stood on the summit of this bold headland, above their port of shelter, most of the country was fresh from the hand of the Creator; save the three small barks lying at the mouth of the stream, and the Indian village, no sign of human habitations met their view. Far as the eye could reach the dark forest spread: over hill and valley, mountain and plain; up to the craggy peaks, down to the blue water's edge; along the gentle slopes of the rich Isle of Bacchus, and even from projecting rocks, and in fissures of the lofty precipice, the deep green mantle of the summer foliage hung its graceful folds. In the dim distance, north, south, east, and west, where mountain rose above mountain in tumultuous variety of outline, it was still the same; one vast leafy vale concealed the virgin face of nature from the stranger's sight. On the eminence commanding this scene of wild but magnificent beauty a prosperous city now stands: the patient industry of man has felled that dense forest, tree by tree, for miles and miles around; and where it stood, rich fields rejoice the eye; the once silent waters of the Great River below, now surge against hundreds of stately ships; commerce has enriched this spot; art adorned it; a memory of glory endears it to every British heart. But the name QUEBEC still remains unchanged; as the savage first pronounced it to the white stranger, it stands to-day among the proudest records of our country's story."—pp. 42-53.

Proud indeed is the sound of that name to England, and in the pride that it awakens there is nothing to gall or wound our defeated adversaries. The conquest of Canada, the capture of Quebec were achieved by British valor, not yielded by French cowardice. The conduct, indeed, of our opponents on the occasion was such as to raise the merit of our success to the highest attainable point, whilst the courage and skill of the conqueror was

such as to make even defeat itself honorable. But we are anticipating. Let us return to that period when the white intruder, of whatever nation, was a stranger in the home of the native Canadian.

"The chief Donnacona and the French continued in friendly intercourse, day by day exchanging good offices and tokens of regard. But Jacques Cartier was eager for further discoveries: the two Indian interpreters told him that a city of much larger size than Stadacona lay further up the river, the capital of a great country: it was called in the native tongue Hochelaga; thither he resolved to find his way. The Indians endeavored vainly to dissuade their dangerous guests from this expedition; they represented the distance, the lateness of the season, the danger of the great lakes and rapid currents; at length they had recourse to a kind of masquerade or pantomime, to represent the perils of the voyage, and the ferocity of the tribes inhabiting that distant land. The interpreters earnestly strove to dissuade Jacques Cartier from proceeding on his enterprise, and one of them refused to accompany him. The brave Frenchman would not hearken to such dissuasions, and treated with equal contempt the verbal and pantomimic warnings of the alleged difficulties. As a precautionary measure, to impress the savages with an exalted idea of his power as a friend or foe, he caused twelve cannon, loaded with bullets, to be fired in their presence against a wood: amazed and terrified at the noise, and the effect of this discharge, they fled howling and shrieking away. Jacques Cartier sailed for Hochelaga on the 19th of September. . . . The voyage presented few of the threatened difficulties; the country on both sides of the Great River was rich and varied, covered with stately timber, and abounding in vines. . . . The place where the French first landed was, probably, about eleven miles from the city of Hochelaga, below the rapid of St. Mary. On the day after his arrival Jacques Cartier proceeded to the town. . . . The road was well beaten, and bore evidence of being much frequented; the country through which it passed was exceedingly rich and fertile. Hochelaga stood in the midst of great fields of Indian corn; it was of a circular form, containing about fifty large huts, each fifty paces long, and from fourteen to fifteen wide, all built in the shape of tunnels, formed of wood, and covered with birch bark; the dwellings were divided into several rooms, surrounding an open court in the centre, where the fires burned. Three rows of palisades encircled the town, with only one entrance; above the gate, and over the whole length of the outer ring of defence, there was a gallery, approached by flights of steps, and plentifully provided with stones, and other missiles, to resist attack. This was a place of considerable importance in those remote days, as the capital of a great extent of country, and as having eight or ten villages subject to its sway. The inhabitants spoke the language of the great Huron nation, and were more advanced in civilization than any

of their neighbors; unlike other tribes, they cultivated the ground, and remained stationary. . . . Three miles from Hochelaga, there was a lofty hill, well tilled, and very fertile; thither Jacques Cartier bent his way after having examined the town. From the summit he saw the river and the country for thirty leagues around, a scene of singular beauty. To this hill he gave the name of Mont Royal, since extended to the large and fertile island on which it stands, and to the city below. Time has now swept away all trace of Hochelaga: on its site the modern capital of Canada has arisen; 50,000 people of European race, and stately buildings of carved stone, replace the simple Indians and the huts of the ancient towns."—vol. i. p. 58.

The destruction of the ancient town, however, does not lie at the door of the French settlers. In fact, the tale of its ruin is unknown. After a time it vanishes from history without remark. It ceases to be mentioned for a while, and then, when inquired after, is found no longer in existence.

Jacques Cartier returned safe to France, carrying with him the chief Donnacona, whom he had treacherously entrapped, having unjustly suspected him of sinister designs. The prisoner was, however, soon reconciled to his fate by the kind treatment and great distinction which he experienced. But his death in France raised suspicions in the minds of his countrymen, which, though carefully concealed, destroyed for ever their confidence in the French.

To trace the fortunes of the French adventurers and the colony which they founded, from the departure of Jacques Cartier on his first voyage, to the capture of Quebec by the British in 1629, would be a tedious and unprofitable task. Such narratives lose all interest when stripped of their details. It is painful as well as tiresome to read of a series of mistakes and mishaps, of domestic quarrels, party contests, and petty wars, when deprived of those striking facts and heroic exploits which alone render such subjects bearable. This portion of his work has been admirably executed by the author. He has indeed contrived to throw a charm over the incidents of a border struggle, and to give a wholesome interest to the minutiae of a court intrigue. One circumstance strikes us as worthy of remark. The French Huguenots were anxious to have made Canada their refuge, but their intention was frustrated by the jealousy of Romanism. It were vain as endless to speculate on the possible consequences of this desire, had it been carried out.

But let us return to our narrative:—

"When the French received the news of the loss of Canada, opinion was much divided as to the wisdom of seeking to regain the captured settlement. Some thought its possession of little value in proportion to the expense it caused; while others deemed that the fur-trade and fisheries were of great importance to the commerce of France, as well as a useful nursery of experienced seamen. Champlain strongly urged the government not to give up a country where they had already overcome the principal difficulties of settlement, and where, through their means, the light of religion was dawning upon the darkness of heathen ignorance. His solicitations were successful, and Canada was restored to France at the same time with Acadia and Cape Breton, by the treaty of St. Germain-en-Laye. At this period," proceeds our author, "the fort of Quebec, surrounded by a score of hastily-built dwellings and barracks, some poor huts on the island of Montreal, the like at Three Rivers and Tadoussac, and a few fishermen's log-houses elsewhere on the banks of the St. Lawrence, were the only fruits of the discoveries of Verazzano, Jacques Cartier, Roberval, and Champlain, the great outlay of La Roche and De Monte, and the toils and sufferings of their followers, for nearly a century."—p. 99.

We have no space to afford a due eulogium to the great and good Champlain, who stamped the first permanent impression upon New France. His name will ever be gratefully remembered in the land of his adoption, and honored by all good men throughout the world. He died in December, 1635.\* And now commences the regular history of Canada, and here the author pauses to review the character and condition of the country when it became the abode of a race of European extraction. His account of the physical phenomena, general appearance, and natural productions of the country, with the manners and customs of its inhabitants, is extremely entertaining, though to some of our readers portions will probably be already familiar, and some of the results arrived at may perhaps admit of question. There is, however, a racy vigor and a rude eloquence in this part of the work which well accord with the subject. After occupying five chapters with these interesting subjects, our author devotes three more to the

history of the British settlements, and then takes up the thread of his narrative again, saying:—

"Having noticed the principal features of the origin and progress of the English colonies, the powerful and dangerous neighbors of the French settlement, in the New World, it is now time to return to the course of Canadian history subsequent to the death of the illustrious founder of Quebec."

Long and fierce was the struggle between the rival nations, imbittered by hereditary animosity, and sharpened by the love of gain as well as that of glory and power. The accession of Indian allies on either side gave a ferocity to the warfare hitherto unknown in the contest waged between England and France—a ferocity which spread from the barbarians to the colonists, and even infected the European commanders. Much was the suffering inflicted, many were the atrocities perpetrated on either side; and it was a happy result for both peoples which terminated the internecine hostility of New France and New England by placing them both under British rule. Strange that the victory which gave us the one deprived us of the other—strange that the success of Wolfe laid the foundation of the defeat of England—strange that the overthrow of Montcalm prepared the way for the triumph of France! That such, however, was the case, there can be no doubt. Let us, however, proceed.

"By the treaty of Utrecht in 1713, Louis the Magnificent ceded away for ever, with ignorant indifference, the noble province of Acadia, the inexhaustible fisheries of Newfoundland, and his claims to the vast but almost unknown regions of Hudson's Bay; his nominal sovereignty over the Iroquois was also thrown into the scale, and thus a dearly purchased peace restored comparative tranquillity to the remnant of his American empire."—vol. ii. p. 13.

More than thirty years afterward the then Governor of Canada—

"The Comte de la Gallisonière proposed that Monsieur du Quesne, a skillful engineer, should be appointed to establish a line of fortifications through the interior of the country, and at the same time urged the Government of France to send out 10,000 peasants to form settlements on the banks of the great lakes and southern rivers. By these means he affirmed that the English colonies would be restricted within the narrow tract lying eastward from the Alleghany Mountains, and in time laid open to invasion and ruin.

\* In the same month, to the deep regret of all good men, death deprived his country of the brave, high-minded, and wise Champlain. He was buried in the city of which he was the founder; where, to this day, he is fondly and gratefully remembered among the just and good. Gifted with high ability, upright, active, and chivalrous, he was at the same time eminent for his Christian zeal and humble piety. "The salvation of one soul," he often said, "is of more value than the conquest of an empire."—p. 101.

His advice was, however, disregarded, and the splendid province of Canada soon passed for ever from under the sway of France."—vol. ii. p. 25.

"In the year 1750, commissioners met at Paris to adjust the various boundaries of the North American territories. . . . The English commissioners, however, soon perceived that there was little chance of arriving at a friendly arrangement. The more they advanced in their offers, the more the French demanded; futile objections were started, and unnecessary delays continued: at length Mr. Shirley and his colleague broke up the conference, and returned to England. It now became evident that a decisive struggle was at hand."—vol. ii. p. 33.

After a long and doubtful contest, in which success alternated between the rival powers, the scale became turned completely in favor of France, till at length the genius of Montcalm and the inefficiency of his antagonists seemed likely to subjugate the whole continent to the sway of the house of Bourbon. It was not until the great Earl of Chatham was securely established as Prime Minister of England that success once more attended the arms of our countrymen.

"This illustrious man knew no party but the British nation, acknowledged no other interest. To exalt the power and prosperity of his country and to humble France was his sole aim and object. Personally disagreeable to the highest power in the state, and from many causes regarded with hostility by the several aristocratic confederacies, it needed the almost unanimous voice of his countrymen, and the acknowledged confidence of those powerful men whose favor he neither possessed nor desired, to sweep away those formidable difficulties, and give to England in the hour of need the services of her greatest son.

"For the remainder of the campaign of 1757, however, the energy and wisdom of Pitt were too late brought to the council, and the ill-conducted schemes of his predecessors bore, as has been shown, the bitter fruit of disaster and disgrace. But no sooner was he firmly established in office, and his plans put in execution, than the British cause began to revive in the western hemisphere, and, although still chequered with defeat, glory and success rewarded his gigantic efforts. He at once determined to renew the expedition against Cape Breton, and, warned by previous failures, urged upon the king the necessity of removing both the naval and military officers who had hitherto conducted the operations. With that admirable perception, which is one of the most useful faculties of superior minds, he readily discerned in others the qualities requisite for his purpose,—his judgment ever unwarped, and his keen vision unclouded by personal or political considerations. In Colonel Amherst he had discovered sound sense, steady courage, and an active genius; he, therefore, recalled him from the

army in Germany, and, casting aside the hampering formalities of military rule, promoted him to the rank of Major-general, and the command of the troops destined for the attack of Louisburgh. At the same time, from the British Navy's brilliant roll the minister selected the Hon. Edward Boscawen as a admiral of the fleet, and gave him also, till the arrival of General Amherst, the unusual commission of command over the land forces. With vigorous zeal the equipments were hurried on, and, on the 19th of February, a magnificent armament sailed from Portsmouth for the harbor of Halifax on the Acadian peninsula. The general was delayed by contrary winds, and did not reach Halifax till the 28th of May, where he met Boscawen's fleet coming out of the harbor; the admiral, impatient of delay, having put all the force in motion, with the exception of a corps 1600 strong, left to guard the post. No less than twenty-two ships of the line and fifteen frigates, with 120 smaller vessels, sailed under his flag, and fourteen battalions of infantry with artillery and engineers, in all 11,600, almost exclusively British regulars, were embarked to form the army of General Amherst. The troops were told off in three brigades of nearly equal strength, under the Brigadier-generals Whitmore, Lawrence, and JAMES WOLFE."—vol. ii. pp. 133—35.

We have already given so many extracts from the earlier portions of the work, that the limits which we have assigned to this article prevent us from giving any lengthened account of the operations which ended in the conquest of Canada, and the final triumph of the Anglo-Saxon race on the North American continent. Dangers and difficulties of the most appalling description were overpowered by the skill and courage of Amherst and Wolfe; nor did the genius and valor of Montcalm, or the inefficiency of their own coadjutors, prevent the triumph which their supereminent merit forced from the hands of the gallant enemy.

The first exploit of the English was the capture of Louisburgh, bravely defended by Drucour. The account of the siege is most spirited and graphic. We have only room for the concluding observations.

"In those days the taking of Louisburgh was a mighty triumph for the British arms: a place of considerable strength, defended with skill and courage, fully manned and aided by a powerful fleet, had been bravely won; 5000 men, soldiers, sailors, and mariners, were prisoners; eleven ships of war taken or destroyed, 240 pieces of ordnance, 15,000 stand of arms, and a great amount of ammunition, provisions and military stores, had fallen into the hands of the victors, and eleven stand of colors were laid at the feet of the British sovereign; they were afterward solemnly deposited in St. Paul's Cathedral.

"But, while the wisdom and zeal of Amherst and the daring skill of Wolfe excite the gratitude and admiration of their countrymen, it must not be forgotten that causes beyond the power and patriotism of man mainly influenced this great event. The brave admiral doubted the practicability of the first landing. Amherst hesitated, and the chivalrous Wolfe himself, as he neared the awful surf, staggered in his resolution, and, purposing to defer the enterprise, waved his hat for the boats to retire. Three young subaltern officers, however, commanding the leading craft, pushed on ashore, having mistaken the signal for what their stout hearts desired, the order to advance; some of their men, as they sprung upon the beach, were dragged back by the receding surge and drowned, but the remainder climbed up the rugged rocks, and formed upon the summit. The brigadier then cheered on the rest of the divisions to the support of this gallant few, and thus the almost desperate landing was accomplished.

"Nor should due record be omitted of that which enhances the glory of the conquerors, and the merit of the conquered. To defend the whole line of coast with his garrison was impossible; for nearly eight miles, however, the energetic Drucour had thrown up a chain of works, and occupied salient points with troops. And when, at length, the besiegers effected a landing, he still left no means untried to uphold the honor of his flag. Hope of relief or succor there was none; beyond the waters of the bay the sea was white with the sails of the hostile fleet. Around him on every side the long red line of the British infantry closed in from day to day. His light troops were swept from the neighboring woods; his sallies were interrupted or overwhelmed; well-armed batteries were pushed up to the very ramparts; a murderous fire of musketry struck down his gunners at their work; three gaping breaches lay open to the assailants; his best ships burned or taken; his officers and men worn with fatigue and watching; four-fifths of his artillery disabled; then, and not till then, did the brave Frenchman give up the trust which he had nobly and faithfully held. To the honor of the garrison, not a man deserted his colors, through all the dangers, privations, and hardships of the siege, with the exception of a few Germans, who served as unwilling conscripts. This spirited defence was in so far successful, that it occupied the bulk of the British force, while Abercromby was being crushed by the superior genius and power of Montcalm; by thus delaying for seven weeks the progress of the campaign, the season became too far advanced for further operations, and the final catastrophe of French American dominion was deferred for another year."—vol. ii. pp. 140—143.

In the spring of 1759 every preparation was made by the British to ensure the entire conquest of Canada, which had now become the darling object both of the Minister and the nation. It is painful to look back on the cruelties perpetrated throughout this war by both the parties engaged in it, though the

balance of humanity is strongly on the side of the English, and no charge of bad faith can be brought against our countrymen.

"The general's active care could not protect the frontier settlers from the atrocious cruelties of the French and Indians; although scouting parties were constantly moving through the forests, the subtle and ferocious enemy eluded their vigilance, and scalped men, women, and children, without mercy. These outrages gave rise to the following order by Amherst, which he found means to forward to the governor of Canada and his general:—

"No scouting party, or others in the army, are to scalp women or children belonging to the enemy. They are, if possible, to take them prisoners, but not to injure them on any account, the general being determined, should the enemy continue to murder and scalp women and children who are the subjects of the King of Great Britain, to revenge it by the death of two men of the enemy for every woman or child murdered by them."

"It were a needless pain to dwell upon the cruelties of this bloody war. Our countrymen must bear their share, although not an equal share, of the deep disgrace. The contending parties readily acquired the fiendish ingenuity in torture of their Indian allies; the Frenchman soon became as expert as his Red teacher in tearing the scalp from a prostrate enemy; and even the British soldier counted those odious trophies with unnatural triumph. In the exterminating strife, the thirst of blood became strong and deep, and was slaked, not only in the life-streams of the armed foe, but in that of the aged, the maimed, the helpless woman, and the innocent child. The peaceful hamlet and the smiling corn-field excited hostile fury alike with the camp, the intrenchment, and the fort, and shared in their destruction when the defenders were overpowered. Yet, still over these murdered corpses and scenes of useless desolation the spotless flag of France and the Red Cross of St. George waved in alternate triumph, proudly and remorselessly, by their symbolic presence sanctioning the disgraceful strife."—vol. ii. p. 241.

It is with pleasure that we leave this painful subject to give some of the outlines of that great achievement which forms the climax of the interesting narrative before us—great in every sense, whether we consider the chivalrous commander and his gallant army, or the mighty results which have thence arisen. Well might the great minister pour forth the full tide of his overwhelming eloquence as he spoke of "the horror of the night, the precipice scaled by Wolfe, the empire he with a handful of men had added to England, and the glorious catastrophe of contentedly terminating his life when his fame began." Well might he declare that "ancient story may be ransacked, and osten-

tatious philosophy thrown into the account before an episode can be found to rank with Wolfe's."

The whole wondrous narrative is here told in a manner to give full effect to every incident. It is like some mighty picture, so true to life and nature, that we see the shades of night gathering, we hear the almost silent splash of the stealthy oar, we mark the troops as one by one they gain the rough ascent, we see the terrified courier as he scuds over the plains of Abraham, and gives the deadly intelligence to the brave, the talented, the merciless Montcalm. For a moment we share in his concealed distress, till the memory of the many atrocities which he encouraged or permitted removes all sympathy from our minds, and we exclaim, "No pity for the pitiless!"

It would seem as if Montcalm had for the moment been preternaturally urged upon his destruction. "Once, and once only, in a successful and illustrious career, did this gallant Frenchman forget his wisdom and military skill; but that one tremendous error led him to defeat and death." Had he remained within the shelter of the fortifications of Quebec, winter would soon have forced the English to retire from before its walls, for Wolfe's force was (without the assistance of Amherst, who was still far distant) quite unequal to reducing the city so strongly garrisoned and defended, especially in the brief interval before the severe season set in. In this case the fall of Quebec must have been delayed till next year; and in the meanwhile a change might have occurred in European affairs, or France might have been enabled to send efficient succors. Despite of all these considerations, and after having only a short time before recorded his deliberate opinion that he could not face the British army in a general engagement, he now on an open plain, without waiting even for his artillery, led his troops, a great portion of which consisted of the rude Canadian Militia, against the veterans of England. We extract a few passages describing the results. After some movements on both sides:—

"The whole of the French centre and left, with loud shouts and arms at the recover, now bore down to the attack. Their right troops then ceased firing, and passed to the rear. As the view cleared, their long unbroken lines were seen rapidly approaching Wolfe's position. When they reached within 150 yards, they advanced obliquely from the left of each formation, so that the lines assumed the appearance of columns, and chiefly threatened the British right. And now

from flank to flank of the assailing battalions rolled a murderous and incessant fire. The 35th and the Grenadiers fell fast. Wolfe, at the head of the 28th, was struck on the wrist, but not disabled. Wrapping a handkerchief round the wound, he hastened from one rank to another, exhorting the men to be steady and to reserve their fire. No English soldier pulled a trigger; with matchless endurance they sustained the trial. Not a company wavered: their arms shouldered, as if on parade, and motionless, save when they closed up the ghastly gaps, they waited the word of command. When the head of the French attack had reached within forty yards, Wolfe gave the order to fire. At once the long row of muskets was leveled, and a volley distinct as a single shot flashed from the British line. For a moment the advancing columns still pressed on, shivering like pennons in the fatal storm; but a few paces told how terrible had been the force of the long-suspended blow. Numbers of the French soldiers reeled and fell; some staggered on for a little, then dropped silently aside to die; others burst from the ranks shrieking in agony. The Brigadier de St. Ours was struck dead, and De Senzergues, the second in command, was left mortally wounded on the field. When the breeze carried away the dense clouds of smoke, the assailing battalions stood reduced to mere groups among the bodies of the slain. Never before or since has a deadlier volley burst from British infantry. Montcalm commanded the attack in person. Not fifteen minutes had elapsed since he had first moved on his line of battle, and already all was lost. The Canadian militia, with scarcely an exception, broke and fled. The right wing, which had recoiled before Townshend and Howe, was overpowered by a counter attack of the 58th and 78th: his veteran battalions of Berne and Guienne were shattered before his eyes under the British fire; on the left the royal Roussillon was shrunk to a mere skeleton, and deserted by their provincial allies, could hardly retain the semblance of a formation. But the gallant Frenchman, though ruined, was not dismayed: he rode through the broken ranks, cheered them with his voice, encouraged them by his dauntless bearing, and, aided by a small redoubt, succeeded in once again presenting a front to the enemy.

"Meanwhile Wolfe's troops had reloaded. He seized the opportunity of the hesitation in the hostile ranks, and ordered the whole British line to advance. At first they moved with majestic regularity, receiving and paying back with deadly interest the volleys of the French. But soon the ardor of the soldiers broke through the restraint of discipline, and they increased their pace to a run, rushing over the dying and the dead, and sweeping the living enemy off their path. . . . Just now Wolfe was a second time wounded in the body, but he dissembled his sufferings, for his duty was not yet accomplished; again a ball from the redoubt struck him on the breast: he reeled on one side, but at the moment this was not generally observed. 'Support me,' said he to a grenadier officer close at hand, 'that my brave fellows may not see me fall.' In a few

seconds, however, he sank, and was borne a little to the rear."—vol. ii. p. 344.

But a sadder task remains to be performed—if indeed a death so heroic, so glorious as that of Wolfe can be deemed sad. We know of no subject more noble, and have never seen any more nobly treated.

"While the British troops were carrying all before them, their young general's life was ebbing fast away. When struck for the third time, he sank down; he then supported himself for a few minutes in a sitting posture, with the assistance of Lieutenant Brown, Mr. Henderson, a volunteer, and a private soldier, all of the grenadier company of the 22d; Colonel Williamson of the Royal Artillery afterward went to his aid. From time to time Wolfe tried with his faint hand to clear away the death-mist that gathered on his sight; but the effect seemed vain; for presently he lay back, and gave no signs of life beyond a

heavy breathing and an occasional groan. Meantime the French had given way, and were flying in all directions. The grenadier officers, seeing this, called out to those around him, 'See, they run.' The words caught the ears of the dying man; he raised himself like one aroused from sleep, and asked, eagerly, 'Who runs?' 'The enemy, Sir,' answered the officer; 'they give way everywhere.' 'Go one of you to Colonel Burton,' said Wolfe, 'tell him to march *Webbe's* (the 48th) regiment with all speed down to the St. Charles River, to cut off the retreat.' His voice grew faint as he spoke, and he turned as if seeking an easier position on his side; when he had given this last order, he seemed to feel that he had done his duty, and added, feebly but distinctly, 'Now, God be praised, I die happy.' His eyes then closed; and, after a few convulsive movements, he became still. Despite the anguish of his wounds, he died happy, for, through the mortal shades that fell upon his soul, there rose over the unknown world's horizon the dawn of an eternal morning."

## NOW AS EVER.

BY MARY HOWITT.

THERE are furrows on thy brow, wife,  
Thy hair is thin and gray,  
And the light that once was in thine eye  
Hath sorrow stol'n away.  
Thou art no longer fair, wife,  
The rose hath left thy cheek,  
And thy once firm and graceful form  
Is wasted now and weak.

But thy heart is just as warm, wife,  
As when we first were wed;  
As when thy merry eye was bright,  
And thy smooth cheek was red.  
Ah! that was long ago, wife,  
We thought not then of care;  
We then were spendthrifts of our joy—  
We now have none to spare!

Well, well dost thou remember, wife,  
The little child we laid,  
The three years' darling, fair, and pure,  
Beneath the yew-tree's shade;  
The worth from life was gone, wife,  
We said with foolish tongue,—  
But we've blessed since then the Chastener  
Who took that child so young!

—There was John, thy boast and pride, wife,  
Who lived to manhood's prime—  
Would God I could have died for him,  
Who died before his time!  
—There is Jane, thy second self, wife,  
A thing of sin and shame,—  
Our poorest neighbors pity us,  
When they but hear her name.

Yet she's thy child and mine, wife,  
I nursed her on my knee,  
And the evil, woful ways she took,  
Were never taught by thee.

We were proud of her fair face, wife!  
—And I have tamely stood,  
And not avenged her downfall  
In her betrayer's blood!

I had such evil thoughts, wife,  
I cursed him to his face!  
But he was rich and I was poor,  
—The rich know no disgrace!  
The gallows would have had me, wife,  
—For that I did not care!  
The only thing that saved his life  
Were thoughts of thy despair.

There's something in thy face, wife,  
That calms my maddened brain;  
Thy furrowed brow, thy hollow eye,  
Thy look of patient pain;  
Thy lips that never smile, wife;  
Thy bloodless cheeks and wan;  
Thy form which once was beautiful,  
Whose beauty now is gone.

Oh, these they tell such tales, wife,  
They fill my eyes with tears.  
We have borne so much together  
Through these long thirty years,  
That I will meekly bear, wife,  
What God appointeth here;  
Nor add to thy o'erflowing cup  
Another bitter tear!

Let the betrayer live, wife;  
Be this our only prayer,  
That grief may send our prodigal  
Back to the Father's care!  
—Give me thy faithful hand, wife,—  
Oh God, who reign'st above,  
We bless thee in our misery,  
For one sure solace—love!

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## DIES BOREALES.—NO. V.

CHRISTOPHER UNDER CANVASS.

*Camp at Cladich. SCENE—The Pavilion.*  
*TIME—After breakfast. NORTH—TALBOYS—SEWARD—BULLER.*

NORTH. I begin to be doubtful of this day. On your visits to us, Talboys, you have been most unfortunate in weather. This is more like August than June.

TALBOYS. The very word, my dear sir. It is indeed most august weather.

NORTH. Five weeks to-day since we pitched our camp—and we have had the Beautiful of the Year in all its varieties; but the spiteful Season seems to owe you some old grudge, Talboys—and to make it a point still to assail your arrival with “thunder, lightning, and with rain.”

TALBOYS. “I tax not you, ye Elements! with unkindness.” I feel assured they mean nothing personal to me—and though this sort of work may not be very favorable to Angling, 'tis quite a day for tidying our Tackle—and making up our Books. But don't you think, sir, that the Tent would look nothing the worse with some artificial light in this obscurity of the natural?

NORTH. Put on the gas. Pretty invention, the Gutta Percha tube, isn't it? The Electric Telegraph is nothing to it. Tent illuminated in a moment, at a pig's whisper.

TALBOYS. Were I to wish, sir, for anything to happen now to the weather at all, it would be just ever so little toning down of that one constituent of the orchestral harmony of the Storm which men call—howling. The Thunder is perfect—but that one Wind Instrument is slightly out of tune—he is most anxious to do his best—his motive is unimpeachable; but he has no idea how much more impressive—how much more popular—would be a somewhat subdued style. There again—that's positive discord—does he mean to disconcert the Concert—or does he forget that he is not a Solo?

BULLER. That must be a deluge of—hail.  
 TALBOYS. So much the better. Hitherto we have had but rain. “Mysterious horrors! HAIL!”

“Twas a rough night.  
 My young remembrance cannot parallel  
 A fellow to it.”

NORTH. Suppose we resume yesterday's conversation?

TALBOYS. By all manner of means. Let's sit close—and speak loud—else all will be dumb show. The whole world's one waterfall.

NORTH. Take up Knight on Taste. Look at the dog-ear.

TALBOYS. “The most perfect instance of this kind is the Tragedy of Macbeth, in which the character of an ungrateful traitor, murderer, usurper, and tyrant, is made in the highest degree interesting by the sublime flashes of generosity, magnanimity, courage, and tenderness, which continually burst forth in the manly but ineffective struggle of every exalted quality that can dignify and adorn the human mind, first against the allurements of ambition, and afterward against the pangs of remorse and horrors of despair. Though his wife has been the cause of all his crimes and sufferings, neither the agony of his distress, nor the fury of his rage, ever draw from him an angry word, or upbraiding expression toward her; but even when, at her instigation, he is about to add the murder of his friend and late colleague to that of his sovereign, kinsman, and benefactor, he is chiefly anxious that she should not share the guilt of his blood:—‘Be innocent of the knowledge, dearest chuck! till thou applaud the deed.’ How much more real grandeur and exaltation of character is displayed in one such simple expression from the heart, than in all the labored pomp of rhetorical amplification.”



NORTH. What think you of that, Talboys?

TALBOYS. Why, like much of the cant of criticism, it sounds at once queer and common-place. I seem to have heard it before many thousand times, and yet never to have heard it at all till this moment.

NORTH. Seward?

SEWARD. Full of audacious assertions, that can be forgiven but in the belief that Payne Knight had never read the tragedy, even with the most ordinary attention.

NORTH. Buller?

BULLER. Cursed nonsense. Beg pardon, sir—sink cursed—mere nonsense—out and out nonsense—nonsense by itself nonsense.

NORTH. How so?

BULLER. A foolish libel on Shakspeare. Was he the man to make the character of an ungrateful traitor, murderer, usurper, and tyrant, interesting by sublime flashes of generosity, magnanimity, courage, and tenderness, and—do I repeat the words correctly?—of every exalted quality that can dignify and adorn the human mind?

NORTH. Buller—keep up that face—you are positively beautiful—

BULLER. No quizzing—I am ugly—but I have a good figure—look at that leg, sir!

NORTH. I prefer the other.

TALBOYS. There have been Poets among us who fain would—if they could—have so violated nature; but their fabrications have been felt to be falsehoods—and no quackery may resuscitate drowned lies.

NORTH. Shakspeare nowhere insists on the virtues of Macbeth—he leaves their measure indeterminate. That the villain may have had some good points we are all willing to believe—few people are without them;—nor have I any quarrel with those who believe he had high qualities, and is corrupted by ambition. But what high qualities had he shown before Shakspeare sets him personally before us to judge for ourselves? Valor—courage—intrepidity—call it what you will—Martial Virtue.

“For brave Macbeth, (well he deserves that name,)

Disdaining fortune, with his brandished steel,  
Which smoked with bloody execution  
Like valor's minion,

Carved out his passage till he faced the slave;  
And ne'er shook hands, nor bade farewell to him,

Till he unseam'd him from the nave to the chaps,

And fixed his head upon our battlements.”

the “bleeding Serjeant” pursues his pane-

VOL. XIX. NO. I.

gyric till he grows faint—and is led off speechless; others take it up—and we are thus—and in other ways—prepared to look on Macbeth as a paragon of bravery, loyalty, and patriotism.

TALBOYS. So had seemed Cawdor.

NORTH. Good. Shakspeare sets Macbeth before us under the most imposing circumstances of a warlike age; but of his inner character—as yet he has told us nothing—we are to find that out for ourselves during the Drama. If there be sublime flashes of generosity, magnanimity, and every exalted virtue, we have eyes to see, unless indeed blinded by the lightning—and if the sublime flashes be frequent, and the struggle of every exalted quality that can adorn the human mind, though ineffectual, yet strong—why, then, we must not only pity and forgive, but admire and love the “traitor, murderer, usurper, and tyrant,” with all the poetical and philosophical fervor of that amiable enthusiast, Mr. Payne Knight.

BULLER. Somehow or other I cannot help having an affection for Macbeth.

NORTH. You had better leave the Tent, sir.

BULLER. No. I won't.

NORTH. Give us then, my dear Buller, your Theory of the Thane's character.

BULLER. “Theory, God bless you, I have none to give, sir.” Warlike valor, as you said, is marked first and last—at the opening, and at the end. Surely a good and great quality, at least for poetical purposes. High general reputation won and held. The opinion of the wounded soldier was that of the whole army; and when he himself says, “I have bought golden opinions from all sorts of people, which would be worn now in their newest gloss, not thrown aside so soon,” I accept that he then truly describes his position in men's minds.

NORTH. All true. But we soon gain, too, this insight into his constitution, that the pillar upon which he has built up life is Reputation, and not Respect of Law—not Self-Respect; that the point which Shakspeare above all others intends in him, is that his is a spirit not self-stayed—leaning upon outward stays—and therefore—

BULLER. Liable to all—

NORTH. Don't take the words out of my mouth, sir; or rather, don't put them into my mouth, sir.

BULLER. Touchy to-day.

NORTH. The strongest expression of this character is his throwing himself upon the illicit divinings of futurity, upon counselors

known for infernal; and you see what subjugating sway the Three Spirits take at once over him. On the contrary, the Thaness is self-stayed; and this difference grounds the poetical opposition of the two personages. In Macbeth, I suppose a certain splendor of character—magnificence of action high—a certain impure generosity—mixed up of some kindliness and sympathy, and of the pleasure from self-elation and self-expansion in a victorious career, and of that ambition which feeds on public esteem.

BULLER. Ay—just so, sir.

NORTH. Now mark, Buller—this is a character which, if the path of duty and the path of personal ambition were laid out by the Sisters to be one and the same path, might walk through life in sunlight and honor, and invest the tomb with proud and revered trophies. To show such a spirit wrecked and hurled into infamy—the ill-woven sails rent into shreds by the whirlwind—is a lesson worth the Play and the Poet—and such a lesson as I think Shakspeare likely to have designed—or, without preaching about lessons, such an ethical revelation as I think likely to have caught hold upon Shakspeare's intelligence. It would seem to me a dramatically-poetical subject. The mightiest of temptations occur to a mind, full of powers, endowed with available moral elements, but without set virtue—without principles—"and down goes all before it." If the essential delineation of Macbeth be this conflict of Moral elements—of good and evil—of light and darkness—I see a very poetical conception; if merely a hardened and bloody hypocrite from the beginning, I see none. But I need not say to you, gentlemen, that all this is as far as may be from the exaggerated panegyric on his character by Payne Knight.

TALBOYS. Macbeth is a brave man—so is Banquo—so are we Four, brave men—they in their way and day—we in ours—they as Celts and Soldiers—we as Saxons and Civilians—and we had all need to be so—for hark! in the midst of ours, "Thunder and Lightning, and enter Three Witches."

BULLER. I cannot say that I understand distinctly their first Confabulation.

NORTH. That's a pity. A sensible man like you should understand everything. But what if Shakspeare himself did not distinctly understand it? There may have been original errata in the report, as extended by himself from notes taken in shorthand on the spot—light bad—noise worse—voices of Weird Sisters worst—matter ob-

scure—manner uncouth—why really, Buller, all things considered, Shakspeare has shown himself a very pretty Penny-a-liner.

BULLER. I cry you mercy, sir.

SEWARD. Where are the Witches on their first appearance, at the very opening of the wonderful Tragedy?

NORTH. An open Place, with thunder and lightning.

SEWARD. I know that—the words are written down.

NORTH. Somewhere or other—anywhere—nowhere.

BULLER. In Fife or Forfar? Or some one or other of your outlandish, or inlandish, Lowland or Highland Counties?

NORTH. Not knowing, can't say. Probably.

SEWARD.

"When the Hurly Burly's done,  
When the Battle's lost and won."

What Hurly Burly? What Battle? That in which Macbeth is then engaged? And which is to be brought to issue ere "set of sun" of the day on which "enter Three Witches?"

NORTH. Let it be so.

SEWARD.

"Upon the heath,  
There to meet with Macbeth."

The Witches, then, are to meet with Macbeth on the heath on the evening of the Battle?

NORTH. It would seem so.

SEWARD. They are "posters over sea and land"—and, like whiffs of lightning, can out-sail and outride the sound of thunder. But Macbeth and Banquo must have had on their seven-league boots.

NORTH. They must.

SEWARD.

"A drum, a drum!  
Macbeth doth come."

Was he with the advance guard of the Army?

NORTH. Not unlikely—attended by his staff. Generals, on such occasions, usually ride—but perhaps Macbeth and Banquo, being in kilts, preferred walking in their seven-league boots. Thomas Campbell has said, "When the drum of the Scottish Army is heard on the wild heath, and when I fancy it advancing with its bowmen in front, and its spears and banners in the distance, I am always disappointed with Macbeth's entrance

at the head of a few kilted actors." The army may have been there—but they did not see the Weirds—nor, I believe, did the Weirds see them. With Macbeth and Banquo alone had they to do; we see no Army at that hour—we hear no drums—we are deaf even to the Great Highland Bagpipe, though He, you may be sure, was not dumb—all "plaided and plumed in their tartan array" the Highland Host ceased to be—like vanished shadows—at the first apparition of "those so withered and so wild in their attire"—not of the earth though on it, and alive somewhere till this day—while generations after generations of mere Fighting Men have been disbanded by dusty Death.

SEWARD. I wish to know *where* and *when* had been the Fighting? The Norwegian—one Sweno, had come down very handsomely at Inchcolm with ten thousand dollars—a sum in those days equal to a million of money in Scotland—

NORTH. Seward, speak on subjects you understand. What do you know, sir, of the value of money in those days in Scotland?

SEWARD. But *where* had been all the Fighting? There would seem to have been two hurley-burleys.

NORTH. I see your drift, Seward. *Time and place*, through the First Scene of the First Act, are past finding out. It has been asked—Was Shakspeare ever in Scotland? Never. There is not one word in this Tragedy leading a Scotsman to think so—many showing he never had that happiness. Let him deal with our localities according to his own sovereign will and pleasure, as a prevailing Poet. But let no man point out his dealings with our localities as proofs of his having such knowledge of them as implies personal acquaintance with them gained by a longer or shorter visit in Scotland. The Fights at the beginning seem to be in Fife. The Soldier, there wounded, delivers his relation at the King's Camp before Forres. He has crawled, in half-an-hour, or an hour—or two hours—say seventy, eighty, or a hundred miles or more—crossing the ridge of the Grampians. Rather smart. I do not know what you think here of Time; but I think that Space is here pretty well done for. The Time of the Action of Shakspeare's Plays has never yet, so far as I know, been, in any one Play, carefully investigated—never investigated at all; and I now announce to you Three—don't mention it—that I have made discoveries here that will astound the whole world, and demand a New Criticism of the entire Shakspearean Drama.

BULLER. Let us have one now, I beseech you, sir.

NORTH. Not now.

BULLER. No sleep in the Tent till we have it, sir. I do dearly love astounding discoveries—and at this time of day, an astounding discovery in Shakspeare! May it not prove a Mare's Nest!

NORTH. The Tragedy of Macbeth is a *prodigious* Tragedy, because in it the Chariot of Nemesis *visibly* rides in the lurid thunder-sky. Because in it the ill motions of a human soul, which Theologians account for by referring them all to suggestions of Beelzebub, are expounded in visible, mysterious, tangible, terrible shape and symbolization by the Witches. It is great by the character and person, workings and sufferings, of Lady Macbeth—by the immense poetical power in doing the Witches—mingling for once in the world the Homely, Grotesque, and the Sublime—extinguishing the Vulgar in the Sublime—by the bond, whatsoever it be, between Macbeth and his wife—by making us tolerate her and him—

BULLER. Didn't I say that in my own way, sir? And didn't you reprove me for saying it, and order me out of the Tent?

NORTH. And what of the Witches?

BULLER. Had you not stopt me. I say now, sir, that nobody understands Shakspeare's HECATE. Who is she? Each of the Three Weirds is — one Witch + one of the Three Fates—therefore the union of two incompatible natures—more than in a Centaur. Oh! sir! what a hand that was which bound the two into one—inseparably! There they are forever as the Centaurs *are*. But the gross Witch prevails; which Shakspeare needed for securing belief, and he has it, full. Hecate, sir, comes in to balance the disproportion—she lifts into Mythology—and strengthens the mythological tincture. So does the "Pit of Acheron." That is classical. To the best of my remembrance, no mention of any such Pit in the Old or New Statistical Account of Scotland.

NORTH. And, in the Incantation Scene, those Apparitions! Mysterious, ominous, picturesque—and self-willed. They are commanded by the Witches, but under a limitation. Their oracular power is their own. They are of unknown orders—as if for the occasion created in Hell.

NORTH. Talboys, are you asleep—or are you at Chess with your eyes shut?

TALBOYS. At Chess with my eyes shut. I shall send off my move to my friend Stirling by first post. But my ears were open

—and I ask—when did Macbeth first design the murder of Duncan? Does not everybody think—in the moment *after* the Witches have first accosted and left him? Does not—it may be asked—the whole moral significance of the Witches disappear, unless the invasion of hell into Macbeth's bosom is first made by their presence and voices?

NORTH. No. The whole moral significance of the Witches only then appears, when we are assured that they address themselves only to those who already have been tampering with their conscience. "Good sir! why do you start, and seem to fear things that do sound so fair?" That question put to Macbeth by Banquo turns our eyes to his face—and we see Guilt. There was no start at "Hail to thee, Thane of Cawdor,"—but at the word "King," well might he start; for—eh?

TALBOYS. We must look up the Scene.

NORTH. No need for that. You have it by heart—recite it.

TALBOYS.

"Macbeth. So foul and fair a day I have not seen.

Banquo. How far is't called to Forres?—What are these,

So wither'd, and so wild in their attire;  
That look not like the inhabitants of the earth,  
And yet are on't? Live you? or are you aught  
That man may question? You seem to understand me,

By each at once her choppy finger laying  
Upon her skinny lips:—You should be women,  
And yet your beards forbid me to interpret  
That you are so.

Macbeth. Speak, if you can;—What are you?

1st Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Glamis!

2d Witch. All hail, Macbeth! hail to thee, thane of Cawdor!

3d Witch. All hail, Macbeth! that shalt be king hereafter.

Banquo. Good sir, why do you start; and seem to fear

Things that do sound so fair?—I' the name of truth,

Are ye fantastical, or that indeed  
Which outwardly ye show? My noble partner  
You greet with present grace, and great prediction

Of noble having, and of royal hope,  
That he seems rapt withal; to me you speak not:  
If you can look into the seeds of time,  
And say which grain will grow, and which will not:

Speak then to me, who neither beg nor fear  
Your favors nor your hate.

1st Witch. Hail!

2d Witch. Hail!

3d Witch. Hail!

1st Witch. Lesser than Macbeth, and greater.

2d Witch. Not so happy, yet much happier.

3d Witch. Thou shalt get kings, though thou be none:

So, all hail, Macbeth and Banquo.

1st Witch. Banquo and Macbeth, all hail!

Macbeth. Stay, you imperfect speakers, tell me more;

By Sinel's death, I know, I am thane of Glamis:  
But how of Cawdor? the thane of Cawdor lives,  
A prosperous gentleman; and to be king,  
Stands not within the prospect of belief,  
No more than to be Cawdor. Say, from whence  
You owe this strange intelligence? or why  
Upon this blasted heath you stop our way  
With such prophetic greeting?—Speak, I charge you.

[Witches vanish.]

Banquo. The earth hath bubbles, as the water has,  
And these are of them:—Whither are they vanished?

Macbeth. Into the air, and what seem'd corporal, melted

As breath into the wind. Would they had staid!

Banquo. Were such things here, as we do speak about?

Or have we eaten of the insane root

That takes the reason prisoner?

Macbeth. Your children shall be kings.

Banquo. You shall be king.

Macbeth. And thane of Cawdor too; went it not so?

Banquo. To the self-same tune, and words."

NORTH. Charles Kemble himself could not have given it more impressively.

BULLER. You make him blush, sir.

NORTH. Attend to that "start" of Macbeth, Talboys.

TALBOYS. He might well start on being told of a sudden, by such seers, that he was hereafter to be King of Scotland.

NORTH. There was more in the start than that, my lad, else Shakspeare would not have so directed our eyes to it. I say again—it was the start—of a murderer.

TALBOYS. And what if I say it was not? But I have the candor to confess, that I am not familiar with the starts of murderers—so may possibly be mistaken.

NORTH. Omit what intervenes—and give us the Soliloquy, Talboys. But before you do so, let me merely remind you that Macbeth's mind, from the little he says in the interim, is manifestly ruminating on something bad, ere he breaks out into Soliloquy.

TALBOYS.

"Two truths are told,  
As happy prologues to the swelling act  
Of the imperial theme.—I thank you, gentlemen.—  
This supernatural soliciting  
Cannot be ill—cannot be good:—If ill,  
Why hath it given me earnest of success,

Commencing in a truth? I am Thane of Cawdor: If good, why do I yield to that suggestion Whose horrid image doth unfix my hair, And make my seated heart knock at my ribs Against the use of nature? Present fears Are less than horrible imaginings: My thought whose murder is yet but fantastical Shakes so my single state of man, that function Is smothered in surmise; and nothing is, But what is not."

NORTH. Now, my dear Talboys, you will agree with me in thinking that this first great and pregnant, although brief soliloquy, stands for germ, type, and law of the whole Play, and of its criticism—and for clue to the labyrinth of the Thane's character. "Out of this wood do not desire to go." Out of it I do not expect soon to go. I regard William as a fair Poet and a reasonable Philosopher; but as a supereminent Playwright. The First Soliloquy *must* speak the nature of Macbeth, else the Craftsman has no skill in his trade. A Soliloquy *reveals*. That is its function. Therein is the soul heard and seen discoursing with itself—within itself; and if you carry your eye through—up to the First Appearance of Lady Macbeth—this Soliloquy is distinctly the highest point of the Tragedy—the tragic acme—or dome—or pinnacle—therefore of power indefinite, infinite. On this rock I stand, a Colossus ready to be thrown down by—an Earthquake.

BULLER. Pushed off by—a shove.

NORTH. Not by a thousand Buller-power. Can you believe, Buller, that the word of the Third Witch, "that shalt be KING HEREAFTER," *sows* the murder in Macbeth's heart, and that it springs up, flowers, and fruits with such fearful rapidity?

BULLER. Why—Yes and No.

NORTH. Attend, Talboys, to the words "supernatural soliciting." What "supernatural soliciting" to evil is there here? Not a syllable had the Weird Sisters breathed about Murder. But now there is much soliloquizing—and Cawdor contemplates himself *objectively*—seen busy upon an elderly gentleman called Duncan—after a fashion that so frightens him *subjectively*—that Banquo cannot help whispering to Rosse and Angus—

"See how our partner's rapt!"

TALBOYS. "My thought whose murder's yet fantastical." I agree with you, sir, in suspecting that he must have thought of the murder.

NORTH. It is from no leaning toward the Weird Sisters—whom I never set eyes on

but once, and then without interchanging a word, leapt momentarily out of this world into that pitch-pot of a pond in Glenco—it is, I say, from no leaning toward the Weird Sisters that I take this view of Macbeth's character. No "sublime flashes of generosity, magnanimity, tenderness, and every exalted quality that can dignify and adorn the human mind," do I ever suffer to pass by without approbation, when coruscating from the character of any well-disposed man, real or imaginary, however unaccountable at other times his conduct may appear to be; but Shakspeare, who knew Macbeth better than any of us, has here assured us that he was in heart a murderer—for how long he does not specify—before he had ever seen a birse on any of the Weird Sisters' beards. But let's be canny. Talboys—pray, what is the meaning of the word "soliciting," "preternatural soliciting," in this Soliloquy?

TALBOYS. Soliciting, sir, is, in my interpreting, "an appealing, intimate visitation."

NORTH. Right. The appeal is general—as that *challenge* of a trumpet—*Fairy Queen*, book III., canto xii., stanza 1—

"Signe of nigh battail or got victorye."

which, all indeterminate, is notwithstanding a *challenge*—operates, and is felt as such.

TALBOYS. So a thundering knock at your door—which may be a friend or an enemy. It comes as a summoning. It is more than internal urging and inciting of me by my own thoughts—for, mark, sir, the rigor of the word "supernatural," which throws the soliciting off his own soul upon the Weirids. The word is really undetermined to pleasure or pain—the essential thought being that there is a searching or penetrating provocative—a stirring up of that which lay dead and still. Next is the debate whether this intrusive, and pungent, and stimulant assault of a presence and an oracle be good or ill?

NORTH. Does the hope live in him for a moment that this home-visiting is not ill—that the spirits are not ill? They have spoken truth so far—ergo, the third "All hail!" shall be true, too. But more than that—they have spoken *truth*. Ergo, they are not spirits of Evil. That hope dies in the same instant, submerged in the stormy waves which the blast from hell arouses. The infernal revelation glares clear before him—a Crown held out by the hand of Murder. One or two struggles occur. Then the truth stands before him fixed and immutable—"Evil, be thou my good." He is dedicated:

and passive to fate. I cannot comprehend this so feeble debate in the mind of a good man—I cannot comprehend any such debate at all in the mind of a previously settled and determined murderer; but I can comprehend and feel its awful significance in the mind of a man already in a most perilous moral condition.

SEWARD. The “start” shows that the spark has caught—it has fallen into a tun of gunpowder.

TALBOYS. The touch of Ithuriel’s spear.

NORTH. May we not say, then, that perhaps the Witches have shown no more than this—the Fascination of Contact between Passion and Opportunity?

SEWARD. To Philosophy reading the hieroglyphic; but to the People what? To them they are a reality. They seize the imagination with all power. They come like “blasts from hell”—like spirits of Plague, whose breath—whose very sight kills.

“Within them Hell

They bring, and round about them; nor from Hell One step, no more than from themselves, can fly.”

The contagion of their presence, in spite of what we have been saying, almost reconciles my understanding to what it would otherwise revolt from, the *suddenness* with which the penetration of Macbeth into futurity lays fast hold upon Murder.

BULLER. Pretty fast—though it gives a twist or two in his handling.

SEWARD. Lady Macbeth herself corroborates your judgment and Shakspeare’s on her husband’s character.

TALBOYS. Does she?

SEWARD. She does. In that dreadful parley between them on the night of the Murder—she reminds him of a time when

“Nor time nor place

*Did then adhere, and yet you would make both;*  
They have made themselves, and that their fitness now

Does unmake you.”

This—mark you, sir—must have been before the Play began!

NORTH. I have often thought of the words—and Shakspeare himself has so adjusted the action of the Play as that, *since the encounter with the Weirds*, no opportunity had occurred to Macbeth for the “making of time and place.” Therefore it must, as you say, have been *before it*. Buller, what say you now?

BULLER. Gagged.

NORTH. True, she speaks of his being “full of the milk of human kindness.” The

words have become favorites with us, who are an affectionate and domestic people—and are lovingly applied to the loving; but Lady Macbeth attached no such profound sense to them as we do; and meant merely that she thought her husband would, after all, much prefer greatness unbought by blood; and, at the time she referred to, it is probable he would; but that she meant no more than that, is plain from the continuation of her praise, in which her ideas get not a little confused; and her words, interpret them as you will, leave nothing “milky” in Macbeth at all. Milk of human kindness, indeed!

TALBOYS.

“What thou would’st highly,  
That would’st thou holily; would’st not play false,  
And yet would’st wrongly win: thou’dst have  
great Glamis,  
That witch cries, ‘Thus thou must do, if thou  
have it;  
And that which rather thou dost fear to do,  
Than wishest should be undone.”

That is her Ladyship’s notion of the “milk of human kindness!” “I wish somebody would murder Duncan—as for murdering him myself, I am much too tender-hearted and humane for perpetrating such cruelty with my own hand!”

BULLER. Won’t you believe a Wife to be a good judge of her husband’s disposition?

NORTH. Not Lady Macbeth. For does not she herself tell us, at the same time, that he had formerly schemed how to commit Murder?

BULLER. Gagged again.

NORTH. I see no reason for doubting that she was attached to her husband; and Shakspeare loved to put into the lips of women beautiful expressions of love—but he did not intend that we should be deceived thereby in our moral judgments.

SEWARD. Did this ever occur to you, sir? Macbeth, when hiring the murderers who are to look after Banquo and Fleance, cites a conversation in which he had demonstrated to them that the oppression under which they had long suffered, and which they had supposed to proceed from Macbeth, proceeded really from Banquo? My firm belief is that it proceeded from Macbeth—that their suspicion was right—that Macbeth was misleading them—and that Shakspeare means you to apprehend this. But why should Macbeth have oppressed his inferiors, unless he had been—long since—of a tyrannical nature? He oppresses his inferiors—they are sickened and angered with the world—by his oppression—he tells them ’twas not he

but another who had oppressed them—and that other—at his instigation—they willingly murder. An ugly affair altogether.

NORTH. Very. But let us keep to the First Act—and see what a hypocrite Macbeth has so very soon become—what a savage assassin! He has just followed up his Soliloquy with these significant lines—

“Come what come may,  
*Time and the hour run through the roughest day;*”

when he recollects that Banquo, Rosse, and Angus are standing near. Richard himself is not more wily—guilty—smily—and oily; to the Lords his condescension is already quite kingly—

“Kind gentlemen, your pains  
Are registered where every day I turn  
The leaf to read them”—

TALBOYS. And soon after, to the King, how obsequious!

“The service and the loyalty I owe,  
In doing it, pays itself. Your Highness’ part  
Is to receive our duties; and our duties  
Are to your throne and state, children, and servants;  
Which do but what they should by doing every-  
thing  
Safe toward you love and honor.”

What would Payne Knight have said to all that? This to his King, whom he has resolved, first good opportunity, to murder!

NORTH. Duncan is now too happy for this wicked world.

“My plenteous joys,  
Wanton in fullness, seek to hide themselves  
In drops of sorrow.”

Invaders—traitors—now there are none.  
Peace is restored to the Land—the Throne  
rock-fast—the line secure—

“We will establish our estate upon  
Our eldest, Malcolm; whom we name hereafter,  
The Prince of Cumberland: which honor must  
Not, unaccompanied, invest him only,  
But signs of nobleness, like stars, shall shine  
On all deservers.”

Now was the time for “the manly but ineffectual struggle of every exalted quality that can dignify and exalt the human mind”—for a few sublime flashes at least of generosity and tenderness, et cetera—now when the Gracious Duncan is loading him with honors, and, better than all honors, lavishing on him the boundless effusions of a grateful and royal heart. The Prince of Cumberland! Ha, ha!

“The Prince of Cumberland!—That is a step  
On which I must fall down, or else o’erleap,  
For in my way it lies.”

But the remorseless miscreant becomes poetical—

“Stars, hide your fires!  
Let not light see my black and deep desires;  
The eye wink at the hand; yet let that be,  
Which the eye fears, when it is done, to see!”

The milk of human kindness has coagulated into the curd of inhuman ferocity—and all this—slanderers say—is the sole work of the Weird Sisters! No. His wicked heart—because it is wicked—believes in their Prophecy—the end is assured to him—and the means are at once suggested to his own slaughterous nature. No supernatural soliciting here, which a better man would not successfully have resisted. I again repudiate—should it be preferred against me—the charge of a *tendresse* toward the Bearded Beauties of the Blasted Heath; but rather would I marry them all Three—one after the other—nay, all three at once, and as many more as there may be in our Celtic Mythology—than see your Sophia, Seward, or, Buller, your—

BULLER. We have but Marmy.

NORTH. Wedded to a Macbeth.

SEWARD. We know your affection, my dear sir, for your god-daughter. She is insured.

NORTH. Well, this Milk of Human Kindness is off at a hand-gallop to Inverness. The King has announced a Royal Visit to Macbeth’s own Castle. But Cawdor had before this dispatched a letter to his lady, from which Shakspeare has given us an extract. And then, as I understand it, a special messenger besides, to say “the King comes here to-night.” Which of the two is the more impatient to be at work ’tis hard to say; but the idea of the murder originated with the male Prisoner. We have his wife’s word for it—she told him so to his face—and he did not deny it. We have his own word for it—he told himself so to his own face—and he never denies it at any time during the play.

TALBOYS. You said, a little while ago, sir, that you believed Macbeth and his wife were a happy couple.

NORTH. Not I. I said she was attached to him—and I say now that the wise men are not of the Seven, who point to her reception of her husband, on his arrival at home, as a proof of her want of affection. They seem to think she ought to have rushed

into his arms—slobbered upon his shoulder—and so forth. For had he not been at the Wars? Pshaw! The most tender-hearted Thanesses of those days—even those that kept albums—would have been ashamed of weeping on sending their Thanes off to battle—much more on receiving them back in a sound skin—with new honors nodding on their plumes. Lady Macbeth was not one of the turtle-doves—fit mate she for the King of the Vultures. I am too good an ornithologist to call them Eagles. She received her mate fittingly—with murder in her soul; but more cruel—more selfish than he, she could not be—nor, perhaps, was she less; but she was more resolute—and resolution even in evil—in such circumstances as hers—seems to argue a superior nature to his, who, while he keeps vacillating, as if it were between good and evil, betrays all the time the bias that is surely inclining him to evil, into which he makes a sudden and sure wheel at last.

BULLER. The Weirds—the Weirds!—the Weirds have done it all!

NORTH. Macbeth—Macbeth!—Macbeth hath done it all!

BULLER. Furies and Fates!

NORTH. Who make the wicked their victims!

SEWARD. Is she sublime in her wickedness?

NORTH. It would, I fear, be wrong to say so. But I was speaking of Macbeth's character—not of hers—and, in comparison with him, she may seem a great creature. They are now utterly alone—and of the two he has been the more familiar with murder. Between them, Duncan already is a dead man. But how pitiful—at such a time and at such a greeting—Macbeth's cautions

“My dearest love,  
Duncan comes here to-night!  
Lady.—And when goes hence?  
Macbeth.—To-morrow, as he purposes.  
Lady.—Oh, never  
Shall sun that morrow see!”

Why, Talboys, does not the poor devil—

TALBOYS. Poor devil! Macbeth a poor devil?

NORTH. Why, Buller, does not the poor devil?

BULLER. Poor devil! Macbeth a poor devil?

NORTH. Why, Seward, does the poor devil—

SEWARD. Speak up—speak out? Is he afraid of the spiders? You know him, sir—you see through him.

NORTH. Ay, Seward—reserved and close as he is—he wants nerve—*pluck*—he is close upon the coward—and that would be well, were there the slightest tendency toward change of purpose in the Pale Face; but there is none—he is as cruel as ever—the more close the more cruel—the more irresolute the more murderous—for to murder he is sure to come. Seward, you said well—why does not the poor devil speak up—speak out? Is he afraid of the spiders?

TALBOYS. Murderous-looking villain—no need of words.

NORTH. I did not say, sir, there was any need of words. Why will you always be contradicting one?

TALBOYS. Me? I? I hope I shall never live to see the day on which I contradict Christopher North in his own Tent. At least—rudely.

NORTH. Do it rudely—not as you did now—and often do—as if you were agreeing with me—but you are incurable. I say, my dear Talboys, that Macbeth so bold in a “*twa-haun’d crack*” with himself in a Soliloquy—so figurative—and so fond of swearing by the Stars and old Mother Night, who were not aware of his existence—should not have been thus tongue-tied to his own wife in their own secretest chamber—should have unlocked and flung open the door of his heart to her—like a man. I blush for him—I do. So did his wife.

BULLER. I don’t find that in the record.

NORTH. Don’t you? “Your face, my Thane, is as a book where men may read strange matters.” She sees in his face self-alarm at his own murderous intentions. And so she counsels him about his face—like a self-collected, trust-worthy woman. “To beguile the time, look like the time;” with further good stern advice. But—“We shall speak farther,” is all she can get from him in answer to conjugal assurances that should have given him a palpitation at the heart, and set his eyes on fire—

“He that’s coming  
Must be provided for; and you shall put  
This night’s great business into my dispatch;  
Which shall, to all our nights and days to come,  
Give solely sovereign sway and Masterdom.”

There spoke one worthy to be a Queen!

SEWARD. Worthy!

NORTH. Ay—in that age—in that country. ‘Twas not then the custom “to *speak* daggers but *use* none.” Did Shakspeare mean to dignify, to magnify Macbeth by



such demeanor? No—to degrade and minimize the murderer.

TALBOYS. My dear sir, I cordially agree with every word you utter. Go on—my dear sir—to instruct—to illumine—

SEWARD. To bring out “sublime flashes of magnanimity, courage, tenderness,” in Macbeth—

BULLER. “Of every exalted quality that can dignify and adorn the human mind”—the mind of Macbeth in his struggle with the allurements of ambition!

NORTH. Observe, how this reticence—on the part of Macbeth—contrasted with his wife’s eagerness and exultation, makes her, for the moment, seem the wicked of the two—the fiercer and the more cruel. For the moment only; for we soon ask ourselves what means this unhusbandly reserve in him who had sent her *that letter*—and then a messenger to tell her the king was coming—and who had sworn to himself as savagely as she now does, not to let slip this opportunity of cutting his king’s throat. He is well-pleased to see that his wife is as bloody-minded as himself—that she will not only give all necessary assistance—as an associate—but concert the when, and the where, and the how—and if need be, with her own hand deal the blow.

SEWARD. She did not then know that Macbeth had made up his mind to murder Duncan that very night. *But we know it.* She has instantly made up hers—we know how; but being as yet unassured of her husband, she welcomes him home with a Declaration that must have more than answered his fondest hopes; and, therefore, he is almost mute—the few words he does utter seem to indicate no settled purpose—Duncan may fulfill his intention of going in the morning, or he may not; but we know that the silence of the murderer now is because the murderess is manifestly all he could wish—and that, had she shown any reluctance, he would have resumed his eloquence, and, to convert her to his way of thinking, argued as powerfully as he did when converting himself.

BULLER. You carry on at such a pace, sir, there’s no keeping up with you. Pull up, that I may ask you a very simple question. On his arrival at his castle, Macbeth finds his wife reading a letter from her amiable spouse, about the Weird Sisters. Pray, when was that letter written?

NORTH. At what hour precisely? That I can’t say. It must, however, have been written before Macbeth had been presented

to the King—for there is no allusion in it to the King’s intention to visit their Castle. I believe it to have been written about an hour or so after the prophecy of the Weirds—either in some place of refreshment by the road-side—or in such a Tent as this—kept ready for the General in the King’s Camp at Forres. He dispatched it by a Gilly—a fast one like your Cornwall Clipper—and then tumbled in.

BULLER. When did she receive it?

NORTH. Early next morning.

BULLER. How could that be, since she is reading it, as her husband steps in, well on, as I take it, in the afternoon?

NORTH. Buller, you are a blockhead. There had she, for many hours, been sitting, and walking *about* with it, now rumpled up in her fist—now crunkled up between her breasts—now locked up in a safe—now spread out like a sampler on that tasty little oak table—and sometimes she might have been heard by the servants—had they had the unusual curiosity to listen at the door—murmuring like a stock-dove—anon hooting like an owl—by-and-by barking like an eagle—then bellowing liker a hart than a hind—almost howling like a wolf—and why not?—now singing a snatch of an old Gaelic air, with a clear, wild, sweet voice, like that of a “human!”

“Glamis thou art, and Cawdor; and shalt be  
What thou art promised.”

“Hie thee hither,  
That I may pour my spirits in thine ear,  
And chastise with the valor of my tongue,  
All that impedes thee from the golden round,  
Which Fate and metaphysical aid doth seem  
To have thee crown’d withal.”

BULLER. Grand indeed.

NORTH. It is grand indeed. But, my dear Buller, was that all she had said to herself, think you? No—no—no. But it was all Shakspeare had time for on the Stage. Oh, sirs! The Time of the Stage is but a simulacrum of true Time. That must be done at one stroke, on the Stage, which in a Life takes ten. The Stage persuades *that* in one conversation, or soliloquy, which Life may do in twenty—you have not leisure or goodwill for the ambages and iterations of the Real.

SEWARD. See an artist with a pen in his hand, challenged; and with a few lines he will exhibit a pathetic story. From how many millions has he given you—One? The units which he abstracts, represent suffi-

ciently and satisfactorily the millions of lines and surfaces which he neglects.

NORTH. So in Poetry. You take little for much. You need not wonder, then, that on an attendant entering and saying, "The King comes here to-night," she cries, "Thou art mad to say it!" Had you happened to tell her so half-an-hour ago, who knows but that she might have received it with a stately smile, that hardly moved a muscle on her high-featured front, and gave a merciful look to her green eyes even when she was communing with Murder!

NORTH. What hurry and haste had been on all sides to get into the House of Murder!

"Where's the Thane of Cawdor?  
We coursed him, at the heels, and had a purpose  
To be his purveyor: but he rides well:  
And his great love, sharp as his spur, hath holp  
him  
To his home before us—Fair and noble Hostess,  
We are your guest to-night."

Ay, where is the Thane of Cawdor? I, for one, not knowing, can't say. The gracious Duncan desires much to see him as well as his gracious Hostess.

"Give me your hand:  
Conduct me to mine host; we love him highly,  
And shall continue our graces toward him.  
By your leave, hostess."

Ay—where's the Thane of Cawdor? Why did not Shakspeare show him to us, sitting at supper with the King?

TALBOYS. Did he sup with the King?

BULLER. I believe he sat down—but got up again—and left the Chamber.

TALBOYS. His wife seeks him out. "He has almost supped. Why have you left the Chamber?" "Has he asked for me?" "Know ye not he has?"

NORTH. On Macbeth's Soliloquy, which his wife's entrance here interrupts, how much inconsiderate comment have not moralists made! Here—they have said—is the struggle of a good man with temptation. Hark—en, say they—to the voice of Conscience! What does the good man, in this hour of trial, say to himself? He says to himself—"I have made up my mind to assassinate my benefactor in my own house—the only doubt I have, is about the consequences to myself in the world to come." Well, then—"We'd jump the world to come. But if I murder him—may not others murder me? Retribution even in this world." Call you that the voice of Conscience?

SEWARD. Hardly.

NORTH. He then goes on to descant to himself about the relation in which he stands to Duncan, and apparently discovers for the first time, that "he's here in double trust;" and that as his host, his kinsman, and his subject, he should "against his murderer shut the door, not bear the knife myself."

SEWARD. A man of genius.

NORTH. Besides, Duncan is not only a King, but a good King—

"So clear in his great office, that his virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off."

That is much better morality—keep there, Macbeth—or thereabouts—and Duncan's life is tolerably safe—at least for one night. But Shakspeare knew his man—and what manner of man he is we hear in the unbearable context, that never yet has been quoted by any one who had ears to distinguish between the true and the false.

"And pity, like a naked new-born babe,  
Striding the blast, or heaven's cherubim, hors'd  
Upon the sightless couriers of the air,  
Shall blow the horrid deed in every eye,  
That tears shall drown the wind."

Cant and fustian. Shakspeare knew that cant and fustian would come at that moment from the mouth of Macbeth. Accordingly, he offers but a poor resistance to the rhetoric that comes rushing from his wife's heart—even that sentiment which is thought so fine—and 'tis well enough in its way—

"I dare do all that may become a man;  
Who dares do more is none"—

is set aside at once by—

"What beast was it, then,  
That made you break this enterprise to me?"

We hear no more of "Pity like a naked new-born babe"—but at her horrid scheme of the murder—

"Bring forth men children only!  
For thy undaunted metal should compose  
Nothing but males!"

Shakspeare does not paint here a grand and desperate struggle between good and evil thoughts in Macbeth's mind—but a mock fight; had there been any deep sincerity in the feeling expressed in the bombast—had there been any true feeling at all—it would have revived and deepened—not faded and

died almost—at the picture drawn by Lady Macbeth of their victim—

“When Duncan is asleep,  
Whereto the rather shall this day’s hard journey  
Soundly invite him”—

the words that had just left his own lips—

“His virtues  
Will plead like angels, trumpet-tongued, against  
The deep damnation of his taking-off,”

would have re-rung in his ears; and a strange  
medley—words and music—would they have  
made—with his wife’s

“When in swinish sleep  
Their drenched natures lie, as in a death,  
What cannot you and I perform upon  
The unguarded Duncan?”

That is my idea of the Soliloquy. Think on it.

TALBOYS. The best critics tell us that Shakespeare’s Lady Macbeth has a commanding Intellect. Certes she has a commanding Will. I do not see what a commanding Intellect has to do in a Tragedy of this kind—or what opportunity she has of showing it. Do you, sir?

NORTH. I do not.

TALBOYS. Her Intellect seems pretty much on a par with Macbeth’s in the planning of the murder.

NORTH. I defy any human Intellect to devise well an atrocious Murder. Pray, how would you have murdered Duncan?

TALBOYS. Ask me rather how I would—this night—murder Christopher North.

NORTH. No more of that—no dallying in that direction. You make me shudder. Shakespeare knew that a circumspect murder is an impossibility—that a murder of a King in the murderer’s own house, with expectation of non-discovery, is the irrationality of infatuation. The poor Idiot chuckles at the poor Fury’s device as at once original and plausible—and, next hour, what single soul in the Castle does not know who did the deed?

SEWARD. High Intellect indeed!

TALBOYS. The original murder is bad to the uttermost. I mean badly contrived. What color was there in coloring the two Grooms? No two men kill their master, and then go to bed again in his room with bloody faces and poignards.

BULLER. If this was really a very bad plot altogether, it is her Ladyship’s as much—far

more than his Lordship’s. Against whom, then, do we conclude? Her? I think not—but the Poet. *He* is the badly-contriving assassin. He does not intend lowering your esteem for her Ladyship’s talents. Am I, sir, to think that William himself, after the same game, would have hunted no better? I believe he would; but he thinks that this will carry the Plot through for the Stage well enough. The House, seeing and hearing, will not stay to criticise. The Horror persuades Belief. He knew the whole mystery of murder.

NORTH. My dear Buller, wheel nearer me. I would not lose a word you say.

BULLER. Did Macbeth commit an error in killing the two Grooms? And does his Lady think so?

TALBOYS. A gross error, and his Lady thinks so.

BULLER. Why was it a gross error—and why did his lady think so?

TALBOYS. Because—why—I really can’t tell.

BULLER. Nor I. The question leads to formidable difficulties—either way. But answer me this. Is her swooning at the close of her husband’s most graphic picture of the position of the corpses—real or pretended?

SEWARD. Real.

TALBOYS. Pretended.

BULLER. Sir?

NORTH. I reserve my opinion.

TALBOYS. Not a faint—but a *feint*. She cannot undo that which is done; nor hinder that which he will do next. She must mind her own business. Now distinctly her own business—is to faint. A high-bred, sensitive, innocent Lady, startled from her sleep to find her guest and King murdered, and the room full of aghast nobles, cannot possibly do anything else but faint. Lady Macbeth, who “all particulars of duty knows,” faints accordingly.

NORTH. Seward, we are ready to hear you.

SEWARD. She has been about a business that must have somewhat shook her nerves—granting them to be of iron. She would herself have murdered Duncan had he not resembled her Father as he slept; and on sudden discernment of that dreadful resemblance, her soul must have shuddered, if her body served her to stagger away from parricide. On the deed being done, she is terrified after a different manner from the doer of the deed; but her terror is as great; and though she says—

"The sleeping and the dead  
Are but as pictures—'tis the eye of childhood  
That fears a painted Devil—"

believe me that her face was like ashes, as she returned to the chamber to gild the faces of the grooms with the dead man's blood. That knocking, too, alarmed the Lady—believe me as much as her husband; and to keep cool and collected before him, so as to be able to support him at that moment with her advice, must have tried the utmost strength of her nature. Call her Fiend—she was Woman. Down stairs she comes—and stands among them all, at first like one alarmed only—astounded by what she hears—and striving to simulate the ignorance of the innocent—"What, in our house?" "Too cruel anywhere!" What she must have suffered then, Shakespeare lets us conceive for ourselves; and what on her husband's elaborate description of his inconsiderate additional murders. "The whole is too much for her"—she "is perplexed in the extreme"—and the sinner swoons.

NORTH. Seward suggests a bold, strong, deep, tragical turn of the scene—that she faints actually. Well—so be it. I shall say, first, that I think it a weakness in my favorite; but I will go so far as to add that I can let it pass for a not unpardonable weakness—the occasion given. But I must deal otherwise with her biographer. Him I shall hold to a strict rendering of account. I will know of him what he is about, and what she is about. If she faints really, and against her will, having forcible reasons for holding her will clear, she must be shown fighting to the last effort of will, against the assault of womanly nature, and drop, vanquished, as one dead, without a sound. But the Thaness calls out lustily—she remembers, "as we shall make our griefs and clamors roar upon his death." She makes noise enough—takes good care to attract everybody's attention to her performance—for which I commend her. Calculate as nicely as you will—she distracts or diverts speculation, and makes an interesting and agreeable break in the conversation.—I think that the obvious meaning is the right meaning—and *that she faints on purpose*.

NORTH. Decided in favor of Feint.

BULLER. You might have had the good manners to ask for my opinion.

NORTH. I beg a thousand pardons, Buller.

BULLER. A hundred will do, North. In Davies' *Anecdotes of the Stage*, I remember reading that Garrick would not trust Mrs.

Pritchard with the Swoon—and that Macklin thought Mrs. Porter alone could have been endured by the audience. Therefore, by the Great Manager, Lady Macbeth was not allowed in the Scene to appear at all. His belief was, that with her Ladyship it was a feint—and that the Gods, aware of that, unless restrained by profound respect for the actress, would have *laughed*—as at something rather comic. If the Gods, in Shakespeare's days, were as the Gods in Garrick's, William, methinks, would not, on any account, have exposed the Lady to derision at such a time. But I suspect the Gods of the Globe would not have laughed, whatever they might have thought of her sincerity, and that she did appear before them in a Scene from which nothing could account for her absence. She was not, I verily believe, given to fainting—perhaps this was the first time she had ever fainted since she was a girl. Now I believe she did. She would have stood by her husband at all hazards, had she been able, both on his account and her own; she would not have so deserted him at such a critical juncture; her character was of boldness rather than duplicity; her business now—her duty—was to brazen it out; but she grew sick—qualms of conscience, however terrible, can be borne by sinners standing upright at the mouth of hell—but the flesh of man is weak, in its utmost strength, when moulded to woman's form—other qualms assail suddenly the earthly tenement—the breath is choked—the "distracted globe" grows dizzy—they that look out of the windows know not what they see—the body reels, lapses, sinks, and at full length smites the floor.

SEWARD. Well said—Chairman of the Quarter-sessions.

BULLER. Nor, with all submission, my dear Sir, can I think you treat your favorite murderess, on this trying occasion, with your usual fairness and candor. All she says is, "Help me hence, ho!" Macduff says, "Look to the Lady"—and Banquo says, "Look to the Lady"—and she is carried off. Some critic or other—I think Malone—says that Macbeth avows he knows "'tis a feint" by not going to her assistance. Perhaps he was mistaken—know it he could not. And nothing more likely to make a woman faint than that reveling and wallowing of his in that bloody description.

NORTH. By the Casting Vote of the President—*Feint*.

TALBOYS. Let's to Lunch.

NORTH. Go. You will find me sitting here when you come back.

SCENE II. SCENE—*The Pavilion.* TIME—*after Lunch.* NORTH—TALBOYS—BULLER—SEWARD.

NORTH. Claudius, the uncle-king in Hamlet, is perhaps the most odious character in all Shakspeare. But he does no unnecessary murders. He has killed the Father, and will the Son, all in regular order. But Macbeth plunges himself, like a drunken man, into unnecessary and injurious cruelties. He throws like a reckless gamester. If I am to own the truth, I don't know why he is so cruel. I don't think that he takes any pleasure in mere cruelty, like Nero—

BULLER. What do we know of Nero? Was he mad?

NORTH. I don't think that he takes any pleasure in mere cruelty like Nero; but he seems to be under some infatuation that drags or drives him along. To kill is, in every difficulty, the ready resource that occurs to him—as if to go on murdering were, by some law of the Universe, the penalty which you must pay for having once murdered.

SEWARD. I think, Sir, that without contradicting anything we said before Lunch about his Lordship, or his Kingship, we may conceive in the natural Macbeth considerable force of Moral Intuition.

NORTH. We may.

SEWARD. Of Moral Intelligence?

NORTH. Yes.

SEWARD. Of Moral Obedience?

NORTH. No.

SEWARD. Moral Intuition, and Moral Intelligence breaking out, from time to time, all through—we understand how there is engendered in him strong self-dissatisfaction—thence perpetual goadings on—and desperate attempts to loose conscience in more and more crime.

NORTH. Ay—Seward—even so. He tells you that he stakes soul and body upon the throw for a Crown. He has got the Crown—and *paid for it*. He *must* keep it—else he has bartered soul and body—for nothing! To make his first crime *good*—he strides gigantically along the road of which it opened the gate.

TALBOYS. An almost morbid impressibility of imagination is energetically stamped, and universally recognized in the Thane, and I think, sir, that it warrants, to a certain extent, a *sincerity* of the mental movements. He really sees a fantastical dagger—he really hears fantastical voices—perhaps he really sees a fantastical Ghost. All this in him is

Nature—not artifice—and a nature deeply, terribly, tempestuously commoved by the near contact of a murder imminent—doing—done. It is more like a murder a-making than a murderer made.

SEWARD. See, sir, how precisely this characteristic is proposed.

BULLER. By whom?

SEWARD. By Shakspeare in that first Soliloquy. The poetry coloring, throughout his discourse, is its natural efflorescence.

NORTH. Talboys, Seward, you have spoken well.

BULLER. And I have spoken ill?

NORTH. I have not said so.

BULLER. We have all Four of us spoken well—we have all Four of us spoken ill—and we have all Four of us spoken but so-so—now and heretofore—in this Tent—hang the wind—there's no hearing twelve words in ten a body says. Honored sir, I beg permission to say that I cannot admit the Canon laid down by your Reverence, an hour or two ago, or a minute or two ago, that Macbeth's extravagant language is designed by Shakspeare to designate hypocrisy.

NORTH. Why?

BULLER. You commended Talboys and Seward for noticing the imaginative—the poetical character of Macbeth's mind. There we find the reason of his extravagant language. It may, as you said, be cant and fustian—or it may not—but why attribute to hypocrisy—as you did—what may have flowed from his genius? Poets may rant as loud as he, and yet be honest men. “In a fine frenzy rolling,” their eyes may fasten on fustian.

NORTH. Good—go on. Deduct.

BULLER. Besides, sir, the Stage had such a language of its own; and I cannot help thinking that Shakspeare often, and too frankly, gave in to it.

NORTH. He did.

BULLER. I would, however, much rather believe that if Shakspeare meant anything by it in Macbeth's Oratory or Poetry, he intended thereby rather to impress on us that last noticed constituent of his nature—a vehement seizure of imagination. I believe, sir, that in the hortatory scene Lady Macbeth really vanquishes—as the scene ostensibly shows—his irresolution. And if Shakspeare means irresolution, I do not know why the grounds thereof which Shakspeare assigns to Macbeth should not be accepted as the true grounds. The Dramatist would seem to demand too much of me, if, *under* the grounds which he expresses, he requires me to dis-

card these, and to discover and express others.

SEWARD. I do not know, sir, if that horrible Invocation of *hers* to the Spirits of Murder to unsex her, be held by many to imply that she has no need of their help?

NORTH. It is held by many to prove that she was not a woman, but a fiend. It proves the reverse. I infer from it that she does need their help—and, what is more, *that she gets it*. Nothing so dreadful, in the whole range of Man's Tragic Drama, as that Murder. But I see Seward is growing pale—we know his infirmity—and for the present shun it.

SEWARD. Thank you, sir.

NORTH. I may, however, ask a question about Banquo's Ghost.

SEWARD. Well—well—do so.

TALBOYS. You put the question to me, sir? I am inclined to think, sir, that no real Ghost sits on the Stool—but that Shakspeare meant it as with the Daggers. On the Stage he appears—that is an abuse.

NORTH. Not so sure of that, Talboys.

TALBOYS. Had Macbeth himself continued to believe that the first-seen Ghost was a real Ghost, he would not, could not have ventured so soon after its disappearance to say again, "And to our dear friend Banquo." He does say it—and then again diseased imagination assails him at the rash words. Lady Macbeth reasons with him again, and he finally is persuaded that the Ghost, both times, had been but brain-sick creations.

"My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear, that wants hard use :—  
I am but young in deed."

BULLER. That certainly looks as if he did then know he had been deceived. But perhaps he only censures himself for being too much agitated by a real ghost.

TALBOYS. That won't do.

NORTH. But go back, my dear Talboys, to the first enacting of the Play. What could the audience have understood to be happening, without other direction of their thoughts than the terrified Macbeth's bewildered words? He never mentions Banquo's name—and recollect that nobody sitting there then knew that Banquo had been murdered. The dagger is not in point. Then the spectators heard him say, "Is this a dagger that I see before me?" And if no dagger was there, they could at once see that 'twas phantasy.

TALBOYS. Something in that.

BULLER. A settler.

NORTH. I entirely separate the two questions—first, how did the Manager of the Globe Theatre have the King's Seat at the Feast filled; and second, what does the highest poetical Canon deliver? I speak now, but to the first. Now, here the rule is—"the audience *must understand, and at once*, what that which they see and hear means"—that Rule must govern the art of the drama in the Manager's practice. You allow that, Talboys?

TALBOYS. I do.

BULLER. Rash, Talboys, rash; he's getting you into a net.

NORTH. That is not my way, Buller. Well, then, suppose Macbeth acted for the first time to an audience, who are to establish it for a stock-play or to *damn it*. Would the Manager commit the whole power of a scene which is perhaps the most—singly—effective of the whole Play—

BULLER. No—no—not the most effective of the whole Play—

NORTH. The rival, then, of the Murder Scene—the Sleep-Walking stands aloof and aloft—to the chance of a true divination by the whole Globe audience? I think not. The argument is of a vulgar tone, I confess, and extremely literal, but it is after the measure of my poor faculties.

SEWARD. In confirmation of what you say, sir, it has been lately asserted that one of the two appearances at least is not Banquo's—but Duncan's. How is that to be settled but by a real Ghost—or Ghosts?

NORTH. And I ask, what has Shakspeare himself undeniably done elsewhere? In Henry VIII., Queen Katherine sleeps and *dreams*. Her Dream enters, and performs various acts—somewhat expressive—minutely contrived and prescribed. It is a mute Dream, which she with shut eyes sees—which you in pit, boxes, and gallery see—which her attendants, watching about her upon the stage, do *not* see.

SEWARD. And in Richard III.—He dreams, and so does Richmond. Eight Ghosts rise in succession and *speak* to Richard first, and to the Earl next—each hears, I suppose, what concerns himself—they seem to be present in the two Tents at once.

NORTH. In Cymbeline, Posthumus dreams. His Dream enters—Ghosts and even JUPITER! They act and speak; and this Dream has a reality—for Jupiter hands or tosses a parchment roll to one of the Ghosts, who lays it, as bidden, on the breast of the Dreamer, where he, on awaking, perceives it! I call all this physically strong, sir, for

the representation of the metaphysically thought.

BULLER. If Buller may speak, Buller would observe, that once or twice both Ariel and Prospero come forward "invisible." And in Spenser, the Dream of which Morpheus lends the use to Archimago, is—carried.

SEWARD. We all remember the Dream which Jupiter sends to Agamemnon, and which, while standing at his bed's-head, puts on the shape of Nestor and speaks;—the Ghost of Patroclus—the actual Ghost which stands at the bed's-head of Achilles, and *is* his Dream.

NORTH. My friends, poetry gives a body to the bodiless. The Stage of Shakspeare was rude, and gross. In my boyhood, I saw the Ghosts appear to John Kemble in Richard III. Now they may be abolished with Banquo. So may be Queen Katherine's Angels. But Shakspeare and his Audience had no difficulty about one person's seeing what another does not—or one's *not* seeing, rather, that which another does. Nor had Homer, when Achilles alone, in the Quarrel Scene, sees Minerva. Shakspeare and his Audience had no difficulty about the bodily representation of Thoughts—the inward by the outward. Shakspeare and the Great Old Poets leave vague, shadowy, mist-shrouded, and indeterminate the boundaries between the Thought and the Existent—the Real and the Unreal. I am able to believe with you, Talboys, that Banquo's Ghost was understood by Shakspeare, the Poet, to be the Phantasm of the murderer's guilt-and-fear-shaken soul; but was required by Shakspeare, the Manager of the Globe Theatre, to rise up through a trap-door, mealy-faced and blood-boultured, and so make "the Table full."

BULLER. Seward, do bid him speak of Lady Macbeth.

SEWARD. Oblige me, sir—don't now—after dinner, if you will.

NORTH. I shall merely allude now, as exceedingly poetical treatment, to the discretion throughout used in the showing of Lady Macbeth. You might almost say that she never takes a step on the stage, that does not *thrill the Theatre*. Not a waste word, gesture, or look. All at the studied fullness of sublime tragical power—yet all wonderfully tempered and governed. I doubt if Shakspeare could have given a good account of every thing that he makes Macbeth say—but of all that She says he could.

TALBOYS. As far as I am able to judge, she but once in the whole Play loses her perfect self-mastery—when the servant surprises her by announcing the King's coming. She answers, "thou art mad to say it;" which is a manner of speaking used by those who cannot, or can hardly believe tidings that fill them with exceeding joy. It is not the manner of a lady to her servant who unexpectedly announces the arrival of a high—of the highest visitor. She recovers herself instantly. "Is not thy master with him, who, wert so, would have informed for preparation?" This is a turn coloring her exclamation, and is spoken in the most self-possessed, argumentative, demonstrative tone. The preceding words had been torn from her; now she has passed, with inimitable dexterity, from the dreamed Queen, to the usual mistress of her household—to the *housewife*.

NORTH. In the Fourth Act—she is not seen at all. But in the Fifth, lo! and behold! and at once we know why she had been absent—we see and are turned to living stone by the revelation of the terrible truth. I am always inclined to conceive Lady Macbeth's night-walking as the summit, or top-most peak of all tragic conception and execution—in Prose, too, the crowning of Poetry! But it must be, because these are the *ipsissima verba*—yea, the escaping sighs and moans of the bared soul. There must be nothing, not even the thin and translucent veil of the verse, betwixt her soul showing itself, and yours beholding. Words which your "hearing latches" from the threefold abyss of Night, Sleep, and Conscience! What place for the enchantment of any music is here? Besides, she speaks in a whisper. The Siddons did—audible distinctly, throughout the stilled immense theatre. Here music is not—sound is not—only an anguished soul's faint breathings—gasps. And observe that Lady Macbeth carries—a candle—besides washing her hands—and besides speaking prose—three departures from the severe and elect method, to bring out that supreme revelation. I have been told that the great Mrs. Pritchard used to touch the palm with the tips of her fingers, for the washing, keeping candle in hand;—that the Siddons first set down her candle, that she might come forward, and wash her hands in earnest, one over the other, as if she were at her wash-hand stand, with plenty of water in her basin—that when Sheridan got intelligence of her design so to do, he ran shrieking to her, and, with tears in his eyes, be-

sought that she would not, at one stroke, overthrow Drury Lanè—that she persisted, and turned the thousands of bosoms to marble.

TALBOYS. Our dear, dear Master.

NORTH. You will remember, my friends, her *four rhymed lines*—uttered to herself in Act Third. They are very remarkable—

“Naught’s had, all’s spent,  
Where our desire is got without content :  
’Tis safer to be that which we destroy,  
Than, by destruction, dwell in doubtful joy.”

They are her only *waking* acknowledgments of having *mistaken* life! So—they forebode the Sleep-Walking, and the Death—as an owl, or a raven, or vulture, or any fowl of obscene wing, might flit between the sun and a crowned but doomed head—the shadow but of a moment, yet ominous, for the augur, of an entire fatal catastrophe.

SEWARD. They do. But to say the truth, I had either forgot them or never discovered their significance. O that William Shakespeare!

TALBOYS. O that Christopher North!

NORTH. Speak so, friends—’tis absurd, but I like it.

TALBOYS. It is sincere.

NORTH. At last they call him, “black Macbeth,” and “this dead Butcher.” And with good reason. They also call her “his fiend-like Queen,” which last expression I regard as highly offensive.

BULLER. And they call her so not without strong reason.

NORTH. A bold, bad woman—not a Fiend. I ask—Did she, or did she not, “with violent hand foredo her life?” They mention it as a rumor. The Doctor desires that all means of self-harm may be kept out of her way. Yet the impression on us, as the thing proceeds, is that she dies of pure remorse—which I believe. She is *visibly dying*. The cry of women, announcing her death, is rather as of those who stood around the bed watching, and when the heart at the touch of the invisible finger stops, shriek—than of one after the other coming in and finding the self-slain—a confused, informal, perplexing, and perplex proceeding—but the Cry of Woman is formal, regular for the stated occasion. You may say, indeed, that she poisoned herself—and so died in bed—watched. Under the precautions, that is unlikely—too refined. The manner of Seyton, “The Queen, my Lord, is dead,” shows to me that it was hourly expected. How these few words

would *seek* into you, did you first read the Play in mature age! She died a natural death—of remorse. Take my word for it—the rumor to the contrary was natural to the lip and ear of Hate.

TALBOYS. A question of primary import is—What is the relation of feeling between him and her? The natural impression, I think, is, that the confiding affection—the intimate confidence—is “there”—of a husband and wife who love one another—to whom all interests are in common, and are consulted in common. Without this belief, the Magic of the Tragedy perishes—vanishes to me. “My dearest love, Duncan comes here to-night.” “Be innocent of the knowledge, *dearest chuck*,”—a marvelous phrase for Melpomene. It is the full union—for ill purposes—that we know habitually for good purposes—that to me tempers the Murder Tragedy.

NORTH. Yet believe me, dear Talboys—that of all the murders Macbeth may have committed, she knew beforehand but of one—Duncan’s. The haunted somnambulist speaks the truth—the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

TALBOYS. “The Thane of Fife had a wife.” Does not that imply that she was privy to *that* Murder?

NORTH. No. Except that she takes upon herself *all* the murders that are the offspring, legitimate or illegitimate, of that First Murder. But we *know* that Macbeth, in a sudden fit of fury, ordered the Macduffs to be massacred when on leaving the Cave Lenox told him of the Thane’s flight.

TALBOYS. That is decisive.

NORTH. A woman, she feels for a murdered woman. That is all—a touch of nature—from Shakespeare’s profound and pitiful heart.

TALBOYS. “The Queen, my Lord, is dead.” “She should have died hereafter; There would have been a time for such a word”—Often have I meditated on the meaning of these words—yet even now I do not fully feel or understand them.

NORTH. Nor I. This seems to look from them—“so pressed by outward besiegings I have not capacity to entertain the blow as it requires to be entertained. With a free soul I could have measured it. Now I cannot.”

TALBOYS. Give us, sir, a commentary on the Revelations of the Sleeping Spectre.

NORTH. I dare not. Let’s be cheerful. I ask this—when you see and hear Kemble Macbeth—and Siddons-Macbeth—whom do you believe that you see and hear? I affirm that you at one and the same instant—or at the most in two immediately successive



instants—yet I believe in one and the same instant,—*know* that you see and hear Kemble—or if that accomplished gentleman and admirable actor—Macready be performing the part—then Macready;—and yet *believe* that you see and hear Lord Macbeth. I aver that you entertain a mixt—confused—self-contradictory state of mind—that two elements of thought which cannot co-subsist do co-subsist.

TALBOYS. *De jure* they cannot—*DE FACTO* they do.

NORTH. Just so.

TALBOYS. They co-subsist fighting, and yet harmonizing—there is half-belief—semi-illusion.

NORTH. I claim the acknowledgment of such a state—which any one who chooses may better describe, but which shall come to that effect—for the lowest substratum of all science and criticism concerning POESY. Will anybody grant me this, then I will reason with him about Poesy, for we begin with something in common. Will anybody deny me this, then I will not argue with him about Poesy, for we set out with nothing in common.

BULLER. We grant you all you ask—we are all agreed—"our unanimity is wonderful."

NORTH. Leave out the great Brother and Sister, and take the Personated alone. I *know* that Othello and Desdemona never existed—that an Italian Novelist began, and an English Dramatist ended them—and there they are. But do I not *believe* in their existence, "their loves and woes?" Yes, I do *believe* in their existence, in their loves and woes—and I hate Iago accordingly with a vicious, unchristian, personal, active, malignant hatred.

TALBOYS. Dr. Johnson's celebrated expression, "all the belief that Poetry claims"—

BULLER. Celebrated! Where is it?

TALBOYS. Preface to Shakspeare—is idle, and frivolous, and false?

NORTH. It is. He belies his own experience. He cannot make up his mind to admit the *irrational thought* of belief which you at once reject and accept. But exactly the half acceptance, and the half rejection, separates poetry from—prose.

TALBOYS. That is, sir, the poetical from the prosaic.

NORTH. Just so. It is the life and soul of all poetry—the *lulus*—the make-believe—the glamour and the gramarye. I do not know—gentlemen—I wish to be told, whether I am not throwing away words upon the setting up of a pyramid which was built by

VOL. XIX. NO. I.

Cheeps, and is only here and there crumb-ling a little, or whether the world requires that the position shall be formally argued and acknowledged. Johnson, as you remind me, Talboys, did not admit it.

TALBOYS. That he tells us in so many words. Has any more versed and profound master in criticism, before or since, authentically and authoritatively, luminously, cogently, explicitly, psychologically, metaphysically, physiologically, psychogogically, propounded, reasoned out, legislated, and enthroned the Dogma?

NORTH. I know not, Talboys. Do you admit the Dogma?

TALBOYS. I do.

NORTH. Impersonation—Apostrophe—of the absent; every poetical motion of the Soul; the whole pathetic beholding of Nature—involve the secret existence and necessity of this irrational psychical state for grounding the Logic of Poesy.

BULLER. Go on, sir.

NORTH. I will—but in a new direction. Before everything else, I desire, for the settlement of this particular question, a foundation for, and some progress in the science of MURDER TRAGEDIES.

SEWARD. I know *properly* two.

BULLER. Two only? Pray name.

SEWARD. This of Macbeth and Richard III.

BULLER. The Agamemnon—the Choephoræ—the Electra—the Medea—

SEWARD. In the Agamemnon, your regard is drawn to Agamemnon himself and to Cassandra. However, it is after a measure a prototype. Clytemnestra has in it a principality. Medea stands eminent—but then she is in the right.

BULLER. In the right?

SEWARD. Jason at least is altogether in the wrong. But we must—for obvious reasons—discuss the Greek drama by itself; and therefore not a word more about it now.

NORTH. Richard III., and Macbeth and his wife, are in their Plays the principal people. You must go along with them to a certain guarded extent—else the Play is done for. To be kept abhorring and abhorring, for Five Acts together, you can't stand.

SEWARD. Oh! that the difference between Poetry and Life were once for all set down—and not only once for all, but every time that it comes in question.

BULLER. My dear sir, do gratify Seward's very reasonable desire, and once for all set down the difference.

SEWARD. You bear suicides on the stage

and tyrannicides and other cides—all simple homicide—much murder. Even Romeo's killing Tybalt in the street, in reparation for Mercutio's death, you would take rather differently, if happening to-day in Pall Mall, or Moray Place.

NORTH. We have assuredly for the Stage a qualified scheme of sentiment—grounded no doubt on our modern or every-day morality—but specifically modified by Imagination—by Poetry—for the use of the dramatist. Till we have set down what we do bear, and why, we are not prepared for distinguishing what we won't bear, and why.

BULLER. Oracular!

SEWARD. Suggestive.

NORTH. And if so, sufficient for the nonce. Hamlet's uncle, Claudius, seems to me to be the most that can be borne of one purely abhorrible. He is made disgusting besides—drunken and foul. Able he is—for he won the Queen by "witchcraft of his wit:" but he is made endurable by his diminished proportion in the Play—many others overpowering and hiding him.

BULLER. Pardon me, sir, but I have occasionally felt, in the course of this conversation, that you were seeking—in opposition to Payne Knight—to reduce Macbeth to a species of Claudius. I agree with you in thinking that Shakspeare would not give a Claudius so large a proportion of his drama. The pain would be predominant and insupportable.

NORTH. I would fain hope you have misunderstood me, Buller.

BULLER. Sometimes, sir, it is not easy for a plain man to know what you would be at.

NORTH. I?

BULLER. Yea—you.

NORTH. Richard III. is a hypocrite—a hard, cold murderer from of old—and yet you bear him. I suppose, friends, chiefly from his pre-eminent intellectual Faculties, and his perfectly courageous and self-possessed Will. You do support your conscience—or traffic with it—by saying all along—we are only conducting him to the retribution of Bosworth Field. But, friends, if these motions in Macbeth, which look like revealings and breathings of some better elements, are sheer and vile hypocrisy—if it is merely his manhood that quails, which his wife has to virilify—a dastard and a hypocrite, and no more—I cannot abide him—there is too much of a bad business, and then I must think Shakspeare has committed an egregious error in Poetry. Richard III. is a bold, heroic hypocrite. He knows

he is one. He lies to man—never to his own Conscience, or to Heaven.

TALBOYS. What?

NORTH. Never. There he is clear-sighted, and stands, like Satan, in open and impious rebellion.

BULLER. But your Macbeth, sir, would be a shuffling Puritan—a mixture of Holy Willie and Greenacre. Forgive me—

SEWARD. Order—order—order.

TALBOYS. Chair—chair—chair.

BULLER. Swing—Swing—Swing.

NORTH. My dear Buller—you have misunderstood me—I assure you you have. Some of my expressions may have been too strong—not sufficiently qualified.

BULLER. I accept the explanation. But be more guarded in future, my dear sir.

NORTH. I will.

BULLER. On that assurance I ask you, sir, how is the Tragedy of Macbeth morally saved? That is, how does the degree of complacency with which we consider the two murderers not morally taint ourselves—not leave us predisposed murderers?

NORTH. That is a question of infinite compass and fathom—answered then only when the whole Theory of Poesy has been expounded.

BULLER. Whew!

NORTH. The difference established between our contemplation of the Stage and of Life.

BULLER. I hardly expect that to be done this Summer in this Tent.

NORTH. Friends! Utilitarians and Religionists shudder and shun. They consider the Stage and Life as of one and the same kind—look on both through one glass.

BULLER. Eh?

NORTH. The Utilitarian will settle the whole question of Life upon half its data—the lowest half. He accepts Agriculture, which he understands logically—but rejects Imagination which he does not understand at all—because, if you sow it in the track of his plough, no wheat springs. Assuredly not; a different plough must furrow a different soil for that seed and that harvest.

BULLER. Now, my dear sir, you speak like yourself. You always do so—the rashness was all on my side.

SEWARD. Nobody cares—hold your tongue.

NORTH. The Religionist errs from the opposite quarter. He brings measures from Heaven to measure things of the Earth. He weighs Clay in the balance of Spirit. I call him a Religionist who overruns with religious rules and conceptions things that do not come

under them—completely distinct from the native simplicity and sovereignty of Religion in a piously religious heart. Both of them are confounders of the sciences which investigate the Facts and the Laws of Nature, visible and invisible—subduing inquiry under preconception.

BULLER. Was that the Gong—or but thunder?

NORTH. The Gong.

TALBOYS. I smell sea-trout.

SCENE III.—SCENE—*Deeside*. TIME—*after Dinner*. NORTH—BULLER—SEWARD—TALBOYS.

NORTH. One hour more—and no more—to Shakspeare.

BULLER. May we crack nuts?

NORTH. By all means. And here they are for you to crack.

BULLER. Now for some of your *astounding Discoveries*.

NORTH. If you gather the Movement, scene by scene, of the Action of this Drama, you see a few weeks, or it may be months. There must be time to hear that Malcolm and his brother have reached England and Ireland—time for the King of England to interest himself in behalf of Malcolm, and muster his array. More than this seems unrequired. But the zenith of tyranny to which Macbeth has arrived, and particularly the manner of describing the desolation of Scotland by the speakers in England, conveys to you the notion of a long, long dismal reign. Of old it always used to do so with me; so that when I came to visit the question of the Time, I felt myself as if baffled and puzzled, not finding the time I had looked for, demonstrable. Samuel Johnson has had the same impression, but has not scrutinized the data. He goes probably by the old Chronicler for the actual time, and this, one would think, must have floated before Shakspeare's own mind.

TALBOYS. Nobody can read the Scenes in England without seeing long-protracted time.

"*Malcolm*. Let us seek out some desolate shade, and there

Weep our sad bosoms empty.

*Macduff*. Let us rather Hold fast the mortal sword, and, like good men, Bestride our down-fallen birthdom: Each new morn,

New widows howl; new orphans cry; new sor-

rows Strike heaven on the face, that it resounds As if it felt with Scotland, and yell'd out Like syllable of dolor."

NORTH. Ay, Talboys, that is true Shakspeare. No Poet—before or since—has in so few words presented such a picture. No poet, before or since, has used *such* words. He writes like a man inspired.

TALBOYS. And in the same dialogue Malcolm says—

"I think our country sinks beneath the yoke,  
It weeps, it bleeds; and each new day a gash  
Is added to her wounds."

NORTH. Go on, my dear Talboys. Your memory is a treasury of all the highest Poetry of Shakspeare. Go on.

TALBOYS. And hear Rosse, on his joining Malcolm and Macduff in this scene, the latest arrival from Scotland:—

"*Macduff*. Stands Scotland where it did?

*Rosse*. Alas, poor country!  
Almost afraid to know itself! It cannot  
Be call'd our mother, but our grave: where nothing,

But who knows nothing, is once seen to smile;  
Where sighs and groans, and shrieks that rent the air,

Are made, not mark'd; where violent sorrow seems  
A modern ecstasy; the dead man's knell  
Is there scarce ask'd, for who; and good men's lives

Expire before the flowers in their caps,  
Dying, or ere they sicken."

NORTH. Words known to all the world, yet coming on the ear of each individual listener with force unweaken'd by familiarity, power increased by repetition, as it will be over all Scottish breasts in *secula seculorum*.

TALBOYS. By Heavens! he smiles! There is a sarcastic smile on that incomprehensible face of yours, sir—of which no man in this Tent, I am sure, may divine the reason.

NORTH. I was not aware of it. Now, my dear Talboys, let us here endeavor to ascertain Shakspeare's Time. Here we have long time with a vengeance—and here we have short time; FOR THIS IS THE PICTURE OF THE STATE OF POOR SCOTLAND BEFORE THE MURDER OF MACDUFF'S WIFE AND CHILDREN.

BULLER. What?

SEWARD. Eh?

NORTH. Macduff, moved by Rosse's words, asks him, you know, Talboys, "how does my wife?" And then ensues the affecting account of her murder, which you need not recite. Now, I ask, when was the murder of Lady Macduff perpetrated? Two days—certainly not more—after the murder of Banquo. Macbeth, incensed by the flight of Fleance, goes, the morning after the murder

of Banquo, to the Weirds, to know by "the worst means, the worst." You know what they showed him—and that, as they vanished, he exclaimed—

"Where are they? Gone?—Let this pernicious hour  
Stand aye accursed in the calendar!—  
Come in, without there!

*Enter LENOX.*

*Len.* What's your grace's will?

*Macb.* Saw you the weird sisters?

*Len.* No, my lord.

*Macb.* Came they not by you?

*Len.* No, indeed, my lord.

*Macb.* Infected be the air whereon they ride;  
And damn'd all those that trust them!—I did hear  
The galloping of horse: Who was't came by?

*Len.* 'Tis two or three, my lord, that bring you word,

MACDUFF IS FLED TO ENGLAND.

*Macb.* Fled to England?

*Len.* Ay, my good lord.

*Macb.* Time, thou anticipat'st my dread exploits:

The flighty purpose never is o'ertook,  
Unless the deed go with it: from this moment,  
The very firstlings of my heart shall be  
The firstlings of my hand. And even now  
To crown my thoughts with acts, be it thought  
and done;

The castle of Macduff I will surprise;  
Seize upon Fife; give to the edge o' the sword  
His wife, his babes, and all unfortunate souls  
That trace his line. No boasting like a fool:  
This deed I'll do, before this purpose cool."

And his purpose does not cool—for the whole Family are murdered. When, then, took place the murder of Banquo? Why, a week or two after the Murder of Duncan. A very short time indeed, then, intervened between the first and the last of these Murders. And yet from those pictures of Scotland, painted in England for our information and horror, we have before us a long, long time, all filled up with butchery over all the land! But I say there had been no such butchery—or anything resembling it. There was, as yet, little amiss with Scotland. Look at the *linking* of Acts II. and III. End of Act II., Macbeth is gone to Scone—to be invested. Beginning of Act III., Banquo says, in soliloquy, in Palace of Fores, "Thou hast it now." I ask, when is *this* now? Assuredly just after the Coronation. The Court was moved from Scone to Fores, which, we may gather from finding Duncan there formerly, to be the usual Royal Residence. "Enter Macbeth as King." "Our great Feast"—our "solemn Supper"—"this day's Council"—all have the aspect of new taking on the style of Royalty. "Thou hast it now,"

is formal—weighed—and in a position that gives it authority—at the very beginning of an Act—therefore intended to mark time—a very pointing of the finger on the dial.

BULLER. Good image—short and apt.

TALBOYS. Let me perpend.

BULLER. Do, sir, let him perpend.

NORTH. Banquo *fears* "Thou play'dst most foully for it;" he goes no farther—not a word of any tyranny done. All the style of an incipient, *dangerous* Rule—clouds, but no red rain yet. And I need not point out to you, Talboys, who carry Shakspeare unnecessarily in a secret pocket of that strange Sporting Jacket, which the more I look at it the greater is my wonder—that Macbeth's behavior at the Banquet, on seeing Banquo nodding at him from his own stool, proves him to have been *then* young in blood.

"My strange and self-abuse  
Is the initiate fear that wants hard use.  
We are yet but young in deed."

He had a week or two before committed a first-rate murder, Duncan's—that night he had, by hired hands, got a second-rate job done, Banquo's—and the day following he gave orders for a bloody business on a more extended scale, the Macduffs. But nothing here the least like Rosse's, or Macduff's, or Malcolm's Picture of Scotland—during those few weeks. For Shakspeare forgot what the true time was—his own time—the *short time*; and introduced *long time at the same time*—why, he himself no doubt knew—and you no doubt, Talboys, know also—and will you have the goodness to tell the "why" to the Tent?

TALBOYS. In ten minutes. Are you done?

NORTH. Not quite. Meanwhile—Two Clocks are going at once—which of the two gives the true time of Day?

BULLER. Short and apt. Go on, Sir.

NORTH. I call that an ASTOUNDING DISCOVERY. Macduff speaks as if he knew that Scotland had been for ever so long desolated by the Tyrant—and yet till Rosse told him, never had he heard of the Murder of his own Wife! Here Shakspeare either forgot himself wholly, and the short time he had himself assigned—or, with his eyes open, forced in the *long time* upon the *short*—in willful violation of possibility! All silent?

TALBOYS. After supper—you shall be answered.

NORTH. Not by any man now sitting here—or elsewhere.

TALBOYS. That remains to be heard.

NORTH. Pray, Talboys, explain to me *this*. The Banquet scene breaks up in most admired disorder—"stand not upon the order of your going—but go at once,"—quothe the Queen. The King, in a state of great excitement, says to her—

"I will to-morrow,  
(Betimes I will,) unto the weird sisters :  
More shall they speak ; for now I am bent to know,  
By the worst means, the worst : for mine own good,  
All causes shall give way ; I am in blood  
Stept in so far, that, should I wade no more,  
Returning were as tedious as go o'er."

One might have thought not quite so tedious ; as yet he had murdered only Duncan and his grooms, and to-night Banquo. Well, he does go "to-morrow and by times" to the Cave.

"Witch.—By the pricking of my thumbs  
Something wicked this way comes ;  
Open, locks, whoever knocks.

Macbeth.—How now, you secret, Black, and  
Midnight Hags ?"

It is a "dark Cave,"—dark at all times—and now "by times" of the morning ! Now—observe—Lenox goes along with Macbeth—on such occasions 'tis natural to wish "one of ourselves" to be at hand. And Lenox had been at the Banquet. Had he gone to bed after that strange Supper ? No doubt for an hour or two—like the rest of "the Family." But whether he went to bed or not, *then and there* he and another Lord had a confidential and miraculous conversation.

TALBOYS. Miraculous ! What's Miraculous about it ?

NORTH. Lenox says to the other Lord—

"My former speeches have but hit your thoughts,  
Which can interpret further ; only, I say,  
Things have been strangely borne ; the gracious  
Duncan

Was pited of Macbeth—marry he was dead.  
And the right valiant Banquo walked too late ;  
Whom, you may say, if it please you, Fleance killed,  
For Fleance fled."

Who told him all this about Banquo and Fleance ? He speaks of it quite familiarly to the "other lord," as a thing well known in all its bearings. But not a soul but Macbeth, and the Three Murderers themselves, could possibly have known anything about it ! As for Banquo, "Safe in a ditch he hides,"—and Fleance had fled. The body

may, perhaps in a few days, be found, and, though "with twenty trenched gashes on its head," identified as Banquo's, and, in a few weeks, Fleance may turn up in Wales. Nay, the Three Murderers may confess. But now all is hush ; and Lenox, unless endowed with second sight, or clairvoyance, could know nothing of the murder. Yet, from his way of speaking of it, one might imagine crowner's 'quest had sitten on the body—and the report been in the *Times* between supper and that after-supper confab ! I am overthrown—everted—subverted—the contradiction is flagrant—the impossibility monstrous—I swoon.

BULLER. Water—water.

NORTH. Gentlemen, I have given you a specimen or two of Shakspeare's way of dealing with Time—and I can elicit no reply. You are one and all dumb-founded. What will you be—where will you be—when I—

BULLER. Have announced "all my astounding discoveries !" and where, also, will be poor Shakspeare—where his Critics ?

NORTH. Friends, Countrymen, and Romans, lend me your ears ! A dazzling spell is upon us that veils from our apprehension all incompatibilities—all impossibilities—for he dips the Swan-quill in Power—and Power is that which you must accept from him, and so to the utter oblivion, while we read or behold, of them all. To go to work with such inquiries is to try to articulate thunder. What do I intend ? That Shakspeare is only to be *thus* criticised ? Apollo forbid—forbid the Nine ! I intend Prologemena to the Criticism of Shakspeare. I intend mowing and burning the brambles before ploughing the soil. I intend showing where we must not look for the Art and the Genius of Shakspeare, as a step to discovering where we must. I suspect—I know—that Criticism has oscillated from one extreme to another, in the mind of the country—from denying all art, to acknowledging consummated art, and no flaw. I would find the true Point. Stamped and staring upon the front of these Tragedies is a conflict. He, the Poet, beholds Life—he, the Poet, is on the Stage. The littleness of the Globe Theatre mixes with the greatness of human affairs. You think of the Green-room and the Scene-shifters. I think that when we have stripped away the disguises and incumbrances of the Power, we shall see, naked, and strong, and beautiful, the statue moulded by Jupiter.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## POSTHUMOUS MEMOIR OF MYSELF.

BY HORACE SMITH, ESQ.

[Continued from the November Number of the Eclectic Magazine.]

### CHAPTER IX.

QUICKLY, too quickly, however, did my thoughts, recurring to my miserable plight, begin to speculate upon the nature of the horrors in which it must inevitably terminate. Should I, recovering my muscular powers and my voice, make desperate and frantic efforts to force up the lid of the coffin; and, failing in that struggle, madly scream and shout for assistance? Faint and forlorn must be such a hope, for the church was an isolated building, and there were neither houses nor footpaths in its immediate vicinity. Even if I succeeded in escaping from the coffin, I should still be a prisoner in the vault, to stumble over the mouldering remains of my forefathers, finally to perish slowly and wretchedly of madness and starvation. One alternative remained. My apparent death might gradually be changed into a real one; life might faint away from me, and I might slide into another world without suffering, and almost without consciousness—an euthanasia for which I put up fresh prayers to the Fountain of Mercy.

A new turn was given to my reflections by the striking of the church clock, whose echoes reverberated through the empty edifice with a peculiar solemnity; and I occupied myself in mentally reckoning the minutes till the sound was repeated, to which I listened with a mingled feeling of dismay and consolation. True, it warned me that I was an hour nearer to death, but it proved also that I was not yet completely cut off from the upper world; nay, it seemed to restore me to the living scenes I had quitted, for my mind floating upward on every fresh vibration, dwelt among all the objects and occupations appropriate to that peculiar time. Who can wonder that I should find a melancholy pleasure in the delusion of this waking dream?

It was dispelled by a very different sound,—by the chirping and twittering of

birds, some of them singing from the adjacent yew-tree, and others hopping about, as I conjectured, close to the steps of my vault. Sadness there was in their merriment, for it made my own miserable plight more bitter, and I could not help mentally ejaculating,

“Oh, blessed birds! ye have the bright sun and the balmy air for your recreation; ye have wings to convey ye over the whole beautiful expanse of nature; ye have voices to give expression to your delight, and to convert happiness into music; while I—” The contrast was too horrible, and I wrenched my thoughts away from its contemplation.

Evening had arrived, and all was silence, when suddenly the church-organ poured forth its rich, swelling, and sonorous volume of sound, followed by the melodious voices of children singing a hymn, and blending into a harmony ineffably sweet and solemn. For a moment I was bewildered, and I should have believed myself under the influence of another dream, had I not recollected that it was Friday evening, when the clerk and organist invariably summoned the charity children to the church, that they might rehearse the singing for the coming Sabbath. Oh! how I yearned to join in their devotions! Oh! with what complacency of soul did I listen to them! Oh! how my heart sank within me when the performance was over, and the church-doors were again locked, and the last lingering footstep was heard to quit the burial-ground!

Still, however, did those sacred symphonies vibrate in my ear, enchanting and exciting my fancy, until it conjured up an ideal presentment of surpassing grandeur and glory. Methought I saw the last sun that earth was destined to behold slowly sinking down into the shuddering sea; and a ghastly frown spread itself over the face of nature; and a sable curtain was lowered upon the world; and all was night, and deep darkness, and death:—when lo! in an opposite direction, the veil of heaven was lifted up;

the aurora of a new and transcendently beautiful creation was revealed, its sun shining with a radiant and yet undazzling splendor; and the air was scented with aromatic odors; and fair-haired angels, hovering on roseate wings, struck their golden harps, attuning their dulcet and melodious voices to a choral anthem, as they majestically floated around a central throne, upon whose ineffable glories no human eye could bear to gaze. How long my faculties were absorbed in the contemplation of this vision I know not, but some hours must thus have slipped away, for when it was dispelled by the noise of a storm rushing across the churchyard, the clock was striking twelve. Heavily did its iron clang vibrate through the building, and send its sullen echoes far and near upon the pinions of the sweeping tempest.

Midnight! Superstitious as it may be, an undefined fear and awe ever hang about it like a shroud; but how immeasurably more impressive must have been the influence of the hour, with all its ghostly and ghastly associations, to me, inhumed and yet alive! surrounded by the mouldering remains of countless generations, and in actual contact with the corpses or the skeletons of my own forefathers! As if for the purpose of accumulating horrors upon horrors, the war of the elements became momentarily more loud and furious. The wind, which had previously moaned and groaned, now burst into a fierce howl; the yew-tree creaked and rustled as its boughs were lashed by the gust; the rain was driven in rattling splashes against the door of the vault, the steps that led down to it not having yet been covered over; and a splitting peal of thunder that might almost have awakened the dead, seemed to shake the solid earth beneath me. In this terrific outburst the storm had spent its fury, for a lull succeeded, during which a faint sound fell upon mine ear that almost maddened me with excitement.

"Gracious heaven!" I exclaimed, in thought, "do my senses deceive me? can that be the tramp of feet? It is—it is! They come nearer—nearer—nearer—they descend the steps—hist! hark!—the key rattles in the lock—it turns—the door is opened—the door is opened—the door is opened!!

Miraculous is the lightning speed with which, in a crisis like this, thoughts rush through the mind. In less than a second mine had solved the whole mystery, and I could account for my deliverance from the grave even before it had been accomplished.

Dr. Linnel had returned sooner than was expected; his previous suspicions had been confirmed by the indecent haste of my burial; he had instantly dispatched people to disinter me; his skill would quickly discover that I was only in a trance; he would restore me to life; I should be enabled to reward my dutiful and affectionate daughter, to punish my unnatural son, to enjoy, perhaps, several years of an existence made happy by the consciousness that it was free from reproach in the sight of Heaven, and not unbeneficial to my fellow-creatures. Never, no, never, were I to live for a hundred years, shall I forget the flash of ecstasy that electrified my bosom at this moment! Hope, methought, leapt upon my throbbing heart, and clapped her hands, and shouted aloud in a transport of joy—"Saved! saved! saved!"

#### CHAPTER X.

THE parties who entered the vault, as I quickly discovered by their voices, were the sexton, and Hodges, the foreman, who had superintended all the arrangements of my coffin.

"What a precious wild night, Master Griffith!" said the latter, "but not more wild and out of the way than the whole of this here day's work. Only to think of Mr. George, when his father's hardly cold, as a man may say, instead of riding home decent, after the funeral, giving a regular blow-out to all our fellows at the 'Jolly Cricketers,' making some on 'em as drunk as fiddlers, and then setting them to play at leapfrog; and he and Sir Freeman Dashwood laughing fit to split when they tumbled over one another."

"Well, I call that downright scandalous, and disgraceful to all parties, specially as he never axed me," replied the sexton.

The burning indignation with which I listened to this wicked and wanton insult upon my memory, this outrage upon all decency, was in some degree allayed by the recollection that my quick deliverance and anticipated revival would enable me to show my sense of such unnatural conduct.

"We sha'n't have much trouble with the coffin," resumed Hodges; "the lid baint half fastened, and I ha'n't screwed it down close, you see, not by a good eighth of an inch."

This explained the distinctness with which I had heard everything that passed around me, while the air admitted through the crevice may have assisted to preserve my life,

for I presume some sort of imperceptible respiration must have been going on.

"You see, Griffith," continued the foreman, "if you have but the least opening in the world, it do help to keep the stiff-un so uncommon fresh. Ah! we don't often get such a prize as this; only three or four days dead; sweet as a violet; almost as good as if he were alive. I can tell Tall Holloway one thing—he shall pay me double for this here corpse afore ever he do stick a knife in him."

From the pinnacle of ineffable transport and ecstasy upon which my soul had perched, in the conviction of my reprieve and restoration to life, these withering words hurled me instantly down,—down to an abyss of unutterable loathing, and horror, and despair, that made all my previous sufferings appear a heaven. Tall Holloway was the familiar name of a professor in the neighboring town who gave lectures on anatomy, always illustrated by the dissection of human subjects; and it was manifest that the intruders in the vault, instead of coming as my deliverers, and the agents of Dr. Linnel, as I had so fondly conceived, were sacrilegious ruffians, whose purpose was to steal my body and sell it to the surgeons for mutilation and dismemberment!

Again with elastic speed did my thoughts rush forward to the probable result of their proceedings; but oh! how miserably different were my present anticipations from those in which I had so recently indulged! One only glimmering of hope was perceptible in the hideous prospect before me. It was just possible that Mr. Holloway, an experienced surgeon, discovering my entranced state, might stay his uplifted hand, throw away his scalpel, and succeed in effecting my resuscitation. But how much more probable that the progress of his operations might reanimate me for a time, only to writhe and die under the agony of my wounds; or perhaps to be patched up after I had been half-butchered, that I might stagger under the load of life as a maimed and disfigured cripple, a misery to myself and a revolting object to my friends!

While tortured by these harrowing ideas, the lid of the coffin was removed, and Hodges, turning his dark lantern full upon my face, said to his companion—"What dy'e think of that, Griffiths? There's a beauty of a stiff-un! don't know as ever I see a finer. Just take hold of his legs, will ye, and help to lift him out."

By their joint exertions I was raised from the coffin, and deposited upon a piece of old

carpet spread beside it—a position that enabled me to contemplate the scene before me. The sexton's bent and snowy head glistened, and his sharp eyes twinkled in the light, as he counted, in the palm of his shriveled hand, the ten shillings with which he had doubtless been bribed for giving admission to the vault. His accomplice, in spite of his revolting occupation, exhibited a not unpleasing physiognomy, and screwed down the lid with a complacent smile, as if he were well pleased with his night's work. The piled coffins at the back of the vault were mostly thrown into deep shade, though here and there an unruined nail or inscription-plate caught the flickering ray; or some ghastly bone, escaped from its mouldering receptacle, gathered a sickly gleam around it. The whole picture was framed in the black arch of the vault.

When the lid of the coffin had been replaced, the men rolled the carpet around me, raised me on their shoulders, carried me out, and laid me on a flat barrow or truck. I heard the door cautiously locked, and at the same moment I felt myself to be trundling along the churchyard path; the wheel being almost inaudible, owing to the softness of the ground, for it was still raining heavily.

#### CHAPTER XI.

On emerging from the burial-ground into the high-road, a sudden gust of wind turned back a portion of the carpeting, allowing the rain to beat against my head and face, and enabling me again to use my eyes, so far as the darkness would allow. If I had been peculiarly impressed with the beauty and splendor of the sunlit world as displayed to me through the window when they were first placing me in the coffin, I was still more deeply affected by the midnight glories that irradiated the sky, where the black and driving clouds partially revealed them. They drew my thoughts upward to the mysterious and omnipotent Unseen, the Creator and Upholder of the universe, amid whose countless worlds the globe which we inhabit might be deemed no more than a particle of starry dust; but in the belief that not even the humblest dweller upon this insignificant speck would address himself to Heaven in vain, and that the Creator of all would listen to the prayers of all, I silently implored forgiveness for my past sins, and supplicated a deliverance from the terrible fate that menaced me. Supported by this act of devo-



tion, I awaited my doom with less agony of soul than I had previously endured.

The road being that which led to my own house, I was familiar with all the objects of which I could obtain a glimpse as I passed along. My heart yearned strangely toward them; and as I gazed, fully believing it to be for the last time, upon a well-known tree, or even a field-gate, I felt as if I were being torn away from an old friend. Guess how immeasurably this tender sorrow must have been increased when we reached the entrance to my own residence, and Hodges, putting down the barrow, said,

"Hang me if I baint a'most tired. The stiff-un aint no great weight, but these sandy roads be so uncommon heavy a'ter rain. Why, this is the old cove's roosting-place, I do declare. Ah! shouldn't wonder if he'd give a good lot of his money-bags to get out of the barrow, ring the bell, walk upstairs, and turn into a warm bed, instead of being stretched out on a cold dissecting-table."

In every fibre did my heart feel the contrast; for memory conjured up the years I had passed, and the many social and domestic pleasures I had enjoyed in that home which I was never to see again, which had now, by such iniquitous means, become the property of my parricidal son. At this moment my grief and indignation were aggravated by a sound of hilarious laughter from the dining-room, where I conjectured that the miscreant and his boon companions from Newmarket had not yet concluded their Bacchanalian orgies. A thousand times more than ever did I now languish for a restoration to life, that I might expose and punish his atrocities, and dispossess him of the estates he had so villainously usurped.

Owing to the lateness of the hour and the inclemency of the weather, we did not encounter a single wayfarer on our further progress to the house of Professor Holloway, which stood on the outskirts of the town. I was conveyed to the garden-gate, which Hodges unlocked; and again securing it, wheeled me to the back of the dwelling, opened a door, and passed with the truck into a small room, appropriated to Hodges for his disinterred bodies, in which a good fire was burning.

"This looks comfortable," he said; "I knew I should want a good drying a'ter such a job on such a night. I feel quite shivery, and sha'n't be no worse for a rummer of hot brandy and water. Where did I put the bottle?"

He withdrew into an inner apartment,

probably for the purpose of changing his wet clothes, for his absence was of some duration.

Either from the effect of the refreshing night-air on my being taken out of the vault, or of the shower-bath to which I had been subjected, or of the reaction produced by my present exposure to a flaming fire, I became sensible, at this precise juncture, of a change in my corporeal system. It began with a gentle thrilling and throbbing at my bosom, succeeded by scarcely perceptible tremors and shudderings, and a slight twitching of the limbs, accompanied by a sense of painful numbness and cold at the extremities. My frozen blood, thawed by the grateful warmth, struggled to resume circulation, though its first efforts were sluggish, and limited to the neighborhood of the heart. Slowly, however, it crawled onward to the members, and, after a while, I found that I had the power to move my limbs, but only in a very small degree. Doubting the reality of this incipient reanimation, and wishing to test the delightful hope that thrilled through my nerves, I summoned my newly-awakened powers by making a strenuous effort to change my position; and though I did not quite succeed in my object, I had the satisfaction of hearing the truck upon which I was stretched creak beneath me. Ineffably dulcet and harmonious to mine ear was that untuneful sound, for it confirmed the cessation of my catalepsy, and announced, as with an angel's voice, the glad tidings of my speedy restoration to life, and light, and happiness.

But how far inferior did that voice seem to the matchless music of my own, when, after several vain efforts, my tongue was partially untied, and I succeeded in uttering the words—"Thank God! Thank God!" though they were breathed in an almost inaudible whisper. Scarcely had it passed my lips ere the foreman re-entered, walked to the fire, and was in the act of raising it with the poker, when my spasmodic twitchings shook the carpeting with which I was covered. The fellow had been too long conversant with midnight violations of the grave to have any apprehension of ghosts, but he was evidently frightened, for he started back with the poker in his hand, ejaculating, as one of my legs again moved—

"The Lord above! The Lord above! May I never stir if the stiff-un baint alive and kicking!"

While he was still staring, utterly aghast and bewildered, I sought to draw him toward me, that I might be the better heard, by uttering the word—"Hodges!"—a sound at

which he started in still greater alarm, muttering perturbedly to himself—

"He's no more dead than I am, and he knows my name! Here's a fix—here's a precious job! Sure as fate I shall be pulled up afore the magistrates, and it's a Botany Bay affair, that's what it is. 'Twouldn't take much to hush up the matter, and make all sure with this here"—his eye fell upon the poker as he spoke—"and I'm blessed if I don't think it would be an act of pure kindness to put him out of his misery; besides, a fellow may always take another chap's life to preserve his own."

My new danger flashed upon me in an instant, and not losing a moment in trying to repair the perilous mistake I had made by the mention of his name, I said, in the loudest tone I could utter—

"Save my life and I will make your fortune!"—words which acted like a charm. His altered countenance showed that a new light had broken in upon him; he came close to the truck, and putting down his ear, asked me what I had said; exclaiming, as I distinctly repeated my promise—

"It's a barg'n—it's a barg'n. Save ye? Lord love ye, that's what I will, with all the pleasure in life. I'm a reg'lar body-snatcher, as many a better man has been, but I baint a murderer, I wouldn't go for to Burke a fellow-creature. No; that's the very last thing as ever I should think on."

On intimating that my feet felt frozen and dead, he uncovered them, and placed the truck in such a position that they faced the fire; and on my pronouncing the word "tea," for I was miserably faint and thirsty, he cried, with an expression of ineffable contempt—

"What's the use of them wishy-washy things? No, no; you shall have something better than tea."

So saying, he took a case-bottle of brandy from a closet, filled a small spoon, and poured it into my mouth. At first I was unable to swallow, but the warmth of the spirit gradually relaxed the muscles, and restored the power of deglutition, so that after a few fruitless efforts, it passed down my throat. The dose was repeated three or four times, its administrator observing that—"if brandy wouldn't save me, nothing in the world wouldn't save me." Its effects, at all events, were rapid, for I felt the quickened circulation tingling through my whole frame. In answer to his inquiry what he should do next, I desired him to run for Doctor Linnel, who resided, most fortunately, in a neighboring street. This order being

instantly obeyed, I was left alone to reflect, with a devoutly grateful heart, upon the strange life-involving perils to which I had been twice exposed, and upon the still more strange, not to say providential, occurrences by which I had been hitherto saved from destruction.

#### CHAPTER XII.

CURIOUS as was the concurrence of circumstances which had produced my apparent death and real burial, the concatenation of events which terminated in my disinterment and my restoration to life was by no means less extraordinary. Among the subordinate causes contributing to the latter result, was the fortunate fact that Doctor Linnel, reaching his home at a late hour, and having an accumulation of letters to read, had not retired to rest when Hodges rang the night-bell and gave him a hurried statement of what had occurred; so that he was enabled to hasten back, and to be kneeling by my side in a very short time after the despatch of my messenger.

"Do not speak a word," was his first injunction; "you have no strength for talking. Leave everything to me; I will take care of you."

Ordering a mattress to be brought and to be spread before the fire, he placed me upon it; bottles of hot water were applied to the soles of my feet; he poured into my mouth a renovating cordial; after which preliminaries I was rubbed with warm flannels until both my operators were thrown into a profuse perspiration, and I myself felt a vital glow throughout my whole frame.

"All goes well," said the Doctor; "but I must have you in my own house and under my own eye, or I cannot answer for your recovery. We must remove you before daylight. Bring me a couple of blankets immediately."

These being found, and hung before the fire till they were quite hot, were carefully wrapped around me, when the Doctor and Hodges, both of whom were powerful men, placed me on their shoulders, and carried me to the residence of the former, where I was laid in his own bed, still enveloped in the heated blankets. Tenderly as I had been conveyed, the motion had quite exhausted me; and I lay extended, without speech or change of posture, until I fainted, or gradually sank into a gentle sleep.

All that could be accomplished by consummate skill, combined with an unremitting

and most devoted friendship, was now exerted in my behalf, and with such success that I myself was astonished at the rapidity of my progress, though I was still occasionally prostrated by a milder form of the alarming attacks which had preceded my trance. Linnel had expressly stipulated that my marvelous resuscitation should, for the present, be kept a profound secret.

"You cannot be restored to your rights," urged that discreet friend, "you cannot resume your station in society, without active exertions, and an exposure to social and domestic trials of too exciting, not to say too harrowing a nature to be safely encountered in your present critical state. Any painful agitation might occasion a relapse—a danger against which we must especially guard ourselves. When you are strong enough to face the world, I will not only give you notice, but will stand by your side to support you in your undertaking."

Neglecting nothing that could contribute to my cheer of mind, as well as to the corroboration of my health, my kind friend, who frequently saw my daughter, brought me such gratifying accounts of her deep but unobtrusive grief for my presumed death, that I yearned with more than a paternal fondness to clasp the dear girl once more to my heart. Linnel, however, would not permit this until three weeks had elapsed, when he entered my room, saying:

"Here is a letter from dear Sarah, requesting permission to call and ask my advice, on a matter of importance, at twelve o'clock to-day. Now, if you will promise to command your feelings as well as you can, you shall be ensconced in the arm-chair of our little back drawing-room, and overhear our interview; and after I have duly prepared her for the startling intelligence, I will announce your resuscitation, and apprise her of your presence."

All was done as he had arranged; but, though I had promised to lie *perdu* till the close of their interview, I could not avoid indulging myself in one momentary peep as she entered the room. Her deep mourning, and the shade of sorrow upon her features, imparted a more touching interest to her beauty. Oh! how lovely did she appear to me at that moment! Oh! how my heart thrilled when I caught the first accents of her soft and winning voice!

After pleading the long intimacy that had existed between myself and Linnel as an excuse for the trouble she was giving, she continued—

"You are aware that by my dear father's will I am reduced from a handsome independence to comparative poverty, if I marry Mr. Mason."

"I am; and if my friend had consulted me on the subject, I should have told him it was a foolish and unjustifiable act. What possible objection could he have had to such a man as Mason?"

"I believe that he had none whatever, but I am sure that he acted from the kindest motives. He thought that the daughter of so rich a man ought to make a grand alliance."

"In other words, he wanted to gratify his own ambition at your expense. A common fatherly feeling, but not very paternal, for all that."

"I had promised my dear father, in his lifetime, that I would never marry Mr. Mason without his consent; and nothing should have induced me to violate that pledge; but now that I am left—now that I am alone—now that, unfortunately, I have no—no—" The dear girl's voice was broken by emotion, and she paused a moment ere she could resume. "Do you think, Doctor—I ask you as his oldest and best friend—do you think it would show any want of respect to my father's memory, if, after the expiration of two years, I were still to take this excellent, this exemplary, this irreproachable man as my husband?"

"None whatever, if you think he is worth the sacrifice of eight hundred a year, and Mason allows you to make it."

"That was my great fear. Knowing the depth and delicacy of his attachment, and his disinterested regard for my welfare, I doubted whether I should get his consent; but he met the proposition with the frankness of a fine and noble nature. 'Were the cases reversed,' said he, 'my heart tells me that I should not hesitate a single moment to make the sacrifice to you; and I do not, therefore, hesitate a single moment in accepting the sacrifice from you. We shall still possess a moderate competency; and though I am but young, I have seen enough of the world to know that wealth without happiness is poverty, and that poverty with happiness is wealth.'"

"Mason is a wise man, and you are a sensible girl; but if you have made up your minds to this plan, why the deuce should you wait for two years? Why not marry as soon as you are out of mourning?"

"Because I would not ask Mason to take me without some sort of marriage-portion, however small. By saving for two years the

greater part of the handsome income which my father assigned me in his will, I shall be enabled to reserve some surplus after buying and furnishing a small house; so that we shall literally start with love in a cottage, and a purse to meet any unexpected demands."

"My dear Sarah, I tell you once more that you are an uncommonly sensible girl, and I approve of everything you have done or have proposed doing, though I do not think it will be necessary to defer your marriage for two years; and if you can listen to a long story, to a narrative of events so strange as to be almost incredible, I will tell you why."

With infinite tact and the most guarded circumspection, did he then begin to prepare his auditors for the startling disclosures he had to make. First reminding her that I had been subject to suspensions of animation, some of which had continued for many hours, he added, that there were well-attested instances of trances lasting so long, that the sufferers had been buried, even after having been kept above ground for the customary week, and had actually revived, as had been repeatedly proved by subsequent inspection of coffins and vaults. "Now, your poor father," he continued, "contrary, as I well know, to your earnest, and even angry remonstrances, was scandalously hurried to the grave in three days after his death. Under these unusual circumstances, there would be nothing improbable in his revival, nothing improbable in his being rescued from his miserable situation—nay, it is by no means impossible that at this very moment, recovered from the effects of his premature interment, he may be——"

"For God's sake do not trifle with my feelings," said Sarah, starting up in the greatest agitation, and vehemently clasping her companion's hand. "Oh, if you love me, tell me, do tell me—is there a chance, a hope, a possibility, that my dear, dear father may still be living—that I may again embrace him—that I may devote myself to his recovery—that I may testify my love, my duty, my unbounded gratitude to Heaven by——"

Unable any longer to restrain the fond and impassioned yearnings of my soul, I sobbed out the words,

"My child! my child! my own dear child!"

Recognising my voice, she uttered a cry of joy, rushed into the back room, threw her arms around me, pressed me repeatedly to her heart, and kissed me over and over, in a paroxysm of hysterical rapture.

#### CHAPTER XIII.

A VERY different scene, an ordeal which I both desired and dreaded, awaited me on the following day, when I had resolved to disclose my resuscitation to my unnatural son, to dispossess him of the fortune and estates he had so flagitiously usurped, and to announce to him his utter repudiation and disinheritance. He was now on a visit at Oakfield Hall, for he was too much infatuated with the designing Julia to be long absent from her. Linnel, who would not let me undertake anything of an agitating nature except under his personal guidance, accompanied me in his carriage to the Hall, where, on inquiring at the park lodge, we were informed that the party we were seeking had just entered the summer-house with Miss Thorpe, that they might view the sport on the water, as Sir Freeman Dashwood had taken down the dogs to hunt ducks. Alighting accordingly from the carriage, and leaning on my friend's arm, I walked toward the summer-house, which stood in the immediate vicinity of the lodge; and on reaching it sat down upon the steps to recover my breath, when, the door being ajar, I became an unintentional auditor of the following colloquy:—

"I say, Julia! wasn't it lucky that the governor died before he made any alteration in his will? I shall come into lots of tin, besides all the estates. When he took a crotchet into his head, he was as obstinate as a mule; and he had sworn that if ever I married you he would cut me off with a shilling."

"And if he had, dear George! it would not have made the smallest difference in my eyes. Where there is a sincere attachment, filthy lucre is never thought of. Thank Heaven, I am neither sordid nor selfish. Indeed, if there's one person in the world whom I despise more than another, it is the girl who marries for money."

"All very fine; but it's no bad thing to have the cash, whether you marry for it or not. I tell you what—I have made up my mind to one thing. I'll have the best hounds and hunters in all Suffolk, and the best drag and the best racers in all England at the next Newmarket meeting. And there's another thing to which I have made up my mind: I'll marry you before the month is out."

"What, my dear George! so soon after your father's death?"

"Yes, to be sure; why not? Waiting for a twelvemonth would'n't make him more dead than he is, as I told Sarah when she kept up such a bother about deferring the

burial. He can't expect me to be very squeamish when he wanted to cut me off with a shilling. Cut off himself now. Ha! ha! ha!"

The barking of dogs and the shouts of men being heard from the water, the lovers jumped up, and leaning on the sill of the open window gazed out upon the sport; at which moment I made my noiseless entry into the summer-house, and seated myself in one of the chairs which had just been vacated. For two or three minutes this unwelcome addition to the party remained unnoticed, but the lady at length turned round, uttered a piercing scream, and covering her eyes with her hands, sank shuddering to the ground. Her companion was starting to her assistance when my figure caught his eye, and he became instantly transfixed, his eyes staring, his face petrified with horror, and his lips hoarsely ejaculating,—

"God of heaven! my father's ghost!"

Unable to restrain my long-suppressed indignation, I rushed upon him, grappled him by the collar, and shaking him with all the vehemence in my power, I shouted in his ear,—

"No, unnatural monster! no, miscreant! no, parricide! it is your father's living flesh and blood, as this grasp may convince you, and as I would still more effectually prove by striking you to the earth, and trampling on your prostrate body, had I strength to second my will. It is the father whose life you sought to destroy—whom you hurried to the grave with such guilty precipitation—who has been snatched from the jaws of death and recovered from his trance by a series of providential mercies, in order that he may become the instrument of Heaven in exposing and punishing your atrocious crimes."

No sooner did the object of these denunciations discover that he had to deal with a human being instead of a spectre, than all his terror appeared to be dissipated; his countenance resumed its customary expression, and he cried, in his usual familiar tone,—

"Well, father, I have often seen you in a passion, but hang me if ever I saw you in such a towering rage as this."

"Villain!" I resumed, for I was maddened by his audacious nonchalance, "what is the name of the chemist who sold you the poisonous mixture to which I became a victim?"

"Do you mean Raby's Restorative? capital stuff that! His name—his name? Hang me if I can recollect just now."

"In what street of Newmarket does he live?"

"Street—street? I have forgotten that too. Oh no, I haven't. I remember now; I bought it of a fellow that travels about the country."

"Miserable liar! this shuffling is a confession of your guilt. With the same regard for truth you will doubtless deny that you destroyed the codicil of my will."

"Codicil! what codicil? I am ready to take my oath that I never—"

"Hold your impious tongue, and do not add perjury to your other enormities. With my own eyes, while I was lying entranced, and not dead as you supposed, did I see you tear it up and commit it to the parlor-fire."

"No!—did you, though? What an artful dodge on your part! and what a precious spoon I must have been not to shut the bedroom door!"

Not less irritated than disgusted by his obdurate manner and offensive language, I hastened the termination of our colloquy by saying,

"Hark ye, sirrah, while I address you for the last time. I have made a new will, by which you are utterly and irrevocably disinherited, with the exception of an annual pittance just sufficient to preserve you from destitution, but only payable so long as you reside abroad. The moment you set foot upon the soil of England, its payment ceases. Here is a letter to my London agent, who will provide you a sum of money for your outfit. Away! hide your infamy in some of our colonies; the nearer to the Antipodes the better. Avaunt! and never see you more! Begone before I curse you!"

"The Devil and Doctor Faustus! here's a pretty go!" was all the reply of the hardened and unfeeling reprobate; and I had hardly quitted the summer-house when I heard once more the vacant and hideous laugh by which I had been previously insulted.

Not without difficulty did my tottering footsteps support me back to the carriage; I was lifted into it by the Doctor and his servant; and was no sooner deposited on the seat than nature sank under the exertions I had made, and I fainted away.

From my knowledge of Miss Thorpe's character, I was not in the least surprised to learn that this disinterested heroine, who piqued herself upon being neither sordid nor selfish, who held in special contempt the girl that could marry for money, despatched a letter to my son on the very next day, stating that her own sacred sense of filial duty

would not allow her to espouse any man against his father's consent, and that, therefore, their engagement must be considered as finally canceled. I never heard, however, that she returned the valuable presents made to her by her infatuated lover.

#### CHAPTER XIV.

WITH equal good judgment and kind feeling, my friend invited Sarah to spend a few days in his house, well knowing that her society and her assistance as a nurse, would be far more efficient than all his medicaments in restoring my bodily health and my cheer of mind. On the morning of her arrival I appointed her lover to meet her, when I joined together the hands of the delighted couple; gave my formal consent to their union, sanctifying it by my blessing, and adding, that so far from lessening the sum I had originally left to my daughter, I would settle twice the amount upon her on the day of her marriage. Mason now became an almost daily visitant at the house, and neither he nor his betrothed evinced any regret when I expressed a wish that their nuptials should be solemnized without any unnecessary delay. Enraptured by the daily improvement in her father's health and spirits, combined with such a delightful and unexpected change in her own fate and prospects, my dear child seemed actually to imagine herself in heaven, and to my apprehensions she appeared to diffuse a heaven around her. Her radiant and smiling face was an incarnate sunbeam; her dulcet voice, melodized by joy, was the music of the spheres; her duteous and affectionate offices were the ministrings of a guardian angel. God bless her! there were moments when her fascinating endearments almost made me forget my repudiated son.

But they did not banish from my memory the vow made to my own soul while I was lying entranced and entombed, that in the event of my revival I would refund the sums I had unfairly gained in the execution of my government contracts. After having calculated their amount, with interest, which raised the total to several thousand pounds, I remitted the whole anonymously to the Chancellor of the Exchequer. Naturally fond of money, I always found delight in reckoning up my profits; yet can I truly declare that I experienced ten times more pleasure in refunding this portion of my fortune, than I had ever felt in legitimately gaining ten times as much.

So completely had my attention been engaged by the recent marvelous occurrences, and by the preparations for the approaching marriage—so carefully, moreover, did I abstract my thoughts from the painful subject of my son—that several weeks slipped away without my adverting to the long and singular silence of the London agent to whom I had consigned him. Its cause was at length explained by the following letter—full enough, Heaven knows! of sadness and humiliation, and yet not altogether divested of mitigating considerations.

"MY DEAR FRIEND,—More than once have I taken up my pen to write to you, and as often have I wanted courage to complete my letter, fearing to afflict you with evil tidings in your present delicate state; and I have since been silent, because it required some little time to ascertain the exact situation of your son, of whose whereabouts I was left in ignorance for a whole month. On his first arrival I observed a good deal of levity, not to say wildness, in his manner and discourse, but not sufficient to denote any positive aberration of mind. He seemed quite reconciled to his immediate expatriation, and accompanied me on board a splendid vessel bound for New Zealand, in which I secured a good berth for him, and paid his passage-money. On the following morning I obeyed your directions, by advancing him a sufficient sum to provide a handsome outfit, and to give him an advantageous start on his arrival in the colony.

"That night he quitted my house, nor did I hear of him again till I learnt that he had been committed to prison for an unprovoked and violent assault, perpetrated in a drunken night brawl. From subsequent inquiries, I learnt that the money he received had been lavished in riotous intemperance and excess of every sort, during which his eccentricities, freaks, and outrages, combined with his incoherent language and wild looks, had procured for him from his fellow-revelers the name of 'Crazy George.' Struck by the vacant expression of his features, and the rambling silliness of his language, I saw at once that he was in a state of mental alienation, brought on, as I conjectured, by his recent wildness of life; under which impression, having procured his discharge from prison, I took him to a physician, who has very extensive practice in the treatment of similar cases, and who has now seen him seven or eight times.

"His deliberate opinion, I am much dis-

tressed to state, is exceedingly unfavorable. Though the disorder of the faculties may have been more rapidly developed by recent occurrences, he does not consider it a temporary one, but arising from organic derangement, and therefore of a permanent and incurable character. He pronounces it to be a softening of the brain, a defect which gradually undermines the reasoning powers, and usually terminates in imbecility and idiocy. On my hinting that his patient was by no means a harmless simpleton, but had recently been harboring heinous designs, he replied that a combination of cunning and contrivance with great wickedness frequently characterized the incipient stages of this peculiar lunacy; and that, from the present condition of your son, he had no hesitation in declaring he must have been in an unsound state of mind for several months. 'Depend upon it,' such were the physician's own words, 'that this unfortunate young man, though he may have been competent to the ordinary purposes of life, has long been utterly defective in the moral sense; has ceased to know the difference between right and wrong, and cannot, therefore, during this period of morbid mental action, be fairly deemed an accountable being.'

"I have placed poor George for the present in a private lunatic asylum, and await your orders as to his ultimate disposal."

#### CHAPTER XV.

SAD and afflicting as it was, I have said that this letter was not without mitigating suggestions. It is a great, a deplorable, a heart-rending calamity to be the father of an incurable idiot; but it is infinitely more terrible to have a son who could contemplate, while in possession of his reason, the diabolical crime of parricide. From this horror and disgrace I was relieved. My heart was enabled to throw off the incubus that had darkened and crushed it. All was now cleared up, every thing was now intelligible, and my misfortune, though still a heavy one, was not tainted by the unutterably hateful associations with which I had been previously haunted. My son's dabbings with the poisonous mixture—the monomania which stimulated his horrible purpose—his reckless conduct—his heartless levity of tongue, when he should rather have been overwhelmed with shame and sorrow—and the vacant, misplaced, offensive laugh by which I had so often been revolted—all had now received a solution which showed them to have

sprung from latent insanity, not from premeditated and conscious wickedness, not from the frivolity and defiance of an utterly callous heart, not from the deliberate suggestions of an abandoned nature. From an object of unavoidable disgust and hatred, my unfortunate boy was converted into a claimant for the profoundest pity and compassion. It was something to feel that I still had a son, even though he might be little better than a filial statue.

Although Hodges the foreman, had strict moral justice been awarded him, deserved punishment rather than reward, I had made him a promise which I held myself sacredly bound to perform. Removing him, accordingly, from a neighborhood where he might have been tempted to a renewal of his unhallowed practices, I purchased for him in a provincial town a long-established and respectable business, by attention to which he cannot fail to realize a moderate independence.

More than a year has elapsed since the occurrence of the events stated in the preceding narrative; and though I have no further marvelous adventures to record, the interval has not been altogether uneventful. Godfrey Thorpe, after having run through his own fine fortune by every species of wanton extravagance, lived for some time upon the fortunes of others by running in debt, when, being unable to protract any longer the smash I had anticipated, he absconded from the seat of his ancestors, and is at present settled with his family at Boulogne.

Oakfield Hall, with its wide and fair domains, is now mine, and I am writing in the library of that Elizabethan mansion of which I had so long coveted the possession. Many of my fond and foolish yearnings have been chastised by my temporary consignment to the jaws of death; but *this* ambition, perhaps the vainest of my earthly vanities, has survived my apparent decease and real entombment, and I feel a daily and increasing pleasure as I wander over my broad acres. Nor are my rides less gratifying because I take them on my favorite white cob, whose back I never again expected to bestride when I caught a glimpse of him as the undertakers were depositing me in my coffin.

My daughter's marriage was solemnized a year ago, and I am already blessed with a little grandson, who bears my name, and who will become my heir. Mr. Mason, for whom I have purchased the advowson of the living,



and who, conjointly with his wife, does the honors of Oakfield Hall, where they are permanently established, devotes himself with an exemplary zeal to the discharge of his pastoral duties, and is beloved by the whole neighborhood. Their union promises to be more than usually blessed; a prospect which affords me the purest and most exquisite of all pleasures—the contemplation of

that happiness which we have been instrumental in conferring upon others.

My poor son, whom I regularly see, though he no longer recognizes me, is in a private asylum for lunatics, where he receives every succor and consolation that his unfortunate state allows. All hopes of his recovery have long been abandoned.

## LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL.

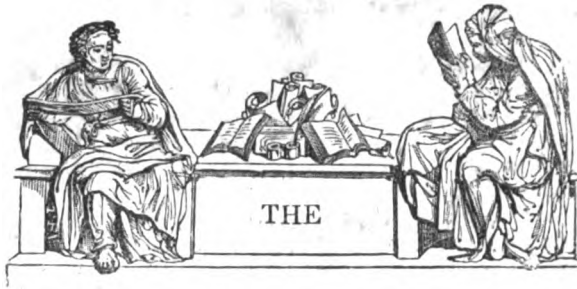
(SEE PLATE)

LORD WILLIAM RUSSELL was the third son of the first Duke of Bedford, and a distinguished supporter of liberty, was born about 1641. He was educated in the principles of constitutional freedom espoused by his father, and yielded to the vortex of dissipation introduced by the restoration, until his marriage with Rachel, second daughter and co-heiress of the earl of Southampton (then widow of lord Vaughan), which wholly reclaimed him. He represented the county of Bedford in four parliaments, and, being highly esteemed for patriotism and independence, was regarded as one of the heads of the whig party. When Charles II., exasperated at the court of France for withdrawing his pension, appeared desirous of joining the continental confederacy against Louis XIV., a French war being generally popular in England, the parliament voted a large supply of men and money. The whigs, aware of the king's character, dreading to give him an army, which might as probably be employed against liberty at home as against France, opposed the measure. This movement being acceptable to the French king, an intrigue commenced between the leading whigs and Barillon, the French ambassador, the consequence of which was the receipt, on the part of some of them, of pecuniary assistance, in order to thwart the intended war. From that minister's private despatches, sir John Dalrymple, in his *Memoirs of Great Britain*, has published a list of those persons; but lords Russell and Holland are specified as refusing to receive money on this account. In 1679, when Charles II. found it necessary to ingratiate himself with the whigs, lord Russell was appointed one of the members of the privy council. He soon, however, found that the party was not in the king's confidence, and the recall of the duke of York, without their concurrence, induced him to resign. Although his temper was mild and moderate, his fear of a Catholic succession induced him to take decisive steps in the promotion of the exclusion of the duke of York. In June, 1680, he went publicly to Westminster-hall, and, at the court of king's bench, presented the duke as a recusant; and, on the November following, carried up the exclusion bill to the house of lords, at the head of two hundred members of parliament. The king dissolved the parliament, and resolved thenceforward to govern without one; and arbitrary principles were openly avowed by the partisans of the court. Alarmed at the state of things, many of the whig leaders favored strong expedients, in the way of counteraction, and a plan of insurrection was formed for a simultaneous rising in England and Scotland. Among these leaders, including the dukes of Monmouth and Argyle, the lords Russell, Essex, and Howard, Algernon Sidney and Hampden, different views prevailed; but lord Russell looked only to the exclusion of the duke of York.

While these plans were ripening, a subaltern plot was laid by some inferior conspirators, for assassinating the king on his return from Newmarket, at a farm called the *Rye-house*, which gave a name to the conspiracy. Although this plan was not connected with the scheme of the insurrection, the detection of the one led to that of the other, and lord Russell, was

in consequence, committed to the Tower. After some of the Rye-house conspirators had been executed, advantage was taken of the national feeling to bring him to trial, in July, 1683; and pains being taken to pack a jury of partisans, he was, after very little deliberation, brought in guilty of high treason. "It was proved," says Hume, "that the insurrection had been deliberated on by the prisoner; the surprisal of the guards deliberated, but not fully resolved upon; and that an assassination of the king had not been once mentioned or imagined by him. The law was on this occasion stretched to the prisoner's destruction, and his condemnation was deemed illegal by judge Atkins and many other authorities, not to dwell on the act which on this ground reversed his attainder. Once condemned, such a victim was too agreeable to the court, and to the vindictive feelings of the duke of York, to meet with mercy; and the offer of a large sum of money from his father, whose only son he had now become, to the duchess of Portsmouth, and the pathetic solicitations of his wife, proved in vain, and he obtained remission only of the more ignominious parts of his sentence. He was too firm to be induced by the divines, who attended him, to subscribe to the doctrine of non-resistance, then the favorite court tenet of the day; and it is to be regretted that he was induced to write a petitionary letter to the duke of York, promising to forbear all future opposition, and to live abroad, should his life be spared. It is presumed that this letter was written in compliance with the solicitations of his friends, for he nobly refused the generous offer of lord Cavendish to favor his escape by exchanging clothes; and, with equal generosity declined the proposal of the duke of Monmouth (q. v.) to deliver himself up, if he thought the step would be serviceable to him. Conjugal affection was the feeling that clung closest to his heart; and when he had taken the last farewell of his wife, he exclaimed, that the bitterness of death was past. He was beheaded in Lincoln's-inn fields, July 21, 1683, in the forty-second year of his age. To the character of this regretted nobleman for probity, sincerity, and private worth, even the enemies to his public principles have borne ample testimony. Of his talents, Burnet observes that he was of a slow, but accurate understanding.—Lady Rachel Russell, his wife, bore an affectionate zeal with which she assisted her husband, and the magnanimity with which she bore his loss, obtained the respect and admiration of the world. Upon his trial, she accompanied him into court, and when he was refused counsel, and allowed only an amanuensis, she stood forth as that assistant, and excited the respect and sympathy of all who beheld her. After his death, she wrote a touching letter to the king, in which she asserted that the paper delivered by him to the sheriff, declaratory of his innocence, was his own composition, and not, as charged by the court, dictated by any other person. She spent the remainder of her life in the exercise of pious and social duties. A collection of her letters was published in 1775 (4to.). Lord John Russell has written a life of lord William Russell. This exemplary woman died in 1723, aged eighty-seven.





# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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From the North British Review.

## LOCKE AND SYDENHAM.

THE studies of Metaphysics and Medicine have more in common, both as to means and ends, than may perhaps at first sight appear. John Locke and Thomas Sydenham,—the one the founder of our analytical philosophy of mind, and the other of our practical medicine,—were not only great personal friends, but were of essential use to each other in their respective departments; and we may safely affirm, that for much in the Essay on Human Understanding, we are indebted to its author's intimacy with Sydenham, "one of the master builders at this time in the commonwealth of learning," as Locke calls him, in company with "Boyle, Huygens, and the incomparable Mr. Newton." And Sydenham, it is well known, in the third edition of his "*Observationes Medicæ*," expresses his deep obligation to Locke in his dedicatory letter to their common friend Dr. Mapletoft, in these words:—"Nosti præterea, quam huic meæ methodo suffragantem habeam, qui eam intimius per omnia perspexerat, utrique nostrum conjunctissimum Dominum Johannem Lock; quo quidem viro, sive ingenio judicioque acri et subacto, sive etiam antiquis (hoc est optimis) moribus, vix superiorem quenquam inter eos qui nunc sunt homines repertum iri confido, paucissimos certe pares." Referring to this passage, when noticing the early training of this "*ingenium judiciumque acre et subactum*," Dugald Stewart says, with great truth, "No

science could have been chosen, more happily calculated than Medicine, to prepare such a mind for the prosecution of those speculations which have immortalized his name; the complicated and fugitive, and often equivocal phenomena of disease, requiring in the observer a far greater proportion of discriminating sagacity than those of Physics, strictly so called; resembling, in this respect, much more nearly, the phenomena about which Metaphysics, Ethics, and Politics are conversant."

Hartley, Mackintosh, and Brown, were physicians; and we know that medicine was a favorite subject with Socrates, Aristotle, Bacon, Descartes, and Berkeley. We wish our young doctors kept more of the company of these and such like men, and knew a little more of the laws of thought, of the nature and rules of evidence, of the general procedure of their own minds in the search after, the proof and the application of, what is true, than, we fear, they generally do.\* They

\* Pinel states, with great precision, the necessity there is for physicians to make the mind of man, as well as his body, their especial study. "L'histoire de l'entendement humain, pourroit-elle être ignorée par le médecin, qui a non-seulement à décrire les vésanies ou maladies morales, et à indiquer toutes leurs nuances, mais encore, qui a besoin de porter la logique la plus sévère pour éviter de donner de la réalité à des termes abstraits pour procéder avec sagesse des idées simples à des idées complexes, et qui a sans cesse sous ses yeux des écrits, où le défaut de

might do so without knowing less of their Auscultation, Histology, and other good things, than they do, and with knowing them to much better purpose. We wonder, for instance, how many of the century of graduates sent forth from our University every year—armed with microscope, stethoscope, uroscope,\* pleximeter, &c., and omniscient of *râles* and *rhonchi*, sibilous and sonorous; crepitations moist and dry; *bruits de râpe, de scie, et de soufflet*; blood plasmata cyto-blasts and nucleated cells, and great in the infinitely little—we wonder how many of these eager and accomplished youths could “unsphere the spirit of Plato,” or read with moderate relish and understanding one of the Tusculan Disputations, or who had ever heard of “Butler’s Three Sermons on Human Nature,” “Berkeley’s Minute Philosopher,” or of an “Essay on the Conduct of the Understanding,” of which Mr. Hallam says, “I cannot think any parent or instructor justified in neglecting to put this little treatise in the hands of a boy about the time that the reasoning faculties become developed,” and whose admirable author we shall now endeavor to prove to have been much more one of themselves than is generally supposed.

In coming to this conclusion, we have been mainly indebted to the classical, eloquent, and conclusive tract by Lord Grenville, entitled “Oxford and Locke;” to Lord King’s life of his great kinsman; to Wood’s *Athenæ* and *Fasti Oxonienses*; to the letters from Locke to Drs. Mapletoft, Molyneux, Sir Hans Sloane and Boyle, published in the collected edition of his works; to Ward’s *Lives of the Gresham Professors*; and to a very curious collection of letters of Locke, Algernon Sidney, the second Lord Shaftesbury, and others, edited and privately printed by the eccentric Dr. T. Forster.

Le Clerc, in his *Eloge* upon Locke in the *Bibliothèque Choisie*, (and in this he has been followed by all subsequent biographers,) states, that when a student at Christ Church, Oxford, he devoted himself with great earnestness to the study of Medicine, but that he never practiced it as his profession, his chief object having been to qualify himself

to act as his own physician, on account of his general feebleness of health and tendency to consumption. To show the incorrectness of this statement, we give the following short notice of his medical studies and practice; it is necessarily slight, but justifies, we think, our assertion in regard to him *qua medicus*.

LOCKE was born in 1632 at Wrington, Somersetshire, on the 29th of August, the anniversary, as Dr. Forster takes care to let us know, of the Decollation of St. John the Baptist—eight years after Sydenham, and ten before Newton. He left Westminster school in 1651, and entered Christ Church, distinguishing himself chiefly in the departments of medicine and general physics, and greatly enamored of the brilliant and then new philosophy of Descartes.

In connection with Locke’s university studies, Anthony Wood, in his autobiography, has the following curious passage: “I began a course of chemistry under the noted chemist and rosicrucian Peter Sthael of Strasburg, a strict Lutheran, and a great hater of women. The club consisted of ten, whereof were Frank Turner, now Bishop of Ely, Benjamin Woodroof, now Canon of Christ Church, and John Locke of the same house, now a noted writer. This same John Locke was a man of a turbulent spirit, clamorous, and never contented; while the rest of our club took notes from the mouth of their master, who sat at the upper end of a long table, the said Locke scorned to do this, but was forever prating and troublesome.” This misogynistical rosicrucian was brought over to Oxford by Boyle, and had among his pupils Sir Christopher Wren, Dr. Wallis, and Sir Thomas Millington. The fees were three pounds, one half paid in advance.

Locke continued through life greatly addicted to medical and chemical researches. He kept the first regular journal of the weather, and published it from time to time in the Philosophical Transactions, and in Boyle’s *History of the Air*. He used in his observations a barometer, a thermometer, and a hygrometer. His letters to Boyle are full of experiments and speculations about chemistry and medicine; and in a journal kept by him when traveling in France, is this remarkable entry: “M. Toinard produced a large bottle of muscat; it was clear when he set it on the table, but when the stopper was drawn a multitude of little bubbles arose. It comes from this, that the included air had liberty to expand itself;—*query, whether this be air new generated*. Take a bottle of fermenting liquor, and tie a

*s’entendre, la séduction de l’esprit de système, et l’abus des expressions vagues et indéterminées ont amené de milliers des volumes et des disputes interminables!”—Méthodes d’Etudier en Médecine.*

\* We suppose we shall soon arrive at that exquisite nicety predicted by Mandeville, when our uroscope will enable us to “diagnose” in the product of a Sunday the religion, and in that of a weekday the politics, of our patient.

bladder over its mouth, how much new air will this produce, *and has this the quality of common air?*" We need hardly add, that about a hundred years after this, Dr. Black answered this capital query, and in doing so, transformed the whole face of chemistry.

We now find that, in contradiction to the generally received account, Wood, who was an Oxford man, and living on the spot, says, in his spiteful way, "Mr. Locke, after having gone through the usual courses preparatory to practice, entered upon the physic line, and got some business at Oxford." Nothing can be more explicit than this, and more directly opposed to Le Clerc's account of his friend's early life, which, it may be remembered, was chiefly derived from notes furnished by the second Lord Shaftesbury, whose information must necessarily have been at second or third hand. In 1666, Lord Ashley, afterward the first Lord Shaftesbury, came to Oxford to drink the water of Astrop; he was suffering from an abscess in his chest, the consequence of a fall from his horse. Dr. Thomas, his lordship's attendant, happening to be called out of town, sent his friend Locke, then practicing there, who examined into his complaints, and advised the abscess to be opened; this was done, and, as the story goes, his lordship's life was saved. From this circumstance took its origin the well-known friendship of these two famous men. That their connection at first was chiefly that of patient and doctor, is plain from the expression, "He, the Earl, would not suffer him to practice medicine out of his house, except among some of his particular friends," implying that he was practicing when he took him. In 1668, Locke, then in his 36th year, accompanied the Earl and Countess of Northumberland to the Continent, as their physician. The Earl died on his journey to Rome, leaving Locke with the Countess in Paris. When there, he attended her during a violent attack of what seems to have been *tic-douloureux*, a most interesting account of which, and of the treatment he adopted, was presented by the late Lord King to the London College of Physicians, and was read before them in 1829. We have, by the great kindness of Dr. Paris, the president of the College, had access to a copy of this medical and literary curiosity, which, besides its own value as a plain, clear statement of the case, and as an example of simple, skillful treatment, is the best of all proofs that at that time Locke was a regular physician. We cannot give this case higher praise, or indicate more significantly its won-

derful superiority to the cases to be found in medical authors of the same date, than by saying that in expression, in description, in diagnosis, and in treatment, it differs very little from what we have in our own best works.

After the Earl's death, Locke returned to England, and seems to have lived partly at Exeter House with Lord Shaftesbury, and partly at Oxford. It was in 1670, at the latter place, that he sketched the first outline of his immortal Essay, the origin of which he has so modestly recorded in his Epistle to the Reader. Dr. Thomas, and most probably Dr. Sydenham, were among the "five or six friends who met at my chambers," and started the idea of that work, "which has done more than any other single work to rectify prejudice, to undermine established errors, to diffuse a just mode of thinking, to excite a fearless spirit of inquiry, and yet to contain it within the boundaries nature has set to the human faculties. If Bacon first discovered the rules by which knowledge is to be advanced, Locke has most contributed by precept and example to make mankind at large observe them, and has thus led to that general diffusion of a healthful and vigorous understanding, which is at once the greatest of all improvements, and the instrument by which all other improvements must be accomplished."

About this time Locke seems to have been made a Fellow of the Royal Society. In 1674 he took the degree of Bachelor of Medicine; he never was Doctor of Medicine, though he generally passed among his friends as Dr. Locke.

In 1675 he went abroad for his health, and apparently, also, to pursue his medical studies. He remained for some time at Montpellier, then the most famous of the schools of medicine. He attended the lectures of the celebrated Barbyrac, to whose teaching Sydenham is understood to have been so much indebted. When there, and during his residence abroad, he kept a diary, large extracts from which are for the first time given by Lord King.\* The following

\* Lord King refers to numerous passages in Locke's Diaries exclusively devoted to medical subjects, which he has refrained from publishing, as unlikely to interest the general public; and Dr. Forster gives us to understand that he has in his possession "some ludicrous, sarcastic, and truly witty letters to his friend Furley on medicine, his original profession;" but which letters the doctor declines giving to the public "in these days of absurd refinement." We would gladly forswear our refinement to have a sight of them; anything that Locke considered worth the writing down about anything is likely to be worth the reading.

account of the annual "capping" at Montpellier is very amusing. "The manner of making a Doctor of Physic is this: 1st, a procession in scarlet robes and black caps—the professor took his seat—and after a company of fiddlers had played a certain time, he made them a sign to hold, that he might have an opportunity to entertain the company, which he did in a speech against innovations—the musicians then took their turn. The Inceptor or candidate, then began his speech, wherein I found little edification, being chiefly complimentary to the chancellor and professors, who were present. The Doctor then put on his head the cap that had marched in on the beadle's staff, in sign of his doctorship—put a ring upon his finger—girt himself about the loins with a gold chain—made him sit down beside him—that having taken pains he might now take ease, and kissed and embraced him in token of the friendship which *ought* to be amongst them."

From Montpellier he went to Paris, and was a diligent student of anatomy under Dr. Guenelon, with whom he was afterward so intimate, when living in exile at Amsterdam.

In June 1667, when in Paris, he wrote the following jocular letter to his friend Dr. Mapletoft, then physic professor at Gresham College. This letter, which is not noticed in any life of Locke that we have seen, is thus introduced by Dr. Ward:—"Dr. Mapletoft did not continue long at Gresham, and yet longer than he seems to have designed, by a letter to him, written by the famous Mr. John Locke, dated from Paris, 22d June 1677, in which is this passage: 'If either absence (which sometimes increases our desires) or love (which we see every day produces strange effects in the world) have softened you, or disposed you toward a liking for any of our fine new things, 'tis but saying so, and I am ready to furnish you, and should be sorry not to be employed; I mention love, for you know I have a particular interest of my own in it. When you look that way, nobody will be readier, as you may guess, to throw an old shoe after you, much for your own sake, and a little for a friend of yours. But were I to advise, perhaps I should say that the lodgings at Gresham College were a quiet and comfortable habitation.' By this passage," continues Ward, "it seems probable that Dr. Mapletoft had then some views to marriage, and that Mr. Locke was desirous, should it so fall out, to succeed him. But neither of these events happened at the time,

for the Doctor held his professorship till the 10th October 1679, and in November following, married Rebecca, the daughter of Mr. Lucy Knightley of Hackney, a Hamburg merchant." And we know that on the 10th of May that same year, Locke was sent for from Paris by Lord Shaftesbury, when his Lordship was made President of Sir William Temple's Council, half a year after which they were both exiles in Holland. As we have already said, there is something very characteristic in this jocular, pawky, affectionate letter.

There can be little doubt from this, that so late as 1677, when he was 45 years of age, Locke was able and willing to undertake the formal teaching of medicine.

It would not be easy to say how much mankind would have at once lost and gained—how much the philosophy of mind would have been hindered, and how much that of medicine would have been advanced, had John Locke's lungs been as sound as his understanding, and had he "stuck to the physic line," or had his friend Dr. Mapletoft "looked that way" a little earlier, and made Rebecca Knightley his wife two years sooner, or had Lord Shaftesbury missed the royal reconciliation and his half year's presidency.

Medicine would assuredly have gained something it still lacks, and now perhaps more than ever, had that "friend of yours," having thrown the old shoe with due solemnity and precision at the heads of the happy couple, much for their sakes and a little for his own, settled down in that quiet, comfortable, baccalaurean habitation, over against the entrance into Bishopsgate street, and had thenceforward, in the prime of life, directed the full vigor of that singularly enlightened, sound, humane, and practical understanding, to the exposition, of what Lord Grenville so justly calls, "the large and difficult" subject of medicine. What an amount of gain to rational and effective medicine—what demolition of venerable and mischievous error—what exposition of immediately useful truth—what an example for all future laborers in that vast and perilous field, of the best *method* of attaining the best ends, might not have been expected from him of whom it was truly said that "he knew something of everything that could be useful to mankind!" It is no wonder then, that looking from the side of medicine, we grudge the loss of the Locke "Physic Lectures," and wish that we might, without fable, imagine ourselves in that quaint steep-roofed quad-

range, with its fifteen trees and its diagonal walks across the green Court; and at eight o'clock, when the morning sun was fulling on the long legs and antennæ of the gilded grasshoppers, and the mighty hum of awakening London was beginning to rise, might figure to ourselves the great philosopher stepping briskly through the gate into his lecture-room—his handsome, serious face, set “in his hood, according to his degree in the university, as was thought meet for more order and comeliness sake,” and there, twice every week in the term, deliver the “solemn Physic Lecture,” in the Latin tongue, in dutiful accordance with the “agreement tripartite, between the mayor, commonalty, and citizens of London—the wardens and commonalty of the mystery of mercers, and the lecturers in Gresham House;” and again, six hours later, read the same “solemn lecture” we would fancy with more relish and spirit in the “English tongue,” “forasmuch,” so good Sir Thomas’ will goes, “as the greater part of the auditory is like to be of such citizens and others as have small knowledge, or none at all, of the Latin tongue, and for that every man, for his health’s sake, will desire to have some knowledge of the art of physic.”

We have good evidence, from the general bent and spirit of Locke’s mind, and from some occasional passages in his letters, especially those to Dr. Molyneux, that he was fully aware of the condition of medicine at that time, and of the only way by which it could be improved. Writing to Dr. Molyneux, he says, “I perfectly agree with you concerning general theories—the curse of the time and destructive not less of life than of science—they are for the most part but a sort of waking dream, with which, when men have warmed their heads, they pass into unquestionable truths. *This is beginning at the wrong end*, men laying the foundation in their own fancies, and then suiting the phenomena of diseases, and the cure of them, to these fancies. I wonder, after the pattern Dr. Sydenham has set of a better way, men should return again to this romance way of physic. But I see it is more easy and more natural for men *to build castles in the air of their own than to survey well those that are on the ground. Nicely to observe the history of diseases in all their changes and circumstances is a work of time, accurateness, attention, and judgment,\** and

\* The eloquent Buffon thus speaks of the gift of observation:—“Il y a une espèce de force de génie,

wherein if men, through prepossession or oscitancy, mistake, they may be convinced of their error by unerring nature and matter of fact. What we know of the works of nature, especially in the constitution of health and the operations of our own bodies, is *only by the sensible effects, but not by any certainty we can have of the tools she uses, or the ways she works by.*”

But we must draw this notice of Locke in the character of Doctor to a close. In the Philosophical Transactions for 1697, there is an account by him of an odd case of hypertrophied nails, which he had seen at La Charité when in Paris, and he gives pictures of the hornlike excrescences, one of them upward of four inches long. The second Lord Shaftesbury, who was Locke’s pupil, and for whom he chose his wife, in a letter to Furley, who seems to have been suffering from a relapse of intermittent fever, explains, with great distinctness and good sense, “*Dr. Locke’s method*” of treating this disease with the Peruvian bark; adding, “I am satisfied, that of all medicines, if it be good of its kind, and properly given, it is the most innocent and effectual, whatever bugbear the world makes of it, especially the tribe of inferior physicians, from whom it cuts off so much business and gain.” We now conclude our notices of Locke’s medical history, which, however imperfect, seem to us to warrant our original assertion, with the following weighty sentence taken from the admirable “Fragment on Study” given by Lord King, and which was written when Locke was at his studies at Oxford. It accords nicely with what we have already quoted from Dugald Stewart:

“Physic, polity, and prudence are not capable of demonstration, but a man is principally helped in them, 1, by the history of matter of fact; and, 2, by a sagacity of inquiring into probable causes, and finding out an analogy in their operations and effects. Whether a certain course in public or private affairs will succeed well—whether

et de courage d’esprit, à pouvoir envisager sans s’étonner, la Nature dans la multitude innombrable de ses productions, et à se croire capable de les comprendre et de les comparer; il y a une espèce de gout, à les aimer, plus grand que le gout qui n’a pour but, que des objets particuliers, et l’un peut dire, que l’amour et l’étude de la Nature, suppose dans l’esprit deux qualités qui paroissent opposées, les grandes vues d’un génie ardent, qui embrasse tout d’un coup-d’œil, et les petites attentions d’un instinct laborieux, qui ne s’attache qu’à un seul point.” Gaubius calls it “*masculum illud observandi studium veteribus tantopere excultum.*”

rhubarb will purge, or quinquina cure an ague, can be known only by experience."\*

SYDENHAM, the prince of practical physicians, whose character is as beautiful and as genuinely English as his name, did for his art what Locke did for the philosophy of mind—he made it, in the main, observational; he made knowledge a means, not an end. It would not be easy to over-estimate our obligations as a nation to these two men, in regard to all that is involved in health of body and soundness of mind. They were among the first in their respective departments to show their faith in the inductive method, by their works. They both professed to be more of guides than critics, and were the interpreters and servants of nature, not her diviners and tormentors. They pointed out a way, and walked in it; they taught a method, and used it, rather than announced a system or a discovery; they collected and arranged their *visa* before settling their *cogitata*, a mean-spirited proceeding, doubtless, in the eyes of the prevailing dealers in hypotheses, being in reality the exact reverse of their philosophy. How curious, how humbling, to think that it was not till this time, that men in search of truth were brought to see that "it is not the insufficiency or incapacity of man's mind, but the *remote standing or placing thereof*, that breedeth mazes and incomprehensions; for as the sense afar off is full of mistaking, but is exact at hand, so is it of the understanding, *the remedy whereof is not to quicken or strengthen the organ, but to go nearer to the object.*" Well might the noble author even now say, as he does in the context—(he is treating of medicine)—"Medicine is a science which hath been more professed than labored, more labored than advanced, the labor being in my judgment more in a circle than in progression: I find much iteration, but

small addition;" and he was right in laying much of this evil condition to the discontinuance of "the ancient and serious diligence of Hippocrates." This serious diligence, this *ἀκριβεια* or nicety of observation, by which the "divine old man of Cos" achieved so much, was Sydenham's master-principle in practice and in speculation. He proclaimed it anew, and displayed in his own case its certain and inestimable fruits.

It appears to us one of the most interesting, as it is certainly one of the most difficult and neglected departments of medical literature, to endeavor to trace the progress of medicine as a *practical art*, with its rules and instruments, as distinguished from its consolidation into a systematic science with its doctrines and laws, and to make out how far these two, which conjoined, form the philosophy of the subject, have or have not harmonized with, and been helpful to each other, at different periods of their histories. Much might be done to make such an inquiry instructive and attractive, by marking out the history of medicine into three or four great epochs, and taking, as representative of each, some one distinguished artsman or practitioner, as well as teacher or discoverer. We might have Hippocrates and his epoch, Sydenham and his John Hunter, Pinel, and Lænnec and theirs. These great men differed certainly widely enough in character and in circumstances, but all agreed in this, their possessing in large measure, and of rare quality, that native sagacity, that power of serious, choice, patient, continuous, honest observation, which is at once a gift and a habit; that instinct for seeking and finding, which Bacon calls "*experientia literata, sagacitas potius et odoratio quadam renatica, quam scientia*;" that general strength and soundness of understanding, and that knack of being able to apply their knowledge, instantly and aright, in practice, which must ever constitute the cardinal virtues of a great physician, the very pith and marrow of his worth.

Of the two first of these famous men, we fear there survives in the profession little more than the names; and we receive from them, and are made wiser and better by inheriting their treasures of honest and exquisite observation, of judicious experience, without, we fear, knowing or caring much from whom it has come. "One man soweth, and another reapeth." The young forget the old, the children their fathers; and we are all too apt to reverse the saying of the wise king,—"*I praised the dead that are already dead, more than the living that are yet alive.*"

\* Dr. Thomas Young puts this very powerfully in the preface to his "Introduction to Medical Literature." "There is, in fact, no study more difficult than that of physic: it exceeds, as a science, the comprehension of the human mind; and those who blunder onward, without attempting to understand what they see, are often nearly on a level with those who depend too much on imperfect generalizations." "Some departments of knowledge defy all attempts to subject them to any didactic method, and require the exercise of a peculiar address, a judgment, or a taste which can only be formed by indirect means. It appears that physic is one of those departments in which there is frequent necessity for the exercise of an *incommunicable faculty of judgment, and a sagacity which may be called transcendental, as extending beyond the simple combination of all that can be taught by precept.*"

As we are not sufficiently conscious of, so we assuredly are not adequately grateful for that accumulated volume of knowledge, that body of practical truth, which comes down as a gift to each one of us from six thousand years of human endeavor, and which, like a mighty river, is moving forever onward—widening, deepening, strengthening, as it goes; for the right administration and use of whose untold energies and wealth, we, to whom it has thus far descended, are responsible to Him from whom it comes, and to whose feet it is hastening—responsible to an extent we are too apt to forget, or to underrate. We should not content ourselves with sailing victoriously down the stream, or with considering our own portion of it merely; we should go up the country oftener than we do, and see where the mighty feeders come in, and learn and not forget their names, and note how much larger, how much powerfuller the stream is after they have joined it. It is the lot of the successful medical practitioner who is more occupied with discerning diseases and curing them, than with discoursing about their essence, and arranging them into systems, who observes and reflects in order to act, rather than to speak,—it is the lot of such men to be invaluable when alive, and to be forgotten soon after they are dead, and this not altogether or chiefly from any special ingratitude or injustice on the part of mankind, but from the very nature of the case. Much that made such a man what the community, to their highest profit, found him to be, dies with him. His inborn gifts, and much of what was most valuable in his experience, were necessarily incommunicable to others, this depending much on his forgetting the process by which, in particular cases, he made up his mind, and its minute successive steps, from his eagerness to possess and put in action the result, and much from his being confident in the general soundness of his method, and caring little about formally recording to himself his transient mental conditions, much less announcing them articulately to others;—but mainly, we believe, because no man can explain directly to another man *how* he does any one practical thing, the doing of which he himself has accomplished, not at once, or by imitation, or by teaching, but by repeated personal trials, by missing much before ultimately hitting. You may be able to expound excellently to your son the doctrine of projectiles, or read him a course of lectures upon the principles of horsemanship, but

you cannot make over to him your own knack as a dead-shot, or make him keep his seat over a rasping fence. He must win these for himself as you have done before him. Thus it is that much of the best of a man like Sydenham, dies with him.

It is very different with them who frequent the field of scientific discovery. Here matters are reversed. No man, for instance, in teaching anatomy or physiology, as he comes to enounce each new subordinate discovery, can fail to unfold and to enhance the ever-increasing renown, of that keen *black-avie'd* little man, with his piercing eye, "small and dark, and so full of spirit;" his compact broad forehead, his self-contained peremptory air, his dagger at his side, and his fingers playing with its hilt, to whom we owe the little book, "*De motu cordis et sanguinis circulatione*." This primary, capital discovery, which no succeeding one can ever supersede or obscure, he could leave consummate to mankind; but he could not so leave the secret of his making it; he could not transmit that combination of original genius, invention, exactness, perseverance, and judgment, which enabled him, and can alone enable any man to make any such permanent addition to the amount of scientific truth. But what fitted Harvey for what he achieved, greatly unfitted him for such excellence in practice as Sydenham attained. He belonged to the science more than to the art. His friend Aubrey says of him, that "though all his profession would allow him to be an excellent anatomist, I have never heard of any who admired his therapeutic way." A mind of his substance and mettle, speculative and arbitrary, passing rapidly and passionately from the particular to the general, from multitude to unity, with, moreover, a fiery temper and an extemporaneous dagger as its sting, was not likely to take kindly to the details of practice, or make a very useful or desirable family doctor. Sydenham again, though his works everywhere manifest that he was gifted with a large capacity and keen relish for abstract truth, moved habitually and by preference in the lower, but at the time the usefuller sphere of everyday practice, speculating chiefly in order to act, reducing his generalizations back to particulars, so as to answer some immediate instance, the result of which was the signallest success of "his therapeutic way." We have had in our own day two similar examples of the man of science and the man of art; the one Sir Charles Bell—like Harvey, the explorer, the discoverer, the man of

genius and science, of principles and laws, having the royal gifts of invention and eloquence, was not equally endowed with those homelier, but in their degree not less rare qualities, which made Dr. Abercrombie, our Scottish Sydenham, what he was, as a master in the diagnosis and treatment of disease. The one pursued his profession as a science, to be taught, to be transmitted in its entirety—the other as an art to be applied. The one was, in the old phrase, luciferous—the other frugiferous.

One great object we have in now bringing forward the works and character of Sydenham, is to enforce the primary necessity, especially in our day, of attending to medicine as the art of healing, not less than as the science of diseases and drugs. We want at present more of the first than of the second. Our age is becoming every day more purely scientific, and is occupied far more with arranging subjects and giving names, and remembering them, than with understanding and managing objects. There is often more knowledge of words than of things.

We have already stated our notion, that to the great body of physicians now-a-days, Sydenham is little more than a name, and that his works, still more than those of his companion, Locke, are more spoken of than read. This is owing to several causes: partly to their being buried in Latin, which men seem now ashamed to know; partly to much in them being now scientifically obsolete and useless; partly from their practical value being impaired by our ignorance of his formulas of cure; and greatly also, we fear, from what Baglivi calls "an inept derision and neglect of the ancients," which is more prevalent than creditable. We include ourselves among these; for until we got Dr. Greenhill's edition, we had never read seriously and thoroughly these admirable tracts, which were all of an occasional character, and were forced from their author by the importunity of friends, or the envious calumny of enemies, often in the form of letters to his friends.

We had, when at college, picked up like our neighbors the current commonplaces about Sydenham; such as that he went by the name of "the Prince of English physicians." That Boerhaave (of whom, by the way, we knew quite as little, unless it were a certain awful acquaintance with a certain squab and golden visage, which grimly regarded us from above a druggist's door, as we hurried along the bridges to the Univer-

sity) was wont to take his hat off whenever he mentioned his name, and to call him "*Angliæ lumen, Artis Phœbum veram Hippocratici viri speciem*:" that his life was written by Samuel Johnson in the "*Gentleman's Magazine*," and was one of his earliest and worst paid performances; that he was a Whig, and went out into the field as a Parliament man. Moreover, that when asked by Sir Richard Blackmore what he would advise him for medical reading, he replied, "*read Don Quixote, sir*,"—an answer as full of sense as wit, and the fitness and wisdom of which it would be not less pleasant than profitable to unfold at length. We had been told, also, in a very general way by our teachers, that Sydenham had done some things for his profession, which, considering the dark age in which he lived, were highly to his credit; that his name was well connected with the history and management of the small-pox; the nature of epidemics, dropsies, &c., and that he had recorded his own sufferings from the gout in a very clever and entertaining way. All this was true, but by no means the whole truth. Not only are his observations invaluable to any one engaged in tracing the history of medicine as a practical art, and as an applied science; in marking in what respects it is changed, and in what unchanged; in how much it is better now than then, and in what little it is not so good. In addition to all this, they are full of excellent rules for the diagnosis and treatment of diseases; and we can trace to him as their origin many of our most common and valuable therapeutic doctrines. And they everywhere manifest how thoroughly he practiced what he taught, how honestly he used his own "method," that of continued, close, serious observation. But we confess, after all, our chief delight is from the discovery he makes in his works of his personal character—the exemplar he furnishes in himself of the four qualities Hippocrates says are indispensable in every good physician—learning, sagacity, humanity, probity. This personality gives a constant charm to everything he writes—the warmth of his humane, practical nature is felt throughout.

Above all, we meet with a habitual reference to what ought to be the supreme end of every man's thoughts and energies—the two main issues of all his endeavors, the glory of God and the good of men. Human life was to him a sacred, a divine, as well as a curious thing, and he seems to have possessed through life, in rare acuteness, that



sense of the value of what was at issue, of the perilous material he had to work in, and that gentleness and compassion for his suffering fellow-men, without which no man, be his intellect ever so transcendent, his learning ever so vast, his industry ever so accurate and inappeasable, need hope to be a great physician, much less a virtuous and honest man. This characteristic is very striking. In the midst of the most minute details, and the most purely professional statements, he bursts out into some abrupt acknowledgment of "The Supreme Judge," "The true Archiater and Archeus." We may give one among many such instances. He closes his observations on "the Epidemic Cough and Pleurisy Peripneumony of 1675," with this sudden allusion to the Supreme Being: "Qui post sequentur morbi, solus novit, Qui novit omnia." And again, after giving his receipt for the preparation of his laudanum liquidum, so much of Spanish wine, of opium, of saffron, of cinnamon and cloves, he adds, "Profecto non hic mihi tempero, quin gratulabundus animadvertam, DEUM omnipotentem παντων Δουτητα εαυων non aliud remedium, quod vel pluribus malis debellandum par sit, vel eadem efficacius extirpet, humano generi in miseriarum solatium concessisse, quam opiata."

If we may adapt the simple but sublime saying of Sir Isaac Newton, Sydenham, though diligent beyond most other "children" in gathering his pebbles and shells on the shore of the great deep, and in winning for mankind some things of worth from the vast and formless infinite, was not unconscious of the mighty presence beside which he was at work; he was not deaf to the strong music of that illimitable sea. He recognized in the midst of the known, the greater, the infinite, the divine unknown; behind everything certain and distinct he beheld something shadowy and unsearchable, past all finding out; and he did not, as many men of his class have too often done, and do, rest in the mere contemplation and recognition of the *τι δεσιν*. This was to him but the shadow of the supreme substance, *ὁ θεος*. How unlike to this fervor, this reverence and godly fear, is the hard, cool, nonchalant style of many of our modern men of science, each of whom is so intent on his own little pebble, so bent upon finding in it something no one else ever found, so self-involved and self-sufficient, that his eyes and his ears are alike shut to the splendors and the voices of the liberal

sea, out of whose multitudinous abyss it has been flung, and

"Which doth with its eternal motion make  
A sound like thunder—everlastingly."

This habit of Sydenham's mind is strikingly shown in the first sentence of his Preface to the first edition of his *Medical Observations*:

"Qui medicinæ dat operam, hæc secum ut sæpe perpendat oportet: Primo, se de ægrorum vitæ ipsius curæ commissâ, rationem aliquando SUPREMO JUDICI redditurum. Deinde quicquid artis aut scientiæ, Divino beneficio consecutus est, imprimis, ad SUMMI NUMINIS laudem, atque humani generis salutem, esse dirigendum: indignum autem esse, ut cœlestia illa dona, vel avaritiæ, vel ambitus officio inserviant. Porro, se, non ignobilis alicujus aut contemnendi animalis, curam suscepisse; ut enim, humani generis pretium agnoscas, UNIGENITUS DEI FILIUS, homo factus est adeoque naturam assumptam sua dignatione nobilitavit. Denique, nec se communi sorte, exemptum esse, sed iisdem legibus mortalitatis, iisdem casibus et ærumnis, obnoxium atque expositum, quibus alii quilibet; quo diligentius et quidem teneriori cum affectu, ipse plane *ὑποταδης* ægrotantibus opem ferre conetur."

The following are some quotations, taken at random, from his various treatises and letters, in which we may see what he himself was as a practitioner, and what were his views as to the only way in which Medicine, as an art, could be advanced.

In his Epistle to Dr. Mapletoft, prefixed to the "*Observationes Medicæ*," his first publication, when he was 42 years of age, he gives his friend a long and entertaining account of his early professional life, and thus proceeds—

"Having returned to London, I began the practice of Medicine, which when I studied curiously with most intent eye (*intento admodum oculo*) and utmost diligence, I came to this conviction, which to this day increases in strength, that our art is not to be better learned than by its exercise and use; and that it is likely in every case to prove true, that those who have directed their eyes and their mind the most accurately and diligently to the natural phenomena of diseases, will excel in eliciting and applying the true indications of cure. With this thread as my guide, I first applied my mind to a closer observation of fevers, and after no small amount of irksome waiting, and perplexing mental agitations, which I had to endure for several years, I at last fell upon a method by which, as I thought, they might be cured, which method I some time ago made public at the urgent request of my friends."

He then refers to the persecution and calumnies he had been exposed to from the profession, who looked upon him as a pestilent fellow, and a setter forth of strange doctrines; and adopts the noble saying of Titus Tacitus, in reply to Metellus—

“It is easy to speak against me when I make no reply; you have learned to speak evil; I, my conscience bearing me witness, have learned to despise evil-speaking; you are master of your tongue, and can make it utter what you list; I am master of my ears, and can make them hear without being offended.”

And, after making the reference we have already mentioned, to his method having had the sanction and assistance of Locke, he thus concludes in regard to the ultimate success of his newly discovered way—

“As concerns the future, I cast the die, not over-careful how it may fall, for, since I am now no longer young, and have, by the blessing of the Almighty, a sufficient provision for the remainder of my journey, (tantum mihi est viatici, quantum restat viæ,) I will do my best to attain, without trouble to myself or others, that measure of happiness so beautifully depicted by Politian:—

‘Felix ille animi, divisque simillimus ipsis,  
Quem non mendaci resplendens gloria fuco  
Sollicitat, non fastosi mala gaudia luxu.  
Sed tacitos sinit ire dies, et paupere cultu  
Exigit innocuæ tranquilla silentia vita.’”

We shall now give more fully his peculiar views, and in order to render him due honor for originating and acting upon them, we must remember in the midst of what a mass of errors and prejudices, of theories actively mischievous, he was placed, at a time when the mania of hypothesis was at its height, and when the practical part of his art was over-run and stultified by vile and silly nostrums. We must have all this in our mind, or we shall fail in estimating the amount of independent thought, of courage and uprightness, and of all that deserves to be called virtue and magnanimity, which was involved in his thinking, and writing, and acting as he did.

“The improvement of physic, in my opinion, depends, 1st, Upon collecting, as genuine and natural, a description or history of diseases as can be procured; and, 2nd, Upon laying down a fixed and complete method of cure. With regard to the history of diseases, whoever considers the undertaking deliberately, will perceive that a few such particulars must be attended to: 1st, All diseases should be described as objects of natural history, with the same exactness as is done by botanists, for there are many diseases that come under the same genus, and bear the same name,

that being specifically different, require a different treatment. The word *carduus*, or thistle, is applied to several herbs, and yet a botanist would be inaccurate and imperfect who would content himself with a generic description. Furthermore, when this distribution of distempers into *genera* has been attempted, it has been to fit into some hypothesis, and hence this distribution is made to suit the bent of the author rather than the real nature of the disorder. How much this has obstructed the improvement of physic, any man may know. In writing, therefore, such a natural history of diseases, every merely philosophical hypothesis should be set aside, and the manifest and natural phenomena, however minute, should be noted with the utmost exactness. The usefulness of this procedure cannot be easily over-rated, as compared with the subtle inquiries and trifling notions of modern writers; for can there be a shorter, or indeed any other way, of coming at the morbid causes, or of discovering the curative indications, than by a certain perception of the peculiar symptoms? By these steps and helps it was, that the father of physic, the great Hippocrates, came to excel. His theory, *Θεωρία*, being no more than an exact description or view of Nature. He found that Nature alone often terminates diseases, and works a cure with a few simple medicines, and often enough with no medicines at all. If only one person in every age had accurately described, and consistently cured, but a single disease, and made known his secret, physic would not be where it now is; but we have long since forsook the ancient method of cure, founded upon the knowledge of conjunct causes, insomuch that the art, as at this day practised, is rather the art of talking about diseases than of curing them. I make this digression in order to assert, that the discovering and assigning of remote causes, which now-a-days so much engrosses the minds and feeds the vanity of curious inquirers, is an impossible attempt, and that only immediate and conjunct causes fall within the compass of our knowledge.” Or, as he elsewhere pithily states it:—“Cognitio nostra, in rerum cortice, omnis ferme versatur, ac ad το ὄρι sive quod res hoc modo se habeat, fere tantum assurgit; το διορί, sive rerum causas, nullatenus attingit.”

His friend Locke could not have stated the case more clearly or sensibly. It is this doctrine of “conjunct causes,” this necessity for watching the action of compound and often opposing forces, and the having to do all this not in a machine, of which, if you have seen one you have seen all, but where each organism has often as much that is different from as common with all others; it is this which takes medicine out of the category of exact sciences, and puts it into that which includes politics, ethics, navigation, and practical engineering, in all of which, though there are principles, and those principles quite within the scope of human rea-

son, yet the application of these principles must, in the main, be left to each man's skill, presence of mind, and judgment, as to the case in hand.

It is in medicine as in the piloting of a ship—rules may be laid down, principles expounded, charts exhibited; but when a man has made himself master of all these, he will often find his ship among breakers and quicksands, and must at last have recourse to his own craft and courage. Gaubius, in his admirable chapter, "*De disciplina Medici*," thus speaks of the *reasonable* certainty of medicine as distinguished from the absolute certainty of the exact sciences, and at the same time gives a very just idea of the infinite (as far as concerns our limited powers of sense and judgment) multiplicity of the phenomena of disease:—"Nec vero sufficit medicum communia modo intueri; oportet et cuius homini propria, quæ quidem diversitas tam immensa occurrit ut nulla observationum vi exauriri possit. Solâ denique contemplatione non licet acquiescere, inque obscuris rebus suspendere iudicium, donec lux affulgeat. Actionem exigit officium. Captanda hinc agendi occasio, quæ sæpe præceps, per conjecturam cogit determinare, quod per scientiam sat cito nequit. Audiant hæc obrectatores, et cum didicerint scientias puras, ab iis quas applicatas vocant, contemplativas à practicis, distinguere, videant quo jure medicinam præ aliis, ut omnis certi expertem, infantem." It would not be easy to put more important truth into clearer expression. Conjecture, in its good sense, as meaning the throwing together of a number of the elements of judgment, and taking what upon the whole is the most likely, and acting accordingly, has, and will ever have, a main part to play in any art that concerns human nature, in its entirety and in action. When in obscure and dangerous places, we must not contemplate, we must act, it may be precipitately. This is what makes medicine so much more of an art than a science, and dependent so much more upon the agent than upon his instructions; and this it is that makes us so earnest in our cautions against the supposition that any amount of scientific truth, the most accurate and extensive, can in medicine supersede the necessity of the recipient of all this knowledge having, as Richard Baxter says, by nature "a special sagacity,—a naturally searching and conjecturing turn of mind." Moreover, this faculty must be disciplined and exercised in its proper function, by being not a hearer only, but also a doer,

an apprentice as well as a student, and by being put under the tutorage of a master who exercises as well as expounds his craft. This native gift and its appropriate object have been so justly, so beautifully described by Hartley Coleridge in his "*Life of Fothergill*," that we cannot refrain from closing our remarks on this subject by quoting his words. Do our readers know his "*Biographia Borealis*?" If they do, they will agree with us in placing it among the pleasantest books in our language, just such a one as Plutarch, had he been an Englishman, would have written:—"There are certain inward gifts, more akin to genius than to talent, which make the physician prosper, and deserve to prosper; for medicine is not like practical geometry, or the doctrine of projectiles, an application of an abstract, demonstrable science, in which a certain result may be infallibly drawn from certain data, or in which the disturbing forces may be calculated with scientific exactness. It is a *tentative art*, to succeed in which demands a quickness of eye, thought, tact, invention, which are not to be learned by study, nor, unless by connatural aptitude, to be acquired by experience; and it is the possession of this *sense*, exercised by patient observation, and fortified by a just reliance on the *vis medicatrix*, the self-adjusting tendency of nature, that constitutes the true physician or healer, as imagination constitutes the poet, and brings it to pass, that sometimes an old apothecary, not far removed from an old woman, and whose ordinary conversation savors, it may be, largely of twaddle, who can seldom give a rational account of a case or its treatment, acquires, and justly, a reputation for infallibility, while men of talent and erudition are admired and neglected; *the truth being, that there is a great deal that is mysterious in whatever is practical.*"

But to return to our author. He was the first to point out what he called the varying "constitutions" of different years in relation to their respective epidemics, and the importance of watching the type of each new epidemic before settling the means of cure. In none of his works is his truly philosophical spirit, and the subtlety and clearness of his understanding, shown more signally than in his successive histories of the epidemics of his time. Nothing equal to them has ever appeared since; and the full importance of the principles he was the first to lay down is only now beginning to be fully acknowledged. His confession as to his entirely failing to discover what made one epidemic so to differ

from another, has been amply confirmed by all succeeding observers. He says,—

"I have carefully examined the different constitutions of different years as to the manifest qualities of the air, yet I must own I have hitherto made no progress, having found that years, perfectly agreeing as to their temperature and other sensible properties, have produced very different tribes of diseases, and *vice versa*. The matter seems to stand thus: there are certain constitutions of years that owe their origin neither to heat, cold, dryness, or moisture, but upon a certain secret and inexplicable alteration in the bowels of the earth, whence the air becomes impregnated with such kinds of *effluvia* as subject the human body to distempers of a certain specific type."

As to the early treatment of a new epidemic, he says,—“My chief care, in the midst of so much darkness and ignorance, is to wait a little, and proceed very slowly, especially in the use of powerful remedies, in the meantime observing its nature and procedure, and by what means the patient was relieved or injured;” and he concludes by regretting the imperfection of his observations, and hoping that they will assist in beginning a work that, in his judgment, will greatly tend to the advantage of mankind. Had his successors followed in his track with equal sagacity and circumspection, our knowledge of these destructive and mysterious incursions of disease would, in all likelihood, have been greatly larger and more practical than it is now.

Sydenham is well known to have produced a revolution in the management of the small-pox, and to have introduced a method of treatment upon which no material improvement has subsequently been made. We owe the cool regimen to him. Speaking of the propriety of attending to the wishes of the sufferer, he says, with equal humanity and good sense—

"A person in a burning fever desires to drink freely of some small liquor; but the rules of art, built upon some hypothesis, having a different design in view, thwart the desire, and instead thereof, order a cordial. In the meantime the patient, not being suffered to drink what he wishes, nauseates all kinds of food, but art commands him to eat. Another, after a long illness, begs hard, it may be, for something odd, or questionable; here, again, impertinent art thwarts him and threatens him with death. How much more excellent the aphorism of Hippocrates—'Such food as is most grateful, though not so wholesome, is to be preferred to that which is better, but distasteful.' Nor will this appear strange, if it be considered that the all-wise Creator has formed

the whole with such exquisite order, that, as all the evils of nature eminently conspire to complete the harmony of the whole work, so every being is endowed with a *divine direction or instinct*, which is interwoven with its proper essence, and hence the safety of mankind was provided for, who, notwithstanding all our doctoring, had been otherwise in a sad enough plight.' Again,—'He would be no honest and successful pilot who were to apply himself with less industry to avoid rocks and sands, and bring his vessel safely home, than to search into the causes of the ebbing and flowing of the sea, which, though very well for a philosopher, is foreign to him whose business it is to secure the ship. So neither will a physician, whose province it is to cure diseases, be able to do so, though he be a person of great genius, who bestows less time on the hidden and intricate method of nature, and adapting his means thereto, than on curious and subtle speculations.'"

The following is honest enough:—

"Indeed, if I may speak my mind freely, I have been long of opinion that I act the part of an honest man and a good physician as often as I refrain entirely from medicines, when, upon visiting the patient, I find him no worse to-day than he was yesterday; whereas, if I attempt to cure the patient by a method of which I am uncertain, he will be endangered both by the experiment I am going to make on him and by the disease itself; nor will he so easily escape two dangers as one."

"That practice, and that alone, will bring relief to the sufferer, which elicits the curative indications from the phenomena of the diseases themselves, and confirms them by experience, by which means the great Hippocrates made himself immortal. And had the art of medicine been delivered by any one in this wise, though the cure of a disease or two might come to be known to the common people, yet the art in its full extent would then have required men more prudent and skillful than it does now, nor would it lose any of its credit; for as there is in the operations of Nature, (on the observations of which a true medical praxis is founded,) more of nicety and subtlety than can be found in any art supported on the most specious hypothesis, so the science of Medicine which Nature teaches will exceed an ordinary capacity in a much greater degree than that which mere Philosophy teaches."

There is much profound truth in this. Observation, in its strict sense, is not every man's gift, and but few men's actual habit of mind. Newton used to say, that if in any one way he differed from other men, it was in his power of continued attention—of faithful, unbroken observation; his ladder had all its steps entire, and he went up with a composed, orderly foot. It requires more strength and fineness of mind, more of what deserves to be called genius, to make a series of genuine observations in Medicine, or any

other art, than to spin any amount of nice hypotheses, or build any number of "castella in aere," as Sydenham calls them. The observer's object is, and it is no mean one,—

"To know *what's what*, and that's as high  
As Metaphysic wit can fly."

Sydenham adds, "Nor will the publication of such observations diminish, but rather increase the reputation of our art, which, being rendered more difficult, as well as more useful, only men of sagacity and keen sound judgment would be admitted as physicians." How true to the spirit of his great master in his *Novum Organum*, "Nature is only subdued by submission!" "The subtlety of nature is far beyond that of sense, or of the understanding, and the specious meditations and theories of mankind are but a kind of insanity, only there is no one to stand by and observe it." There is a very remarkable passage in Sydenham's "Treatise of the Dropsy," in which, after quoting this curious passage from Hippocrates, "certain physicians and philosophers say that it is impossible for any man to understand medicine without knowing the internal structure of man; for my part, I think that what they have written or said of nature pertains less to the medical than the pictorial art," he asserts not only his own strong conviction of the importance of a knowledge of minute anatomy to the practitioner, but also his opinion that what Hippocrates meant was to caution against depending *too much* on, and expecting too much help from anatomical researches, to the superseding of the scrupulous observation of living phenomena, of successive actions.\* "For in all diseases, acute and

chronic, it must be owned there is an inscrutable *τι θεiov*, a specific property which eludes the keenest anatomy."

He then goes on to say, that as Hippocrates censured the abuse of anatomy, so in his own day there were many who, in like manner, raised hopes for Physic from discoveries in Chemistry, which, in the nature of things, never could be realized, and which only served to distract from the true Hippocratic method of induction; "for the chief deficiency of medicine is not a want of efficacious medicine. Whoever considers the matter thoroughly, will find that the principal defect on the part of physic proceeds, *not from a scarcity of medicines to answer particular intentions, but from the want of knowing the intentions to be answered*, for an apothecary's apprentice can tell me what medicine will purge, vomit, or sweat, or cool; but a man must be conversant with practice who is able to tell me when is the properest time for administering any of them."

He is constantly inculcating the necessity of getting our diagnostic knowledge at first hand, ridiculing those descriptions of disease which the manufacturers of "Bodies of Medicine" make up in their studies, and which are oftener compositions than portraits, or at the best bad copies, and which the young student will find it hard enough to identify in real life. There is too much of this we fear still; and Montaigne, who rejoices in giving a sly hit to his cronies, the doctors, might still say with some reason, "like him who paints the sea, rocks, and havens, and draws the model of a ship as he sits safe at his table; but send him to sea and he knows not how or where to steer: so doctors oftentimes make such a description of our maladies as a town-crier does of a lost dog or donkey, of such a color and height, such ears, &c.; but bring the very animal before him, and he knows it not for all that."

Everywhere our author acknowledges the *vis medicatrix nature*, by which alone so many diseases are cured, and without or against which none, and by directing and helping which medicine best fulfills its end.

\* As far as the cure of diseases is concerned, Medicine has more to do with human *Dynamics* than *Statics*, for whatever be the essence of life—and as yet this *τι θεiov*, this *nescio quid divinum*, has defied all scrutiny—it is made known to us chiefly by certain activities or changes. It is the tendency at the present time of medical research to reverse this order. Morbid anatomy, microscopical investigations, though not confined to states or conditions of parts, must regard them fully more than actions and functions. This is probably what Stahl means when he says, "*ubi Physicus desinit, Medicus incipit*;" and in the following passage of his rough Tudesque Latin, he plainly alludes to the tendency, in his day, to dwell too much upon the materials of the human body, without considering its actions "*ut vivens*." The passage is full of the subtlety and fire and depth of that wonderful man. "*Undique hinc materia advertitur animus, et quæ crassius in sensum impingit conformatio, et mutua proportio corporea consideratur; motuum ordo, vis, et absoluta*

*magis in materiam energia, tempora ejus, gradus, vices, maxime autem omnium, fines obiter in animum admittuntur.*" The human machine has been compared to a watch, and some hope that in due time doctors will be as good at their craft as watchmakers are at theirs; but watchmakers have not to mend their work *while it is going*; this makes all the difference.

"For I do not think it below me or my art to acknowledge, with respect to the cure of fevers and other distempers, that when no manifest indication pointed out to me what should be done, I have consulted my patient's safety and my own reputation, most effectually, *by doing nothing at all*. But it is much to be lamented that abundance of patients are so ignorant as not to know, that it is sometimes as much the part of a skillful physician to do nothing, as at others to apply the most energetic remedies, whence they not only deprive themselves of fair and honorable treatment, but impute it to ignorance or negligence."

We conclude these extracts with a picturesque description. It is a case of "the hysterics" in a man.

"I was called not long since to an ingenious gentleman who had recovered from a fever, but a few days before he had employed another physician, who blooded and purged him soundly, and forbade him the use of flesh. When I came I found him up, and heard him talking sensibly. I asked why I was sent for, to which one of his friends replied with a wink, wait and you'll see. Accordingly, sitting down and entering into discourse with the patient, I perceived his under lip was thrust outward, and in frequent motion, as happens to peevish children, who pout before they cry, which was succeeded by the most violent fit of crying, with deep and convulsive sobs. I conceived this was occasioned partly by his long illness, partly by the previous evacuations, and partly by emptiness; I therefore ordered him a roast chicken, and a pint of canary."

In making these selections we have done our author great injustice, partly from having to give them either in Swan's translation or our own, and thereby losing much of the dignity and nerve—the flavor, or what artists would call the crispness of the original; partly also from our being obliged to exclude strictly professional discussions, in which, as might be expected, his chief value and strength lie.

We know nothing in medical literature more exquisite than his letter to Dr. Cole on the hysterical passion, and his monograph of the gout. Well might Edward Hanes, the friend of Addison, in his verses on Sydenham, thus sing:—

"Sic te scientem non faciunt libri  
Et dogma pulchrum; sed sapientia  
Enata rebus, mensque facti  
Experiens, animusque felix."

It would not be easy to over-estimate the permanent impression for good, which the writings, the character, and the practice of Sydenham have made on the art of healing in England, and on the Continent generally. In the writings of Boerhaave, Stahl, Gaubius, Pinel, Bordeu, Haller, and many others,

he is always spoken of as the father of rational medicine; as the first man who applied to his profession the Baconian principles of interpreting and serving nature, and who never forgot the master's rule, "*non fingendum aut excogitandum, sed inveniendum, quid natura aut faciat aut ferat*." He was what Plato would have called an "*artisan*," as distinguished from a doctor of abstract science. But he was by no means deficient in either the capacity or the relish for speculative truth. Like all men of a large practical nature, he could not have been what he was, or done what he did, without possessing and often exercising the true philosophizing faculty. He was a man of the same quality of mind in this respect with Watt, Franklin, and John Hunter, in whom speculation was not the less genuine that it was with them a means rather than an end.

This distinction between the science and the art or craft, or as it was often called the *cunning* of medicine, is one we have already insisted upon, and the importance of which we consider very great, in the present condition of this department of knowledge and practice. We are now-a-days in danger of neglecting our art in mastering our science, though medicine must always be more of an art than of a science. It being the object of the student of physic to learn or know some thing or things, in order to be able safely, effectually and at once, to do some other thing; and inasmuch as human nature cannot contain more than its fill, a man may not only have much scientific truth in his head, which is useless, but it may shut out and hinder, and even altogether render ineffectual, the active, practical, artistical faculties, for whose use his knowledge was primarily got. It is the remark of a profound thinker, that "*all professional men labor under a great disadvantage in not being allowed to be ignorant of what is useless*; every one fancies that he is bound to receive and transmit whatever is believed to have been known."

This subject of art and science is hinted at, with his usual sagacity, by Plato, in a very singular passage in his *Theætetus*:—"Particulars," he says, "*are infinite, and the higher generalities give no sufficient direction in medicine; but the pith of all sciences, that which makes the artisan differ from the inexpert, is in the middle propositions, which, in every particular knowledge, are taken from tradition and experience*."\* It would not be

\* Being anxious to see what was the context of this remarkable passage, which Bacon quotes, as if

easy to convey in fewer words, more of what deserves the name of the philosophy of this entire subject, and few things would be more for the advantage of the best interests of all arts and sciences, and all true progress in human knowledge and power, than the taking this passage and treating it exegetically, as a divine would say, bringing out fully its meaning, and illustrating it by examples. Scientific truth is to the mind of a physician what food is to his body; but, in order to his mind being nourished and growing by this food, it must be assimilated—it must undergo a vital internal change—must be transformed, transmuted, and lose its original form. This destruction of formal identity—this losing of itself in being received into the general mass of truth—is necessary to bring abstract truth into the condition of what Plato calls “the middle propositions,” or, as Mr. J. S. Mill calls them, the *generalia* of knowledge.\* These are such truths as

*verbatim*, in his advancement of learning, we hunted through the Theætetus, but in vain. We set two friends, thorough-bred Grecians, upon the scent, but they could find no such passage. One of them then spoke to Sir William Hamilton, and he told him that he had marked that passage as not being a literal translation of any sentence in Plato's writings. He considered it a quotation from memory, and as giving the substance of a passage in the Philebus, which occurs in the 6th and 7th of the forty-two sections of that Dialogue. Perhaps the sentence which comes nearest to the words of Bacon is the last in the 6th section, beginning with the words *οἱ δὲ νῦν τῶν ἀνθρώπων σοφοί*. The *τὰ δὲ μέσα αὐτοῦ ἐκτενέως*, of which he speaks, seem to be equivalent to “the middle propositions.”

\* The following we give as a sort of abstract of an admirable chapter in Mill's *Logic* on “The Logic of Art.”—An art, or a body of art, consists of the rules, together with as much of the speculative propositions as comprise the justification of those rules. Art selects and arranges the truths of science in the most convenient order for practice, instead of the order most convenient for thought—science following one cause to its various effects, while art traces one effect to its multiplied and diversified causes and conditions. *There is need of a set of intermediate scientific truths, derived from the higher generalities of science, and destined to serve as the generalia or first principles of art.* The art proposes for itself an end to be gained, defines the end, and hands it over to science. Science receives it, studies it as a phenomenon or effect, and, having investigated its causes and conditions, sends it back to Art, with a rationale of its cause or causes, but nothing more. Art then examines their combinations, and according as any of them are or are not in human power, or within the scope of its particular end, pronounces upon their utility, and forms a rule of action. *The rules of art do not attempt to comprise more conditions than require to be attended to in ordinary cases; and therefore are always imperfect.*

have been appropriated, and vitally adopted, by the mind, and which, to use Bacon's strong words, have been “drenched in flesh and blood,” have been turned in “*succum et sanguinem*,” for man's mind, any more than his body, cannot live on mere elementary substances; he must have fat, albumen, and sugar; he can make nothing of their elements, bare carbon, azote, or hydrogen. And more than this, as we have said, he must *digest* and *disintegrate* his food before it can be of any use to him. In this view, as in another and a higher, we may use the sacred words,—“That which thou sowest is not quickened except it die: except a corn of wheat fall into the ground and die, it abideth alone; but if it die, it bringeth forth much fruit;” for as it is a law of vegetable life, that a seed does not begin to pass into a new form, does not begin to grow into a plant, until its nature is changed, and its original condition is broken up, until it “dies” in giving birth to something better,—so is it with scientific truth, taken into or planted in the mind—it must die, else it abides alone—it does not germinate.

Had Plato lived now, he might justly have said, “particulars are infinite.” Facts, as such, are merely so many units, and are often rather an encumbrance to the practical man than otherwise. These “middle propositions” stand midway between the facts in their infinity and speculative truth in its abstract inertness; they take from both what they need, and they form a *tertium quid*, upon which the mind can act practically, and reason upon in practice, and form rules of action. Sydenham, Hippocrates, Abernethy, Pott, Hunter, Baillie, Abercrombie, and such like, among physicians, are great in the region of the “middle propositions.” They selected their particulars—their instances, and they made their higher generalities come down, they appropriated them, and turned them into blood, bone, and sinew.

The great problem in the education of young men for medicine in our times, is to know how to make the infinity of particulars, the prodigious treasures of mere science, available for practice—how the art may keep pace with, and take the maximum of good out of the science. *We have often thought that the apprenticeship system is going too much into disrepute.* It had its manifest and great evils; but there was much good got by it that is not to be got in any other way. The personal authority, the imitation of their master—the watching his doings, and picking up his practical odds and ends—the coming

under the influence of his mind, following in his steps, looking with his eyes, accumulating a stock of knowledge, multifarious it might be, the good of which was not fully known till after-years explained and confirmed its worth. There were other practical things besides jokes learned and executed in the apprentices' room, and there were the friendships for life, on which so much, not merely of the comfort, but the progress of a physician depends. Now everything, at least most, is done in public, in classes; and it is necessarily with the names of things rather than the things themselves, or their management, that the young men have chiefly to do. The memory\* is exercised more than the senses or the judgment; and when the examination comes, as a matter of course the student returns back to his teacher as much as possible of what he has received from him, and as much as possible in his very words. He goes over innumerable names. There is little opportunity even in anatomy for testing his power or his skill as a workman, as an independent observer and judge, under what Sir James Clark justly calls "*the demoralizing system of cramming.*" He repeats what is already known; he is not able to say how all or any of this knowledge may be turned to practical account. Epictetus cleverly illustrates this very system and its fruits—"As if sheep, after they have been feeding, should present their shepherds with *the very grass itself which they had cropped and swal-*

*lowed, to show how much they had eaten, instead of concocting it into wool and milk."*

Men of the "middle propositions" are not clever, glib expounders of their reasons, they prefer doing a thing to speaking about how it may be done. We remember hearing a young doctor relate how, on one occasion when a student, he met with the late Dr. Abercrombie, when visiting a man who was laboring under what was considered malignant disease of the stomach. He was present when that excellent man first saw the patient along with his regular attendant. The doctor sauntered into the room in his odd, indifferent way, which many must recollect; scrutinized all the curiosities on the mantelpiece; and then, as if by chance, found himself at his patient's bedside; but when there his eye settled upon him intensely; his whole mind was busily at work. He asked a few plain questions; spoke with great kindness, but very briefly; and, coming back to consult, he said, to the astonishment of the surgeon and the young student, "the mischief is all in the brain, the stomach is affected merely through it. The case will do no good; he will get blind and convulsed, and die." He then in his considerate, simple way, went over what might be done to palliate suffering and prolong life. He was right. The man died as he said, and on examination the brain was found softened, the stomach sound. The young student, who was intimate with Dr. Abercrombie, ventured to ask him what it was in the look of the man that made him know at once. "I can't tell you, I can hardly tell myself; but I rest with confidence upon the exactness and honesty of my past observations. I remember the result, and act upon it; but I can't put you, or, without infinite trouble, myself, in possession of all the steps." "But would it not be a great saving if you could tell others?" said the young doctor. "*It would be no such thing; it would be the worst thing that could happen to you; you would not know how to use it. You must follow in the same road, and you will get as far, and much farther. You must miss often before you hit. You can't tell a man how to hit; you may tell him what to aim at.*" "Was it something in the eye?" said his inveterate querist. "Perhaps it was," he said good-naturedly; "but don't you go and blister every man's *occiput*, whose eyes are, as you think, like his."\*

\* Professor Syme, in his Letter to Sir James Graham on the Medical Bill, in which, in twelve pages, he puts the whole of this vexed question on its true footing, makes these weighty observations:—"As a teacher of nearly twenty-five years' standing, and well acquainted with the dispositions, habits, and powers of medical students, I beg to remark, that the system of repeated examinations on the same subject by different Boards, especially if protracted beyond the age of twenty-two, is greatly opposed to the acquisition of sound and useful knowledge. Medicine, throughout all its departments, is a science of observation; memory alone, however retentive, or diligently assisted by teaching, is unable to afford the qualifications for practice, and it is only by digesting the facts learned, through reflection, comparison, and personal research, that they can be appropriated with improving effect; but when the mind is loaded with the minutiae of elementary medical and collateral study, it is incapable of the intense and devoted attention essential to attaining any approach to excellence in practical medicine and surgery. It has accordingly always appeared to me, that the character of medical men depends less upon what passes during the period even of studentship than upon the mode in which they spend the next years, when their trials and examinations being over, the whole strength of a young and disciplined intellect may be preparing itself for the business of life."

\* This is very clearly stated by Dr. Mandeville, the acute but notorious author of the Fable of the



It would be well for the community, and for the real good of the profession, if the ripe experience, the occasional observations of such men as Sydenham and Abercrombie, formed the main amount of medical books, instead of Vade Mecums, Compendiums, Systems, Handbooks, on the one hand, and the ardent but unripe lucubrations of very young men. It is said that *facts* are what we want, and every periodical is filled with papers by very young physicians made up of practical facts. What is fact? we would ask; and are not many—most of the new facts, little else than the opinions of the writers about certain phenomena, the reality, and assuredly the importance of which, is by no means made out so strongly as the opinions about them are stated.\* In this intensely scientific age, we need some wise heads to tell us what not to learn, fully as much as what to learn. Let us by all means avail ourselves of the unmatched advantages of science, and of the discoveries which every day is multiplying with a rapidity which confounds; let us convey into and carry in our heads as much as we safely can, of new knowledge from Chemistry, Statistics, the Microscope, the Stethoscope, and all new helps and methods; *but let us go on with the old serious diligence*,—the *experientia* as well as the *experimenta*—the forging, and directing, and qualifying the mind as well as the furnishing it, and what is called accomplishing it. Let us, in the midst of all the wealth

Bees, in his Dialogues on the Hypochondria, one of his best works, as full of good sense and learning as of wit. "If you please to consider that there are no words in any language for a hundredth part of all the minute differences that are obvious to the skillful, you will soon find that a man may know a thing perfectly well, and at the same time not be able to tell you why or how he knows it. The practical knowledge of a physician, or at least the most considerable part of it, is the result of a large collection of observations that have been made on the minutiae of things in human bodies in health and sickness; but likewise there are such changes and differences in these minutiae as no language can express; and when a man has no other reason for what he does than the judgment he has formed from such observations, it is impossible he can give you the one without the other,—that is, he can never explain his reasons to you, unless he could communicate to you that collection of observations, of which his skill is the product."

\* Louis, in the preface to the first edition of his *Researches on Phthisis*, says—"Few persons are free from delusive mental tendencies, especially in youth, interfering with true observations, and I am of opinion that, generally speaking, we ought to place less reliance on cases collected by very young men; and, above all, not intrust the task of accumulating facts to them exclusively."

pouring in from without, keep our senses and our understandings well exercised on immediate work. Let us look with our own eyes, feel with our own fingers.

One natural consequence of the predominance in our days of scientific element, is, that the elder too much serves the younger. The young man teaches, and the old man learns. This is excellent, when it is confined to the statement of discovery, or the laws of knowledge or of matter. But the young men have now almost the whole field to themselves. Chemistry and Physiology have become, to all men above forty, impossible sciences; they dare not meddle with them; and they keep back from giving to the profession their own personal experience in matters of practice, from the feeling that much of their science is out of date; and the consequence is, that, even in matters of practice, the young men are in possession of the field.

Let it not be supposed that we despair of Medicine gaining the full benefit of the general advance in knowledge and usefulness. Far from it. We believe there is more of exact diagnosis, of intelligent, effectual treatment of disease, that there are wider views of principles—directer, ampler methods of discovery, at this moment in Britain than at any former time; and we have no doubt that the augmentation is still proceeding, and will defy all calculation. But we are likewise of opinion, that the office of a physician, in the highest sense, will become fully more difficult than before, will require a greater compass and energy of mind, as working in a wider field, and using finer weapons; and that there never was more necessity for making every effort to strengthen and clarify the judgment and the senses by inward discipline, than when the importance and the multitude of the objects of which they must be cognizant, are so infinitely increased. The middle propositions must be attended to, and filled up as the particulars and the higher generalities crowd in.

It would be out of place in a Journal such as this, and a paper so desultory as the present, to enter at large upon the subjects now hinted at—the education of a physician—the degree of certainty in medicine—its progress and prospects, and the beneficial effects it may reasonably expect from the advance of the purer sciences. But we are not more firmly persuaded of any thing than of the importance of such an inquiry, made largely, liberally, and strictly, by a man at once deep, truthful, knowing, and clear.

How are we to secure for the art of discerning, curing and preventing disease, the *maximum* of good and the *minimum* of mischief, in availing ourselves of the newest discoveries in human knowledge? To any one wishing to look into this most interesting, and at the present time, *vital* question, we would recommend a paper by the accomplished President of the Edinburgh College of Physicians, admirable equally in substance and in form, entitled, "On the Signification of Fact in Medicine, and on the hurtful effects of the incautious use of such modern sources of fact as the microscope, the stethoscope, chemical analysis, statistics, &c.;" it may be found in No. 177 of the Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal. We merely give a sample or two, in which our readers will find in better expression much of what he have already referred to. "*Medicine still is, and must continue for ages to be an empirico-rationalism.*" "A sober thinker can hardly venture to look forward to such an advanced state of chemical rationalism as would be sufficient for pronouncing *a priori*, that sulphur would cure *scabies*, iodine goitre, citric acid the scurvy, or carbonate of iron *neuralgia*." "Chemistry promises to be of immediate service in the practice of medicine, not so much by offering us a rational chemical pathology, but by enlarging the sources from which our empirical rules are to be drawn." Here we have our "middle propositions." "The great bulk of practical medical knowledge is obviously the fruit of individual minds, naturally gifted for excellence in medicine;" but the whole paper deserves serious continuous study. We would also, in spite of some ultraisms in statement and expression, the overflowings of a more than ordinarily strong and ardent, and honest mind, recommend heartily the papers of Dr. Forbes, which appeared at the close of the British and Foreign Medical Review, in which he has, with what we cannot call else or less than magnanimity, spoken so much wholesome, though it may be, unpalatable truth; and, finally, we would send every inquiring student who wishes to know how to think and how to speak on this subject at once with power, clearness, and compactness, and be both witty and wise, to Dr. Latham's three little volumes on Clinical Medicine. The first two lectures in the earliest volume are "lion's marrow," the very pith of sense and sound-mindedness. We give a morsel:—

"The medical men of England do and will continue to keep pace with the age in which

they live, however rapidly it may advance. I wish to see physicians still instituted in the same discipline, and still reared in fellowship and communion with the wisest and best of men, and that not for the sake of what is ornamental merely, and becoming to their character, but because I am persuaded that that discipline which renders the mind most capacious of wisdom and most capable of virtue, can hold the torch and light the path to the sublimest discoveries in every science. *It was the same discipline which contributed to form the minds of Newton and of Locke, of Harvey and of Sydenham.*"

He makes the following beautiful remark in leading his pupils into the vast ward of St. Bartholomew's:—

"In entering this place, even this vast hospital, where there is many a significant, many a wonderful thing, you shall take me along with you, and I will be your guide. *But it is by your own eyes, and your ears and your own minds, and (I may add) by your own hearts, that you must observe, and learn, and profit. I can only point to the objects, and say little else than 'See here and see there.'*"

This is the great secret, the coming to close quarters with your object, having immediate, not mediate cognizance of the materials of study and care, *apprehending* first, and then *comprehending*. For, to use an illustration, which no one need ever weary of giving or receiving, a good practical physician is more akin to the working-bee than to the spider or the ant. Instead of spinning, like the schoolmen of old, endless webs of speculations out of their own bowels, in which they were themselves afterward as frequently caught and destroyed as any one else, or hoarding up, grain after grain, the knowledge of other men, and thus becoming "a very dungeon of learning," in which (*Hibernice*) they lose at once themselves and it,—they should rather be like the brisk and public-hearted bee, taking, by a divine instinct, her own industry, and the accuracy of her instrument; honey from all flowers. "*Formica colligit et utitur, ut faciunt empirici; aranea ex se fila educit neque a particularibus materiam petit; apis denique cæteris se melius gerit, hæc indigesta a floribus mellis colligit, deinde in viscerum cellulas concocta maturat, iisdem tandem insudat donec ad integram perfectionem perduxerit.*"

We had intended giving some account of the bearing that the general enlightenment of the community has upon Medicine,—and especially of the value of the labors of such men as the late Dr. Combe, Dr. Henry Marshall, Sir James Clark, and others, in the

collateral subjects leading into, and auxiliary to pure Medicine,—but we have no space to do them any measure of justice. The full importance, and the full possibility of the *prevention* of disease in all its manifold, civil, moral, and personal bearings, is not yet by any means adequately acknowledged; there are few things oftener said or less searched into than that prevention is better than cure.

Let not our young and eager doctors be scandalized at our views as to the comparative uncertainty of medicine as a science—such has been the opinion of the wisest and most successful of the art. Radcliffe used to say, that “when young, he had fifty remedies for every disease, and when old, one remedy for fifty diseases.” Dr. James Gregory said, “young men kill their patients, old men let them die.” Gaubius says, “*equidem candide dicam, plura me indies, dum in artis usu versor, dediscere quam dis-*

*cere, et in crescente ætate, minui potius quam augeri, scientiam,*” meaning by “*scientia*” an abstract systematic knowledge. And Bordeu gives as the remark of an old physician, “*J’étois dogmatique à vingt ans, observateur à trente, à quarante je fus empirique; je n’ai point de système à cinquante.*” And he adds, in reference to how far a medical man must personally know the sciences that contributed to his art, “Iphicrates, the Athenian general, was hard pressed by an orator before the people, to say what *he* was to be so proud, ‘Are you a soldier, a captain, an engineer, a spy, a pioneer, a sapper, a miner?’ ‘No,’ says Iphicrates, ‘I am none of these, but I command them all.’ So, if one asks me, are you an empiric, a dogmatist, an observer, an anatomist, a chemist, a microscopist? I answer, No, but I am captain of them all.”

## SHADOW AND SUNSHINE.

BY JOHN EMMET.

“There’s a shade upon that fountain;  
It will not linger there,  
But the cloud now resting on it  
Will leave it yet more fair.”—L. E. L.

THERE’S a shadow on the spirit,  
But though it darkly clings,  
Oh never, oh never fear it,  
There’s morning on its wings.

For the shadow on the fountain  
Is sunshine but in gloom,  
And the sadness on the spirit  
Doth herald joy to come.

Gloomy days were not created  
To last above their day,  
Hearts were never rendered gloomy  
To be in gloom alway.

Light aye follows upon darkness,  
Song-birds carol after showers,  
And sad bosoms spring to gladness  
Like the merry-hearted flowers.

So it is, and ever has been;  
So it will be, never fear;  
Wait one moment, joy is coming,  
Shades are fleeing—day is here.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## ALEXANDER SELKIRK, THE ORIGINAL ROBINSON CRUSOE.

WE are not certain whether Defoe's admirable romance, "The Adventures of Robinson Crusoe," is quite such a favorite with the "rising generation" of the present day as it was with their youthful progenitors. If it is, we feel some misgivings that we undertake a thankless task in directing the attention of the juvenile reader to the real prototype of that most interesting of all imaginary personages. So very much like a true narrative of facts has Defoe contrived to weave his imperishable fiction, that the young mind, if not the old, is unwilling to think of any one having sat for the portraiture save the veritable Robinson Crusoe himself. Nevertheless, such is the fact, and as truth is at all times preferable to fiction, even the most highly wrought, we cannot help embracing this opportunity of thanking honest John Howell\* for the zeal with which he set about gleaning the history of the *bona fide* adventurer. This he accomplished with characteristic enthusiasm, some twenty years ago; yet it is singular that no second edition of his little work, so far as we are aware, has ever been called for—a circumstance which, perhaps, more than anything else, shows that the world did not care to be disabused of its belief in the ideal Robinson. It is true that the fact of Selkirk's having lived alone for four years and four months on an island, was known through the medium of several publications, prior to the fiction of Defoe, and from which he adopted the idea of his future work. Amongst others, it was made the subject of a paper in "The Englishman," by Sir Richard Steele, who saw and conversed with Alexander Selkirk. This account of him was published in 1713, six years before the production of Defoe's work. Still these notices had long been lost sight of by the general reader till Howell again revived them. Even his gathered statements, interesting as they certainly are, seem now in danger of experiencing a similar fate. We

shall, however, stir their remembrance once more, that our young readers may have a knowledge of the real as well as the imaginary Robinson Crusoe. There is, besides, a moral to be derived from his eventful life which may be studied to advantage.

Alexander Selkirk, or Selcraig, was the seventh son of John Selcraig and Euphan Mackie of Largo, in Fifeshire. The father was a shoemaker and tanner—most of the shoemakers in these days curing their own hides—and a man of some means. The property in which he lived, called Dunnochie, at the west end of Largo, was his own. Here Alexander was born in 1676. In boyhood he was naturally of a wayward temper, which humor was much aggravated by the ill-bestowed favor of his mother, who formed great expectations of her son because of his being the seventh, a charmed number, according to superstition. He seems to have early made choice of a seafaring life, and to have acquired some knowledge in navigation. That he soon became an able and expert seaman may be inferred from his subsequent history. Howell produces extracts from the session-records, to show that he was at home in 1701, as quarrelsome and reckless as could be well imagined.\* In 1703, he was appointed sailing-master of the Cinque Ports galley, one of two privateer vessels sent out to the South Seas by a company under Captain Dampier, who had previously gained some reputation in that quarter of the world. In this expedition, however, he proved himself very ill-qualified for the command he had undertaken. His "arbitrary, unsettled turn of mind" led to continual disputes and heart-burnings, while their success in capturing prizes was by no means commensurate with their expectations. After the death of Captain Charles Pickering of the Cinque Ports, and the promotion of Lieutenant Thomas Stradling, to whom he had conceived

\* The Life and Adventures of Alexander Selkirk, &c. By JOHN HOWELL.

\* He was summoned before the session for creating a tumult in his father's house, and fighting with his brothers.

an inveterate dislike, Selkirk seems to have resolved upon making his escape as soon as possible. In the conduct of Captain Dampier he foresaw nothing but ruin to the expedition. A dream which he had at this time, to the effect that the Cinque Ports would be shipwrecked, is said to have decided him in his determination. The two vessels having reached Juan Fernandez (Feb. 1704) for the purpose of taking in wood and water, a violent quarrel ensued between Captain Stradling and his crew. Forty-two out of the sixty men went on shore, determined never to go on board again, so that the Cinque Ports rode almost deserted at anchor. For two days the men wandered about the island, undecided what to do. Howell is inclined to believe, though the fact is not stated by Funnell, the historian of the expedition, that Selkirk was amongst the disaffected, and that it was during this misunderstanding, having ample leisure to survey the island, he had resolved upon making it his subsequent retreat. At length, through the mediation of Captain Dampier, the refractory crew were reconciled to their captain, and returned to their duty. While the vessels were lying here a sail appeared in sight, when chase was immediately given, and at length coming up with her she proved to be a French ship of about four hundred tons burden, with thirty guns, and well provided and manned. A desperate action ensued, the brunt of which was borne by the *St. George*, the Cinque Ports, after firing a few shots, having fallen astern and been becalmed. The fight was maintained yardarm and yardarm for seven hours, when at length the fire of the Frenchman began to slacken, there not being men left sufficient to work the guns, and she was on the point of yielding when a breeze sprang up, and she made sail, the *St. George* not being in a condition to follow her. Thus the gallant prize was lost just at the moment fortune seemed about to place her in their power. The Cinque Ports having bore up, the two captains, in opposition to the remonstrances of the crews, determined to return to Juan Fernandez, and allow the Frenchman to escape. On their return, however, they found the bay occupied by two French South Sea vessels of thirty-six guns each, too strong a force for them to compete with; so they bore away direct for the coast of Peru.

But it is not our purpose to follow Dampier in his unfortunate expedition. After sundry adventures, a few captures, and no small mismanagement, a serious misunderstanding occurred between the two captains, and on

the 19th of May, the vessels parted, never to meet again. Strange to say, although an exchange of some of the men took place between the two ships, Selkirk remained with the Cinque Ports, thinking probably, as Howell presumes, that no money was to be got under Dampier's command. While cruising along the shores of Mexico, without any success, a violent quarrel ensued between Captain Stradling and Selkirk, and he resolved to leave, whatever might be the consequence. At length the want of provisions and the crazy state of the ship compelled Stradling to sail for Juan Fernandez. Here the vessel remained from the beginning to the end of September, the breach between the Captain and Selkirk daily becoming worse. At length, while the vessel was getting under weigh, Selkirk was landed, with his chest, and all his effects. It must have been an impressive scene to witness the leave-taking of his comrades, while the surly commander sat in the boat urging their return. Selkirk described his feelings as almost insupportable when he heard the plash of the oars as the boat rowed away, leaving him to solitude and himself on an uninhabited island. His heart literally sank within him.

The Island of Juan Fernandez, of which Alexander Selkirk was for the time the only inhabitant, is situated in the Pacific Ocean, about a hundred and ten leagues west of Chili. It is peculiarly rich in natural beauty—rocks, hills, and valleys—and abounding with delightful springs and streams of water, with umbrageous woods, and wild flowers innumerable. The shores abounded with fish, and numerous goats—a breed of which had been imported at some unknown period before—browsed upon its herbage. Such was the island-home of Selkirk, and, in the beautiful words of Cowper, he might have exclaimed, as he looked around—

"I am monarch of all I survey,  
My right there is none to dispute;"

but his heart still beat violently in response to the farewell salute of his friends; the plash of the receding oars still filled his ear, and his eye strained toward the little speck on the horizon long after it had disappeared. The most intense feeling of desolation took hold of him—

"Oh solitude! where are the charms  
That sages have seen in thy face?  
Better dwell in the midst of alarms,  
Than reign in this horrible place!"

He felt, in short, an entire prostration of his faculties. It was not till the darkness of night overshadowed all things that he closed his weary eyes, and even then not to sleep, so dreadful did he feel the indescribable loneliness of his situation. He tasted no food until prompted by extreme hunger, and then he fed upon such shellfish as the beach supplied, for he felt as if spellbound to the shore. It was now the beginning of October (1704), the "springtime of the year" in those southern latitudes in which Juan Fernandez is situated. The island was glowing in all the freshness of its vernal beauty, but nature spread her charms in vain before the deserted in his present mood. He felt as "out of humanity's reach," and was miserable. Nor was this to be wondered at. The life of a seaman is perhaps the worst of all training for a recluse; for, although they may be said to be shut out from the world for years in long voyages, still they are always associated in little communities, and enjoy each other's society with greater relish because of their peculiar situation. To be at once transferred from a floating world of some sixty men, bound to each other by a common danger and a common interest, to an uninhabited island, where he never could "hear the sweet music of speech," was a trial of fortitude which no one can properly conceive. Neither was the temper of Selkirk of that phlegmatic character to bear calmly the ills which beset him. Often did he contemplate putting an end to his sufferings by a violent death. "It was in this trying situation," says Howell, "when his mind, deprived of all outward occupation, was turned back upon itself, that the whole advantages of that inestimable blessing, a religious education in his youth, was felt in its consoling influence when every other hope and comfort had fled. When misery had subdued the pride of his hard and stubborn heart, it was then he turned to that Divine Being of whom he had thought so little at an earlier period. Then the uninhabited wilderness of Juan Fernandez was turned into a smiling garden, and the darkness of that despair that had nearly overwhelmed him began to clear away. By slow degrees he became reconciled to his fate, and as winter approached, he saw the necessity of procuring some kind of shelter from the weather; for, even in that genial clime, frost is common during the night, and snow is sometimes found upon the ground in the morning." One of the greatest difficulties experienced by the recluse was the living upon fresh food. He had no salt, and the

loathing induced by the want of it was almost intolerable. It is astonishing, however, how accommodating the human constitution is. The palate became reconciled at last. The first great enterprise engaged in by Selkirk was the building of a hut. This roused his energies, and necessarily took him away from the beach, where he used to maintain a hopeless outlook for some vessel to relieve him from his melancholy situation. He found this occupation so agreeable that he built two huts. They were constructed of "the wood of the pimento-tree, and thatched with a species of grass, that grows to the height of seven or eight feet upon the plains and smaller hills, and produces straw resembling that of oats." The one was much larger than the other, and situated near a spacious wood. This he made his sleeping-room, spreading the bed-clothes he had brought on shore with him upon a frame of his own construction; and as these wore out, or were used for other purposes, he supplied their place with goats' skins. His pimento bedroom he used also as his chapel; for here he kept up that simple but beautiful form of family-worship which he had been accustomed to in his father's house. Soon after he left his bed, and before he commenced the duties of the day, he sang a psalm or part of one; then he read a portion of Scripture, and finished with devout prayer. In the evening, before he retired to rest, the same duties were performed. His devotions he repeated aloud, to retain the use of speech, and for the satisfaction man feels in hearing the human voice, even when it is only his own. The greater part of his time was spent in devotion. He had been heard afterward to say, with tears in his eyes, that he was a better Christian in his solitude than ever he was before, and feared he would ever be again. To distinguish the Sabbath, he kept an exact account of the days of every week and month, although the method he adopted to do so is not mentioned.

"Religion! what treasure untold  
Resides in that heavenly word!  
More precious than silver and gold,  
Or all that this earth can afford."

The smaller hut, which stood at some distance from the other, was used as a kitchen, in which he dressed his victuals. The furniture, as may be conceived, was very scanty, the pot or kettle he had brought from the ship to boil his meat in being the most valuable article. The pimento wood, which burns very bright and clear, served him both for



fuel and candle. Fire he obtained, after the Indian fashion, by rubbing two pieces of pimento wood together, until they ignited.

As time wore on, Selkirk not only became reconciled to his lot, but began to take a pleasure in his island kingdom. He ornamented the little dormitory with fragrant branches, cut from the spacious wood near to which it was situated, so that it formed a delicious bower, round which the soft breezes of the south played in balmy luxuriance, as he soundly slept after the fatigues of the day. He had food in abundance. The goats supplied him with milk and flesh, and he enjoyed great varieties of fish. The crawfish which he caught, weighing eight or nine pounds, he boiled or broiled, seasoning it with pimento (Jamaica pepper). The cabbage-palm, of which there was plenty on the island, served him for bread. He had also a species of parsnip of good flavor, Sicilian radishes, and water-cresses, which latter he found in the neighboring brooks. His mode of catching the goats was solely by speed of foot, the powder which he had brought from the ship having been soon expended; but he was careful to have always a number of tame ones browsing around his huts, by way of supply in case of accident or sickness. From the temperate life he led, coupled with moderate exercise and a salubrious climate, he enjoyed the best health, and became remarkably strong. His mind was also buoyant and cheerful in proportion to his bodily vigor. At first he could only overtake kids in the chase, but ultimately he was capable of overrunning the fleetest goat in a few minutes. He became, of course, intimately familiar with every corner of the island—all the by-paths and accessible parts of the mountains. He could bound from crag to crag, and slip down the precipices with the utmost confidence. Hunting became his chief amusement, allowing the goats to escape when he did not require them for food.

The only drawback to his happiness—and this annoyance he did not long endure—arose from the multitude of rats which infested the island, having been brought thither at some period or other by vessels. They used to gnaw his feet and other parts of his body as he slept. He at length caught some of the cats that ran wild on the island, and succeeding, after much labor, in taming them, they put the rats to flight. He used to amuse himself in teaching his feline companions to dance, in which accomplishment he also contrived to instruct the young kids,

dancing himself the while to the music of his own voice. Having no writing materials, and unwilling that all remembrance of his fate should be forgotten, he occasionally amused himself by cutting out his name, the day of the year, and other particulars, on the trees; but these had all disappeared when Lord Anson visited Juan Fernandez in 1741.

Only two or three memorable events occurred during Selkirk's residence on the island. The first was his finding a few iron hoops on the beach one day in his rambles, which had been left by some vessel as unworthy of being taken away. To the lonely islander they were more precious than gold. Of these he made knives when his own were worn out. One of them, used as a chopper, about two feet in length, was, according to Isaac James, long kept as a curiosity at the Golden Head coffee-house, near Buckingham gate. It had been changed from its original simple form, having, when last seen, a buck-horn handle, with some verses upon it. At different times our hero saw vessels from the island, but two only ever came to anchor. On both occasions he concealed himself, being afraid that they were Spaniards. It was at that time a maxim of Spanish policy never to allow an Englishman to return to Europe who had gained any knowledge of the South Seas. On the last occasion, being anxious to learn whether the ship was Spanish or French, he approached too near, and was perceived. A pursuit was the consequence; but although the sailors fired several shots after him, he easily made his escape, and kept concealed until the vessel left the island. The third and most serious occurrence, was an accident which nearly deprived him of life. In pursuing a goat, he came upon the brink of a precipice of which he was not aware, it being covered with the foliage of trees. Extending his arms to catch the animal as it suddenly stopped, the branches gave way, and both fell from a great height to the ground. He lay upon the dead body of the goat for twenty-four hours, insensible, and when at last able to crawl, he reached his hut with great difficulty. He was for ten days confined to bed by his bruises—no one, of course, being at hand to give him a drink of water. With this exception, he enjoyed uninterrupted good health.

The few clothes Selkirk had with him soon wore out. When his shoes were done he never attempted to supply their place; but as his other habiliments decayed, he con-

verted the skins of the goats into garments, sewing them with slender thongs of leather, which he cut for the purpose, and using a sharp nail for a needle. In this way he made for himself a cap, jacket, and short breeches. The hair being retained upon the skin, gave him a very uncouth appearance; but in this dress he was enabled to run through the woods with as little injury as the animal he pursued. He had a plentiful supply of linen in his chest—thanks, no doubt, to his good old mother—and with the threads of his woolen stockings, which he untwisted for the purpose, and his nail for a needle, he contrived to keep himself in good linens. The hair of his head and beard never having been touched since he left the ship, became of great length, so that his appearance must have been wild in the extreme, though, as Howell remarks, quite neighbor-like beside his cats and goats.

At length the day of relief was at hand. In 1708, another privateering expedition was promoted by Dampier in England. Two ships were fitted up—the “Duke” and “Duchess”—to cruise against the French and Spaniards. Dampier, however, held no command, being appointed only “pilot for the South Seas.” On the 31st of January, 1709, as Selkirk was as usual surveying the watery waste which circumscribed his small dominion, mentally exclaiming, no doubt—

“Ye winds, that have made me your sport,  
Convey to this desolate shore  
Some cordial, endearing report  
Of a land I shall visit no more,”

he descried two vessels in the distance. Slowly they rose in his view, and as they gradually neared the island, he discovered, to his infinite delight, that they were English. The tumult of joyous feelings with which the sight inspired him, may, to use a common but very expressive phrase, be more easily conceived than described. “It was late in the afternoon,” says Howell, “when they first came in sight; and lest they should sail again without knowing that there was a person on the island, he prepared a quantity of wood to burn as soon as it was dark. He kept his eye fixed upon them until night fell, and then kindled his fire, and kept it up till morning dawned. His hopes and fears having banished all desire for sleep, he employed himself in killing several goats, and in preparing an entertainment for his expected guests, knowing how acceptable it would be to them after their long run, with

nothing but salt provisions for them to live upon. When day at length opened, he still saw them, but at a distance from the shore. His fire had caused great consternation on board, for they knew the island to be uninhabited, and supposed the light to have proceeded from some French ships at anchor. In this persuasion they prepared for action, as they must either fight or want water and other refreshments, and stood to their quarters all night, ready to engage; but, not perceiving any vessel, they next day, about noon, sent a boat on shore, with Captain Dover, Mr. Fry, and six men, all well armed, to ascertain the cause of the fire, and to see that all was safe. Selkirk saw the boat leave the Duke, and pull for the beach. He ran down joyfully to meet his countrymen, and to hear once more the human voice. He took in his hand a piece of linen tied upon a small pole as a flag, which he waved as they drew near, to attract their attention. At length he heard them call to him, inquiring for a good place to land, which he pointed out, and, flying as swift as a deer toward it, arrived first, where he stood ready to receive them as they stepped on shore. He embraced them by turns; but his joy was too great for utterance, while their astonishment at his uncouth appearance struck them dumb. At length they began to converse, and he invited them to his hut; but its access was so very difficult and intricate, that only Mr. Fry accompanied him over the rocks which led to it. When Selkirk had entertained him in the best manner he could, they returned to the boat, our hero bearing a quantity of his roasted goat's flesh for the refreshment of the crew. During their repast he gave them an account of his adventures and stay upon the island, at which they were much surprised. Captain Dover and Mr. Fry invited him to come on board; but he declined their invitation, until they satisfied him that Dampier had no command in this expedition; after which, he gave a reluctant consent.”

His aversion to Dampier could not be of a personal nature, but proceeded, no doubt, from his experience of him as a commander. When he came on board the “Duke,” Dampier gave Selkirk an excellent character, telling Captain Rogers that he was one of the best men on board the Cinque Ports. Upon this recommendation he was immediately engaged as mate of the “Duke.” “In the afternoon the ships were cleared, the sails bent and taken on shore to be mended, and to make tents for the sick men. Sel-



kirk's strength and vigor were of great service to them: he caught two goats in the afternoon. They sent along with him their swiftest runners and a bull-dog; but these he soon left far behind and tired out. He himself, to the astonishment of the whole crew, brought the two goats upon his back to the tents. The two captains remained at the island until the 12th of the month, busy refitting their ships, and getting on board what stores they could obtain. During these ten days, Selkirk was their huntsman, and procured them fresh meat. At length, all being ready, they set sail."

Thus did Alexander Selkirk, after the long residence of four years and four months, without having intercourse with a human being, bid adieu to the island of Juan Fernandez. And no doubt he did so with a strange mixture of feeling, for the island, in the soothing communion he had held with the great Spirit of the Universe, had become endeared to him. We cannot follow him throughout the privateering expedition, which was on the whole a very successful one. He proved himself an expert and active seaman, though taciturn, and little inclined to mix in the amusements of his comrades. In several instances, where he was intrusted with the command of small parties on shore, and where the property and person of the inhabitants were at his mercy, he showed, in his mild and considerate behavior, especially in his protection of females, that the religious feelings with which he was impressed in his solitude were not evanescent. The "Duke" and "Duchess" reached London on the 14th of October, 1711, with "a capture of one hundred and seventy thousand pounds value." Of this large sum Alexander Selkirk of course obtained a share. Now comparatively a rich man, and anxious to see his relations after so long an absence, he sought the village of Largo, where he found all his friends in good health. The excitement of their first meeting over, however, he gradually sunk into his usual solitary habit. He resided in the house of his elder brother, his father not having sufficient accommodation for him. Here the record of his life is almost as romantic and interesting as it had been in Juan Fernandez. "It was his custom," says Howell, who acquired the information from the descendants of the family, "to go out in the morning, carrying with him provisions for the day; then would he wander and meditate alone through the secluded and solitary valley of the Keil's Den. The romantic beauties of the place, and, above all, the stillness that reign-

ed there, reminded him of his beloved island, which he never thought of but with regret for having left it. When evening forced him to return to the haunts of men, he appeared to do so with reluctance; for he immediately retired to his room up stairs, where his chest at present stands (1829), and in the exact place, it is probable, where it then stood. Here was he accustomed to amuse himself with two cats that belonged to his brother, which he taught, in imitation of a part of his occupations on his solitary island, to dance and perform many little feats. They were extremely fond of him, and used to watch his return. He often said to his friends, no doubt thinking of himself in his youth, "that were children as docile and obedient, parents would all be happy in them." But poor Selkirk himself was now far from being happy, for his relations often found him in tears. Attached to his father's house was a piece of ground, occupied as a garden, which rose in a considerable acclivity backward. Here, on the top of the eminence, soon after his arrival at Largo, he constructed a sort of cave, commanding an extensive and delightful view of the Forth and its shores. In fits of musing meditation, he was wont to sit here in bad weather and even at other times, and to bewail his ever having left his island. This recluse and unnatural propensity, as it appeared to them, was cause of great grief to his parents, who often remonstrated with him, and endeavored to raise his spirits. But their efforts were made in vain; nay, he sometimes broke out before them in a passion of grief, and exclaimed, "Oh, my beloved island, I wish I had never left thee! I never was before the man I was on thee—I have not been such since I left thee—and, I fear, never can be again!" Having plenty of money, he purchased a boat for himself, and often, when the weather would permit, made little excursions, but always alone; and day after day he spent in fishing, either in the beautiful bay of Largo or at Kingscraig Point, where he would loiter till evening among its romantic cliffs, catching lobsters, his favorite amusement, as they reminded him of the crawfish of Juan Fernandez. The rock to which he moored his boat is still shown. It is at a small distance from Lower Largo, to the east of the Temple houses.

Thus was the time passed by Alexander Selkirk during his short stay at Largo. He appears to have been an enthusiast, and to have formed notions of domestic life which never could be realized. He was evidently

far from being happy. The religious bias by which his mind had become affected in the island of Juan Fernandez, and the nearness, as it were, with which he had drawn to the Creator, while apart from society, tended to increase the irksomeness of that restraint which intercourse with his fellow-creatures imposed. "At length," continues Howell, "chance threw an object in his way that awakened in his mind a new train of thoughts and feelings, and roused him from his lethargy. In his wanderings up the burnside of Keil's Den to the ruins of Balcruvie Castle and its romantic neighborhood, he met a young girl seated alone, tending a single cow, the property of her parents. Her lonely occupation and innocent looks made a deep impression upon him. He watched her for hours unseen, as she amused herself with the wild flowers she gathered, or chanted her rural lays. At each meeting the impression became stronger, and he felt more interested in the young recluse. At length he addressed himself to her, and they joined in conversation. He had no aversion to commune with her for hours together, and began to imagine that he could live and be happy with a companion such as she. His fishing expeditions were now neglected; even his cave became not so sweet a retreat. His mind led him to Keil's Den and the amiable Sophia. He never mentioned this adventure and attachment to his friends; for he felt ashamed, after his discourses to them, and the profession he had made of dislike to human society, to acknowledge that he was upon the point of marrying, and thereby plunging into the midst of worldly cares. But he was determined to marry Sophia, though as firmly resolved not to remain at home to be the subject of their jests. This resolution formed, he soon persuaded the object of his choice to elope with him, and bid adieu to the romantic glen. Between lovers matters are soon arranged, and accordingly, without the knowledge of their parents, they both set off for London. Alexander left his chest and all his clothes behind, nor did he ever claim them again; and his friends knew nothing and heard nothing of him for many years after; still they kept his effects untouched in hopes of his return."

The subsequent career of Alexander Sel-

kirk may be briefly told. He went again to sea in 1717, and died a lieutenant on board his majesty's ship "Weymouth," in 1723. "Both his father and mother were dead," says Howell, "when, in the end of the year 1724, or beginning of 1725, twelve years after his elopement with Sophia Bruce, a gay widow, by name Frances Candis, or Candia, came to Largo to claim the property left to him by his father—the house at the Craigue Well. She produced documents to prove her right, from which it appeared that Sophia Bruce lived but a very few years after her marriage, and must have died some time between the years 1717 and 1720. Frances Candis, having proved her marriage, and the will, which was dated the 12th of December, 1720, and also the death of her husband, her claim was adjusted, and she left Largo in a few days. Neither of his two wives had any children by him, as far as can be learned."

The clothes and other effects belonging to Selkirk were long kept as relics by his friends at Largo. "In the house at the Craigue Well strangers are yet shown the room in which he slept, his sea-chest, and a cocoa-nut shell cup that belonged to him. This cup at one time was richly and tastefully mounted with silver, until it was unfortunately stolen by a traveling pedlar, and all trace of it lost for some months. At length, when all hope of recovering it was gone, the shell was returned from Perth, deprived of its silver. But by far the most interesting relic is his flip-can, in possession of his great-grand-nephew, John Selcraig. It hold about a Scottish pint, and is made of brown stoneware glazed. It resembles a common porter jug, as used at the present day. On it is the following inscription and poesy—as, in former times, everything belonging to a sailor that would admit of it had its rhyme:

'Alexander Selkirk, this is my one.

When you me take on board of ship,  
Pray fill me full with punch or flip.

*Fulham.'*

The same person has an Indian cane said to have belonged to Selkirk. There is a musket in the possession of Major Lumsden of Luthallan that likewise belonged to him."

From the British Quarterly Review.

## CHEMISTRY OF THE STARS.

*The Stars and the Earth, or Thoughts upon Space, Time, and Eternity.* 1847.  
London: Baillière.

MACAULAY'S "History of England" is now in its fifth edition; Layard's "Nineveh" is in its third; and within a few weeks of the issue of a second edition of Sir John Herschel's "Astronomy," it was out of print, and a new issue, equivalent to a third edition, is now on sale. So large a demand as these successive editions imply is a silent but most striking tribute to the interest of the subjects discussed in those works, and the skill of the writers who have handled them. A reviewer may, in these circumstances, safely take for granted, that instead of entering into a critical analysis of works, already judged and approved by his, and their readers, he may profitably make them the occasion of an excursus into regions of speculation, which such volumes have rendered patent to all. We propose to do so on the present occasion with Sir John Herschel's delightful work. It does not call for formal praise. The younger Herschel occupies the first rank among astronomers. He is second only to Humboldt in extensive and minute acquaintance with all the physical sciences, and is his equal in wide general culture and fine taste, and in skill as a writer. This is so well known, and so fully appreciated, that we say no more on the subject, but quote at once a passage from Sir John's preface, which will justify the use which we make of his work, and serve as a text for our present remarks.

"If proof were wanted of the inexhaustible fertility of astronomical science in points of novelty and interest, it would suffice to adduce the addition to the list of members of our system of no less than eight new planets and satellites during the preparation of these sheets for the press."—P. viii.

From the inexhaustibly fertile field here referred to, we select one point for consideration, and invite our readers, for a brief

space, to the discussion of an argument touching the Nature of the Stars and their Inhabitants.

To prevent any misconception as to the scope of what follows, we wish it to be understood at the very outset, that we shall enter into no discussion as to the probability or improbability of the heavenly bodies being inhabited. We shall take for granted that they possess inhabitants, or rather shall put the question thus: "If the stars are inhabited, is it probable that the dwellers on them resemble those on this star, or Earth, or is it more likely that they are non-terrestrial beings, unlike us, and our plant, and animal companions, and different in different stars?"

We are not anxious to compel the conclusion, that all the stars are inhabited. Many of the excellent of the earth have held that they universally are, and that, too, by rational creatures; and have thought that the denial of this did injustice to our own convictions, and to the omnipotence and bounty of God. But our standard of Utilitarianism can never be a safe one by which to estimate the works of him whose ways are not as our ways, nor does it require the view supposed.

It would not be a painful, but a pleasant thing, surely, to learn that some of the stars, such as the new planet Flora, were great gardens, like Eden of old before Adam was created; gardens of God, consecrated entirely to vegetable life, where foot of man or beast had never trod, nor wing of bird or insect fanned the breeze; where the trees never crackled before the pioneer's torch, nor rang with the woodman's axe, but *every* flower "was born to blush unseen, and waste its sweetness on the desert air."

Neither is it the remembrance of the Arabian Nights, nor thought of Aladdin's lamp, that makes us add that we should rejoice to

learn that there was such a thing as an otherwise uninhabited star, peopled solely by magnificent crystals. What a grand thing a world would be, containing, though it contained nothing else, columns of rock crystal like icebergs, and mountains of purple amethyst, domes of rubies, pinnacles and cliffs of emeralds and diamonds, and gates and foundations of precious stones, such as John saw in the Holy Jerusalem descending out of heaven! All who reach the Happy Land are to enter heaven as little children, and it may please God, besides other methods of instruction, to teach his little ones his greatness and his power, by showing them such a world as we have imagined.

And even if some heavenly messenger, "Gabriel, that stands in the presence of God," or one of the other angels that excel in strength, should descend amongst us, and proclaim, "There is no life of any kind in any star but the earth," should we be entitled to murmur at the news? Such is the pride and selfishness of man, that he does not hesitate to proclaim any world a desert, from which himself or his fellows are excluded. But even if it should be certain that every star but the earth is a ball of lifeless granite, or barren lava, it would be for us, if we were wise, to say of it, as the Psalmist would have said, "Whither shall I go from thy Spirit? or whither shall I flee from thy presence?" In the most deserted and solitary of worlds, as we might call it, God is present. The fullness of him that filleth all in all, fills it; the Saviour and the Holy Spirit are there. If our ears were not stopped like the deaf adder's, we should, if visitants of such an orb, hear a voice say, "Put off thy shoes from off thy feet, for the place whereon thou standest is holy ground." We leave, then, the question of the universal habitation of the heavenly bodies untouched, and intend, moreover, to refer chiefly to the nature of the stars, and not to that of their inhabitants. The character or quality of the dwellers in the heavenly bodies is, doubtless, a more generally attractive topic than that of their habitations, as most thoughtful men would consider the most forlorn and degraded savage a more truly interesting object than the grandest palace. Our only hope, however, in the meanwhile, of ascertaining anything concerning the dwellers in the stars is founded upon what we can discover concerning the stars themselves.

We shall judge this case in the same way. The stars themselves shall be appealed to for a reply to the question we are curious to

have answered. They shall appear at the bar, and learn that a charge has been preferred against them, that "they are of the earth, earthly." The question shall be put to each, "Earthly or not earthly?" and the jury shall give their verdict according to the answer returned. Our twelve honest men, then, having sworn in the presence of the great Judge to give a righteous verdict, shall be taken to the summit of some heaven-kissing hill, and left there as long as they please, to make acquaintance with the stars. Far away from anxious author and captious critics, they shall read for themselves the lesson of the universe. The heavens shall declare the glory of God: the firmament show his handiwork. Day unto day shall utter speech in their hearing: night unto night show knowledge before them. They shall watch the guiding of Arcturus and his sons: and behold the bands of Orion: they shall feel the sweet influences of the Pleiades, and listen to the morning stars singing together. "The Sirian star, that maketh the summer deadly," shall shine forth before them on the forehead of the sky, and they shall hearken to the solemn tread of the host of heaven, as, drawn up in their constellations, they nightly repeat their sentinel march from horizon to horizon.

And when the unsatisfied senses are still filled with desire, all needful help shall be furnished to gratify their longing. The Herschel forty-feet telescope shall be granted our jury to gaze through, and the courteous Lord Rosse will not refuse the giant reflector. Pulkowa, and Altona, and the Cape shall lend the best instruments of their observatories, and the ingenious Lassell shall record for them what he witnesses with his space-piercing tube. The wise and filial Herschel shall stand by to explain; and the eloquent Arago and sweet-tongued Humboldt make the wayfaring man, though a stranger, at home in the universe. As witnesses, however, witnesses only, shall these high priests of nature be called, and speak to facts, but offer no opinions.

Our twelve shall first cast a glance at our own solar system, and observe that no one of its planets has the same magnitude, inclination of axis, so far as that has been observed, density, time of rotation, or arrangement of orbit; but that each, in all these particulars, differs greatly from its brethren. They shall notice that several of the planets have no moons: that our earth has one relatively very large one: Jupiter, four relatively small ones: Saturn, seven of greatly varying di-

mensions: Uranus, as is believed, six; and Neptune, two or more. They shall see the splendid girdles which Saturn, and, as some think, Neptune, wear, and be warned that two at least of the moons of Uranus move from east to west, or in a direction opposite to that of their planet, and of all the other bodies of the solar system.

The enormous differences in the length of the planetary years shall startle them; that of Mercury, for example, being equal to about three of our months; that of Neptune, to 164 of our years. The lesser, but marked diversities in the length of their days shall awaken notice, the Mercurial day being like our own, twenty-four hours long, the Saturnine only ten. The variations in the amount of heat and light received from the Sun by each of its attendants shall not be forgotten; Uranus, for example, obtaining two thousand times less than Mercury, who receives seven times more than the earth. They shall also observe the extent to which the planets are subject to changes of season; the Earth knowing its four grateful vicissitudes; Jupiter knowing none; whilst the winter in Saturn under the shadow of his rings is fifteen years long. All those unressembling particulars shall be made manifest to our observant twelve. Neither shall they be forgetful of those dissimilarities in relation to atmosphere, and perhaps to physical constitution which astronomers have detected. When so much diversity has been seen to shine through the unity of the Solar system, our twelve shall gaze forth into space to see if all be sameness there. Sameness! They shall discern stars of the first magnitude, stars of the second magnitude, of the third, of the fourth, of the seventh, down to points so small, even to the greatest telescopes, that the soberest of philosophers can devise no better name for them than star-dust; and one of them declares "that for anything experience has hitherto taught us, the number of the stars may be really infinite, in the only sense in which we can assign a meaning to the word."\* They shall find that the Dog-star is a sun, whose light has an intrinsic splendor sixty-three times greater than that of our own solar orb, and that he is not counted chief of the stars. They shall search in vain through the abysses for a system similar to our own, and find none, but perceive instead, multitudes of double-stars or twin suns, revolving round each other. They shall learn that there are triple systems of suns, and that there may

be more complex ones; and try to conceive how unlike our planetary arrangements must be the economy of the worlds to which these luminaries furnish light. They shall gaze at purple and orange seas, at blue and green and yellow and red ones; and become aware of double systems where the one twin appears to be a self-luminous sun, and the other a dark sphere of corresponding magnitude, like a sun gone out, as if modern science would assign an exact meaning to Origen's reference to "stars, which ray down darkness." Herschel shall show them the sidereal clusters, many of which "convey the complete idea of a globular space filled full of stars [i. e. suns] insulated in the heavens, and constituting in itself a family or society apart from the rest, and subject only to its own internal laws." Lord Rosse shall exhibit the nebulae, resolved and unresolved. The Continental observatories shall furnish records of those strange heavenly bodies which periodically wax and wane, now shining like "candles of the Lord," now darkening with Ichabod on their foreheads. Tycho Brahe shall tell of those mysterious unabiding stars, which have flashed almost in a moment into existence in the heavens, and have died away like all precocious things prematurely, appearing as if to verify the poet's prediction, that the sun himself will prove a transient meteor in the sky. The Chinese astronomers shall proclaim the paths of ancient comets, which neither Greek nor Roman had courage or science enough to trace through the heavens; and Humboldt, after describing the wanderings of the comets of later days, shall supply the commentary that so great are the differences among these eccentric bodies, "that the description of one can only be applied with much caution to another." The American observers shall detail how thick and fast the "fiery tears" fall from the November meteors: and a thousand other witnesses stand ready to affirm "of diversity there is no end." But we may suppose our somewhat distracted twelve, at this stage of the proceedings, to decline further evidence, and bethink themselves what their verdict shall be.

"These stars!" one juryman will say, a chandler we may guess, or oil merchant, or perhaps only a lamp-lighter—"these stars! these suns! these 'street lamps,' as Carlyle has called them, 'in the city of God,' are they to be counted, my brethren, so many argand burners, each cast in the same mould, with wick clipped to the same length, and fed with the like modicum of oil, that it may

\* Herschel's *Astronomy*, Second Edition, p. 520.

spread an equal number of rays over the same square section of heaven's pavement? Nay! are we not certain that at least they differ in size and brightness? and if thus they vary in dimensions and in splendor, as well as in color of light and in mode of arrangement, is it likeliest that in other respects they differ only in degree, and have all but one function, or that they differ in kind and in office also? Some shall be likened to fragrant wax-candles, lighting up gay drawing rooms; and others shall be murky torches following the dead to the tomb; and others Eddystone lamps, saving goodly ships from destruction; and others, rainbow-tinted vases, making the streets gay on coronation festivals: or strontia-fires, bidding armies begin battle; or Bude flames, illuminating halls of parliament; or lime-ball and electric lights on lofty mountain-tops, measuring arcs of the globe."

A second of the twelve shall arise, a blacksmith, or stoker by the look of him. "That visible sun of ours, it should seem, is the open furnace-door of a great locomotive engine, sweeping through space. Its train goes with it, of Jupiter-Saturn first class carriages, Mars-Earthly second class, and Ceres-Vesta third ones; satellite trucks being here and there interspersed through the train; and comet engines provided to go spécial messages. Those far distant stars, it should seem, are locomotives too, and like enough, propel planet-trains, though no one has seen even traces of the latter. But are we free to settle that each drags its Jupiter, its Earth and Vesta carriages behind it, with the same lord and squire passengers in the first, citizens well to do in the second, and stout mechanics or ragged Irishmen in the third? Are the paint and lacker, the cushions and the padding, the door-handles and the wheels, and all the similar coach furniture, to be looked for in these hypothetical trains, exactly as they are found in our Sun's planet-carriages? Let us consider before we admit this, how many coupled engines we see; how many triplets and other locomotive wonders, which are likely to have attendants as strange as their engines, and pause before we settle that Space is but a railway network, traversed by up and down trains, differing only in length and speed, and carrying in the same vehicles the same kind of passengers and goods, at the one Universal penny a mile.

"It seems, indeed, but an appeal to our ignorance to say, that that Sirius-engine, for example, differs nothing from our Sun-locotive but in size. Its fire is far brighter and hotter than ours, and perhaps as much

because it burns a different sort of fuel, as because it merely burns more of the same coke that our locomotive consumes. Neither does it seem a self-evident proposition that the Sirian machine must be made up of some sixty chemical pieces, because one of the carriages of our Sun's train consists of so many. And as for the train of the Dog-star, if there be one, it appears not unlikely that the traffic of the regions through which it runs may be very different from that of our zodiac, and that the vehicles composing the suite of Sirius may differ in many particulars from such as accompany our Sun. I, for one at least, will say that I perceive no grounds for assuming that where diversity prevails in relation to all the points that are cognizable by us, sameness should be counted to be the rule in regard to everything that is hidden from our sight."

A third jurymen, who has plainly served before the mast, will make bold to ask the question—"Those ships of heaven that go sailing past, each on its mysterious God-commissioned errand, were it wisest to consider them a fleet of herring-boats or collier brigs, some larger, some smaller, but all built of the same materials, rigged in the same style, and carrying the same cargo? Or were it wiser to compare ourselves to the watchers on lonely Ascension Isle or solitary St. Helena, now signaling a man-of-war with its 'Mariners of England;' then an African slaver with its doleful passengers and demon-crew; now a heavy-laden Indiaman, rich with the wealth of China; then a battered South Sea whaler, filled with the spoils of slaughtered monsters of the deep; light Tahitian schooners with cocoa-nuts and arrow-root; stout American ships with ice for the epicures in India; English barks with missionaries, for the heathens of all lands. Oak ships, and teak ships, and ships hammered out of iron: sailing vessels, and ocean steamers with paddles and screw propellers. Danes, Dutchmen, and Swedes, Frenchmen, Russians and Spaniards, each with its different build, its unlike dialect, its strange flag and unressembling crew. All sizes and shapes and kinds of navigable craft, with all sorts of unimaginable cargoes and motley companies of seafaring men.

"If there are all these differences among our sailing vessels, are there likely to be fewer among the ships of heaven? Do you loink it probable that if by means of some hudest speaking-trumpet, we could hail each hining orb with 'Star a-hoy!' and thereafter, by means of some farthest echoing re-

verberating hearing-horn, could get back an answer, that from every one would be returned the same doleful or trivial earthly murmur—'Money market tight; Shares looking up; Pope still at Gaeta; the Prince of Wales is to be Earl of Dublin; Bem has beaten the Ban.'

"My friends, think of this. In the azure sea above us, there are no shores or landing-places; it is one boundless PACIFIC OCEAN, where the frailest bark never hides behind a bulwark, or drops anchor in a storm. The fleets of heaven are all phantom ships, for ever sailing, but never nearing port. If they are all then as nearly as possible identical, why are there so many? If the nature and object of each is the same, why are they not pieced together, so as to make up one huge vessel? They might as well have been nailed and hammered into a single mighty sun, or sun-earth, lighting up, and darkening itself, while it floated through space, like a gigantic Noah's ark, laden with every living creature."

This is our Sailor-juryman's opinion; but we have an old Serjeant also among our twelve, and he claims to be heard next. "The Skipper," he begins, "the Skipper has likened the stars to men-of-war, and so will I, though in a different sense from him, but with a view to repeat his question: If the celestial bodies are all alike, why are there so many of them? The stars, I have been told, are the 'Host of Heaven,' 'the armies of the sky,' and if so, are something more than a regiment, and are likely to present other differences than merely a grenadier company of stars of the first magnitude; a light company of stars of the second; a mass of troops of the line of the third; and drummer-boys of the fourth. An army, my friends, is not a row of pipe-clayed men, with stiff stocks and buttoned gaiters, turning their eyes to the right or the left, as some martinet colonel gives the word of command. It counts not by men but by companies, not by companies but by regiments, not by regiments but by battalions, not by battalions but by nations. Its officers are dukes and archdukes, kings, and emperors. It has cavalry and infantry, artillery battalions, rifle brigades, rocket companies, engineers, sappers and miners. In that small matter of arms and clothing, how endless the difference. Plumed bonnet, helmet and shako, grenadier cap, cocked hat; plaid, cuirass, hussar-jacket, broadsword, sabre and spear, bayonet, pistol, carabine and musket: all kinds of dress and equipment, and every va-

riety of weapon, worn by all sorts and conditions of men. And if man, bent only on fighting for his hearth and home, and without caring for diversity, nay, doing his best to provide against it, by 'tailor's uniform,' 'serjeant's drill,' 'pipe clay,' 'orders of service,' and whatever else promised to smooth over differences,—has never been able to do more than iron straight and make uniform a single regiment at a time, and that for the shortest period, how is it likely to be with that Host of Heaven, as ye call them? Scarcely among earthly hosts has some latest regulation-cap become comfortable on the head of its military wearer, before he who planted it there to realize his thirst for unity, has grown weary of its sameness, and must have the felt shaped anew. This is the lesson that nature has taught him, how not two leaves can be found alike, not even two peas: and if not two alike, still less three: least of all thirty or a thousand. If, moreover, among objects of the same class or species every additional unit shows an additional difference, how much greater the probability of variety, when there is a likelihood of the individuals belonging to different tribes! Call not, then, the heavenly bodies a host, or army, or acknowledge that they must have mighty differences among them. I say not that each 'sentinel star' is unlike all others. It is enough if it be unlike many. There may be whole battalions of the same race, wielding the same weapon, and wearing the same uniform: but will this be the case with the entire army? It was not so with Pharaoh's host or the Roman legions, with Attila's hordes or Britain's army, or with any host that man has seen. I ask no other evidence of diversity existing among the starry night-watchers than that there are millions of millions of them. Such numbers do not exhaust unity; no numbers can; but they exclude sameness when oneness of species cannot be shown; and before we have counted even our thousands, 'all things, I doubt not, will have become new.' Yes! the falchion that Orion wields is forged of a different metal from the flaming sword of the comet, or the fiery weapon of Mars, and the club of Hercules is carved of another wood than the shaft of Bootes' spear."

A long-haired, ample-collared young gentleman, will here interrupt our militaire. "Of regimental tailoring and army cutlery I know nothing. But did not Byron write that immortal line,

'Ye Stars! which are the poetry of heaven?'

And what think ye did he mean by that? That our sun, with the help of his family, had once since the beginning of things composed an ode; he, after much thought, giving out the first line, his planets with difficulty furnishing a line a-piece, the moons attending to the stops, whilst the comets supplied the interjections and notes of admiration. His lordship, too, would intend us to understand, either that copies of this remarkable production were handed round the universe, or that, by a striking coincidence of genius, such as happened more than once to himself and Goethe, each sun with due help composed once in its existence the very same family piece; so that for millions of centuries the stars have all been chanting like the children of an infant school, the same unchanging, meagre version of the 'hand that made us is divine.'

"That might be his lordship's meaning: but might he not, perhaps, intend us to understand something very different, and expect to have our sympathy with another view of things? Our Earth, I think, alone engages for its part to furnish a whole epic of Paradise Lost, through 'Man's first disobedience, and the fruit of that forbidden tree,' and each sphere it is likely has, like Thalaba, its wild and wondrous tale to tell. The poetry of heaven, according to my Lord Byron, or any other of the poet guild, is no solitary sonnet, or single song, but an Olympic contest of Iliads and Odysseys, epics and lyrics, tragedies and comedies, histories in twenty-four books, isolated verses, single hymns, detached odes, and separate songs, where the same poem is never recited twice by one author, nor similar compositions made public by different poets; but in endless diversity, a countless succession of abounding rhymes flows on, of 'grave and gay, and lively and severe,' recounting the history and the destinies of the universe, and glorifying him who sits enthroned as its King."

"Ay! and the Music of the Spheres," will a sweet-tongued juryman say, "is that some unaccompanied melody; some 'Gloria Patri' of three notes; or 'God save the King, upon a single string,' played endlessly upon the millions of similar barrel organs that make up the universe? or is the latter some grandest cathedral organ provided not merely with '*vox humana*,' or Earthly stops, but with unnumbered Phœbus flutes, Martial trumpets, Aries horns, Serpent clarions, and pedals touched by the feet of him who walketh on the wings of the wind? Under the vault of heaven it stands a complete or-

chestra, now with muted voice, as the fingers of God move over one starry bank of keys, lisping under breath some simple melody, then, as they change to another, sounding out a trumpet obligato, or 'when the Highest gives his voice,' rolling forth with open diapason a 'Jupiter symphony,' or guiding the Hallelujah chorus of the morning stars singing together. The starry choir, I ween, is no African row of monotonous performers singing in unison, and able to sing only one song, but a Russian horn-band, where each individual furnishes his indispensable single, and unlike note, toward the universal harmony, and the troop can execute all kinds of music: or a German festival-chorus with its thousand voices, and its unlike parts undulating together into one vast symphony, and flowing on as a mighty river of sound. 'There is no speech or language where their voice is not heard. Their line is gone out through all the earth, and their words to the end of the world.'"

The Chancellor, or Foreman, however, of our twelve, desiring impartiality, and also, as befits his office, loving unity, shall here interpose: "My friends, let not this discerning of diversity prevail with us too far. From the evidence laid before us it should seem, that this solar system of ours is a goodly branch, on the summit of whose stem blooms a brilliant sun-flower, whilst round its stalk, at due distances, are arranged the components of its foliage, seventeen broad planet-leaves, and eighteen or nineteen moon-leaflets. Besides these, there are myriads of sharp-pointed, swift-piercing, straggling comet-thorns, which have occasioned much annoyance to those who have handled them. With these I shall not meddle; but those far-distant, non-planetary stars! were it not good to count them sunflowers also, of which on some branches indeed there are two on one stalk, and on others three; larger it may be in certain cases, and fairer than ours, purer in their tints, and varied occasionally in the hue of their petals, but sunflowers all of them, and embosomed in more or fewer leaves and leaflets like those on our own stem? It were no mean and paltry idea of a universe, or meagre scheme of its unity, to compare its clustered stars to unfading flowers blossoming on the branches of one great tree. I should liken it to such a monarch of the wood as Nebuchadnezzar beheld in his night-dream, or better to such as Ezekiel saw in waking vision. 'A cedar in Lebanon with fair branches, and with a shadowing shroud, and of an high stature; and his top



was among the thick boughs. \* \* \* All the fowls of Heaven made their nests in his boughs, and under his branches did all the beasts of the field bring forth their young, and under his shadow dwelt all great nations. \* \* \* The cedars in the garden of God could not hide him: the fir-trees were not like his boughs, and the chestnut-trees were not like his branches; nor any tree in the garden of God was like unto him in his beauty."

"Yes!" one will reply, "that truly were a goodly scheme, and a grand unity, but were it not a better thought, productive of a grander unity, and as likely to be the true one, that that starry universe is no one flowered cedar unvaried in its beauty, but such a tree of life as the Daniel and Ezekiel of the New Testament, the beloved apostle, saw, which bore 'twelve manner of fruit,' and 'whose leaves were for the healing of the nations?'" "And were it not," a third will say, "grandest still, and most likely, that that midnight sky shows us no Lebanon with its single cedar, however stately, nor any one tree, however different its flowers, but a whole 'Garden of God,' with its oaks, and its elms, and its fir-trees; its myrtles and its roses: ay, and its lilies of the valley, its daisies and violets too? Yes! stars are like stars, as flowers are like flowers, but they do not resemble each other as roses do roses, or lilies lilies; but as the rose does the lily, or the dark violet the star-eyed daisy."

Our Chancellor, caught like Absalom in the branches of his own metaphor, shall say no more on the matter in dispute, but content himself with pressing for a conclusion. And thereupon the twelve, various in their unity, shall stand up with uncovered heads in the stillness of night, and lift their unanimous voices to heaven. "By thee only, Judge of all the earth, and all the universe, can this cause be decided, and to the judgment of thy supreme court do we refer it for final issue. But, in the meanwhile, we are free to give our verdict according to the evidence laid before us, and it runs thus:—

"*There are celestial bodies, and bodies terrestrial: but the glory of the celestial is one, and the glory of the terrestrial is another. There is one glory of the sun, and another glory of the moon, and another glory of the stars: star differeth from star in glory.*" To which verdict, we, for our part, understanding the words in their widest sense, will append our heartiest amen.

The "fullness of him that filleth all in all," is of its essence inexhaustible, as we perhaps

best realize when all metaphor is set aside, and we reflect on the one quality that belongs to God's attributes; namely, that they are Infinite. It is part of his kindness to us, that he never lets us lose sight of this great prerogative of his nature, but, alike by suns and by atoms, teaches us that his power and his wisdom have no bounds.

It cannot be that he reveals himself otherwise in the oceans of space. Were we privileged to set sail among the shining archipelagoes and starry islands that fill these seas, we should search like marveling but adoring children for wonder upon wonder, and feel a cold chill of utter disappointment if the widest diversity did not everywhere prevail. The sense of Unity is an over-ruling power which never lays aside the sceptre, and will not be disobeyed. We should not fear that it would fade away, nay, we know that it would stand forth mightiest when its kingdom seemed to have sunk under overwhelming diversity. Unity is in nature often nearest us exactly when variety seems to have put it furthest away. We are like the sailors of Magellan who first rounded the globe. Every day they sailed further as they reckoned from the place of their departure, and ploughed what seemed to them a straight line of increasing length, which had all to be retraced before their first harbor could be gained: but, behold, when they had sailed longest, and seemed farthest from home, they had the least to sail over, and were nearest to port. Exactly when hope of return was faintest were they called on to exclaim, like the Ancient Mariner—

"Oh dream of joy! is this indeed  
The lighthouse top I see?  
Is this the hill? is this the kirk?  
Is this my own countree?"

A voyage through space would in like manner turn out to be a circumnavigation. We should set sail from Unity, and traverse the great circle of a universe's variety till we came round to Unity again. The words on our lips as we dropt anchor would be, "There are differences of administrations, but the same Lord, and there are diversities of operations, but it is the same God which worketh all in all."

Our readers may be disposed to think, that in all that has been said we have evasively begged the question. A phantom-jury of men, professedly unlettered, but in reality bearing the same relation to the ma-

jority of the different classes they represent, that the pedlar of Wordsworth's *Excursion* does to ordinary pedlars, have disposed of the problem under discussion, apparently unanimously enough. But if their verdict were submitted to the revision of a tribunal of men of science, it may be thought doubtful whether it would be ratified. Let us transfer, then, the question of the terrestrial or non-terrestrial character of the heavenly bodies, from the "outer court of the gentiles," in which we have hitherto heard it argued, to the "inner court of the priests," even of the high priests of Nature, who serve at her altar, the philosophers properly so called. Our space will not permit us to put on record the judgments of all of them, but we may find room to chronicle the opinions of three of the priestly dignitaries, the Astronomer, the Chemist, and the Physiologist, or Biologist.

A quotation from Sir John Herschel will show the judgment of astronomy on the question we are discussing, so far as the planets are concerned.

"Three features principally strike us as necessarily productive of extraordinary diversity in the provisions by which, if they be, like our earth, inhabited, animal life must be supported. These are, *first*, the difference in their respective supplies of light and heat from the sun; *secondly*, the differences in the intensities of the gravitating forces which must subsist at their surfaces, or the different ratios which on their several globes the *inertia* of bodies must bear to their *weights*; and, *thirdly*, the difference in the nature of the materials of which, from what we know of their mean density, we have every reason to believe, they consist."—*Outlines of Astronomy*, p. 310.

The two first points of diversity noted, refer to differences in the *intensity* of certain influences, which, however, we shall presently find are, of themselves, sufficient to make terrestrial life as we see it, impossible upon at least the majority of the planets. The third is a most explicit reference to a difference in the kind of materials of which the several planets consist, which their difference in density betrays. "The density of Saturn," for example, "hardly exceeds one-eighth of the mean density of the earth, so that it must consist of materials not much heavier than cork."\*

We shall refer to this question more particularly presently, when discussing the testimony of Chemistry as to the components of the Spheres.

Direct telescopic observation, moreover, has also supplied the astronomer with some information concerning the physical constitution of the heavenly bodies, the chief points of which we condense here, mainly from Herschel's minute descriptions of the characteristic features of each of the members of the solar system.

So far as the sun is concerned, it may suffice our present purpose to say, that nothing certain is known regarding its constitution. It is supposed to have a kind of triple atmosphere, one portion of which is luminous; the second consists of highly reflective clouds, which float below the first, and throw off its light and heat. The third is a mass of gaseous matter, believed to include the luminous and cloudy portions, and to envelop the solid sphere of the sun. In what condition the last is, either as to temperature or to illumination, is quite uncertain; nor is anything known in relation to its composition. Observations, however, on the transit of Venus over the sun's disc, have enabled astronomers to infer, that the sun has not an atmosphere of the same nature as the earth's; and this may be said to be the only matter tolerably certain concerning solar chemistry. Mercury is too near the sun, Uranus and Neptune too distant from it; Vesta, Ceres, Juno, Pallas, and the other minor planets, too small to permit observations as to the condition of their surfaces. Venus is thought to have an atmosphere, and some have conceived they saw hills on its disc, but the existence of these is doubtful. Mars most resembles the earth of all the planets. The outlines of what are considered continents are very distinct, and what seem to be seas are equally visible. The polar regions, too, present appearances strongly favoring the idea, that snow or ice is collected at them, thawing in the Martial summer, and becoming more abundant in its winter. This is by far the most interesting fact, as in truth it is the only positive one, so far as we know, which the telescope has supplied in relation to planetary chemistry. To have good reasons for suspecting, that so characteristic and important an earthly ingredient as water occurs in Mars, is assuredly a matter of great interest. The more abundant element of that fluid (oxygen) is also the most important constituent of air, and may perhaps exist free around the planet. A globe which had water, and an oxygen atmosphere, might certainly put in some chemical claim to be a sister of the Earth's. But such speculation is premature.

\* Op. Cit. p. 311.

The presence of water does not justify the inference that free oxygen is also existent; nor does it warrant the conclusion, that more than fifty other elements must be there also. It may further be noticed, that the atmosphere of Mars is less distinct and abundant, and much less opaque and cloudy, than we should have expected, in the case of a planet thought to possess a great body of water. Astronomers, however, appear to be by no means agreed, either as to the nature or to the extent of the Martial atmosphere. Some deny that there is one at all.

The strange fiery-red light of this star, also, implies a peculiar condition of its whole uncovered surface, very unlike what our Earth's exterior exhibits, and forbids any conclusion as to the general identity of their superficial condition, or component ingredients. It still more forbids rash inferences as to terrestrial plants and animals existing on a body of unknown composition.

Nothing is known concerning the surface of Jupiter, which his cloudy atmosphere conceals from inspection; but observations on the eclipses of his moons have shown that that atmosphere does not sensibly refract light. It therefore differs from that of the earth; but we have at present no means of ascertaining what its constituents are. The disc of Saturn is also hidden from us by a gaseous or vaporous covering, the nature of which is unknown. His rings are perhaps naked, but they are rarely objects of full telescopic observation, and the state of their surfaces has not been minutely described.

The earth's satellite is the only moon which has been carefully examined; and we can say more concerning its superficial condition than that of any other of the heavenly bodies. It is the least terrestrial, to appearance, of them all. The moon has no atmosphere, no air, no clouds, no rain, nor dew, nor lakes, nor rivers, nor seas! It has great plains and valleys, but, to appearance, barren as the Zahara, for the lunar seasons produce no change on them; nor have traces of vegetable or animal life been detected on any part of its unfruitful surface. It has gigantic mountains, nearly every one an active or extinct volcano, with craters of an enormous depth; but their summits and edges, relieved from the wearing and disintegrating action of air and water, and unclothed with verdure, are in all cases rugged and sharp, unlike the worn, or covered, and everywhere rounded outlines of our hills. To this astronomical description of the moon we add the remark, that there is something altogether non-ter-

restrial in the existence of myriads of gigantic volcanic craters, without an atmosphere floating round the sphere containing them, or water existing at its surface; for all the active earthly volcanoes pour out volumes of steam and other vapors and gases, which would soon re-clothe our globe with an atmosphere, if it were deprived of its present one.

It does not appear, then, that the telescope favors the idea that a telluric or terrestrial character is common to the members of the solar system. On the other hand, at the sun, the moon, and Jupiter, it brings into view, phenomena which, so far as we can observe them, are so marked and peculiar, as to imply a state of their surfaces quite unlike that of our planet. To the consideration of this we shall return more fully, when referring to the judgment of Biology on the Stars as Theatres of Life. Meanwhile, we proceed to inquire what decision Chemistry gives, on the problem before us. It is to this part of the discussion that we are most anxious to direct the reader's attention, not because it is intrinsically more important than the points already gone over, but because of its comparative novelty, and the erroneous interpretation which has been put upon it.

It might seem, at first sight, as if chemistry could have nothing to say on the matter: yet for ages she has hankered after an alliance with astronomy, and has chronicled the fact in her nomenclature. The alchemist was an astro-chemist, and twin-brother to the astrologer. Gold was Sol; Silver, Luna; Iron, Mars; Lead, Saturn, &c.; and we still speak of lunar caustic, and martial and saturnine preparations, when referring to certain of the medicinal compounds of silver, iron, and lead. One of the most important of the metals every day reminds us, by its name, Mercury, of the affinity which was once thought to connect it with its namesake, the planet. The astrologist, however, long ago became an astronomer, and the alchemist a chemist; and for a lengthened period they had no dealings together. It has been otherwise latterly. The extension of both sciences has led to their meeting again, and this in a somewhat singular way.

His own little Juan Fernandez island of an earth, was apparently the only spot in the universe of which the chemist could declare, "I am monarch of all I survey." Toward the far distant stars, however, he cast wistful eyes. They were almost all suns, the astronomer told him, which for ages had evolved light and heat, and spread it through space. Can chemistry, then, which for cen-

series has been explaining—always more and more successfully—the evolution of heat and light on this earth, give no information concerning their production at the sun? It seems that perhaps it may. When a ray of sunlight is passed through a prism, certain “fixed lines” or dark spaces are seen in the resulting spectrum, unlike those which the spectra of terrestrial flames exhibit. Sirius and Castor exhibit peculiar spectra also. “Now a very recent discovery of Sir D. Brewster,” as Professor Graham observes, “has given to these observations an entirely chemical character. He has found that the white light of ordinary flames requires merely to be sent through a certain gaseous medium, (nitrous acid vapor,) to acquire more than a thousand dark lines in its spectrum. He is hence led to infer, that it is the presence of certain gases in the atmosphere of the sun which occasions the observed deficiencies in the solar spectrum. We may thus have it yet in our power to study the nature of the combustion which lights up the suns of other systems.”\*

Such is one example of the way in which chemistry has sought to extend her dominion into space. Another is furnished by the conclusions which Wollaston drew as to the quality of the atmospheres of the Sun and Jupiter, referred to already in this paper, and detailed more fully in the notice of that philosopher’s works previously published in this journal.† It has recently, however, been found possible to apply chemical analysis directly to certain of the heavenly bodies, so that, without extravagance, we can now declare that there is a Chemistry of the Stars as well as of the Earth.

The oft-quoted Oriental proverb, which teaches, that since the “mountain will not come to Mahomet, Mahomet must go to the mountain,” has in this case, for once, been reversed; for when the chemist could find no way of traveling to the spheres, behold! certain bright particular stars have come to him and submitted to analysis; we refer to the aërolites, meteorites, or meteoric stones, which, according to the most generally adopted of many theories, at one time were thought to have been projected from volcanoes in the moon. They are now almost universally acknowledged to have been true stars before they reached our earth. For a statement of the reasons which have led astronomers to this conclusion, we must refer our readers to

Humboldt’s *Cosmos*, where the whole subject is discussed at great length. It may suffice to say, that many considerations justify the conclusion, that multitudes of asteroids, starlets, or, as Sir John Herschel calls them, “meteor-planets,” revolve in definite orbits round the sun, and some also as invisible, or momentarily visible, minute moons round the earth. The orbits of some of the former are believed to resemble that of the earth, but to be in a different plane, so that in the course of their revolutions round the sun, these tiny planets come, at certain periods, within the sphere of the earth’s attraction, and are precipitated as meteoric stones upon its surface, as weary and forlorn birds of passage, far out at sea, are entangled in the rigging of vessels, and fall helpless on deck.

This modern theory of meteorites reads like a bald rendering of the poetical myth of the angels, whom earthly loves induced to forfeit forever their places in the heavens, but it has invested the strange fallen stars, to which it refers, with a new interest. The largest of them is but a microscopic grain of the stardust scattered over the sky, but it is none the less of celestial origin, and may be submitted to analysis.

The meteorites have accordingly been put upon the rack by the chemist, and all their secrets have been tortured out of them, but they have revealed fewer marvels than at one time was expected. No new chemical element or primary ingredient has been found in any of them. In other words, they contain no ultimate chemical component which the earth does not contain. This remarkable fact has seemed to many to justify the belief, that other worlds have been constructed out of the same materials as our own. It is thus, for example, turned to account by the author of the “*Vestiges of the Natural History of Creation*.” After stating that the elements, or simplest chemical constituents of the globe, are those sixty or more substances which have hitherto resisted all attempts to reduce them to simpler forms of matter, he proceeds thus:\*

“Analogy would lead us to conclude that the modifications of the primordial matter forming our so-called elements, are as universal, or as liable to take place everywhere as are the laws of grav-

\* *Elements of Chemistry*, Second Edition, p. 106.

† Vol. iii. p. 85.

\* The exact number of chemical elements, or simple bodies, is uncertain, as recent researches still incomplete have revealed the existence of several, whose chemical relations have not yet been fully ascertained. We use the integer 60 as sufficiently near the true number for our present purpose.

itation and centrifugal force. We must therefore presume that the gases, the metals, the earths, and other simple substances, (besides whatever more of which we have no acquaintance,) exist, or are liable to come into existence under proper conditions, as well in the Astral system, which is thirty-five thousand-times more distant than Sirius, as within the bounds of our own solar system, or our own globe."—*Vestiges*, Fifth Edition, p. 30.

We leave unnoticed, till we proceed with our discussion, the baseless assumption contained in the passage just quoted, that the earth, considered as an aggregate of chemical substances, is a type of the chemistry of the universe. It is thus justified by a reference to the meteoric stones:—

"What is exceedingly remarkable, and particularly worthy of notice as strengthening the argument that all the members of the solar system, and perhaps of other systems, have a similar constitution, no new elements are found in these bodies [meteorites]; they contain the ordinary materials of the earth, but associated in a manner altogether new, and unlike anything known in terrestrial mineralogy."—*Vestiges*, Fifth Edition, p. 42.

The clause of this sentence which we have marked by italics, contrives, by an unwarrantable concealment, to convey a very false impression of the true nature of meteoric stones. They are said to "contain the ordinary materials of the earth," which no doubt they do; but it should have been added, that they contain only *some* of them; so far as we know, but the smaller part.

We have not on record a great number of analyses of meteoric stones, for they are comparatively rare; it would be premature, therefore, to decide that we know all their constituents. But so far as our knowledge extends, it does not appear that a third of our earthly elements has been found in these bodies. Humboldt, in his *Cosmos*, enumerates only thirteen of the sixty elements as occurring in them. Prof. Shepard counts nineteen as certain, and adds two more as doubtful. It is to be observed, on the other hand, that not only are the majority of the terrestrial elements, including many of the most important among them, totally wanting from meteoric stones, but those which are present are not mingled (as the quotation indeed acknowledges) in earthly proportions.

Our globe consists, speaking generally, of two opposite classes of ingredients—namely, metals and non-metallic bodies, some of which, as oxygen in the one division and the

precious metals in the other, occur free, but the greater number in combination with some body or bodies of the unlike class. There are many more *kinds* of metals than of non-metallic substances, but the latter, taken as a whole, occur in much larger quantities than the former. One non-metallic body alone, oxygen, is computed to form a third of the weight of the crust of the earth. In meteoric stones, on the other hand, whilst non-metallic elements are the less numerous constituents, (only a half of those occurring in the earth being found in them,) they also occur in much smaller quantities than the metals. Of some of them, indeed, traces only are found.

Many of the best marked aërolites are masses of nearly pure metal, chiefly iron, with a small proportion of nickel. Others contain cobalt, manganese, chromium, copper and arsenic diffused through them in minute quantities, associated with a small per centage of oxygen, sulphur, chlorine, &c. The stony meteorites consist chiefly of silica and metallic oxides.

Whilst thus, meteoric stones contain only a portion of the elements of the earth, that portion is made up, (in the greater number of meteorites,) so far as the relative quantities of its components are concerned, almost entirely of metals. A meteoric stone represents, therefore, only a third of the whole constituents of the earth so far as number is concerned, and except to a small extent, but one class of them so far as nature. A globe so constituted could never, by any process of development, (unless its so-called elements suffered transmutation,) become possessed of water, or an atmosphere, or give birth to terrestrial plants or animals.

It may make the matter clearer to those not minutely conversant with chemistry, who may suspect us of hypercriticism, if we illustrate the force of our argument thus: The conclusion in which we are asked to acquiesce is this strange one, that an aggregate of nineteen, or at the utmost twenty-one ingredients is the same thing as an aggregate of sixty.\* According to this view, a double flageolet of two tubes should be the same thing as a pan-pipe of seven, or an organ with scores of them; and a village fife and

\* Twenty-one is the aggregate number of chemical elements found in meteoric stones, but no one meteoric contains so many. Some of the best known consist almost entirely of one ingredient. We state the case, therefore, in the way most disadvantageous for our argument when we speak of the meteoric elements as twenty-one in number.

drum should be identical with a full military band, because the latter includes a fife and drum. It should thus make no difference whether one inherited an iceberg or a green island, Terra del Fuego or the gold district in California; for the iceberg possesses to the extent of its possession, (namely, so much ice or solid water) what the fertile island contains, and Terra del Fuego is rich to the extent of its riches in the wealth of California.

Perhaps, however, we are dealing in a misleading exaggeration. The ingredients missing from the meteor-planets may be properly enough marked by the minute analyst as absent, and yet be of no great consequence in reference to the suitability of the latter to become theatres of life. The difference between the meteorite and the earth is perhaps only such as existed between Paganini's fiddle with one string, and Thalberg's piano with some hundred, from both of which instruments the same melody might sound. If such be the case, the author of the "Vestiges" could have no objection to allow us to place him within the receiver of an air-pump, and deprive him of only one of the sixty ingredients—namely, oxygen—which is absent from many of the meteoric stones. Only twenty-one elements, it should seem, are needed, and we have been kinder to him than he is on paper to himself, for we have allowed him fifty-nine. Why does he pant so? and gasp for breath? Oxygen it should seem is no needless superfluity or choice luxury. The lung was not made to breathe without the breath of life being provided for it; and a meteoric stone, as our author before being let out of our receiver shall confess, would be as fatal as a vacuum to every terrestrial creature. Let it be further noticed that the missing elements of the meteoric stone are exactly those which are most abundant in plants and animals, and the worth of our author's reasoning will appear; but to this we shall return.

The chemical argument, stripped of all exaggeration, stands thus. Several specimens of the bodies of space have been subjected to analysis—namely, the earth, so far as its crust or accessible portion is concerned, and meteoric stones. The latter have not a common chemical composition, but are divisible into sections, each of which represents a separate example of planetary chemistry.\* When the meteorites and the earth

are compared, they are found to differ immensely, so far as the mode of arrangement, the relative quantities, the number and nature of their constituents are concerned. Here, then, are several unlike chemical specimens of the universe. To which among them are the other heavenly bodies to be compared? Analysis has succeeded in making one step beyond this earth, and has immediately brought to light a non-terrestrial chemistry. If it could stride on to sun, moon, and stars, what should it find? Different chemistries? or that of the earth or the meteoric stones endlessly repeated? Different chemistries, we think, and this for many reasons.

If the heavenly bodies were constructed of the terrestrial or the meteoric chemical elements, arranged in the way these are in the earth, or in the meteorites, the densities of the heavenly bodies should, within no very wide limits, be identical with the specific gravity of the earth, or of some one of the meteoric stones; but the opposite is the fact, for the Sun, Jupiter, Saturn, Uranus, and Neptune have all a density much below that of our planet, or of any of the meteor-planets, as the following table, where the specific gravity of the earth is made unity, will show:\*

Earth, 1; Sun, 0.25; Jupiter, 0.24; Uranus, 0.24; Saturn, 0.14; Neptune, 0.14.

Apart altogether from this difference in density, it is manifest, that confining ourselves to purely chemical considerations, we could assign no satisfactory reason for preferring the earth to the meteoric stones, or the latter to the earth, as types of the chemical composition of one or all of the heavenly bodies; neither can we venture to affirm that we have exhausted in our globe and the meteor-planets the only existing examples of variation in composition which the

\* In the table in the text we have not given the sp. gr. of any of the meteorites, because their densities vary so much, that the mean of their specific gravities does not afford a datum of any value in reference to our argument. For the satisfaction, however, of the reader, we may mention that according to Humboldt, "the specific weight of aërolites varies from 1.9 to 4.3. Their general density may be set down as 3, water being 1." Humboldt's maximum is certainly too low, for various of the American meteorites, examined by Prof. Shepard, have a density above 7; whilst, therefore, the earth is 5.6 times heavier than water, the densest of the meteorites are 7 times heavier, and the lightest within a tenth of being twice as heavy as water.

\* Prof. Shepard divides meteorites into two classes—*Metallic*, and *Stony*; and each class into three Orders, under which thirteen sections are included.

universe presents, so that every star must be classed with the one or the other, inasmuch as they comprise all the diversities which occur in sidereal chemistry. On the other hand, it is not difficult to show that chemistry amply provides for every star having a different composition, and renders it exceedingly probable that different stars will in this respect differ greatly.

In the first place, the chemical elements do not present that character of completeness and unity, considered as a great family, which we should expect in the raw material of a whole universe. When we subdivide them into groups, they arrange themselves unequally. Thus in several cases we find divisions of elements, such as—chlorine, bromine, iodine; barium, strontium, calcium; niobium, pelopium, tantalum, in which the characteristic properties of each of the components of the group pass into those of its other members by the most delicate shadings. In other examples, again, although analogous properties are not wanting in other bodies, the particular substance (*ex. gr.*, nitrogen, or mercury) stands apart, isolated as it were, and exhibiting but remote affinities to its nearest neighbors. In all science, however, and strikingly in chemistry, isolation is the exception, and association the rule. In these cases of apparent isolation, it is possible that elements which would make up a group, and connect the solitary in friendly alliance with the families about it, may exist in other worlds, as animals supplying gaps in the zoological circles are found extinct in the strata of other eras than our own. Such hypothetically deficient elements no doubt may yet be found in our own globe, but for the present, we must adopt the rule, "*de non apparentibus, et de non existentibus, eadem ratio.*" Or we may find all the so-called elements to be modifications of some simpler or simplest forms or form of matter, and be able to convert that into unknown substances of the same grade as our present elements, and so satisfy the supposed need of harmony! Even if we should, however, achieve this result, it would only alter the mode of stating the problem, which would then run thus—What forms of the primary matter are likely to occur in different globes?

Secondly, it may be remarked that some of our terrestrial elements, such as the metals of the earths proper (except aluminium) and also selenium, tellurium, molybden, vanadium, tungsten, as well as others, are not known to be of service in our globe. It would be very rash to permit our ignorance

to be the measure of a question like this. These bodies may have been, or may yet be, even if they are not at present, (which, however, is only an assumption,) of the utmost value in effecting necessary changes on the earth. Man, too, as his knowledge extends, may discover economical applications of the elements in question, of the greatest importance. Withal, however, we may suppose that some, at least, of these substances may not have been specially destined to be of use on our globe, but may bear the same relation to it that rudimentary organs do to the bodies of the animals possessing them, so that they are of little or no service to the structure in which they occur, but are typical of much more highly developed instruments, or arrangements, in other organisms or spheres. These seemingly useless, and sparingly distributed, bodies in our earth, may be the prevailing or most important constituents of other globes, and may perform functions there of which we have no conception. Other elements, such as arsenic, yield compounds so deadly to vegetable and animal life, and so apparently unserviceable in the mineral kingdom, that one is almost driven to believe that it was not primarily for us, but for some other beings in a different world, such bodies were provided. At least, we suppose there are few who will consider the slight service which arsenical preparations have rendered in medicine, or their efficacy in poisoning rats and flies, and the fact of their furnishing certain pigments, as an equivalent for the multitude of human beings whom they have consigned to untimely graves, and the many crimes to which they have furnished temptations.

Thirdly, nature has been very niggard to us of certain of the elements, for example, of one peculiar and very valuable class, the noble or precious metals, gold, platina, palladium, rhodium, &c. We do not refer to the scarcity of these as limiting our luxury, or count them precious in the sense of being costly. Gold and platina, to mention no others, have the desirable properties of never wasting, rusting, or corroding, and platina will not melt in the heat of a blast-furnace. Were these or the allied metals more abundant, our eating, drinking, and cooking vessels would be made of one or other of them. Our steam-boilers, railroads, furnace-bars, lamp-posts and the like, would be constructed of platina, rhodium, or palladium, and our lighter and more elegant instruments and utensils of gold, which would be too cheap to tempt thieves to steal. One may suppose

that other worlds may have been more richly favored than we are with supplies of these or other goodly bodies, which find so limited scope for exhibiting their manifold virtues here. Can platina, *ex. gr.*, considered as a veritable, simple substance, be supposed to have been created solely to supply the terrestrial chemist with tests and crucibles? The chemist will probably think that a very satisfactory final cause for its creation, and we will not cry nay to it. But what if there be worlds where this metal is so abundant that they are sick of the sight of it, and would be glad to see a piece of rusty old iron, where the thieves steal the costly magnesia, and the royal crowns are made of the precious metal, lead? To speak more soberly, is it very unlikely that so marked and striking a metal as platina, as well as its congeners, may occur more abundantly on other worlds framed on a different ideal from ours? We have no wish, however, to try our hand at improving God's fair and beautiful world.

To sum up the matter, we observe, without insisting on more, that we have no ground for assuming that we see on this earth all the kinds of elementary, or quasi-elementary matter which can exist. Still less are we justified in affirming that we have manifested on this globe the only modes of arrangement or of distribution, so far as relative quantity is concerned, of which our elements are susceptible. The very opposite is likely to be the case. The fact of there being *many* chemical elements awakens the suspicion that they were intended to be arranged in *many* ways. Had our globe been a ball of iron or of lead, we should have had nothing to suspect in space but iron or lead. But when there are more than sixty earthly constituents, arranged, too, in a quite arbitrary way, we cannot resist the expectation that they will be found apportioned among the celestial spheres, not in that one way, but in various ways; here a few, there many together; in one globe, bodies of one class; in another, of another; in no one, perhaps, exactly the arrangement that prevails in any of the rest. Our globe may be called a mosaic of some sixty pieces, but it has not pleased the Great Artist to make equal use of each of the sixty. Not more than a half of them can be detected except by minute inspection, and the predominating tints are only some six or seven. Other stars may be mosaics constructed out of more or fewer of the same pieces, but they are, in all probability, put together according to different patterns. Let it not be forgotten that the omission of a

single element would make a great difference. A globe in all other respects identical with ours would be utterly unfitted for being the theatre of life such as we see, if it wanted, as we have already noticed, but the one body oxygen, or hydrogen, or nitrogen, or carbon. The addition in considerable quantity of a single new potent element would equally derange the economy of a world. The arrangement in a different way, without addition or abstraction, of existing elements would be as efficacious a cause of disturbance. If, for example, the nitrogen and oxygen of our atmosphere were suddenly to combine (and every thunderstorm occasions combination), we might be maddened by laughing gas, or drowned in an ocean of nitric acid. The shades of variation in such a case would become shadows of most portentous depth and darkness.

If any one, indeed, will consider how many tunes can be made with the seven primary notes of music; how many numbers can be combined out of the ten numerals; how many words out of the twenty-four letters of the alphabet, he may conceive how enormously great is the number of worlds, each quite distinct, which could be constructed out of the sixty elements. In the first place, there is a means of variety in the *number* of the simple bodies. One globe, like our earth, contains them all. Others, like the meteoric stones, may contain only some of them. Secondly, the *relative quantities* of the elements may vary. On one globe, the abounding element may be oxygen, as in our earth; in another, platina. A third cause of variety will be the *condition* of the elements. With us, hundreds of tons of chlorine are locked up in mountains of rock salt. In other worlds, that gas may be free, and form an atmosphere like our air.

Add these modes of varying composition together, and employ them all, and where will the variety stop? Millions of millions of worlds would not exhaust it. To what extent this susceptibility of variation has been taken advantage of by the Architect of the Heavens we cannot tell; but to suppose that it has been turned to no account seems a conception meagre beyond endurance. If we but knew the use to which the spheres are put, we might possibly hazard a conjecture concerning their composition, but of that we are altogether ignorant. Yet to suppose that the Infinite One has exhausted the counsels of his wisdom in arranging the chemistry of our globe, and could only therefore repeat that endlessly through space, or



to affirm that such a monotonous arrangement of the great world or universe is in keeping with the endless diversity visible in the little one which we inhabit, is a view of things that may not be entertained for a moment.

We close this long chemical discussion with one remark. Speculation set aside, the testimony of chemistry in reference to the heavenly bodies is neither more nor less than this, that every one of them which has been submitted to analysis, differs in composition from all the rest. Absolute chemical identity of any two or more has never been observed, whilst the extremes of difference between those least like each other, if denoted on a scale, would be 60 and 1; the maximum of this scale being the earth with its sixty ingredients, the minimum, those well known meteorites, which are little else than lumps of malleable iron. The importance of this fact has been overlooked, because, beginning with the earth, we have found the meteor-planets composed of fewer ingredients than it, and these all terrestrial.

Assuredly it would have been a more remarkable circumstance, if the meteoric elements had all been novel, and possessed of striking and unfamiliar properties; and something like disappointment has been felt because they are not. But we must not on this account disregard the fact, that the meteorites are non-telluric in their chemical characters. They are so, as much by the terrestrial elements they want, as they would have been by the novel elements they might have possessed. Had a single non-terrestrial element been found in a meteoric stone, our philosophers would have been lost in wonder. Yet within the last ten years, six or seven new elements, namely, Didymium, Lanthanum, Niobium, Pelopium, Tantalum, Erbium, Terbium, have been discovered in our own planet, and none but professed chemists have paid any attention to the fact, nor has the discovery perceptibly altered any of our scientific beliefs. Had but one of those obscure metals been found in a meteorite, and in it alone, speculations would have abounded on its nature and uses. Nevertheless, the addition of six or seven such metals to our globe, by the tacit confession of all science, is of infinitely less importance to the earth, than the loss of one such element as oxygen, hydrogen, nitrogen, or carbon would be. To find, therefore, one of the latter absent, is truly a more interesting fact in relation to terrestrial chemistry, than it would be to find *all* of the recently discovered metals, or as many more similar elements, present. The most richly

endowed of the meteoric stones, moreover, contain not a majority, but less than a fourth of the terrestrial elements, and of many of the most characteristically terrestrial elements, only traces. As soon as this fact is distinctly perceived, men will cease to complain that there are no new meteoric elements, and none will refuse to acknowledge that so far as analysis has proceeded, terrestrial and sidereal chemistry are quite different.

It remains now only to consider what the judgment of physiology or biology is likely to be concerning the manifestation of life in the heavenly bodies. It has to a considerable extent been anticipated or implied, in what has been stated already.

Life, as it exists on this globe, is compatible only with certain conditions, which may not be overstepped without causing its annihilation. The whole of these need not be enumerated, as the failure of one is as fatal to existence, as the absence of all. The three to which Sir John Herschel has referred, namely, difference in the quantity of heat and light reaching each globe; variation in the intensity of gravity at its surface; and in the quality of its component materials, may suffice to illustrate this. Light and heat are essential to the development and maintenance of earthly life, but their excess is as destructive to it as their deficiency. What, then, shall we say of the sun, whose heat we know by direct trial to be of such intensity that after great degradation or reduction, it can still melt the most infusible minerals, and dissipate every metal in vapor; and whose light is so intolerably brilliant, "that the most vivid flames disappear, and the most intensely ignited solids appear only as black spots on the disc of the sun, when held between it and the eye."\* If the temperature of the solid sphere or body of the sun be such as those phenomena imply, it must be the abode, if inhabited at all, of beings such as Sir Thomas Browne refers to, who can "lie immortal in the arms of fire." It is within possibility, however, that the body of the sun is black as midnight and cold as death, so that as the eye sees all things but itself, he illuminates every sphere but his own, and is light to other stars, but darkness to his own gaze. Or the light and heat of his blazing envelope, may be so tempered by the reflective clouds of his atmosphere, which throw them off into space, that an endless summer, a nightless summer-day,

\* Herschel's *Outlines of Astronomy*, p. 236.

reigns on his globe. Such an unbroken summer, however, though pleasant to dream of, would be no boon to terrestrial creatures, to whom night is as essential as day, and darkness and rest as light and action. The probabilities are all in favor of the temperature of the sun's solid sphere, being very high, nor will any reasonable hypothesis justify the belief that the economy of his system in relation to the distribution of light and heat can resemble ours.

We can assert this still more distinctly of the planets. We should be blinded with the glare and burnt up, if transported to Mercury, where the sun acts as if seven times hotter than on this earth; and we should shiver in the dark, and be frozen to death if removed to Uranus, where the sun is three hundred times colder than he is felt to be by us. To pass from Uranus to Mercury, would be to undergo in the latter exposure to a temperature some two thousand times higher than we had experienced in the former, whilst on this earth the range of existence lies within some two hundred degrees of the Fahrenheit thermometer.

As for our satellite, Sir John Herschel says of it, "The climate of the moon must be very extraordinary; the alternation being that of unmitigated and burning sunshine fiercer than an equatorial noon, continued for a whole fortnight, and the keenest severity of frost far exceeding that of our polar winters for an equal time." It would seem, then, that though all else were equal, the variations in amount of light and heat, would alone necessitate the manifestation of a non-terrestrial life, upon the sun, and the spheres which accompany the earth in its revolutions around it. All else, however, is not equal. The intensity of gravity at the surfaces of the different heavenly bodies differs enormously. At the sun it is nearly twenty-eight times greater than at the earth. "The efficacy of muscular power to overcome weight, is therefore proportionably nearly twenty-eight times less on the sun than on the earth. An ordinary man, for example, would not only be unable to sustain his own weight on the sun, but would literally be crushed to atoms under the load."\* "Again, the intensity of gravity, or its efficacy in counteracting muscular power, and repressing animal activity on Jupiter, is nearly two and a half times that on the earth, on Mars is not more than one-half, on the moon one-sixth, and on the smaller planets probably not more than one-twen-

tieth; giving a scale of which the extremes are in the proportion of sixty to one."†

From this account it appears, that we should be literally mercurial in Mercury, and saturnine in Saturn, but anything but jovial in Jupiter, where we should be two and a half times heavier and duller than here. On the smaller planets we should feel like swimmers in the Dead Sea, or as if in a bath of quicksilver, where to sink is impossible. "A man placed on one of them would spring with ease sixty feet high, and sustain no greater shock in his descent than he does on the earth from leaping a yard. On such planets giants might exist, and those enormous animals, which on earth require the buoyant power of water to counteract their weight, might there be denizens of the land."†. If the fixed stars be suns, of what ponderous adamant must the beings be fashioned, which exist on their surfaces! Were it possible for us, clothed in some frigorific asbestos garment, to endure unscathed the flames of Sirius, it would only be to be crushed to powder against his enormous globe. Here, then, is a second point of diversity, of itself sufficient to forbid the development of the earth-life we see here, on any other of the heavenly bodies.

And we do not require to enlarge upon the third point of diversity—variation in the chemical composition of the spheres. The absence of an atmosphere from the moon, and the peculiar characters of that of Jupiter and of the sun, have already been referred to as forbidding the appearance of terrestrial life under their skies. The impossibility of its manifestation on meteor-planets such as have reached our earth has also been sufficiently dwelt upon.

In the face of the immense diversity which has thus been shown to prevail through space, it should seem impossible to hold the belief, that the stars are all but so many Earths. The author of the "Vestiges," however, in his blind zeal for the nebular hypothesis of a common physical origin of all worlds, and solicitous to save God the trouble of taking care of his own universe, thinks otherwise.

"We see," says he, speaking as if the nebular hypothesis were an established fact, "that matter has originally been diffused in one mass, of which the spheres are portions. Consequently, *inorganic matter must be presumed to be everywhere the same*, although probably with differences in the proportions

\* Herschel's Outlines, p. 311.

\* Ibid.

† Ibid. p. 323.

of ingredients in different globes, and also some difference of conditions. Out of a certain number of the elements of inorganic matter are composed the elements of organic bodies, both vegetable and animal, *such must be the rule* in Jupiter and in Sirius as it is here. We are, therefore, *all but certain* that herbaceous and ligneous fibre, that flesh and blood, are the constituents of the organic beings of all those spheres which are as yet seats of life.\*

He proceeds a little further on to say, "Where there is light, there will be eyes; and these, in other spheres, will be the same in all respects as the eyes of tellurian animals, with only such differences as may be necessary to accord with minor peculiarities of condition and of situation. It is," he adds, "but a small stretch of the argument to suppose that one conspicuous organ of a large portion of our animal kingdom being thus universal, a parity in all the other organs,—species for species, class for class, kingdom for kingdom,—is highly likely, and that thus the inhabitants of all the other globes of space have not only a general but a particular resemblance to those of our own."† How baseless this reasoning is, with its "small stretch" at the close, we need not stop to demonstrate anew, but a few words may be added to enforce what has been stated already, in reference to the concluding argument concerning the relation of eyes to light.

It is a hasty and unwarrantable conclusion, that every illuminated globe must contain living eyes. On our own earth, there are many animals without organs of vision; so that we cannot conclude that eyes are a necessary reaction of light and life upon each other. Worlds may be supplied with light for other reasons than to endow their inhabitants with the faculty of sight. Our sun is a centre of many influences. We know at least three which may be separated from each other—light, heat, and what has been called actinic or chemical force; but probably electricity and magnetism also radiate from his orb. Terrestrial plants and animals are powerfully affected by most, probably by all of those; but the inhabitants of other spheres may not have organs enabling them to take advantage of more than some, perhaps only of one of the forces in question. On the other hand, the sun may be the source of agencies of which we know nothing, which are about us and yet do not af-

fect us, because we have no channels or senses by which they can find access to us. The dwellers in other planets may have organs of which we have no conception, enabling them to enjoy these, either as substitutes for the influences which affect us, or in addition to them.

Our sun, it is true, sends light to his several planets and their moons, but that they all make the same use of it is in no degree probable. They may, some of them at least, be "old in rayless blindness," yet not like Schiller's Proserpine, "aching for the gold-bright light in vain." They may have "knowledge at one entrance quite shut out;" but so likely enough have we, and at more entrances, perhaps, than one. The sun may impartially distribute the same gifts, though in unequal quantities, to his family; but it depends on each member of the circle what improvement is made of them. Mercury, who receives Benjamin's portion, may well be expected to show a different result from the newly-discovered, scantily-endowed Neptune, who has so long and so mysteriously tempted Uranus from his course. We would liken the different planets and satellites of our system to so many pieces of stained glass in a cathedral window; on every one, the same seven-tinted light falls, but the chemical composition, and molecular arrangement of each transparent sheet determines whether it turns to account the whole seven, and gleams white, or profits only by certain of them, and shows, in consequence, green or red, blue, purple, or yellow. If some tiny fly, whose dominion was limited to the inside of a single pane, should suppose that, as its kingdom was bathed in unchanging red, every other sheet of glass must be "vermilion tintured" also, because it knew that on every one the same light fell, it would greatly err, as we are wise enough to know. But we who are "crushed before the moth," probably err as widely, if we affirm that each of the planets is a mirror reflecting the sun in the same way. He is probably like a fountain, sending forth a river charged with many dissimilar substances, and each of the planets resembles a filter, separating from it what its construction enables it to retain, and what was intended and is fitted to be appropriated by it.

Even, however, if we should concede to our author that wherever there is light there will be eyes, surely a few more data are necessary, before a whole animal can be assumed. Can we infer that lungs or other breathing organs exist, unless we make it

\* Page 171.

† Page 172.

probable that there is an atmosphere to breathe? Can we take for granted wings of birds or of insects, unless we show that there is air to fan? or, may we count on the "hearing ear" before we establish that there is a gaseous or aqueous medium to transmit the undulations of sound? If there be no water, will there be paddles of whales or of turtles, or fins of fishes? If no carbon, will there be leaf, or stem of flower, or tree? If no lime, bone or skeleton of any animal? The existence of all these organs cannot be assumed merely because there is light. But, in truth, as little can organs of vision. For if there be no water, there can be no blood; and if no blood, then not even eyes, at least earthly eyes, however constant and brilliant the light may be.

The unequivocal testimony, then, of physical science, as it seems to us, is against the doctrine that life, as it appears on the stars, must be terrestrial in its nature, though we are far from wishing to affirm that planets closely resembling the earth may not occur in space. It is enough for our argument to show that there are myriads of stars, which, for the reasons already given, are altogether non-terrestrial in their characters.

It remains, then, to inquire whether we are to come to the conclusion, that the stars are uninhabited, inasmuch as terrestrial life is the only possible one, or to believe that there exists a diversified astral life which is manifested on them. Abstaining from anything like an attempt to define positively the probable characteristics of the latter, if it exist, we may say this much on the matter. There are fewer characters of universality in terrestrial life than in terrestrial chemistry. There is a plant-life and an animal-life, which are quite separable, and may exist apart, and there are different kinds of each. To mention but one example: the egg of the butterfly has one life, and the caterpillar which springs from it has another; and the chrysalis into which the caterpillar changes has a third, and the butterfly which rises from the chrysalis has a fourth; and so there may be worlds which know only a germinal, or a caterpillar, a chrysalis, or a butterfly life.

Further, in this world we see plants and the lowest animals possessing only the sense of touch, if the former can be said to be endowed even with that. Gradually as we ascend in the animal scale, additional senses are manifested, till four more appear in the highest animals. But who shall tell us that these five are the only possible, or even the only existing channels of communication with

the outer world? We might, besides the general argument from analogy against such a conception, refer to those agencies influencing living beings, which have been recognized for centuries as implying some super-sensuous relation to external nature. It would be unwise to allow the extravagances of animal magnetism to prevent us from recognizing the indications which several of its phenomena afford, of perceptions of outward things not easily referable to the operation of any of the known senses. Nevertheless, that so-called, and as yet questionable science, has, for a season at least, fallen into the hands of those with whom the gratification of wonder is a much greater object than the discovery of truth, and we fear to build much upon it. We can find, in another and quite unexceptionable quarter, a substantial foundation on which to assert the probability of life being manifested very differently in other spheres than it is in our own globe. We refer to the assurance which the New Testament gives us, that our human spirits are destined to occupy bodies altogether unlike our present ones.

From the remarkable way in which the Apostle Paul likens the "natural body" to a seed which is to be sown, and grow up a "spiritual body," one is led to believe that the immortal future tabernacle is to bear the same relation of difference, and yet of derivation to the present mortal one which a tree does to a seed. The one will be as unlike the other as the oak is unlike the acorn, though but in a sense the expansion of it.

Whether this be the doctrine or not which the Apostle teaches, it is at least certain, that he announces that a great and inconceivable alteration is to come over our bodies. Doubtless, our spirits are to be changed also, but more, as it seems, in the way of intensification of faculties, desires, passions, and affections—on the one hand, good, on the other, evil—which have been exercised or experienced, in their fainter manifestations, in the present state of existence, than by the introduction of positively new elements into our intellectual and moral being. We do not urge this point; it is enough if it be acknowledged to be a Scripture doctrine, that human spirits, reminiscent of their past history, and conscious of their identity, are, however otherwise changed, to occupy bodies totally unlike our present ones. If, however, it be supposed that the "spiritual" occupants of our future tabernacles are to differ totally from us, it only adds to the force of the argument, as it implies the greater diversity as

to the manner in which being may manifest itself. It is part, then, of the scheme of God's universe, that spirits clothed in non-earthly bodies shall dwell in it. It is idle, therefore, to say that terrestrial life is certainly the probable sidereal one, since it is not the only existing, or at least the only contemplated mode of being. In looking at the stars, as habitations of living creatures, we have at least two unlike examples of the way in which mind and matter admit of association to choose from, as patterns of what astral life may be. But the further lesson is surely taught us, that there may exist other manifestations of life than only these two. For, the spell of simplicity once broken by a single variation, we know not how many more to expect, whilst the conclusion is not to be resisted, that other variations there will be. The same Apostle who dwells on the resurrection, tells us, in reference to the happy dead, that "eye hath not seen, nor ear heard, neither have entered into the heart of man, the things which God hath prepared for them that love him." They are not only, therefore, to have bodily organs different from ours, but these are to be gratified by sights which our eyes have not witnessed, by sounds to which our ears have never listened, and by a perception of phenomena inconceiv-

able by us. There are here indicated the two great elements of variety to which we have already referred; a theatre of existence totally unlike the present one, and organs of relation to it different from those of terrestrial beings.

The argument might be greatly extended, but we cannot attempt here an exhaustive discussion of the subject. The sum of the whole discussion is this:—Astronomy declares that there are unlike theatres of existence in the heavens,—suns, moons, and planets; Chemistry demonstrates that different kinds of construction, that of the earth, and those of the meteoric stones, prevail through space; Physiology contemplates the possibility of a non-terrestrial life unfolding itself in the stars; and the Bible reveals to us, that there is an immortal heavenly, as well as a mortal earthly life.

The consideration of all this leaves no place for the thought, that the tide of life which ebbs and flows through the universe, is but the undulation of so many streamlets identical with that which bathes the shores of our globe. In our Father's house are many mansions, and the Great Shepherd watches over countless flocks, and has other sheep which are not of this fold.

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## LOVE.

BY W. H. D.

**SURELY** love is a blessed emotion,  
That seeks every heart for its throne;  
There to reign in the deepest devotion,  
To the most sacred joys that are known:  
Then love, while thy spirit is sighing  
For the beautiful, holy, and true;  
And believe, whether living or dying,  
In its power to save and subdue.

Ever cling, with the sweetest affection,  
To the kindred with which thou art blest;  
And let no unkind recollections  
Be ever retained in thy breast;  
It causes the deepest dejection,  
Sweet honey it turns into gall,  
When Time, o'er the graves of affection,  
Is suffered to tread with his pall.

Love thy friend, love thy foe and thy neighbor,  
The suffering, poor, and distressed,  
And ever be willing to labor  
For the good of thy brother oppressed;  
Love the slave in his deep degradation,  
Love the master, and grieve o'er his fall,  
But denounce with a stern indignation  
The sin, that in chains would enthrall.

Love thy country and every other;  
Cherish sympathies open and free;  
Wherever man dwells, find a brother,  
Whom God has related to thee:  
In love to thy Father in Heaven,  
Through love for thy Saviour, His Son,  
Let thy soul's highest powers be given,  
And pray that His will may be done.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## LYCANTHROPY.

WHOEVER has read the "Arabian Nights' Entertainments" will be acquainted with the words goul and vampyre. A goul was believed to be a being in the human form, who frequented graveyards and cemeteries, where it disinterred, tore to pieces, and devoured the bodies buried there. A vampyre was a dead person, who came out of his grave at night to suck the blood of the living, and whoever was so sucked became a vampyre in his turn when he died. Both these persuasions have been rejected by the modern scientific world as altogether unworthy of credence or inquiry, although, about a century ago, the exploits of vampyres created such a sensation in Hungary, that they reached the ears of Louis XV., who directed his minister at Vienna to report upon them. In a newspaper of that period there appeared a paragraph to the effect that Arnold Paul, a native of Madveiga, being crushed to death by a wagon, and buried, had since become a vampyre, and that he had himself been previously bitten by one. The authorities being informed of the terror his visits were occasioning, and several persons having died with all the symptoms of vampyrism, his grave was solemnly opened; and although he had been in it forty days, the body was like that of a living man. To cure his roving propensities a stake was driven into it, whereupon he uttered a cry; after which his head was cut off, and the body burnt. Four other bodies which had died from the consequences of his bites, and which were found in the same perfectly healthy condition, were served in a similar manner; and it was hoped that these vigorous measures would extinguish the mischief. But no such thing: the evil continued more or less, and five years afterwards was so rife, that the authorities determined to make a thorough clearance of these troublesome individuals. On this occasion a vast number of graves were opened of persons of all ages and both sexes; and strange to say, the bodies of all those accused of plaguing the living by their nocturnal visits were found in the vampyre state—full of

blood, and free from every symptom of death. The documents which record these transactions bear the date of June 7, 1732, and are signed and witnessed by three surgeons and other creditable persons. The facts, in short, are indubitable, though what interpretation to put upon them remains extremely difficult. One that has been suggested is, that all these supposed vampyres were persons who had fallen into a state of catalepsy or trance, and been buried alive. However this may be, the mystery is sufficiently perplexing; and the more so, that through the whole of Eastern Europe innumerable instances of the same kind of thing have occurred, whilst each language has an especial word to designate it.

That which in the East is called "goulism" has in the West been denominated "lycanthropy," or "wolfomania;" and this phenomenon, as well as vampyrism, has been treated of by numerous ancient authors; and though latterly utterly denied and scouted, was once very generally believed.

There are various shades and degrees of lycanthropy. In some cases the lycanthrope declares that he has the power of transforming himself into a wolf, in which disguise—his tastes corresponding to his form—he delights in feeding on human flesh; and in the public examinations of these unhappy individuals there was no scarcity of witnesses to corroborate their confessions. In other instances there was no transformation, and the lycanthrope appears more closely to resemble a goul.

In the year 1803, a case of lycanthropy was brought before the parliament of Bordeaux. The person accused was a boy of fourteen, called Jean Grenier, who herded cattle. Several witnesses, chiefly young girls, came forward as his accusers, declaring that he had attacked and wounded them in the disguise of a wolf, and would have killed them but for the vigorous defence they made with sticks. Jean Grenier himself avowed the crime, confessing to having killed and eaten several children; and the father of the children confirmed all he said. Jean Grenier,

however, appears to have been little removed from an idiot.

In the fifteenth century lycanthropy prevailed extensively amongst the Vaudois, and many persons suffered death for it; but as no similar case seems to have been heard of for a long while, lycanthropy and goulism were set down amongst the superstitions of the East, and the follies and fables of the dark ages. A circumstance, however, has just now come to light in France that throws a strange and unexpected light upon this curious subject. The account we are going to give is drawn from a report of the investigation before a council of war, held on the 10th of the present month (July 1849), Colonel Manselon president. It is remarked that the court was extremely crowded, and that many ladies were present.

The facts of this mysterious affair, as they came to light in the examinations, are as follows:—For some months past the cemeteries in and around Paris have been the scenes of a frightful profanation, the authors of which had succeeded in eluding all the vigilance that was exerted to detect them. At one time the guardians or keepers of these places of burial were themselves suspected; at others, the odium was thrown on the surviving relations of the dead.

The cemetery of Père la Chaise was the first field of these horrible operations. It appears that for a considerable time the guardians had observed a mysterious figure flitting about by night amongst the tombs, on whom they never could lay their hands. As they approached, he disappeared like a phantom; and even the dogs that were let loose, and urged to seize him, stopped short, and ceased to bark, as if they were transfixed by a charm. When morning broke, the ravages of this strange visitant were but too visible—graves had been opened, coffins forced, and the remains of the dead, frightfully torn and mutilated, lay scattered upon the earth. Could the surgeons be the guilty parties? No. A member of the profession being brought to the spot, declared that no scientific knife had been there; but certain parts of the human body might be required for anatomical studies, and the gravediggers might have violated the tombs to obtain money by the sale of them. . . . The watch was doubled; but to no purpose. A young soldier was one night seized in a tomb, but he declared he had gone there to meet his sweetheart, and had fallen asleep; and as he evinced no trepidation, they let him go.

At length these profanations ceased in

Père la Chaise, but it was not long before they were renewed in another quarter. A suburban cemetery was the new theatre of operations. A little girl, aged seven years, and much loved by her parents, died. With their own hands they laid her in her coffin, attired in the frock she delighted to wear on fête days, and with her favorite playthings beside her; and accompanied by numerous relatives and friends, they saw her laid in the earth. On the following morning it was discovered that the grave had been violated, the body torn from the coffin, frightfully mutilated, and the heart extracted. There was no robbery: the sensation in the neighborhood was tremendous; and in the general terror and perplexity, suspicion fell on the broken-hearted father, whose innocence, however, was easily proved. Every means were taken to discover the criminal; but the only result of the increased surveillance was, that the scene of profanation was removed to the cemetery of Mont Parnasse, where the exhumations were carried to such an extent, that the authorities were at their wits' end. Considering, by the way, that all these cemeteries are surrounded by walls, and have iron gates, which are kept closed, it certainly seems very strange that any goul or vampyre of solid flesh and blood should have been able to pursue his vocation so long undiscovered. However, so it was; and it was not till they bethought themselves of laying a snare for this mysterious visitor that he was detected. Having remarked a spot where the wall, though nine feet high, appeared to have been frequently scaled, an old officer contrived a sort of *infernal machine*, with a wire attached to it, which he so arranged that it should explode if any one attempted to enter the cemetery at that point. This done, and a watch being set, they thought themselves now secure of their purpose. Accordingly, at midnight an explosion roused the guardians, who perceived a man already in the cemetery; but before they could seize him, he had leaped the wall with an agility that confounded them; and although they fired their pieces after him, he succeeded in making his escape. But his footsteps were marked by the blood that had flowed from his wounds, and several scraps of military attire were picked up on the spot. Nevertheless, they seem to have been still uncertain where to seek the offender, till one of the gravediggers of Mont Parnasse, whilst preparing the last resting-place of two criminals about to be executed, chanced to overhear some sappers of the 74th regiment remark-

ing that one of their sergeants had returned on the preceding night cruelly wounded, nobody knew how, and had been conveyed to the Val de Grace, which is a military hospital. A little inquiry now soon cleared up the mystery; and it was ascertained that Sergeant Bertrand was the author of all the profanations, and of many others of the same description previous to his arrival in Paris.

Supported on crutches, wrapped in a gray cloak, pale and feeble, Bertrand was now brought forward for examination; nor was there anything in the countenance or appearance of this young man indicative of the fearful monomania of which he is the victim; for the whole tenor of his confession proves that in no other light is his horrible propensity to be considered.

In the first place, he freely acknowledged himself the author of these violations of the dead both in Paris and elsewhere.

"What object did you propose to yourself in committing these acts?" inquired the president.

"I cannot tell," replied Bertrand: "it was a horrible impulse. I was driven to it against my own will: nothing could stop or deter me. I cannot describe nor understand myself what my sensations were in tearing and rending these bodies."

*President.* And what did you do after one of these visits to a cemetery?

*Bertrand.* I withdrew, trembling convulsively, feeling a great desire for repose. I fell asleep, no matter where, and slept for several hours; but during this sleep I *heard everything that passed around me!* I have sometimes exhumed from ten to fifteen bodies in a night. I dug them up with my hands, which were often torn and bleeding with the labor I underwent; but I minded nothing, so that I could get at them. The guardians fired at me one night and wounded me, but that did not prevent my returning the next. This desire seized me generally about once a fortnight.

He added, that he had had no access of this propensity since he was in the hospital, but that he would not be sure it might not return when his wounds were healed. Still he hoped not. "I think I am cured," said he. "I had never seen any one die; in the hospital I have seen several of my comrades expire by my side. I believe I am cured, for now I fear the dead."

The surgeons who attended him were then examined, and one of them read a sort of memoir he had received from Bertrand, which contained the history of his malady as far as his memory served him.

From these notes, it appears that there had been something singular and abnormal about him from the time he was seven or eight years old. It was not so much in acts, as in his love of solitude and his profound melancholy that the aberration was exhibited; and it was not till two years ago that his frightful peculiarity fully developed itself. Passing a cemetery one day, where the gravediggers were covering a body that had just been interred, he entered to observe them. A violent shower of rain interrupted their labors, which they left unfinished. "At this sight," says Bertrand, "horrible desires seized me: my head throbbed, my heart palpitated violently; I excused myself to my companions, and returned hastily into town. No sooner did I find myself alone, than I procured a spade, and returned to the cemetery. I had just succeeded in exhuming the body, when I saw a peasant watching me at the gate. Whilst he went to inform the authorities of what he had seen, I withdrew, and retiring into a neighboring wood, I laid myself down, and in spite of the torrents of rain that were falling, I remained there in a state of profound insensibility for several hours."

From this period he appears to have given free course to his inclinations; but as he generally covered the mutilated remains with earth again, it was some time before his proceedings excited observation. He had many narrow escapes of being taken or killed by the pistols of the guardians; but his agility seems to have been almost superhuman.

To the living he was gentle and kind, and was especially beloved in his regiment for his frankness and gaiety!

The medical men interrogated unanimously gave it as their opinion, that although in all other respects perfectly sane, Bertrand was not responsible for these acts. He was sentenced to a year's imprisonment, during which time measures will doubtless be taken to complete his cure.

In relating this curious case of the *Vampire*, as he is called in Paris, where the affair has excited considerable attention, especially in the medical world, we have omitted several painful and disgusting particulars; but we have said enough to prove that, beyond a doubt, there has been some good foundation for the ancient belief in goulism and lycanthropy; and that the books of Dr. Weir and others, in which the existence of this malady is contemptuously denied, have been put forth without due investigation of the subject.



From the Quarterly Review.

## BRITANNIA AND CONWAY TUBULAR BRIDGES.

*General Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges on the Chester and Holyhead Railway.* Published, with the permission of Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer, by a Resident Assistant. Pp. 34. London. 1849.

We offer to our readers a short descriptive outline of the aerial passages through which it is proposed by the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway, that the public shall, without cuneiform sustentation, fly across the Menai Straits.

We shall divide our subject into the following compartments:—

1. The principle upon which the Britannia Bridge is constructed.
2. The mode of its construction.
3. The floating of its tubes.
4. The manner in which they were subsequently raised.
5. Mr. Fairbairn's complaint that Mr. Robert Stephenson has deprived him "of a considerable portion of the merit of the construction of the Conway and Britannia Bridges."

### I. PRINCIPLE OF THE PROPOSED PASSAGE.

—In the construction of a railway from Chester to Holyhead, the great difficulty which its projectors had to contend with was to discover by what means, if any, long trains of passengers and of goods could, at undiminished speed, be safely transported across that great tidal chasm which separates Carnarvon from the island of Anglesey. To solve this important problem the Company's engineer was directed most carefully to reconnoitre the spot; and as the picture of a man struggling with adversity has always been deemed worthy of a moment's attention, we will endeavor to sketch a rough outline of the difficulties which one after another must have attracted Mr. Robert Stephenson's attention, as on the Anglesey side of the Menai Straits he stood in mute contemplation of the picturesque but powerful adversaries he was required to encounter.

Immediately in his front, and gradually rising toward the clouds above him, were the lofty snow-capped mountains of Snow-

don, along the sides of which, or through which, the future railroad, sometimes in bright sunshine and sometimes in utter darkness, was either to meander or to burrow.

Beneath him were the deep Menai Straits, in length above 12 miles, through which, imprisoned between precipitous shores, the waters of the Irish Sea and of St. George's Channel are not only everlastingly vibrating backward and forward, but at the same time, and from the same cause, are progressively rising or falling from 20 to 25 feet with each successive tide, which, varying its period of high water every day, forms altogether an endless succession of aqueous changes.

The point of the Straits which it was desired to cross—although broader than that about a mile distant, pre-occupied by Mr. Telford's Suspension-bridge—was of course one of the narrowest that could be selected; in consequence of which the ebbing and flowing torrent rushes through it with such violence that except where there is back-water, it is often impossible for a small boat to pull against it; besides which, the gusts of wind which come over the tops, down the ravines, and round the sides of the neighboring mountains, are so sudden, and occasionally so violent, that it is as dangerous to sail as it is difficult to row; in short, the wind and the water, sometimes playfully, and sometimes angrily, seem to vie with each other—like some of Shakspeare's fairies—in exhibiting before the stranger the utmost variety of fantastic changes which it is in the power of each to assume.

But in addition to the petty annoyances which air, earth, and water could either separately or conjointly create, the main difficulty which Mr. Stephenson had to encounter was from a new but irresistible element in Nature, an "orbis veteribus incog-

nitus," termed in modern philosophy *The First Lord*, or, generically, *The Admiralty*.

The principal stipulation which the requirements of War, and the interests of Commerce, very reasonably imposed upon Science was, that the proposed passage across the Menai Straits should be constructed a good hundred feet above high-water level, to enable large vessels to sail beneath it; and as a codicil to this will it was moreover required that, in the construction of the said passage, neither scaffolding nor centering should be used—as they, it was explained, would obstruct the navigation of the Straits.

Although the latter stipulation, namely, that of constructing a large superstructure without foundation, was generally considered by engineers as amounting almost to a prohibition, Mr. Stephenson, after much writhing of mind, extricated himself from the difficulty by the design of a most magnificent bridge of two cast-iron arches, each of which commencing, or, as it is termed, springing, 50 feet above the water, was to be 450 feet broad, and 100 feet high—the necessity for centering being very ingeniously dispensed with by connecting together the half arches on each side of the centre pier, so as to cause them to counterbalance each other like two boys quietly seated on the opposite ends of a plank, supported only in the middle. This project, however, which on very competent authority has been termed "one of the most beautiful structures ever invented," the Admiralty rejected, because the stipulated height of 100 feet would only be attained under the *crown* of the arch, instead of extending across the *whole* of the watercourse. It was also contended that such vast cast-iron arches would take the wind out of vessels' sails, and, as a further objection, that they would inevitably be much affected by alternations of temperature.

Although this stern and unanticipated demand, that the passage *throughout its whole length* should be of the specified height, appeared to render success almost hopeless, it was evidently useless to oppose it. The man of science had neither the power nor the will to contend against men of war, and accordingly Mr. Stephenson felt that his best, and indeed only, course was—like poor little Oliver Twist when brought before his parish guardians—"TO BOW TO THE BOARD;" and we beg leave to bow to it too, for, gnarled as were its requirements, and flat as were its refusals, it succeeded, at a cost to the Company to which we will subsequently refer, in effecting two great objects:—first, the mainte-

nance for ever, for the purposes of War and Commerce, of an uninterrupted passage for vessels of all nations sailing through the Menai Straits; and secondly, the forcing an eminent engineer to seek until he found that which was required; in fact, just as a collision between a rough flint and a piece of highly-tempered steel elicits from the latter a spark which could not otherwise have appeared, so did the rugged stipulations of the Admiralty elicit from Science a most brilliant discovery, which possibly, and indeed probably, would never otherwise have come to light.

But to return to the Anglesey shore of the Menai Straits.

When Mr. Stephenson, after many weary hours of rumination in his London study, beheld vividly portrayed before him the physical difficulties with which he had to contend in the breadth and rapidity of the stream; when he estimated not only the ordinary violence of a gale of wind, but the paroxysms or squalls which in the chasm before him, occasionally,—like the Erle King terrifying the "poor baby,"—convulsed even the tempest in its career; and lastly, when he reflected that, in constructing a passage so high above the water, he was to be allowed neither centerings, scaffoldings, nor arches, it occurred to him, almost as intuitively as a man when his house is on fire at once avails himself of the means left him for escape, that the only way in which he could effect his object was by constructing in some way or other, at the height required, a straight passage, which, on the principle of a common beam, would be firm enough to allow railway trains to pass and repass without oscillation, danger, or even the shadow of risk; and it of course followed that an aerial road of this description should be composed of the strongest and lightest material; that its form should be that best suited for averting the wind; and lastly, that no expense should be spared to protect the public from the awful catastrophe that would result from the rupture of this "baseless fabric" during the passage over it of a train.

It need hardly be stated that, whatever might be the result of Mr. Stephenson's abstract calculations on these points, his practical decision was one that necessarily involved the most painful responsibility; which indeed, if possible, was increased by the reflection that the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway placed such implicit confidence in his judgment and caution that they were prepared to adopt almost whatever ex-

pedient he might, on mature consideration, recommend.

In war, the mangled corpse of the projector of an enterprise is usually considered a sufficient atonement for his want of success; indeed, the leader of the forlorn-hope, who dies in the breach, is not only honorably re-collected by his survivors, but by a glorious resurrection occasionally lives in the History of his country; but when a man of science fails in an important undertaking involving the capital of his employers and the lives of the public, in losing his reputation he loses that which *never can be revived!*

Unawed, however, by these reflections, Mr. Stephenson after mature calculations—in which his practical experience of iron-shipbuilding must have greatly assisted him—confidently announced, first to his employers and afterward to a Committee of the House of Commons, by whom he was rigidly examined, that he had devised the means of accomplishing that which was required; and further, that he was ready to execute his design.

The great difficulty had been in the conception and gestation of his project; and thus his severest mental labor was over before the work was commenced, and while the stream, as it hurried through the Menai Straits, as yet saw not on its banks a single workman.

The outline or principle of his invention was, that the required passage of passengers and goods across the Conway and Menai Straits should be effected through low, long, hollow, straight tubes—one for up-trains, the other for down ones—composed of wrought-iron “boiler-plates,” firmly riveted together. He conceived that, in order to turn aside the force of the wind, these tubes ought, like common water-pipes, to be made oval or elliptical, and that they should be constructed at their final elevation on temporary platforms, upheld by chains which—notwithstanding the evident objection, in theory as well as in practice, to an admixture of moveable and immoveable parts—might of course subsequently be allowed to give to the bridge an auxiliary support, although Mr. Stephenson’s experience enabled him to declare to the Committee of the House of Commons very positively that no such extra assistance would be required. He proposed that the extremities of the tubes should rest on stout abutments of masonry, terminating the large embankment by which from either side of the country each was to be approached; the intermediate portions of the aerial passage

reposing at the requisite elevation upon three massive and lofty towers. Of these one was to be constructed at high-water mark on each side of the Straits. The third, no less than 210 feet in height, was to be erected as nearly as possible in the middle of the stream, on a tiny rock, which, covered with 10 feet of water at high tide, although at low water it protruded above the surface, had long been considered as a grievance by boatmen and travelers incompetent to foresee the important service it was destined to perform.

The four lengths of each of the twin tubes, when supported as described, were to be as follows:—

	FEET.
From Carnarvon embankment, terminating in its abutment, to the tower at high-water mark	274
From the latter tower to Britannia tower, situated upon Britannia rock in the middle of the stream	472
From Britannia tower to that at high-water mark on the Anglesey shore	472
From the Anglesey tower to the abutment terminating the embankment which approaches it	274
Total length of each tube	1492
Total length of both tubes	2984

Notwithstanding the bare proposal of this magnificent conception was unanswerable evidence of the confidence which the projector himself entertained of its principles, yet, in justice to his profession, to his employers, to the public, as well as to himself, Mr. Stephenson deemed it proper to recommend that, during the construction of the towers and other necessary preparations, a series of searching experiments should be made by the most competent persons that could be selected, in order to ascertain the precise shape and thickness of the immense wrought-iron aerial galleries that were to be constructed, as also the exact amount of weight they would practically bear. In short, the object of the proposed experiments was to insure that neither more nor less materials should be used than were absolutely requisite, it being evident that every pound of unnecessary weight that could be abstracted would, *pro tanto*, add to the strength and security of the structure.

Although it was foreseen, and very candidly foretold, that these experiments would be exceedingly expensive, the Directors of the Company readily acceded to the requisition, and accordingly, without loss of time,

the proposed investigation was, at Mr. Stephenson's recommendation, solely confided to Mr. William Fairbairn, a shipbuilder and boiler-maker, who was justly supposed to possess more practical experience of the power and strength of iron than any other person that could have been selected. Mr. Fairbairn, however, after having conducted several very important investigations, deemed it necessary to apply to Mr. Stephenson for permission "to call in the aid and assistance of Mr. Hodgkinson," a powerful mathematician, now professor in the University of London, and whom Mr. Stephenson, in his report to the Directors, dated Feb. 9, 1846, declared to be "distinguished as the first scientific authority on the strength of iron-beams." To these two competent authorities Mr. Stephenson subsequently added one of his own confidential assistants, Mr. Edwin Clark, a practical engineer of the highest mathematical attainments, who regularly recorded and reported to Mr. Stephenson the result of every experiment—to whom the construction and lifting of the Britannia galleries were eventually solely intrusted,—and by whom an elaborate description of that work is about to be published.\*

The practicability of Mr. Stephenson's hollow-beam project having thus, at his own suggestion, been subjected to a just and rigid investigation, we shall have the pleasure of briefly detailing a few of the most interesting and unexpected results; previous, however, to doing so, we will endeavor to offer to those of our readers who may not be conversant with the subject a short practical explanation of the simple principle upon which a beam, whether of wood or iron, is enabled to support the weight inflicted upon it.

If human beings can but attain what they desire, they seldom alloy the gratification they receive by reflecting—even for a moment—on the sufferings which their fellow-

creatures may have undergone in procuring for them the luxury in question. Dives sometimes extols his coals, his wine, his food, his raiment, his house, his carriages, and his horses, and yet how seldom does he either allude to or ruminate on the hardships and misery which, for his enjoyment, have been endured in coal-pits, lead-mines, sugar-plantations, cotton-fields, manufactories, smelt-houses, in horticultural and agricultural labor, by the sons and daughters of Lazarus!—and if this heartless apathy characterizes human beings with reference to each other, it may naturally enough be expected that, provided *inanimate* objects answer our purpose, we think not of them at all. For instance, if a beam without bending or cracking bears—as it usually does—the weight which the builder has imposed upon it, who cares how it suffers or where it suffers?

For want, therefore, of a few moments' reflection on this subject, most people, in looking up at a common ceiling-girder, consider that the corresponding upper and lower parts thereof must at all events, *pari passu*, suffer equally; whereas these upper and lower strata suffer from causes as diametrically opposite to each other as the climates of the pole and of the equator of the earth; that is to say, the top of the beam throughout its whole length suffers from severe compression, the bottom from severe extension, and thus, while the particles of the one are violently jammed together, the particles of the other are on the point of separation; in short, the difference between the two is precisely that which exists between the opposite punishments of vertically crushing a man to death under a heavy weight, and of horizontally tearing him to pieces by horses!

Now this theory, confused as it may appear in words, can at once be simply and most beautifully illustrated by a common small straight stick freshly cut from a living shrub.

In its natural form the bark or rind around the stick is equally smooth or quiescent throughout; whereas, if the little bough firmly held in each hand be bent downward, so as to form a bow, or, in other words, to represent a beam under heavy pressure, two opposite results will instantly appear; namely, the rind in the centre of the upper half of the stick will, like a smile puckering on an old man's face, be crumpled up; while on the opposite side, immediately beneath, it will, like the unwrinkled cheeks of Boreas, be severely distended—thus denoting or rather demonstrating what we have stated,

\* "With the sanction, and under the immediate supervision of Robert Stephenson, Civil Engineer. A Description of the Britannia and Conway Tubular Bridges; including an Historical Account of the Design and Erection, and Details of the Preliminary Experiments, with the Theories deduced from them. Also, General Inquiries on Beams, and on the Application of Riveted Wrought-Iron Plates to Purposes of Construction; with Practical Rules and Deductions, illustrated by Experiments. By Edwin Clark, Assistant Engineer. With Diagrams and a folio volume of Plates and Drawings, illustrative of the Progress of the Works. London: Published for the Author, by John Weale, 59, High Holborn, 1849."

namely, that beneath the rind the wood of the upper part of the stick is severely compressed, while that underneath it is as violently stretched; indeed, if the little experiment be continued by bending the bow till it breaks, the splinters of the upper fracture will be seen to interlace or cross each other, while those beneath will be divorced by a chasm.

But it is evident on reflection that these opposite results of compression and extension must, as they approach each other, respectively diminish in degrees, until in the middle of the beam, termed by mathematicians "its neutral axis," the two antagonist forces, like the anger of the Kilkenny cats, or, rather, like still-water between tide and backstream, become neutralized, and, the laminæ of the beam consequently offering no resistance either to the one power or to the other, they are literally useless.

As therefore it appears that the main strength of a beam consists in its power to resist compression and extension, and that the middle is comparatively useless, it follows that in order to obtain the greatest possible amount of strength, the given quantity of material to be used should be accumulated at the top and bottom where the strain is the greatest—or in plain terms, the middle of the beam, whether of wood or iron, should be bored out. All iron girders, all beams in houses, in fact all things in domestic or naval architecture that bear weight, are subject to the same law.

The reader has now before him the simple philosophical principle upon which Mr. Stephenson, when he found that he was to be allowed neither scaffolding, centering, nor arches; determined to undertake to convey at undiminished speed the Chester and Holyhead Railway's passenger and goods traffic across the Conway and Menai Straits through hollow tubes instead of attempting to do so upon solid beams; and as a striking and perhaps a startling exemplification of the truth of his theory, it may be stated that although his plate-iron galleries, suspended by the tension as well as supported by the compression of their materials, have on mature calculations been constructed to bear nearly nine times the amount of the longest railway train that could possibly pass through them, (namely, one of their own length,) yet if, instead of being hollow, they had been a *solid* iron beam of the same dimensions, they would not only have been unable to sustain the load required, but would actually have been bent by—or, metaphorically,

would have fainted under—their own weight!

*Experiments.*—One of the most interesting and important results of the preliminary investigations so ably conducted by Mr. Fairbairn and his friend and associate, Mr. Hodgkinson, was the astonishing difference found to exist between the power of cast and that of wrought iron to resist compression and extension. From the experience which engineers and builders had obtained in imposing weights upon cast-iron girders of all shapes and sizes, it had long been considered almost a mechanical axiom that iron possessed greater power to resist compression than extension; whereas, Mr. Fairbairn's experiments, to his surprise as well as to that of all who witnessed them, most clearly demonstrated that, after bearing a certain amount of weight, the resisting properties of cast and of wrought iron are diametrically opposite; in short, the results in figures proved to be nearly as follows:—

*Cast-iron* can resist per square inch—

Compression of from 35 to 49 tons.

Extension of " 3 7

*Wrought-iron* can resist per square inch—

Compression of from 12 to 13 tons.

Extension of " 16 to 18

The unexpected results thus obtained were of incalculable practical value; for, if the preliminary experiments proposed by Mr. Stephenson had not been made, he, Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, Mr. Clark, and indeed all the eminent engineers and mathematicians of the present day would—on the correct principle of everywhere adjusting the thickness of iron to the force it has to resist—have erroneously concurred in recommending that the proposed *wrought*-iron tubes for crossing the Conway and Menai Straits should be constructed stronger at bottom than at top, instead of, as it appears they ought to be, stronger at top than at bottom—in consequence of which error the aerial gallery would have been improperly weakened in one part by an amount of iron which would have unscientifically overloaded it at another, and thus, like Falstaff's "increasing belly and decreasing legs," the huge mass, with diminished strength, would have labored under unnecessary weight.

By continuing with great patience and ability the experiments above referred to, it was finally ascertained that the relative strength of *wrought* iron in the top and bottom of the tubes should be in the proportion of about 5 to 4; and whereas, had they been constructed of *cast* iron, these proportions

would have been reversed in the higher proportion of nearly 5 to 1, it may reasonably be asked why, if the latter material bears compression so much better than the former, it was not selected for the top of the tube? In theory this adjustment of the two metals to the force which each was peculiarly competent to resist, would have been perfectly correct. It, however, could not practically be effected, from the difficulty of casting as well as of connecting together plates 10 and 12 feet in length of the very slight thicknesses required. Mr. Stephenson, therefore, adhered to his determination to make the whole of his aerial galleries of wrought iron; and we may here observe that, to ensure the public from accident, he further resolved, that the amount of the force of extension upon them should be limited to only one-third of their power of resistance, that of compression to one-half—the reason of the difference being that, inasmuch as any little flaw in the iron would infinitely more impair its power to resist extension than compression, it was evidently safer to approximate the limits of the latter than of the former.

As the exact strength of a hollow wrought-iron tube such as was proposed was unknown to engineers, it was deemed necessary by Mr. Stephenson that its form as well as the disposition of its materials should be correctly ascertained. This portion of the investigation Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues with great care and ability conducted by subjecting tubes of different shapes to a series of experiments, the results of which were briefly as follows:—

1. *Cylindrical tubes*, on being subjected to nine very severe trials, failed successively by collapsing at the top—or, in other words, by evincing inability to resist compression;—the tube, losing its shape, gradually became elongated or lantern-jawed, while the two extremities were observed to flatten or bulge out sideways—besides which the ends, which for precaution sake rested on concentric wooden beds, invariably bent inward.

2. *Elliptical tubes*, with thick plates riveted to the top and bottom, had been particularly recommended for experiment by Mr. Stephenson. These tubes under heavy pressure displayed greater stiffness and strength than round or cylindrical ones; but, after being subjected to a variety of torturing experiments of a most ingenious description, they all evinced comparative weakness in the top to resist compression. They likewise exhibited considerable distortions of form.

3. A family weakness in the head having been thus detected in all models circular at bottom and top, *rectangular tubes* were in their turn next subjected to trial. As they at once appeared to indicate greater strength than either of the other two forms had done, a very elaborate and interesting investigation was pursued by Mr. Fairbairn, who, by the light of his experiments, soon satisfied himself of the superiority of this form over the other two; and as every successive test confirmed the fact, he continued his search with an energy that has only since been equaled by the American judge who, it is said, on arriving at California, deserted the bench for the “diggings.”

The following is an abstract of the important result of about forty experiments made by Messrs. Fairbairn, Hodgkinson, and Clark, on the comparative strength of circular, elliptical, and rectangular tubes:—*Circular*, 13; *Elliptical*, 15; *Rectangular*, 21.

As soon as the rectangular was by the investigation recommended by Mr. Stephenson clearly ascertained to be the best form of hollow tube that could be selected, the next important problem to be determined by experiment was what amount of strength should be given to it, or, in other words, what should be the thickness of its top and bottom, in which, as we have shown, consisted its main power,

The investigations on this subject soon demonstrated that if, instead of obtaining this thickness by riveting together two or three layers of plates, they were, on the principle of the beam itself, placed in horizontal strata a foot or two asunder—the included hollow space being subdivided by small vertical plates into rectangular passages or flues extending along the whole top as well as bottom of the tube—an immense addition of strength, with very nearly the same weight of material, would be obtained.

This adaptation proving highly advantageous, it was deemed advisable by Mr. Stephenson that further experiments should be made by Mr. Fairbairn and his colleagues to determine finally the precise form and proportions of the great tubes. For this object an entirely new model tube, one-sixth of the dimensions of the intended Britannia Bridge, was very carefully constructed; and the cellular tops and bottoms thereof, as well as the sides, were subjected to a series of experiments until the exact equilibrium of resistance to compression and extension, as also the variations in the thicknesses of the plates,

in the several parts of the tube as they approached or receded from different points of support, were most accurately ascertained.

In these as well as in all the previous experiments the trial tubes were loaded till they gave way—the results being accurately recorded and transmitted by Mr. Clark to Mr. Stephenson, who in return confidentially assisted Mr. C. with his opinion and advice. From the fibrous nature of wrought iron, as compared with the crystalline composition of the cast metal, the tendency to rupture in most of these experiments was slow and progressive. Destruction was never instantaneous, as in cast iron, but it advanced gradually; the material, for some time before absolute rupture took place, emitting an unmistakeable warning noise; just as a camel, while kneeling on the burning sandy desert, and while writhing his head from one side to the other, snarls, grunts, grumbles and groans louder and louder, as his swarthy turban-headed owners keep relentlessly adding package after package to his load.

Although it can mathematically be shown that the two sides of a thin hollow tube are of but little use except to keep the tops and bottoms at their duty—the power of resistance of the latter being, however, enormously increased by the distance that separates them—it was nevertheless necessary to ascertain the precise amount of lateral strength necessary to prevent the aerial gallery writhing from storms of wind. The riveting process was likewise subjected to severe trial, as also the best form and application of the slender ribs termed “angle-irons,” by which not only the plates were to be firmly connected, but the tube itself materially strengthened—in fact, the angle-irons were to be its bones, the thin plate-iron covering being merely its skin.

Mr. Stephenson had two main objects in instituting the investigations we have detailed. First, to determine by actual experiment what amount of strength *could* be given to his proposed galleries; and, secondly, of that maximum *how much* it would be proper for him to exert. And as his decisions on these subjects will probably be interesting to our readers, most especially to that portion of them whose fortunes or fate may doom them occasionally to fly through his baseless fabric, we will endeavor very briefly to explain the calculations on which they appear to have been based.

As a common railway train weighs upon an average less than a ton per foot,—as the greatest distances between the towers of the Britannia Bridge amount each to 460 feet,—

and as it is a well-known mathematical axiom among builders and engineers that any description of weight spread equally along a beam produces the same strain upon it as would be caused by half the said weight imposed on *the centre*—it follows that the maximum weight which a monster train of 460 feet (an ordinary train averages about half that length) could at one time inflict on any portion of the unsupported tube would amount to 460 tons over the whole surface, or to 230 tons at the centre.

Now, to ensure security to the public, Mr. Stephenson, after much deliberation, determined that the size and adjustment of the iron to be used should, according to the experiments made and recorded, be such as to enable the aforesaid unsupported portions of the tube (each 460 feet in length) to bear no less than 4000 tons over its whole surface, or 2000 tons in the centre, being nine times greater than the amount of strength necessarily required; and as the results—unexpected as well as expected—of the searching investigation which had been instituted, incontestably proved that this Herculean strength could be imparted to the galleries without the aid of the chains, which, even as an auxiliary, had been declared unnecessary—and as Mr. E. Clark had very cleverly ascertained that it would be cheaper to construct the tubes on the ground than on the aerial platform as first proposed—Mr. Stephenson determined, on mature reflection, to take upon himself the responsibility of reporting to the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway that this extra catenary support, which would have cost the Company £150,000, was wholly unnecessary. Indeed, such was the superabundance of power at his command, that without adding to the weight of the rectangular galleries, he could materially have strengthened them by using at their top and bottom circular flues instead of square ones, which, merely for the convenience of cleaning, &c., were adopted, although the former were found on experiment to bear about 18 tons to the square inch before they became crushed, whereas the latter could only support from 12 to 14 tons.

But the security which Mr. Stephenson deemed it necessary to ensure for the public may further be illustrated by the following very extraordinary fact:—It has been mathematically demonstrated by Messrs. Hodgkinson and Clark, as well as practically proved by Mr. Fairbairn—indeed, it will be evident to any one who will go through the necessary calculations on the subject—that the strain



which would be inflicted on the iron-work of the longest of Mr. Stephenson's aerial galleries by a monster train sufficient to cover it from end to end, would amount to six tons per square inch:—which is exactly equal to the constant stress upon the chains of Telford's magnificent suspension Menai Bridge when, basking in sunshine or veiled in utter darkness, it has nothing to support but its own apparently slender weight!

*Lateral strength.*—The aerial galleries having, as above described, been planned strong enough for the safe conveyance of goods and passengers at railway speed, it became necessary to calculate what lateral strength they would require to enable them to withstand the storms, tempests, squalls, and sudden gusts of wind to which, from their lofty position, they must inevitably be exposed.

The utmost pressure of the hurricane, as estimated by Smeaton,—but which is practically considered to be much exaggerated—amounts to about 46 lbs. to the square foot; and this, on one of the large tubes (460 feet long by an average of rather less than 30 feet high) would give a lateral pressure of 277 tons over the whole surface, or of 133 tons on the centre.

To determine the competency of the model tube to resist proportionate pressure to this amount, it was turned over on its side; and, having by repeated experiments been loaded and overloaded until it was crushed, the result fully demonstrated to Mr. Stephenson's satisfaction its power to resist, according to his desire, a lateral pressure more than five times greater than that which it is in the power of the hurricane to inflict.

The experimental information required by Mr. Stephenson having, by the zeal and ability of Mr. Fairbairn, Mr. Hodgkinson, and Mr. Clark, been finally obtained, the next points for consideration came to be, where these gigantic twin-tubular galleries should be constructed, and, when constructed, by what power, earthly or unearthly—it will appear that the latter was found necessary—they should be raised to the lofty position they were decreed to occupy.

After much reflection on Mr. Clark's valuable suggestions on these subjects, Mr. Stephenson determined—1st. That the four shortest galleries, each 230 feet in length, (to be suspended at the height in some places of 100 feet between the two land towers and the abutments of the approaching embankments,) should, as he had originally proposed, be at once permanently constructed on scaffolds in the positions in which they were

respectively to remain; 2ndly. That the four longest galleries (each 472 feet in length), which were eventually to overhang the straits, should be completely constructed at high-water mark on the Carnarvon shore, upon wooden platforms about 400 feet westward of the towers on which they were eventually to be placed; 3rdly. That to the bases of these towers they should, when finished, be floated on pontoons, from which they were to be deposited on abutments in the masonry purposely made to receive them; and, 4thly. That the tubes should be raised to and finally deposited in their exalted stations by the slow but irresistible power of hydraulic presses of extraordinary force and size.

II. CONSTRUCTION OF THE TUBES AND TOWERS.—The locality selected for the formation of the tubes having been cleared, a substantial platform, composed of balks of timber covered with planks, was very quickly laid down.

In the rear of this immense wooden stage, which extended along the shore no less than half a mile, covering about three acres and a half, there were erected three large workshops, containing forges and machinery of various descriptions, for belaboring, punching, and cutting plate-iron. There were likewise constructed five wharves with cranes for landing materials, as also six steam-engines for constant work. The number of men to be employed was—

On iron-work about . . . . .	700
At stone-work for the towers . . . . .	800
Total, . . . . .	1,500

Temporary shanties or wooden cottages, whitewashed on the outside, like mushrooms suddenly appeared in the green fields and woods immediately adjoining; besides which, accommodation was provided for a school-room, schoolmaster, clergyman, and in case of accidents a medical man, the whole being agreeably mixed up with a proportion of wives, sweethearts, and children, sufficient for cooking, washing, sewing, squalling, &c. Nevertheless, notwithstanding these alluring domestic arrangements, many sturdy independent workmen preferred sleeping in villages four and five miles off, to and from which they walked every morning and evening, in addition to their daily work; the remainder gipsying in the encampment in various ways, of which the following is a sample:—

An Irish laborer, known only by the name



of "Jemmy," bought for himself a small clinker-built room. As "lodgings," however, soon rose in price, and as he had not time to keep a pig, he resolved to be satisfied henceforward with half his tiny den, and accordingly let the remainder to a much stronger fellow-countryman, who, being still less particular, instantly let half of his half to a very broad-shouldered relation, until, like other Irish landlords we could name, poor "Jemmy" found it not only very difficult to collect, but dangerous even modestly to ask for, "his rint!" and thus in a short time, in consequence of similar "pressure from without," almost every chamber was made to contain four beds, in each of which slept two laborers.

As soon as the preliminary wharves, platforms, shanties, and workshops were completed, there instantly commenced a busy scene strangely contrasted with the silence, tranquillity, and peaceful solitude that had previously characterized the spot. While large gangs of masons were excavating the rocky foundations of the land towers, sometimes working in dense groups, and sometimes in "double quick time," radiating from each other, or rather from a small piece of lighted slow-match, sparkling in the jumper-hole of the rock they had been surrounding; while carts, horses, and laborers in great numbers were as busily employed in aggregating the great embankments by which these towers were to be approached; while shiploads of iron from Liverpool—of Anglesey marble from Penmon—of red sandstone from Runcorn in Cheshire—at rates dependent upon winds and tides, were from both entrances to the straits approaching or endeavoring to approach the new wharves; while almost a forest of scaffold balks of the largest and longest description—like Birnam wood coming to Dunsinane—were silently gliding toward the spot; while wagons, carts, post-chaises, gigs, horses, ponies, and pedestrians, some of the latter carrying carpet-bags and some bundles, &c., were to be seen on both sides of the straits eagerly converging across the country to the new settlement or diverging from it:—the unremitting clank of hammers—the moaning hum of busy machinery—the sudden explosion of gunpowder—the white vapor from the steam-engines—and the dark smoke slowly meandering upward from their chimneys, gave altogether interest, animation, and coloring to the picture.

As our readers will, however, probably be anxious to know how the great tubes which

have been delineated are practically constructed, we will shortly describe the operation, which, we are happy to say, is contained in a vocabulary of only three words, these aerial galleries being solely composed of—Plates—Rivets—and Angle-Irons.

*Plates.*—The wrought-iron plates which form the top, bottom, and sides of the Britannia "land tubes," 230 feet in length, are, of course, slighter than those required for the four, each 460 feet, which overhang the stream.

For these long tubes—which are of the same height and breadth as the shorter ones—the dimensions of the plates are as follows:—

*For the bottom.*

12 feet in length, 2 feet 4 inches to 2 feet 8 inches in breadth,  $\frac{7}{8}$  to  $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in thickness.

*For the top.*

6 feet in length, 1 foot 9 inches to 2 feet 1 $\frac{1}{2}$  inch in breadth,  $\frac{5}{8}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in thickness.

*For the sides.*

6 feet to 6 feet 6 inches in length, 2 feet in breadth,  $\frac{1}{2}$  to  $\frac{3}{4}$  inch in thickness.

Although these plates have been severally forged with every possible attention, yet, to render them *perfect* in thickness, they are not allowed by Mr. Stephenson to be used for the tubes until each has been passed by the Company's superintendent between two uncompromising massive iron rollers, worked by steam, which, by revolving, quietly remove or rather squeeze down that variety of pimples, boils, lumps, bumps, and humps, which from unequal contraction in the process of cooling occasionally disfigure the surface of plate iron, and which in the workman's dictionary bear the generic name of "*buckles*." When the plates, the largest of which weigh about 7 cwt., have been thus accurately flattened, they are one after another, according to their dimensions, carried by two or more men toward one of several immense cast-iron levers which, under the influence of steam, but apparently of their own accord, are to be seen from morning till night, whether surrounded by workmen or not, very slowly and very indolently ascending and descending once in every three seconds.

Beneath the short end of this powerful lever there is affixed to the bottom of a huge mass of solid iron a steel bolt—about the length, thickness, and latent power of Lord John Russell's thumb—which, endowed with

the enormous pressure of from 60 to 80 tons, sinks, at every pulsation of the engine, into a hole rather larger than itself, perforated in a small anvil beneath.

As soon as the laborers of the Department bearing each plate arrive at this powerful machine, the engineer in charge of it, assisted by the carrying-men, dexterously places the edge of the iron upon the anvil in such a position that the little punch in its descent shall consecutively impinge upon one of the series of chalk dots, which, at four inches from each other and  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch from the edge, have been previously marked around the four sides of the plate; and thus four rows of rivet-holes averaging an inch in diameter are, by the irresistible power we have described, pierced through plate-iron from one-half to three-fourths of an inch in thickness, quite as easily as a young cook playfully pokes her finger through the dough she is kneading, or as the child Horner perforated the crust of his Christmas pie, when

“He put in his thumb  
And pulled out a plum,  
And said—What a good boy am I!”

Some of the steam arms or levers just described are gifted with what may be termed “double-thumbs,” and accordingly these perforate two holes at a time, or forty per minute—the round pieces of iron cut out falling, at each pulsation of the engine, upon the ground, through the matrix or perforation in the anvil.

When the plates, averaging from six to twelve feet in length by above two feet in breadth, have been thus punched all round, and before they are brought to the tube, they are framed together on the ground in compartments of about twenty plates each (five in length and four in breadth), in order to be connected to each other by what are termed *covering-plates* and *angle-irons*.

In order to prepare the former (which are half an inch in thickness, one foot in breadth, and about two feet long) they are heated in a small furnace, when, instead of passing between rollers, they are put under a stamping, or as it is technically termed a *jogging* block, which by repeated blows renders their surface perfectly flat; after which a series of holes corresponding in size as well as in distance from each other with those in the “plates” are punched all along the outer edge of each of their four sides. When thus prepared, two of these small covering plates—one on each side—are made to cover

and overlap the horizontal line of windage existing between the edges of the plates, which, as we have stated, have been previously arranged so as to touch each other; and bolts being driven through the corresponding holes of the three plates (the large plates lying between the two covering ones), they are firmly riveted together by the process we shall now describe.

*Rivets*.—In the construction of the Britannia tubes there have been required no less than two millions of bolts, averaging  $\frac{3}{4}$ ths of an inch in diameter and 4 inches in length. The quantity of rod-iron consumed for this purpose has therefore amounted in length to 126 miles, and in weight to about 900 tons!

The mode in which these legions of rivets have been constructed is briefly as follows:

At the western end of the Company's principal forging establishment there stands a furnace or trough, full of pieces of rod-iron from  $3\frac{1}{2}$  to  $4\frac{1}{2}$  inches in length, packed together as closely as soldiers in a solid square of infantry. As soon as by the fiery breath of bellows worked by steam, they have been made uniformly red-hot, a little boy, whom they are all obliged to obey, rapidly and without partiality, favor, or affection, picks them out one after another through the furnace-door with a pair of pincers, from which he quietly drops them perpendicularly into eight moulds, each of which being about  $\frac{3}{4}$  of an inch shallower than the length of the piece of iron it respectively receives, they of course all equally protrude about that distance above the surface.

In this position they are handed over to a pale sturdy engine-man, or executioner, who with about as much mercy as Procrustes used to evince toward those who slept on his bed, immediately places them upon an anvil, toward which there very slowly descends a huge superincumbent mass of iron pressed downward by an immense long cast-iron lever worked by steam.

By this despotic power, the red protruding portion of each little rod is by a single crunch inexorably flattened, or “fraternized:” and thus suddenly converted—*noles volens*—into a bolt, it is no sooner thrown upon the ground, than the mould from which it was ejected is again, by the child in waiting, filled with another raw red-hot recruit, who by a process exactly the reverse of decapitation is shortened, not by the *loss* but by the *acquisition* of a head!

However, after all, just as “the Marquis of — is not the Duke of —,” so is a bolt

not a rivet, nor does it become one, until, like a bar-shot, it is made double-headed, an important process which has now to be described.

As soon as each "set" of the half-inch iron plates which form the sides, top, and bottom of the Britannia tubes, have by a traveling crane been lifted—technically termed "picked up"—into their places, and have been made to touch each other as closely as possible, a moveable stage on wheels is drawn close to the outside of the tube, for the purpose of firmly connecting every set of plates to that which on each side adjoins it. This work is performed by what is termed "a set of riveters," composed of two "Riveters," one "Holder-up," and two Rivet-boys.

As soon as the two first have ascended the scaffolding on the outside of the tube, and when the Holder-up, sitting on a board suspended by ropes from the roof, has exactly opposite to them taken up his position on the inside, one of the boys quickly abstracts from a traveling furnace, conveniently placed for the purpose, a red-hot bolt, which by a circular swing of the pincers he hurls inside the tube toward the other boy, his comrade or play-fellow, who, as actively as possible, with a similar instrument snapping it up, not only runs with it toward the Holder-up, but as long as he can reach the rivet-holes inserts it for him therein. As soon as this is effected, the Holder-up presses against it an enormous iron hammer, which forces it outward until it is stopped by its own head. The red protruding bolt is now mercilessly assailed by the two Riveters, whose sledge-hammers meeting with a sturdy reaction from that of the Holder-up, which by a vast leverage or length of handle elastically returns blow for blow, the bolt, in about thirty seconds, becomes double-headed, when one of the Riveters, dropping his hammer, snatches up a steel mould about 9 inches long, called a *swage*, which he continues to hold upon the newly-formed head until his comrade, by repeated blows of his hammer, has *swaged* it into a workmanlike form.

The bolt is thus finally converted into a rivet, which, by contracting as it cools, binds together the plates even more firmly than they had already been almost cemented by the irresistible coercion of three sledge-hammers; indeed they are so powerfully drawn together, that it has been estimated it would require a force of from four to six tons to each rivet to cause the plates to slide over each other.

The bolts for the upper holes of the interior, which, being about 30 feet high, are of course completely out of the Rivet-boy's reach, are dropped by him into a concentric iron ring, which, by a wire and cord passing over a pulley attached to one of the uppermost plates, is rapidly raised, until the Holder-up is enabled by pincers to grasp the fiery iron, which, on being inserted into its hole, he then instantly, as before, presses with his hammer.

By the operations above described, "a set of riveters" usually drive per day about 230 rivets, of which in each plate there are about 18 per yard, in two rows, averaging only 2½ inches of clear space between each bolt-head. On the large tubes alone there have been employed at once as many as 40 sets of riveters, besides 26 "platers," or men to adjust the plates, each having from three to four men to assist him; and when this well-regulated system is in full operation it forms altogether not only an extraordinary but an astounding scene.

Along the *outside* of the tube, suspended at different heights, are to be seen in various attitudes 80 Riveters—some evidently watching for the protruding red bolt, others either horizontally swinging their sledge-hammers, or holding the rivet-awage.

In the *inside* of this iron gallery, which is in comparative darkness, the round rivet-holes in the sides as well as in the roofs, not only appear like innumerable stars shining in the firmament of heaven, but the light beaming through each forms another as bright a spot either on the ground or on the internal surface of the tube. Amidst these constellations are to be faintly traced, like the figures on the celestial globe, the outlines of the Holders-up, sitting at different altitudes on their respective stages. Beneath them 40 or 50 Rivet-boys are dimly seen, some horizontally hurling red-hot bolts, others with extended pincers running forward with them, while fiery bolts, apparently of their own accord, are to be observed vertically ascending to their doom. This cyclopean dance, which is of course most appropriately set to music by the deafening reverberations of 70 or 80 sledge-hammers, is not altogether without danger, for not only does a "holder-up" from a wrong movement occasionally—like a political Phaëton—all of a sudden tumble *down*, but the rivet-boys, generally unintentionally, but occasionally, it is said, from pure mischief, burn each other more or less severely, in which cases a couple of these little sucking Vulcans, utterly un-

able, from incessant noise, to quarrel by words, fall to blows, and have even been observed to fight a sort of infernal duel with pincers, each trying to burn his opponent anywhere and everywhere with his red-hot bolt!

But by far the most curious part of the riveting process is to be seen on the flat roof or top of the tube. This immense deck, which we have already stated to be 472 feet in length, is composed of a pavement of plates to be connected together by 18 longitudinal rows of rivets, the heads of which are to be only  $2\frac{1}{2}$  inches apart. Beneath this surface, at a depth of only 1 foot 9 inches, there is, to give additional strength, a similar stratum of plates, the space included between both being divided into eight compartments called flues, 21 inches deep by 20 inches broad, exactly resembling those of a common stove. After the horizontal bottoms and upright sides of these eight flues have been firmly connected together by the battering process we have just described, the upper stratum of plates are loosely laid down, and, being thus by the superincumbent weight of the iron covering securely adjusted, their final connection is effected as follows:—

A tiny rivet-boy—we observed one little mite only ten years of age—in clothes professionally worn into holes at the knees and elbows—crawling heels foremost for a considerable distance into one of these flues as easily as a yellow ferret trots into a rabbit-hole, is slowly followed by his huge lord and master the *holder-up*, who exactly fits the flue, for the plain and excellent reason, that by Mr. Stephenson the flue was purposely predestined to be exactly big enough to fit him; and as, buried alive in this receptacle, he can move but very slowly, he requires some time, advancing head foremost, to reach the point at which he is to commence his work. On arriving there, his first process, lying on his left side, is with his right hand to pass through one of the rivet-holes in the plate above him a little strong hook, to which is attached a short hempen loop, or noose, which, supporting the heavy end of his huge hammer, forms a fulcrum upon which he can easily raise it against the roof, simply by throwing his right thigh and leg over the extremity of the long lever or handle of the instrument.

When similar preparations, by the injection of other little Rivet-boys and other stout Holders-up into several of the other flues, have been made, the signal for commencing operations is given by several red-hot bolts

falling apparently from the clouds, among the Riveters, who, leaning on their sledge-hammers, have been indolently awaiting their arrival. These bolts have been heated on the outside of the tube on the ground immediately beneath, in a portable furnace, from which a gang of lithesome rivet-boys in attendance extract them as fast as they are required, and then walking away with them, without looking upward, or apparently caring the hundred-thousandth part of the shaving of a farthing where they may fall, or whom they may burn, they very dexterously, by a sudden swing of their pincers, throw them almost perpendicularly about 45 feet, or about 10 feet higher than the top of the tube, upon which, as we have stated, they fall among the assembled riveters as if they had been dropped from the moon.

As soon as these red-hot meteors descend upon the flat roof, another set of rivet-boys eagerly snap them up, and each running with his bolt, not to the spot where it is required, but to one of certain holes in the plate made on purpose for its insertion, he delivers it into the pincers of the little sweep, rivet-boy, or Ascanius within the flue, who, having been patiently waiting there to receive it, crawls along with it toward his Pius *Aeneas*, the stout recumbent *holder-up*. As soon as he reaches him he inserts for him the small end of the bolt into the hole for which it has been prepared, and through which, in obedience to its fate, it is no sooner seen to protrude, than the sledge-hammers of the expectant riveters, severely jerking at every blow the heavy leg of the poor *holder-up*, belabor it and "*swage*" it into a rivet.

The red-hot iron—unlike the riveters—cools during the operation we have just described; and even if a by-stander, from being stone-blind, could not see the change in its temperature, it could easily be recognized by the difference in the sound of the hammers between striking the bolt while it is soft and hot, and when it has gradually become cool and hard. But whatever may be the variety of colors or of noises which accompany the formation of every one of these roof-rivets, it is impossible to witness the operation we have just described without acknowledging, with a deep sigh, how true is the proverb that "one half of the world," especially the rich half, "does not know how the other half lives;" indeed, unless we had witnessed the operation, we could scarcely have believed that any set of human beings, or rather of fellow-creatures, could professionally work from morning till night, stuffed

horizontally into a flue of such small dimensions,—that they could endure the confinement which only allows them, by changing from one side to another, to throw sometimes the right leg and sometimes the left over the elastic handle of a hammer,—and above all that they could bear the deafening noises created close to and immediately thundering into their very ears!

In attentively watching the operations just described, we observed that at the *sides* of the tube it required generally eighteen blows of the hammer to flatten the end of the bolt, and then twelve blows on the "*swage*" to finish the head of the rivet; whereas, on the *roof*, the former operation was usually effected by only twelve blows, and the latter by eight or nine. At first, we conceived that this difference might be caused by a reduction in the sizes of the plates and bolts: but those in the roof proving to be the thickest and longest, we, on a few moments' reflection, ascertained that the reduction of labor in riveting the roof is caused by the sledge-hammers descending upon it by gravity as well as by the main strength of the riveters; whereas, at the *sides*, they are worked by the latter power only.

The operation cannot of course be carried on when the weather is either windy or wet. The riveters, holders-up, and rivet-boys very properly receive high wages. The first of these classes, however, strange to say, look *down* upon the holders-up as their inferiors, or rather as their menials; and again, the holders-up bully the little ragged-elbowed rivet-boys who wait upon *them*; but so it is, not only over the whole surface of the earth, but in the deep blue sea! In the stomach of the shark we find a dolphin, in whose stomach there is found a flying-fish, which, on dissection, has been found to have preyed on a smaller tribe, and so on. We have, therefore, no unkind reflection to cast upon "riveters," "holders-up," or "rivet-boys" for frowning upon, bullying, or burning each other.

*Angle-Irons.*—The plates of the tubes, having throughout been scientifically adjusted in the different positions best suited to resist the variety of strains to which, from external or internal causes, they can possibly be subjected, are finally connected together by small ribs, which are firmly riveted to the plates. The quantity of *angle-iron* thus worked through the top, bottom, and sides of all the tubes amounts to no less than sixty-five miles! The sides are, moreover, connected to the top and bottom of each tube

by small triangular plates, called *gussets*, which powerfully prevent the bridge from twisting or writhing under the lateral pressure of the wind.

III. THE FLOATING OF THE TUBE.—*The Gathering.*—On the principle of "*Quæ regio in terris nostri non plena laboris?*" we determined, in the family way, to join that respectable crowd of brother and sister reviewers, ill-naturedly called "*gapers and gazers*," who from all parts of the United Kingdom of Great Britain and Ireland, from the Continent of Europe, and even from the United States of America, were, in various degrees of agitation, inquisitively converging upon North Wales, for the purpose of beholding something which, although unanimously declared to be "*quite new*," few appeared very clearly to understand.

All agreed that the wonder they wished to witness was *The Britannia Bridge*: but what was its principle or its form, what it was to do, or what was to be done to it, no person appeared able to explain to anybody. Some nasally "*guessed*" it was to be raised; others—*ore rotundo*—positively declared it was to be only floated. One man truly enough affirmed "*it was to go from earth to earth, straight through the air, to avoid the water*"—but by which or by how many of these three elements, or by what other powers, the strange transaction was to be effected, deponent, on cross-examination, was utterly unable to detail.

As the railway from Chester—where the principal portion of the travelers had concentrated—has for several miles been constructed along the sands of the Irish Sea, the passengers during that portion of their journey had ample space and opportunity for calm observation or reflection: as soon, however, as the heavily-laden trains reached Rhyl, there was gradually administered to the admirers of the picturesque a strange dose of intense enjoyment, mixed up with about an equal proportion of acute disappointment.

In flying over the valleys and round the hills and mountains of North Wales, there repeatedly glided before their eyes a succession of scenery of a most beautiful description, which, illuminated by the sunshine of heaven, appeared, as they approached each great impending mountain, to be exquisitely improving: until all of a sudden—just as if the pestilential breath of an evil spirit had blown out the tallow candle of their happiness—nothing in this world was left to occupy their senses but the cold chilly air of a

damp dungeon rushing across their faces, a strong smell of hot rancid grease and sulphur traveling up their noses, and a loud noise of hard iron wheels, rumbling through a sepulchral pitch-dark tunnel, in their ears.

Hundreds of most excellent people of both sexes, who had been anxiously expecting to see

"The rock—whose haughty brow  
Frowns o'er old Conway's foaming flood,"

were grievously chagrined and most piteously disappointed by being told—as, like a pea going through a boy's pea-shooter, they were unintellectually flying through a long iron tube—that they were at that very moment passing it, Straits, Castle, and all. However, the balance of the account current was, on the whole, greatly in their favor, and thus, in due time and in high good humor, all reached Bangor in safety.

It need hardly be said that, early in the morning of the day, or rather of the evening, on which the important operations at the Britannia Bridge were actually carried into effect, every boat that could be engaged, every bus, carriage, wagon, gig, cart, and hack-horse that could be hired in Bangor, Beaumaris, as well as in the neighboring towns and villages, were in requisition to convey, by repeated trips, the curious to the object of their curiosity—and certainly on reaching it the picture exhibited was one not very easy to be described.

The first amusing moral that irresistibly forced itself upon us, as our conductor with outstretched whip was endeavoring almost in vain to drive through the crowd, was, that of the many thousands of human beings who at considerable trouble and expense had assembled, more than nine-tenths were evidently wholly and solely absorbed in subjects which, though highly interesting, were alien to the purpose for which they had congregated!

Numbers of persons with heated faces, standing around small tables, allocated in various directions, were intently occupied in quaffing off a beautiful unanalyzed pink effervescing mixture, called by its proprietor "*ginger beer*."

The dejected countenance of Punch's English half-starved dog, as, dead-tired of the galloping scene, he sat exalted on his tiny platform, was strangely contrasted with the innumerable sets of strong grinning Welsh teeth and bright eyes, that in joyous amphitheatre were concentrated upon him. In

several spots the attention of stooping groups of "ladies and gentlemen" horizontally looking over each other's backs, was solely engrossed in watching what no one passing could possibly perceive—some trick of rude legerdemain upon the ground. On a small eminence the eyes of hundreds, as they stood jammed together, were elevated toward a jaded white-cheeked harlequin, and a very plump, painted-faced young lady in spangled trowsers and low evening frock, who, on the elevated stage on which they stood, jumped, kicked with both legs, and then whirled violently on one, until the rustic clown, thoroughly satisfied with the sample, and unable to resist the alluring cymbals and brass trumpet that accompanied it, slowly ascended the ladder, surrendered his penny, and then, with his back turned toward the crowd, descended into a canvass chamber to wait, or rather on a rough wooden bench to sit, like Patience on a monument smiling at Hope.

Long rectangular booths, open at three sides, appeared filled with people, in great coats and in petticoats, seated around a table, all seriously occupied in silent mastication. In the moving crowd some were evidently searching for the party they had lost, while others, suddenly stopping, greeted friends they had not expected to meet.

Among the motley costumes displayed, by far the most striking was that of the Welsh-women, many of whom were dressed in beautiful gowns protected by frock-coats,—their neatly-plated white caps, surmounted by large black hats, such as are worn elsewhere by men, giving to their faces, especially to the old, around whose eyes the crows'-feet of caution were to be seen deeply indented, an amusing appearance of doubtful gender, which—it occurred to us at the time—the pencil of HB, with its usual wit, might, in illustration of the Epicene policy of the day, very faithfully transcribe. But whatever were the costumes, the ages, condition, or rank of the immense crowd of both sexes through which our old-fashioned vehicles slowly passed, everything that occurred seemed to elicit merriment, happiness, and joy. It was, in fact, a general holiday for all; and as boys out of school make it a rule never to think of their master, so apparently with one consent had the vast assemblage around us good-humoredly agreed together to cast aside the book they had intended to read—to forget the lesson they had purposely come to study.

By the kind attention of one of the Com-

pany's servants we were conducted in a small boat half way across the rapid currents of the Menai Straits to the Little Rock, then completely beneath the water—upon which, under the able direction of Mr. Frank Foster, engineer of the line from Bangor to Holyhead, there had been erected (on a base embedded in pure Roman cement of 62 feet by 52 feet) the Britannia Tower, which, still surrounded by its scaffolding, majestically arose out of the middle of the stream to a height of 230 feet.

This enormous structure, which weighs upward of 20,000 tons, and which, from being roughly quarried or hewn, displays on the outside the picturesque appearance of natural rock, is a conglomeration of 148,625 cubic feet of Anglesey marble for the exterior—144,625 cubic feet of sandstone for the interior—and 387 tons of cast-iron beams and girders worked in, to give strength, solidity, and security to the mass. The only way of ascending was by a series of ladders, communicating; one above another, with the successive layers of horizontal balks, of which this immense pile of well-arranged scaffolding was composed—and accordingly, hand over hand and step by step we leisurely arose until we reached a small platform 15 feet above the pinnacle of the tower.

The view was magnificent. On the east and west were to be seen glittering in large masses the Irish Sea and St. George's Channel, connected together by the narrow Straits, whose silvery course, meandering in the chasm beneath, was alike ornamented and impeded by several very small rocks and islands, round and about which the imprisoned stream evidently struggled with great violence. Upon two or three of these little islands was to be seen, like a white speck, the humble cottage of the fisherman, who alone inhabited it. About a mile toward the Irish Sea there gracefully hung across the stream, in a festoon, which, in the annals of science, will ever encircle the name of Telford, his celebrated Suspension Bridge, over which a couple of horses, appearing like mice, were trotting.

On the north lay extended a verdant country, surmounted in the direction of the new railroad by the great Anglesey column, erected by the surrounding inhabitants to the noble Commander of the Cavalry at Waterloo. About two hundred yards beneath this splendid testimonial, and adjoining to a little isolated church, there modestly peeped up a very small free-stone obelisk, erected by the workmen of the tower on

which we stood as an humble but affecting tribute of regard to some half-dozen of their comrades, who—poor fellows!—had been killed in the construction of the Britannia Bridge.

On the south the horizon appeared bounded, or rather fortified by that range of mountains, about forty miles in length, which bear the name of Snowdon, and among which, the loftiest, stands the well-known Patriarch of the group. Between the base of these hills and the Straits was the little wooden city built for the artificers and workmen, its blue slates and whitewashed walls strongly contrasting with each other. In this vicinity we observed, in large masses and patches, the moving multitude through which we had just driven, and who, unsatiated with enjoyment, were still swarming round one object after another, like bees occasionally dispersing only to meet again.

Lastly, close to the shore, on their wooden platform, from which the crowd, by order of Captain Moorsom, R. N., was very properly strictly excluded, there stood, slightly separated from each other, the sole objects of our journey—namely, the two sets of hollow tubes, four in number, which, under the sole superintendence of Mr. Edwin Clark, had been constructed as the aerial passages for the up and down trains across the Straits. Being each 472 feet in length, and being also of the height of an ordinary two-storied dwelling, they all together appeared like a street or row of chimneyless houses half a mile long, built on the water's edge; indeed, if windows and doors had been painted upon them, the resemblance would have been perfect. Of the four lengthy compartments the two on the eastern extremity, and that on the western end, had been painted red; the remaining one, which in a few hours was not only to be launched but floated down the stream to the very foot of the tower on which we stood, had been finished in stone-color.

We would willingly conclude our slight panoramic picture by describing the appearance of the moving water gliding past the foot of the tower far beneath; but on going to the edge of the masonry to look down at it, we must confess that we found it to be utterly impracticable to gaze even for a moment at the dizzy scene.

In descending from the eminence we had been enjoying, we paused at 50 feet from the top to inspect the steam-engine and boiler therein inserted for working two hydraulic presses, which principally reposed upon a



wall 10 feet 6 inches thick, the other three walls being 7 feet 6 inches in thickness. At 107 feet from the top, and at 103 feet from the water, we again stopped for a few minutes to enter the immense passage in the Britannia Tower, through which—strange to think—trains full of up and down passengers at railway speed are to pass and repass each other. The ends of the tubes from the Anglesey and Carnarvon Towers, now reposing far away on the beach, meeting at this point on immense cast-iron plates interposed on the masonry to secure an equal pressure, are not only to be firmly connected together, but are to be substantially riveted to the fabric. To the opposite ends of these tubes, the extremities of those passing from the embankment to the two land towers just named are also, in like manner to be firmly connected; by which means each aerial gallery will eventually be composed of a single hollow iron beam 1518 feet in length, far surpassing in size any piece of wrought iron-work ever before put together—its weight, 5000 tons, being nearly equal to that of two 120-gun ships, having on board, ready for sea, guns, powder, shot, provisions, crew, flags, captains, chaplains, admiral, and all!

Lastly, to bring the component parts of this not only extended but attenuated mass of iron into vigorous action, or in other words, to enable it to exert its utmost possible strength, Mr. Stephenson has directed that after the component parts of each of the two parallel tubes have, by the process already described, been firmly riveted into one continuous hollow beam, the extremities thereof shall be lowered about 15 inches, by taking away the false keels or foundations, on which in their construction they had purposely been raised. By this simple operation it is estimated that the tube will receive a strength of 30 per cent. in addition to that which it possessed in separate lengths, and without the precise amount of tension so scientifically devised. When thus finally completed, its total length will amount to no less than 1841 feet.

To enable this enormous mass of thin plate-iron—the middle of which, as we have stated, is to be firmly riveted to that passage through the Britannia Tower to which we have descended—comfortably to expand itself and contract according to the temperature of the weather—a yawning enjoyment which requires the space of about 12 inches—a number of cast-iron rollers, as well as of balls of gun metal, all six inches in diameter, have been placed on immense cast-

iron frames deposited on the land towers and abutments—so that the tubes, like the tide beneath them, may freely flow forward or ebb backward at their free will and pleasure, or rather according to the immutable laws of the Omnipotent Power by which they have been created.

On crawling upon our hands and knees through a gap or hole in the masonry of the Britannia Tower, which had been kept open for the purpose of passing through it a stout hawser for hauling to its destination the floating tube, we suddenly perceived at its base lying prostrate immediately beneath us—on a large platform, latticed like the grating of a ship, and under which the deep stream was rushing with fearful violence, boiling, bubbling around, as well as dimpling along the piles that obstructed it—what at the first glance very much resembled the main-sail of a man-of-war stretched out to dry, but which we soon discovered to be a conglomeration of the earth-stained fustian jackets, fustian trowsers, dusty stockings, hob-nailed shoes, red sun-burnt faces and brown horny fingers of a confused mass of over-tired laborers, all dead asleep under the stiff extended bars of the easpan which they had constructed, and at which they had been working.

Although they were lying, what in country parlance is termed “top and tail,” jammed together so closely that in no place could we have managed to step between them, not a single eye was open, or scarcely a mouth shut. The expression of their honest countenances, as well as of their collapsed frames, plainly told not only how completely they had been exhausted, but how sweet was the rest they were enjoying. In the right hands of several of them, old stumpy pipes of different lengths, also exhausted, were apparently just dropping from their fingers, and while the hot sun was roasting their faces and bare throats, a number of very ordinary blue-bottle flies in search of some game or other were either running down their noses and along their lips to the corner of their mouths, or busily hunting across the stubble of their beards.

Although for some time “we paced along the giddy footing of the hatches” on which they were snoring, gazing sometimes at them, sometimes at the wild scenery around them, and sometimes at the active element that was rushing beneath, no one of the mass awakened or even moved, and thus, poor fellows! they knew not, and never will know, the pleasure we enjoyed in reviewing them!



On rowing from Britannia Rock, we had, of course, a full view of the remainder of the masonry, containing all together no less than 1,500,000 cubic feet of stone, of which this stupendous work is composed. As, however, it would be tedious to enter into its details, we will merely, while our boat is approaching the shore, state, that the towers and abutments are externally composed of the gray roughly-hewn Anglesey marble we have described; that the land-towers, the bases of which are the same as that of the Britannia, are each 198 feet above high-water, and that they contain 210 tons of cast-iron girders and beams.

The four colossal statues of lions—we must not compare them to sentinels, for they are couchant—which in pairs terminate the land ends of the abutments that on each side of the straits laterally support its approaching embankment—are composed of the same marble as the towers. These noble animals, which are of the antique, knocker-nosed, pimple-faced Egyptian, instead of the real Numidian form, although sitting, are each 12 feet high, 25 feet long, and weigh 30 tons. Their appearance is grand, grave, and imposing—the position they occupy being 180 feet in advance of the entrances into the two tubes, which so closely resemble that over the drawbridge into a fortress, that one looks up almost involuntarily for the portcullis.

The net-work of scaffolding, nearly 100 feet high, upon which the short tubes communicating from the Anglesey abutments to the land-tower, had been permanently constructed, not only appeared highly picturesque, but was very cleverly composed of large solid balks of timber from 12 to 16 inches square, and from 40 to 60 feet in length.

*The Floating of the Tube.*—On landing we, of course, proceeded to the long range of tubes, or streets, we have described.

The arrangements which Mr. Stephenson had devised for floating the first of them to its destination were briefly as follows:—

As soon as this portion of the gallery was finally completed, the props upon which it had rested at a height above the wooden platform sufficient to enable artificers to work beneath it, were removed, so as to allow it to be supported only at its two extremities. The result of this trial satisfactorily demonstrated the accuracy of the calculations upon which the tube had been purposely constructed circular at bottom to the height or camber of nine inches, in order that when

it assumed its proper bearing, it should become perfectly straight—which it did.

During its formation, a portion of the wooden platform under each of its ends was cut away, and the rock beneath excavated, until on either side there was formed a dock just large enough to admit four pontoons, each 98 feet long, 25 feet wide, and 11 feet deep. When these docks were completed, the eight pontoons,—scuttled at the bottom by valves, which could either let in or keep out the water at pleasure,—were deposited at their posts; and though their combined power of floatage amounted to 3200 tons, the weight of the tube with its apparatus being only 1800 tons, yet, in consequence of the valves being kept open so as to allow the tide to flow in and out, they lay on their bottoms like foundered vessels; and thus it was curious to see crouching, as it were, in ambush beneath the tube a dormant power, only waiting for the word of command, *up and at 'em*, to execute the duty they were competent to perform.

Besides these arrangements Mr. Stephenson, in pursuance of a plan which had been deliberately committed to paper, had ordered the construction, on the Anglesey and on the Carnarvon shores, as also on stages constructed on piles at the Britannia Rock, of a series of capstans, communicating with the pontoons by a set of ropes and hawsers more than two miles in length. Of these the principal were two four-inch hawsers, or leading-strings, between which, like a captive wild elephant between two tame ones, the tube was to be safely guarded, guided, and conducted from its cradle to its position at the feet of the Anglesey and Britannia towers.

These preparations having been all completed, and every man having been appointed to his post, the valves in the eight pontoons were closed, in consequence of which they simultaneously rose with the tide, until their gunwales, like the shoulders of Atlas, gradually received their load.

At this moment the few who had been admitted to the spot watched with intense anxiety the extremities of the tubes, which, from the severe pressure they had been inflicting, had, in a slight degree, forced their way into the wooden balks that supported them. By degrees this pressure was observed perceptibly to relax, until a slight crack, and then a crevice, was seen to exist between the old points of contact. In a few seconds this crevice was converted into daylight, amidst a general whisper of exultation

announcing, "It's AFLOAT!" The tube, however, was still firmly retained in its dock by two conflicting powers—namely, one set of hawsers, maternally holding it to the quiet home on which it had been constructed—and another set from the shore diametrically opposite, hauling it outward to its destiny.

At this moment we ascended, by a long ladder, to the top of the tube, and had scarcely reached it when Mr. Stephenson very quietly gave the important word of command—*Cut the land attachments!* Some carpenters, all ready with their axes, at a few strokes nearly severed the strands, and the tension from the opposite hawsers bursting the remainder, the long street, upon whose flat roof we stood, slowly, silently, and majestically moved into the water.

As the two extremities of the floating tube had been in alignment with those of the tubes on each side, which of course remained stationary, and whose roofs were loaded with well-dressed spectators, its advance was as clearly defined as that of a single regiment when, leaving its division to stand at ease, it marches by word of command from the centre out in front of its comrades.

Upon the deck or roof of the tube, which we may observe had no guard or railing, there was nailed Mr. Stephenson's plan, exhibiting the eight positions or minuet attitudes which the floating monster was to assume at different periods of its voyage; and, as it had 100 feet to proceed before its first change, we had leisure to gaze upon the strange, interesting scene that surrounded us.

From the lofty summit of the Britannia Tower, surmounted by the Union Jack, to those of the Anglesey and Carnarvon Towers on either side of it, were suspended, in two immense festoons, flags of all colors and of all nations. Every vessel at anchor, every steamer under weigh, as well as several houses on shore, were similarly ornamented. At different points on each coast, and especially upon every eminence, were congregated large variegated masses of human beings. The great green woods of Carnarvon seemed literally swarming alive with them, and, to add to the audience, a large steamer—arriving almost too late—as it scuffled to a safe position, exhibited a dense mass of black hats and showy bonnets, enlivened by a brass band, which was not unappropriately playing "*Rule Britannia*," the breeze wafting along with it the manly, joyous song of the sailors who, at the cap-

stans on the opposite shore, were cheerily hauling in the hawsers upon which, for the moment, the thread of our destinies depended.

On arriving at Position No. 2, it became necessary to exchange the mechanical power by which the tube had been forced forward, for that of the tide, which was to carry it end foremost down the stream to its goal. As, however, this latter power—to say nothing of a strong breeze of wind which drove the same way—would have propelled the lengthy mass more than twice as fast as it had been declared prudent it should proceed, a very strong power, by means of a small capstan, was exerted in each set of pontoons, to compress between wooden concentric clamps, the guide hawsers, by which contrivance the pace was regulated with the greatest possible precision. This most important duty was confided to, and executed by, two volunteer assistants, Mr. Brunel and Mr. Locke (we rank them alphabetically); and, although the whole scene of the flotation was one of the most interesting it has ever been our chequered fortune to witness, there was no part of it on which we gazed, and have since reflected with such unmixed pleasure, as the zeal and almost over-anxiety with which Mr. Stephenson's two competitors in fame, stood, during the whole operation, intently watching him, until by either mutely raising his arms horizontally upward, or in like manner slowly depressing them, he should communicate to them his desire that the speed might be increased or diminished.

But besides regulating the speed, it was repeatedly necessary, especially at the points we have enumerated, slightly to alter the position of the tube by means of capstans, often working together with combined powers on different points of the shores. Orders to this effect were silently communicated by exhibiting from the top of the tube large wooden letters, and by the waving of flags of different colors, in consequence of which, the men of the distant capstans belonging to the letters telegraphically shown, were, at the same moment, seen violently to run round as if they had suddenly been electrified. Indeed, at one point, the poor fellows were all at once thrown upon their backs, in consequence of the rupture of the capstan-stop.

The duties of Captain Claxton—whose scientific and nautical acquirements had previously been evinced by floating the Great Britain at Dundrum—were highly important.

Besides the experienced opinions he had contributed, he had sole command of the whole of the marine force, and accordingly from the top of the tube he continually communicated through his trumpet his orders to various small boats which, as floating aide-de-camps, attended upon him.

As he was getting ashore in the morning, we happened to see one of his crew, by suddenly pulling in the bow-oar, strike him so severely on the forehead, that the blood instantly burst forth, as if to see who "so unkindly knocked." In half-a-dozen seconds, however, his pocket-handkerchief was tied over it, and he was giving his orders, if possible, more eagerly than before.

"*Jack*," said a sailor from another boat, as with a quid in his cheek he slowly walked up to the coxswain, "*what's the matter with the Capten's head?*"

"*A hoar struck him,*" replied the sailor to his brother "blue-jacket," who at once appeared to be perfectly satisfied, as if he professionally knew that it was in the nature of an oar to do so.

When the tube was about the middle of its transit, a slight embarrassment occurred, which for a few minutes excited, we afterward were informed, considerable alarm among the spectators on shore. In one of the most important of our changes of position, a strong hawser, connecting the tube with one of the capstans on the Carnarvon beach, came against the prow of a small fishing-boat, anchored in the middle of the stream by a chain, which so resolutely resisted the immense pressure inflicted upon it, that the hawser was bent into an angle of 100 degrees. The coxswain of a gig, manned by four hands, seeing this, gallantly rowed up to the boat at anchor, jumped on board, and then with more zeal than science, standing on the wrong side of the hawser, immediately put a handspike under it to heave it up. *That man will be killed*—said Mr. Stephenson very quietly. Captain Claxton vociferously assailed him through his trumpet, but the crew were Welsh, could not understand English, and accordingly the man, as if he had been applauded, exerting himself in all attitudes, made every possible exertion not only to kill himself, but his comrades astern, who most certainly would also have been nearly severed by the hawser, had it been liberated; but a tiny bump or ornament of iron on the boat's head, providentially made it impossible, and the hawser having been veered out from ashore, the tube instantly righted.

The seventh movement brought the foremost end of the tube about 12 feet past the Anglesey Tower, and the rear end being now close to its destination, the hook of an immense crab or pulley-block passing through a hole purposely left in the masonry of the Britannia Tower was no sooner affixed to it than the workmen at the capstan on piles, whom we described as asleep, instantly ran round, until the tube was by main strength dragged—like the head of a bullock in the shambles—to a ring from which it could not possibly retreat. By a combination of capstan-power on the North shore, the foremost or opposite end was now drawn backward until it came to the edge of the Anglesey Tower; and although we were aware that the measurements had of course been accurately predetermined, yet it was really a beautiful triumph of Science to behold the immense tube pass into its place by a windage or clear space amounting, as nearly as we could judge it, to *rather less than three quarters of an inch*.

The tube having now evidently at both ends attained its position over the stone ledge in the excavation that had been purposely constructed for it, a deafening—and, to us, a deeply-affecting—cheer suddenly and simultaneously burst out into a continuous roar of applause from the multitudes congregated in all directions, whose attention had been so riveted to the series of operations they had been witnessing, that not a sound had previously escaped from them; nor had they, in any place, been seen to move from the spots at which they either stood or sat.

Mr. Stephenson took no notice whatever of this salute; indeed we much question if he even heard it, for his attention was intently occupied in giving to his able and confidential assistant, Mr. Wild, directions respecting the final adjustment of the temporary fastenings by which the tube was to be retained; but the crowd of spectators—like that at a theatre when the curtain of the after-piece drops—were already seen hurrying away in all directions, by steam, by boats, by carriages, and on foot, until, in the brief course of an hour, both coasts were clear. The tide, however, during the operations we have described had become high, had turned, and was now beginning to be violent; the valves therefore having been partially drawn up, the pontoons, as they gradually filled, sank, until the widely-separated ends of the tube slowly descended to their respective shelf or ledge on each tower; and the discarded power that had successfully transported the vast gallery across the water then floating away with the stream—

gently transferred from one element to another—it was thus left in the aëriiform position it had been planned to occupy.

During the operations we have detailed there were, of course, made by the spectators of both sexes a variety of observations of more or less wisdom, of which our limits will only allow us historically to record a single sample.

"*Dear me!*" said an old gentleman, as the tube when it first swung across the Straits was in perspective seen approaching the platform on which he sat, and which was immediately in front of the awful chasm between Britannia and Anglesey Tower; "*they have surely been and made it too short; they must put a bit on!*" As soon, however, as, veering round, it approached him broadside foremost, he whispered, "*I'm quite sure it's too long; they'll have to cut a piece off!*"

A lady said to her companion, "*Mr. Stephenson appeared dreadfully excited during the passage! Didn't you observe how he kept continually stretching out his arms, raising them up and then sinking them down in this way?*" (suiting her words to the actions by which the speed of the voyage had calmly been regulated). "*But no wonder he was so agitated!*"

The Company's servants were engaged until long after sunset in securing and placing in safety the various materials, &c., that had been in requisition during the day, and it was not till past midnight that, over-tired, they managed one after another to retire to rest.

On the following morning, after we had bidden adieu to the hospitable inmates of a small wooden habitation, beneath the Anglesey Tower, in which we had been very kindly received, we had occasion to pass near to a stand which had purposely been constructed in a peculiarly advantageous position, to enable the Directors of the Chester and Holyhead Railway to witness the operation. Upon the centre bench of this platform—the ground far around which was partially covered with bits of orange-peel, greasy papers that had contained sandwiches, and other scraps, indicative of an intellectual feast that was over,—we observed, reclining entirely by himself, a person in the easy garb of a gentleman, who appeared to be in the exquisite enjoyment of a cigar, whose white smoke in long expirations was periodically exuding from his lips, as with unaverted eyes he sat indolently gazing at the aërial gallery before him. It was the father looking at his new-born child! He had strolled down from Llanfairpwllgwyn-

gyll, where, undisturbed by consonants, he had soundly slept, to behold in sunshine and in solitude that which during a weary period of gestation had been either mysteriously moving in his brain, or like a vision—sometimes of good omen and sometimes of bad—had by night as well as by day occasionally been flitting across his mind.

Without, however, presuming to divine, from the rising fumes of a cigar, the various subjects of his ruminations, we will merely confess that, on looking up from our boat, as it glided away, at the aërial gallery he was contemplating, we were astonished to find ourselves very much in the frail predicament of mind of the old gentleman of yesterday whose emotions we so accurately delineated—for when the tube was lying on the Carnarvon shore we certainly fancied that it looked too heavy and too high for its object, whereas it now appeared almost too light, and too low: in short, it had assumed the simple appearance which, in principle, it had been designed to bear—that of a rectangular hollow beam; and although it had in fact annulled the awful chasm between the Anglesey and Britannia Towers, nevertheless, by exactly measuring it, it now appeared considerably to have increased it!

Moreover, in viewing this low narrow passage—only 15 feet by 30—which, without cuneiform support, was stretching half across the Menai Straits—(it has been quaintly observed by Mr. Latimer Clark, in the clever pamphlet named at the head of this article, that if this single joint of the tube could be placed on its tiny end in St. Paul's Churchyard, it would reach 107 feet higher than the cross)—it seemed surprising to us that by any arrangement of materials it could possibly be made strong enough to support even itself, much less heavily-laden trains of passengers and goods, flying through it, and actually passing each other in the air, at railway speed. And the more we called reason and reflection to our assistance, the more incomprehensible did the mystery practically appear; for the plate-iron of which this aërial gallery is composed is literally *not so thick* as the lid, sides, and bottom which, by heartless contract, are required for an elm coffin 6½ feet long, 2½ feet wide, and 2 feet deep, of strength merely sufficient to carry the corpse of an emaciated, friendless pauper from the workhouse to his grave!

The covering of this iron passage, 1841 feet in length, is literally not thicker than the hide of the elephant! Lastly, it is scarcely thicker than the bark of the "good old En-

glish" oak ; and if this noble sovereign, notwithstanding the "heart" and interior substance of which it boasts, is, even in the well-protected park in which it has been born and bred, often prostrated by the storm, how difficult is it to conceive that an attenuated aerial hollow beam, no thicker than its mere rind, should by human science be constituted strong enough to withstand, besides the weights rushing through it, the natural gales and artificial squalls of wind to which throughout its immense length, and at its fearful height, it is permanently to be exposed !

IV. RAISING THE TUBES.—*Hydraulic Press*.—Although the tube, resting at each end upon the ledge or shelf that had been prepared for it, had been deposited high enough to allow an ordinary boat to row under it, yet the heaviest job still remained—that of raising it about 100 feet to its final resting-place. This operation, which might be compared to lifting the Burlington Arcade to the top of St. James's Church—supposing always that the said church arose out of very deep, rapid water—was, as we have already stated, to be performed by the slow but irresistible agency of hydraulic power ; and as one of the presses used is said not only to be the largest in the world, but the most powerful machine that has ever been constructed, we will venture to offer to those of our readers who may never have reflected upon the subject, a brief, homely explanation of the simple hydrostatic principle upon which that most astonishing engine, the hydraulic press invented by Bramah, is constructed.

If the whole of the fresh water behind the lock-gates of a canal communicating directly with, say the German Ocean, were to be suddenly withdrawn, it is evident that the sea-side of the gates would receive water-pressure, and the other side none.

Now if a second set of gates were to be inserted in the salt-water at a short distance, say one foot, in front of the old ones—(the water between both sets of gates remaining at the same sea-level as before)—many, and perhaps most people, would believe that the pressure of the German Ocean against the new gates would of course relieve, if not entirely remove, the pressure against the old ones—just as a barrier before the entrance of a theatre most certainly relieves those between it and the door from the pressure of the mob without.

This opinion, however, is fallacious ; for, supposing that the new gates were by machinery to be firmly closed, the foot of salt-water included between them and the old

gates would not only continue to press exactly as heavily against the latter as the whole German Ocean had previously done, but by simultaneously inflicting the same amount of pressure against the inside of the new gates as the ocean was inflicting on their outside, the pressure of this imprisoned single foot of water would so accurately counterpoise that of the whole wide, free ocean, that if the machinery which had closed the new gates were suddenly to be removed, they (the new gates) would be found, as it were, vertically to float between the two equal pressures !

But anomalous as this theory may appear, it is beautifully demonstrated by the well-known fact, that if water be poured into a glass syphon, of which one leg is, say an inch in diameter, and the other, say a foot, the smaller quantity will exactly counterbalance the greater, and the water will consequently, in both legs, rise precisely to the same level ; and this would be the case if one leg of the syphon were as large as the German Ocean, and the other as small as the distance between the two sets of lock gates we have just described—indeed it is evident that, if a hole were to be bored through the bottom of the new gates, a syphon would instantly be formed, of which the ocean would be one leg and the foot of included salt-water the other.

Now Bramah, on reflection, clearly perceived that from this simple principle in nature a most important mechanical power might be obtained ; for if, say five ounces of water in a small tube can be made to counterbalance, say a hundred thousand ounces of water in a large one, it is evident that by the mere substitution in the bottom of the larger tube of a flat solid substance instead of the water, a pressure upon the body so inserted of very nearly a hundred thousand ounces would be inflicted by the application of only five ounces !—and—as this pressure would of course be proportionately increased by increasing the height, or in other words the *weight* of water in the smaller tube—Bramah therefore further reasoned that, if, instead of adding to the quantity of water in the smaller tube, the fluid therein were to be ejected downward by a force-pump, the pressure upward in the larger tube would proportionately be most enormously increased ; and *a fortiori*, as, in lieu of the old-fashioned forcing-pump, the power of steam has lately been exerted, our readers will, we believe, at once perceive that, if the instrument which holds the water could but be

made strong enough, the pressure which might be inflicted within it by a few gallons of water might almost be illimitable.

The *principle* of the hydraulic press having been above faintly explained, the power and dimensions of the extraordinary engine of this nature, which has been constructed by Messrs. Easton and Amos, of Southwark, for raising the Britannia tubes, may be thus briefly described.

The cylinder, or large tube, of the syphon, which is 9 feet 4 inches in length, 4 feet 10 inches in diameter, and which is made of cast iron 11 inches thick, weighs 16 tons. The piston, termed *the Ram*, which, pressed upward by the water, works within it, is 20 inches in diameter. The whole machine complete weighs upward of 40 tons. The force-pump barrel communicates with a slender tube or passage about the size of a lady's smallest finger, which, like the touch-hole of a cannon, is drilled through the metallic side of the cylinder; and thus, although the syphonic principle really exists, nothing appears to the eye but a sturdy cast-iron cylinder of about the length of a 24 lb. cannon, having the thickness of metal of a 13-inch mortar.

From the above trifling data it will be evident that, leaving friction and the weight of the ram out of the question, the lifting power of this machine must exceed the force applied to the force-pump in the same proportion that  $1\frac{1}{2}$  inch diameter bears to a diameter of 20 inches—which in figures amounts to about 354 to 1; and as the two 40-horse steam-engines which are to be applied to the touch-hole for compressing the water in the smaller tube would, it has been calculated by Mr. Latimer Clark, be sufficient to force the fluid more than five times as high as the top of Snowdon, or 5000 feet higher than the summit of Mount Blanc, our readers have only to increase the force in this proportion to become sensible of the extraordinary power which the hydraulic press of the Britannia Bridge is capable of exerting for the purpose of raising its tubes. In short, the power is to the weight of the tubes as follows:—

	Tons.
Weight of one of the largest tubes . .	1800
Lifting-power of the hydraulic press .	2622

The mode in which this enormous power is practically exercised is as follows:—

The hydraulic cylinder, standing erect, like a cannon on its breech, on two stout wrought-iron beams bolted to each other, is, together with its steam-boiler, securely

fixed in the upper region of the Britannia Tower, 148 feet above the level of its base, and about 45 feet above that to which the bridge is to be raised.

Around the neck of the iron ram or piston, which protrudes 8 inches above the top of this cylinder, there is affixed a strong horizontal iron beam 6 feet 9 inches in length, resembling the wooden yoke used by milkmaids for carrying their pails, from the extremities of which there hang two enormous iron chains, composed of eight or nine flat links or plates, each 7 inches broad, 1 inch thick, and 6 feet in length, firmly bolted together. These chains (which, in order to lift the tube to its destination, are required to be each 145 feet long, weigh no less than 100 tons—which is more than double the weight of the equestrian statue of the Duke of Wellington, lately erected in Hyde Park—commonly regarded as one of the heaviest lifts ever effected; and certainly, when from the giddy region of the Britannia Tower, in which this hydraulic machinery, like the nest of an eagle, has been deposited, the stranger, after looking down upon the enormous weight of iron not only to be supported, but to be raised, compares the whole mass with the diameter of the little touch-hole immediately before him, through which the lifting-power has to pass—and when he reflects that the whole process can, with the greatest ease, be regulated and controlled by a single man, it is impossible to help feeling deeply grateful to the Divine Power for an invention which, at first sight, has more the appearance of magic than of art.

As soon as all adjustments were prepared, and the boiler was sufficiently heated, the great piston, under the influence of severe pressure upon the water beneath it, began slowly, like a schoolboy's "jack-in-the-box," to emerge from the cylinder, and, apparently regardless of the enormous weight that oppressed his shoulders, he continued steadily to rise, until in about thirty minutes he lifted the tube 6 feet, and, as he could raise it no higher, the huge chains beneath were immediately secured by a powerful vice or "clams" at the foot of the press. By letting off the water, which of course relieved the pressure beneath the piston, it descended, by its own gravity, to the point from which it had started, where the chains being again affixed to its yoke—an operation which requires about half an hour—it again by the vitality of steam, lifted its weight another six feet; and, as the other end of the tube was simultaneously treated in a similar way, the whole was pro-

gressively raised nearly 30 feet, when, by the bursting of the largest of the hydraulic presses—a contingency which, from the faithless crystalline character of *cast* iron, it is utterly impossible for Science to prevent—the ponderous mass suddenly fell through a space of seven inches—an awful phenomenon to witness—until it was stopped by the brickwork

and timber which had cautiously been under-built during its ascent—and from which it has still to be raised to a point a few feet above its final position, where a strong iron beam being placed beneath, it will, we trust, triumphantly be lowered to its final resting-place, to be the aerial highway of the public.

## A MOTHER'S LAMENT.

BY WILLIAM JONES.

Where have they lain thee, my own dear child,  
Where have they made thy bed!  
In the cold churchyard, where the weeds grow wild,  
Have they placed thy little head!  
Where the hemlock waves  
On the drowsy graves,  
And the night-shade droops o'er the dreamless dead!

Where have they borne thee, my stricken one?  
Would that I shared thy rest!  
For it sorrows me thou shouldst sleep alone,  
Away from thy mother's breast.  
With thine eyelids closed,  
As they oft reposed  
On the bosom the light of thy smiles once blessed!

They tell me, my boy, thou wert taken hence  
In mercy, for thou wert weak,  
And the world, with its darkling influence,  
Would have caused the reed to break!  
And thou wouldst have wept  
As the blighting crept  
To the heart of the flower, with touch so bleak!

And they tell of an angel-child above,  
With a bright and glorious brow,  
And they say he is spreading his wings of love  
O'er the home of his mother now!  
And I list profound  
For the rustling sound;  
But the leaves are stirless upon the bough!

My baby! though thine is a holy lot,  
To walk in the glow of heaven,  
I mourn for the pleasures that now are not,  
That alone with thee were given!  
And I raise these eyes  
To thine own blue skies,  
With a grieving spirit for joys thus riven!

But a whisper of hope has reach'd my ear,  
And my heart soars on the strain!  
Sweet mother! Jehovah hath heard thy pray'r,  
And soon we shall meet again,  
In a sinless clime,  
Where the flight of time  
Shall bring not a tear, or a throb of pain!

From the British Quarterly Review.

## RABELAIS—HIS LIFE AND GENIUS.

*The Works of Francis Rabelais.* Translated from the French by SIR THOMAS URQUHART and MOTTEUX; with Explanatory Notes by DUCHAT, OZELL, and others. A New Edition, revised, and with additional Notes. 2 vols. London: Bohn. 1849.

IN 1530, Luther, now an elderly man, had already accomplished more than half his great work, and the young Frenchman, Calvin, was just beginning his career as a theologian, when an erratic fellow-countryman of the latter, a vagabond monk or priest, that had long been at a loss what to do with himself, came to Montpellier, and was matriculated at the university there as a student of medicine, by the name of Francis Rabelais. He must have seemed somewhat of an old fellow to be commencing a new course of study, for he was then in his forty-eighth year—that is to say, exactly as old as Luther, and about twenty-six years older than Calvin. But it was by no means uncommon at that time to see men that had been bred in the church, cast adrift to seek, late in life, for new ties and occupations. Many were the strange waifs that the Reformation had washed afloat upon society; nor of all these was there one whose severance from the papal wreck should have been less a matter of surprise than that of Rabelais.

Born in 1483, at the small town of Chinon, in Touraine, where his father, who was an innkeeper, owned or rented a farm adjacent to a convent of Benedictine monks, Rabelais had been destined for the church from his boyhood; and after receiving the usual modicum of education, and fulfilling the usual novitiate, he had at last, in his twenty-ninth year (1511), been admitted into priest's orders as a member of a fraternity of Franciscan or Mendicant Gray Friars, established at Fontenay-le-Comte, in Lower Poitou. A position less suitable for a man of his tastes and temperament could not possibly have been found. To wear a coarse gray cloak and hood, to go barefooted, and live on fish and other meagre diet, to cherish an humble and abject demeanor, and to abstain from all

unnecessary learning—such were the rules imposed upon the Franciscan friars by the will of their founder; and whatever relaxations in these rules time may have introduced, enough of their spirit remained to preserve for the order its traditional character as the most ascetic and beggarly in the church. In any convent whatever, Rabelais would have been an unruly subject; but in a convent of Franciscans he was discord incarnate. His conventual offences were numerous. In the first place, it appears, he was by far too studious in his habits for a Franciscan; he, and another brother, named Peter Amy, would persist, among other things, in learning Greek together, and in corresponding with eminent Greek scholars, such as the celebrated Budæus—of all which it was clear to the friars that no good could come. Further, there was good reason, after the promulgation of the Lutheran heresy, to believe that brother Rabelais was by no means an orthodox catholic in his views of that movement, if, indeed, he was not in secret a disciple of Luther. But, worse than all, as we guess, he was of a disposition altogether intractable and uncomfortable, “un prêtre,” as his friend Budæus hinted, “d’un caractère bien difficile et morose;” an earlier Swift, in short, for bitterness and satiric humor. It is nowise necessary to add to these traits, as some do, the imputation of personal lewdness, in order to complete our picture of a man that would be likely to keep a community of Gray Friars in a state of hot water. Suffice it that, during thirteen years, he was, somehow or other, the most unpopular man in the monastery. At last, this dislike of his brother monks to him showed itself in a somewhat serious fashion. In 1524, in consequence of some formidable breach of rule—a profane practical jest, tradition says, that



brought the whole convent into public scandal—brother Rabelais was condemned by the conventual chapter to the terrible punishment called *in pace*—that is, to perpetual imprisonment, on bread and water, in a subterranean cell. It was not so easy, however, thus to dispose of a man whose abilities and learning, in spite of any faults he may have had as regarded faith or morals, had already procured him some local reputation—a man that knew Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and had Budæus and bishops for his friends. The whole neighborhood of Fontenay-le-Comte rose in his favor; and by the exertions of certain influential individuals, among whom was André Tiraqueau, lieutenant-general of the district, and Geoffroi d'Estissac, bishop of the see of Maillezais in the same province of Poitou, not only was Rabelais released from his durance, but a papal indulgence was procured enabling him to quit his monastery altogether, and, in spite of his former vows as a Franciscan, enter the aforesaid bishop's own chapter, the Abbey of Maillezais, of the wealthy and scholarly order of St. Benedict. Even this change of situation, however, did not satisfy him; and it was not long before, assuming the habit of a secular priest, and so renouncing all monastic restraint, he decamped from the abbey without leave, and became once more a denizen of the common world. The Bishop of Maillezais, one of those easy semi-Lutheran prelates that then abounded, winked at this act of his *protégé*; and for several years the ex-monk lived and went about with him as his friend and secretary. It was at this time and in this situation that he became connected with Clement Marot, Etienne Dolet, Antoine Heroet, Hugues Salel, Bonaventure des Periers, and other distinguished literary scoundrels of the day, in all of whom, sympathy with at least the negative side of the Lutheran movement was tolerably apparent; as well as with the four celebrated brothers Du Bellay, who, though all high civic or ecclesiastical functionaries, were yet all more or less Lutheran in their sentiments. There is even ground for supposing, that about the same period, he met and formed some slight acquaintance with Calvin, then a mere youth, but already known, like himself, as a profound Greek scholar. In 1530, however, the mixed party of wits, scholars, and public men, that seemed thus to be forming itself as a Lutheran, or semi-Lutheran, element in French society, found cause for prudence, if not for alarm; persecution having assumed so decided a form in the counsels of Francis

I., as to sanction the burning of suspected heretics in the streets of Paris. Accordingly, there was a temporary cessation of all overt demonstration of opinion, or of Lutheran collusion, if any such existed, on the part of our ex-monk and his friends. The Bishop of Maillezais and the Du Bellays jogged on as politic men in office, that could keep their thoughts to themselves; Clement Marot, a prosecution for eating bacon in Lent hanging over him, continued to write popular verses; the noble Calvin calmly pursued his peculiar way as a laborious student, whom a high destiny awaited; and Rabelais, a runaway monk, with forty-eight years of his life gone, and the world yet before him, resolved, as we have seen, to study medicine.

The memory of Rabelais is sacred in Montpellier to this day. For many years after his death, the red gown which he had worn when a student, was carefully preserved; and, by way of ceremony, every medical pupil at the university was invested with it on passing his fifth examination. The ceremony is still kept up; but the real gown has twice been replaced by a substitute. According to the tradition, this custom is commemorative not merely of the fact that Rabelais studied at the university, but also of a signal service that he rendered it, in procuring, under very difficult circumstances, and by a very jocose stratagem, the restoration of certain privileges that had been withdrawn from it by Chancellor Duprat. All that is certain, however, is that Rabelais remained at the university about two years; that he obtained a bachelor's degree in medicine; that he led what might be called a merry life for a man verging on fifty—acting plays and farces with his fellow-students; and that, on leaving Montpellier for Lyons, in 1532, he carried with him a real knowledge of what was then taught as physic, as well as a full title to practice it.

Settled at Lyons, whither he was probably led by the instances of his friend Dolet, his first occupation was to edit two medical works—the one consisting of Letters of an Italian physician, named Manardi, and the other of revised Latin versions of certain treatises of Hippocrates and Galen. These works, however, did not sell. Two other productions, of an erudite literary character, were equally unsuccessful; and, as the common story goes, it was to make up to his publisher, Gryphius, the losses he had sustained by undertaking them, that Rabelais resolved to attempt something in a more popular vein. The result was the publication in

the same year of a mock tale of chivalry entitled, *Chronique Gargantuine*, or more fully, "*The great and inestimable Chronicles of the great and enormous Giant Gargantua, containing his genealogy, the greatness and force of his body, as well as the marvelous feats of arms that he did for King Artus; as see hereafter, newly printed.*" Of this slipshod performance, doubtless written *currente calamo*, and, as the author says, "during the time allotted to eating and drinking," there were sold, he says, "more copies in two months than were sold of the Bible in nine years." No time was, therefore, lost in bringing out a second edition of the same, greatly altered and enlarged; and in following it up in 1533 with a sequel, or continuation, under the name, "*Pantagruel; the horrible and astounding feats and prowesses of the very renowned Pantagruel, King of the Dipsodes, son of the great giant Gargantua; newly composed by Alcofribas Nasier.*" This production, which forms the second book of the works of Rabelais, as they now stand, is in reality the parent of the other four books, nothing being contained in them that does not grow out of it necessarily or otherwise. The author, in passing from the *Chronique*, which he had thrown off so hastily, to this second work, or sequel, had evidently enlarged the design of his fiction, and determined to give it a new character. Accordingly, while he retains in the *Pantagruel* a great deal of the absurd machinery of the *Chronique*, making his hero a giant, and everything about him gigantesque, it is clear that he no longer aims at a mere boisterous parody of the legends of giants and enchantments, that then formed the staple popular literature of Europe. Merlin, King Arthur, Gog, Magog, and other similar personages, that had figured in the *Chronique*, are disbanded; and Pantagruel, the gigantic son of the giant Gargantua, moves on through a very different world from that to which his father had belonged. Paris, and the whole contemporary French world, that Rabelais himself knew, rise distinctly before one; and the author, descending like a licensed jester among real things and events, riots in universal allusion and invective. The transition is somewhat, though not entirely, as if from penning *The Adventures of Jack the Giant Killer*, one had passed to the composition of the *Voyage to Brobdingnag*. Fancy does not yet succumb, indeed, so as to play only a second part; but purpose and savage intent are everywhere visible.

Rabelais had thus discovered his true vein,

found out the natural bent of his genius, ascertained that he was a born satirist, and all-irreverent jester. A somewhat odd discovery to be made so late, and after such varied premises! To have become a priest; to have spent thirteen years in a convent of beggarly ignoramuses; to have learnt Latin, Greek, and Hebrew, and otherwise pursued knowledge under difficulties; to have been once all but starved to death in a mouldy cellar; to have changed one monkish order for another; to have been secretary to a bishop; to have kept company with distinguished scholars and wits; to have seen and talked with young Calvin; to have studied medicine, and edited heavy medical books; and then, at last, in his fiftieth year, to find out, by mere chance, that, after all, he was nothing else than what he had been at first—a village innkeeper's son, making fun every morning with the hostlers at his father's door; listening every night to snatches of song, broad jests, and roars of tipsy laughter from the tap-room; and *au fait* (the kitchen being his own) in all the mysteries of cooked and preserved meats! Such, however, was the fact of the case. What Rabelais was at the last, he was in embryo while a boy about his father's inn at Chinon. Take, for example, the opening passage of the Prologue to his Fourth Book:—

"Good people, God save and keep you! Where are you? I can't see you. Wait till I put on my spectacles. Ha, ha!—soft and fair goes Lent; I see you. Well, you have had a good vintage, they tell me. I am not a bit vexed at it. You have found an infallible cure against all weather changes. 'Tis bravely done. You, your wives, children, friends, and families, are in as good health as hearts could wish. It is well, it is good; it is as I would have it. God be praised for it; and, if it be his sacred will, long may you be kept so. For my own part, thank His kindness, I am there and thereabouts; and by the means of a little Pantagruelism (which is, as you know, a certain jollity of spirit pickled in the scorn of fortune), you see me now hale and cheery, as sound as a bell, and ready to drink, if you will."

What have we here but the salutation of a country innkeeper to his customers on a market-day? We seem to see old Thomas Rabelais, a ruddy, jovial soul, with plenty to say, and genius in the very wink of his eye, standing under his own sign of the Lamprey, and welcoming his guests in his bantering way, his first-born chewing a straw, and sympathetically looking on. "And so you mean to make that boy of yours a priest, Master Rabelais?"

we may farther fancy some crony of his saying to him: "Take my word for it, he is fitter to ride horses, and fire off damp gunpowder." And Gaffer Jacques would have been right. After forty weary years, the boy that his father, by the advice of some neighboring Benedictine, had destined to the priesthood, had but come round again to his pristine nature; not, however, without difference or advantage, resulting from so long a circuit. Setting aside the mere fact of acquisitions gained, whereby what in Thomas Rabelais had been but village gossip, became in his son matter and faculty to make a nation laugh, had not that "certain jollity of spirit," which Rabelais the younger had doubtless inherited from his father, to be previously "pickled," as he says himself, "in the scorn of fortune," ere it could be elaborated into perfect Pantagruelism. We do not question it. Jovial and satiric from the first, his joviality had to be tempered and hardened, and his satiric humor had to accumulate for itself store of appropriate material, ere the result could be anything durable or considerable. To this, therefore, the vicissitudes of his life—his apprenticeship as a Franciscan, his contact with learned heretics, his studentship at Montpellier—had all tended; to the final evolution, namely, of mere hostelry wit and ribaldry, in a form so colossal, and bearing on topics so general and vital, that a whole age should be tickled and relaxed by it. Humor, it is true, is, in our part of the world at least, the most frequent and characteristic form of illiterate genius; the foremost untaught man in any English or Scotch village, for example, being always some humorous grocer, saddler or tavern-keeper, as the case may be; nor again, so far as we see, has culture much absolute power over this faculty—not essentially augmenting it where it exists by nature, but rather suppressing and reducing it by stirring up other and competent forms of thought. Nevertheless, where humor is really regnant, culture is but an extension of its domain; and, as the noblest man on earth is the most spiritual and melancholy, so the most resistless is the cultured humorist. Untaught, and left rough, Rabelais might have kept his father's inn, and not disgraced his memory; bred an ecclesiastic and a scholar, he was able to bring the wit that would have convulsed a bar-parlor into contact as noisy and effective with French and European interests. Yet one would think he might have discovered his function sooner. The interval between his boyhood

and his publication of *Pantagruel* in his fiftieth year, had doubtless been by no means a mere continuity of serious study. To say nothing of unseemly bursts of laughter, with which even a Franciscan convent must have rung whilst a Rabelais was within its walls, could humor like his have passed the ordeal of a bishop's table, with the Marots and Heroets of the day among the guests, and not betrayed its infinity by flashes? Not the consciousness of being a humorist, then, was wanting to Rabelais, but the idea of bringing forth his humor in vernacular printed sheets, instead of lavishing it in mere talk with learned acquaintances. And this, we have seen, came almost by chance. His medical books will not sell; forthwith he protests, in a kind of jesting rage, that the public *shall* buy something of his; and to redeem this pledge, he sits down, and scribbles off the *Chronique Gargantuine*—exactly such a farrago of fun and rubbish as one of those coarsely printed curiosities that, some twenty or thirty years ago, packmen used to sell at fairs to country people. He has hit the mark; the book is bought up; a second edition is issued; and the author, taking the matter now more seriously, prepares, in *Pantagruel*, something that, meeting the ascertained popular demand for fun, shall do his own genius more justice. Thus the die is cast—Medicine, Erudition, and the Latin language are thrown aside; and Rabelais, with a smile at his own complaisance, bows to the popular decision, mounts the vacant stage, harangues the grinning crowd in their broad vernacular, and deliberately assumes the proffered cap and bells. More, however, was decided by that first French publication of Rabelais than his own name and fate in the world, much as these were to him. That publication was the parent and beginning of a new species of European literature—a species of literature that was to rank among its votaries such future men as Swift, Diderot, and Sterne.

If Rabelais' recognition of his true function was late and sudden, it was firm and irrevocable. It is not given, indeed, to man, in this world, to be once a buffoon, and afterward anything else. Gurth the swineheard may leap from the earth a free man, and herd swine no more; but Wamba, the son of Witless, is doomed to wear his collar and break jests for ever. But in the case of Rabelais there was probably no wish, as certainly there was little worldly reason, to undo the choice so made of a fool's vocation. Having accepted the profession offered him,

he must at once have felt himself unique in it, enfeoffed against all rivals. His whole soul and intellect, every faculty he had and every acquisition he had made, had space and exercise in this new part that had fallen to him. Had the whole state of the world been purposely considered, on the one hand, and the utmost capacity and possible maximum of his own activity estimated on the other, the adaptation and conjunction of the two could not have been more neat or thorough. So perfect and final, in fact, had been his recognition of his function, when at last it was revealed to him, that he had already almost consciously invented a formula and nickname to express and declare it. He was a *Pantagrueist*, he said; *Pantagrueism*, i. e., as defined by himself, "jollity of spirit, pickled in the scorn of fortune,"—this, and this alone, was what he could preach. He had been fifty years in making the discovery, and he had made it suddenly at last; but his intuition was now clear and fixed, and, let him live fifty years more, the best of his future labors would be but efforts to expound and disseminate *Pantagrueism*.

Of this he soon gave a distinct proof. "*Pantagrue*" had scarcely been written, when the author, reveling, as it were, in his newly-discovered vein, presented the public with a short burlesque on astrological predictions, written in the same style, and entitled "*Pantagrueian Prognostication, certain, true, and infallible, for the coming year and for ever: by Master Alcofribas, Architrictin to the aforesaid Pantagrue.*" In the same year, it appears, he also published a real almanac, calculated for the meridian of Lyons, and bearing on the title-page his own name, with the designation of "Doctor in Medicine and Professor in Astrology," the latter half of which is doubtless a jest. This kind of work seems to have been to his taste; for in various subsequent years he favored the Lyonnese with similar compilations.

Three editions of *Pantagrue*, and numberless copies of the *Prognostication*, had been sold, and their fame had already spread over France, when (January, 1534) Jean du Bellay, Bishop of Paris, passing through Lyons on his way to Rome, on a commission of importance connected with the quarrel between the Pope and Henry VIII. of England, persuaded the now popular humorist to accompany him. After an absence of six months, during which he learnt Arabic made collections for a work on Italian antiquities, and perpetrated, if all tales be true,

certain most Rabelæian *facetie* at the papal court, he returned to Lyons, the *sedes* as he called it, *suorum studiorum*. Here (passing over the story of the brick-dust packets, labeled "Poison for the King," &c., for which, and fifty others such—the best being that of his boiling the keys to make "an aperient decoction"—we refer the credulous reader to any collection of Rabelæiana) we find him almost immediately engaged in seeing through the press a Latin work on Roman topography, by an Italian named Marliani, in whose favor he is said to have abandoned his own design of writing a similar work. Toward the close of the same year, he received the appointment of physician to the great hospital at Lyons; in which capacity he delivered, during the winter, public lectures on anatomy, accompanied by dissections. Rabelais, it has been well remarked, appears to have been an enthusiast in his profession as a physician; and in no kind of technicality does he seem to revel so much, throughout his work, as in anatomical description.

Meanwhile, *Pantagrueism* was not lost sight of, because of assiduity with the scalpel. Before the end of 1534, a new edition of *Pantagrue* was issued; and early in 1535, the original *Chronique Gargantuine* was definitively superseded by the production that now forms the first book of the general work. In this production, which saw the light under the title of "*The Inestimable Life of the Great Gargantua, father of Pantagrue, heretofore composed by the Abstractor of Quintessence; a Book full of Pantagrueism,*" the purpose of the author evidently is, to convert the *Chronique* into a natural and appropriate prelude to the *Pantagrue*. Hence, in form and matter it is entirely altered and recast. In the tone and spirit of the book there is also a wonderful change. The author, we are to remember, had in the interval visited Rome, and, like Luther, though with very different eyes, seen the papal corruption at its source; he had been the intimate associate, at the same time, of a prelate who, though the bishop of Paris, and now also a cardinal, was in reality a philosophic heretic, with schemes of reform in his head; and, finally, already (for Calvin, now in his twenty-seventh year, had just published, or was about to publish, his "*Institutes*") it was clear to all that the latent Lutheranism of the kingdom was assuming, in ardent French hands, a definite national shape. It was time, therefore, for Rabelais to speak out; to let his *Panta-*

gruelism flood itself more freely in the specific direction that the national opinion was taking. Accordingly, in the *Gargantua*, new topics are wound into the Pantagruelian discussion. In *Pantagruel*, there had been abundant satire against the Sorbonne and the lawyers, nor had the monks been spared; but in *Gargantua* the monks have it more specially. The whole book concludes, in fact, with an exposition (under the transparent guise of a description of a certain great abbey, called the abbey of the Thelemites) of a kind of ideal socialism, or scheme of ecclesiastical liberty; in which, though it is not propounded *bona fide*, but only as a wild poetic sketch, one nevertheless sees an expression of real practical intention. Pantagruelism, indeed, was the true spirit then abroad in France—a certain jolly, daring, riotous negation of monks and monkeries, mingled with no better positive element than a kind of epicurean vigor and geniality. Far less widely spread, because far more rigorous, devout, and deep, was the spirit that issued in Calvinism. As yet, indeed, Pantagruelism and Calvinism existed as if they were one and commingled; but it was impossible that they could advance far without disentangling themselves. Calvin and Rabelais both dealt hard blows at the papal system, and for both, could they have been clutched at once by the bigots, the fire was equally ready—nay, perhaps for the jester more ready than for the reasoner, for jests enrage more than arguments; but buffoons ever have the populace they make laugh for a body-guard, while thinkers walk but in groups; nor has it yet been seen, so far as we are aware, that Pantagruelists are the men to go to the stake for their opinions. Rabelais burnt for having written *Gargantua*, would have been a joke in itself. The hangman could not have done his duty for laughing; and the pinioned culprit would have winked to the crowd.

When, therefore, in the year succeeding the publication of *Gargantua*, Francis I., roused by the appearance of some heretical placards in the streets of Paris, gave the Sorbonne full license to persecute, the difference that, as foolish M. Jacob says, did actually exist between the high "Thelemite or Pantagruelian philosophy" of Rabelais, and "the sordid, unmannerly, and inflexible reform" of Calvin, was not long in making itself clear. How, for example, in this emergency, do the two chiefs respectively behave in whom the dispositions of the parties may be considered as having been represented? The puritan

Calvin, to escape the storm, goes to Geneva, and becomes a pastor and professor of the Protestant church there. The Pantagruelist Rabelais, on the other hand, his friends Marot and Dolet being already partly within the grasp of the law, thinks it best to go to Rome, where, curiously enough, such men as he were then safest; and there, do what? Submit himself to the pope; get pardoned for his former apostasy in leaving his monastery; have himself reinstated in all his former privileges as a Benedictine friar, with liberty reserved to him to practice as a physician at the same time; and so be able to return to France and defy everybody. The Latin letter of Rabelais, on this occasion, to Paul III., and that pope's gracious answer, bearing date the 17th January, 1536-7, are still extant. Nor, in taking this step, was Rabelais ostensibly untrue to any set of convictions that he had undertaken to support. It was a mere matter of convenience, he doubtless persuaded himself—not in the least a matter of principle. Just as people now-a-days get called to the bar for certain collateral advantages, and without intending to practice, so Rabelais, who would have laughed at the idea of pretending in earnest to be a priest, re-entered the church. Yet natures like Calvin's do not act so.

After living some months in Rome, attached to the household of Cardinal du Bellay, and corresponding with his old friend, the Bishop of Maillezais, Rabelais returned to France in the capacity of physician to the cardinal, who ultimately, although not without some difficulty, and a fresh application to the pope, got him settled as one of the canons of Saint-Maur des Fosses—a collegiate church attached to the cardinal's own bishopric of Paris. This arrangement does not appear to have been one of the humorist's own making; his purpose seems rather to have been to depend on that saving clause in the pope's letter by which he was authorized to continue the practice of medicine; and, accordingly, he had, on his return from Rome, paid a visit to his old residence, Montpellier—there to exchange his bachelor's for a full doctor's degree. The arrangement, however, once made, was found convenient enough, as it enabled Rabelais to lead a life of tolerable ease and leisure. Residing during the winter at Saint-Maur des Fosses, he made trips in summer to various parts of France—to Montpellier, to Lyons, and, above all, to his native village, Chinon, where his relatives were proud to have him among them, and where he had his father's old inn,

with the bowling-green behind it, to live in when he liked. The Du Bellays were now his chief friends. At Paris, the Cardinal's house was his own when he chose; in Normandy, he visited Martin du Bellay, the lieutenant-general of the province; the youngest of the brothers, René du Bellay, the Bishop of Mans, was glad at any time to entertain him; and of the attachment that subsisted between Rabelais and Guillaume du Bellay, Lord of Langey, Rabelais himself, more than once, makes affectionate mention. In 1542, he was present at the death of this highly popular chieftain, who bequeathed to him, by his will, a considerable annual legacy. To René du Bellay he was also indebted for an accession of income in the form of a curacy, which he was allowed to manage by a substitute.

It was not till the year 1546, or ten years after the publication of *Gargantua*, that the second part of "*The Heroic Deeds and Sayings of the Noble Pantagruel*" made its appearance. There were circumstances to account for this delay. The storm of Persecution had by no means yet blown over. Personal friends of Rabelais had fallen victims. Etienne Dolet had been burnt as a heretic; Bonaventure des Periers had escaped a like fate by suicide; Marot was in exile. It was for the Canon of Saint-Maur des Fosses, now in his sixty-third year, to be as cautious as possible. Accordingly, when the new book did appear, it was under the protection of a special privilege or guarantee of copyright from the king; a favor obtained for Rabelais by his influential friends, on the ground that his previous books had been tampered with by the piratical printers. The pseudonym of *Alcofribus Nasier* was now discarded, and the real name of the author advertised.

The second part of *Pantagruel* was quite as pungent and audacious as either of its predecessors; and the doctors of the Sorbonne were soon prepared to sustain a charge of atheism and heresy against it. A very simple accident, however, saved the author. The king, interested in the book by the extraordinary excitement it had created, and pestered with petitions for leave to put it on trial, notwithstanding the royal privilege by which it was protected, resolved to read it himself. He did read it; and after that, Rabelais was out of all danger. For four or five years, however, (during which time Francis I. died, and was succeeded by his son, Henry II.,) he had to bear attacks of all kinds through the press, directed partly against his real writings, and partly against

certain profligate tracts that were published in his name. Nor were the papistical doctors his only critics and antagonists. In the great controversy between Ramus and Galland regarding the merits of Aristotle, the name of Rabelais was frequently and studiously bandied to and fro. Calvin, too, now "the Pope of Geneva," as the Catholics delighted to call him, and, since Luther's death, the chief of European protestantism, had thought it his duty to announce his opinion of the character and worth of so conspicuous a contemporary. "Quotquot videmus," he says in his treatise *De Scandalis*, published in 1550, "hodie Lucianicos homines, qui totam Christi religionem subsannant! Alii (ut Rabelasus, Deperus, et Goveanus), gustato Evangelio, eadem cæcitate sunt percussi. Cur istud, nisi quia illud vitæ æternæ pignus sacrilegâ ludendi aut ridendi audaciâ antè profanarant?" In Calvin's estimation, therefore, Rabelais was a man who had once tasted the gospel, but who, in consequence of his inveterate habit of jesting on sacred things, had been struck with judicial blindness, and hardened in his old age into a hopeless Lucianist. Here, however, the reference is clearly to the personal spiritual condition of Rabelais; Calvin's estimate of the secular force of his writings was probably more favorable. Many Calvinists, indeed, considered Rabelais one of themselves. Beza eulogized him. The opinion of Stephanus is well known. "Though Rabelais seems," said he, "to be one of us, he often throws stones into our garden." But the truth is exactly as Calvin perceived it. Rabelais, from whatever point he may have started, had ended at last as a confirmed Lucianist—sceptical, epicurean, creedless; habitually a scoffer and preacher of sensualism, yet liable, it is clear, to wild, speculative longings of his own, and with a soul capable by fits of grand poetic flashes. His young disciples, the Pantagruelists of the court, ("*chacun s'est voulu mêler de pantagrueliser*," says a contemporary gossip,) formalized his doctrine somewhat too easily, and yet not altogether falsely, when they interpreted it to mean—Laugh and get drunk.

The third part of "*The Heroic Deeds and Sayings of the noble Pantagruel*," constituting the fourth book of the general work, was published in 1552. Rabelais had, in the mean time, paid a third visit, of some length, to Rome, in the train of Cardinal du Bellay; and had amused himself while there by writing letters, issuing some fugitive publications, including two almanacs, and cast-

ing horoscopes for the Roman ladies. On his return to France, where the Cardinal de Lorraine now held the same position of influence under Henry II. that the Cardinal du Bellay had held under Francis I., he had been presented to the curacy of Meudon, near Paris, by an arrangement between the two cardinals. A third cardinal, who was known at this time as an open patron of Rabelais, was the celebrated Odet de Châtillon, then at the height of his power, notwithstanding the strong suspicions that were already entertained of his orthodoxy—suspicions that were soon afterward justified by his declaration that he was a reformer, and by the scandal of his public marriage in his cardinal's robe. It was to him that Rabelais dedicated his new book; and it was by his influence that a prosecution, begun against it, was quashed, and an order of the Parliament of Paris, forbidding its sale, canceled. The circulation of such a book at such a time was indeed a wonder; for, surpassing all its predecessors in audacity, it is throughout, with but the thinnest possible veil of allegory thrown over it, a merciless onslaught on the papal system, in mass and in detail. Nor do those that had been recently attacking himself escape. The Ramists and Galilandists are made game of, in the preface; and Calvin is paid off for his allusion in the "De Scandalis" by a studied passage in one of the chapters, where "demoniacal Calvins, impostors of Geneva," are classed along with "superstitious pope-mongers," "gluttonous monks," &c., as all alike the offspring of Antiphrasis or Anti-Nature.

The last two years of the life of Rabelais were spent chiefly at his parish-cure of Meudon. "There," says M. Jacob, "he acquitted himself as well as possible of the duties of his ministry. He admitted no females into his parsonage, careful lest, old as he was, their presence should occasion scandal; but he received continual visits from *savans* and distinguished persons from Paris. He occupied himself with the decoration of his church, and with teaching the children of the choir to sing, and the poor of the parish to read. People came from far and near to see him in his garb of *curé*, and to hear him preach or perform mass. Meudon became a favorite resort of the Parisians in their country walks; so that, even a century after the death of Rabelais, it was a proverbial saying in Paris, 'Let us go to Meudon; there we shall see the castle, the terrace, the grottoes, and M. le Curé, the most pleasant-looking old gentleman in the world, and the best-

tempered—one that is always glad to see his friends, and a most delightful talker.'" All this we may take on the word of M. Jacob. Swift, Sterne, and (as good a Pan-tagrueist as any of them) Skinner of Aberdeenshire, the author of "*Tullochgorum*," must have been just such priests. Nor are the following details less pleasant in their way. "Free from any of the infirmities of age, with the exception of a big belly, the result of good living, he preserved to the last his love of study. He had a library consisting of rare and curious books, for he used to buy all bad books, saying they were sure not to be reprinted; he had also a collection of manuscripts. He would cover the margins of the books he read with critical or explanatory notes, abandoning himself in these notes to the caprices of his imagination, and to his philosophic doubts." By no means an ungenial picture of an easy old priest in his parsonage! But what are we to make of the stories of his manner of death? He died, it appears, not at Meudon, but at Paris, in a house in the Rue des Jardins, on the 9th of April, 1553, having just completed his seventieth year. "When he had received extreme unction," says M. Jacob, "he observed aloud, that they had greased his boots for the great journey." To this story, which is quoted by Bacon, are usually added two others—that of his profane pun, "*Beati sunt qui in Domino moriuntur*;" and that of his last bequest, "I have nothing; I owe much; I leave the rest to the poor." Neither story seems in the least degree credible. More dismal in itself, and more difficult to be set aside, is the story of his answer to a page sent by the Cardinal du Bellay or the Cardinal de Châtillon to inquire how he was. "Tell Monseigneur," he said, "in what brave spirits you find me. I go to seek a great *Perhaps*; he is in the cock-loft, tell him to keep there; as for you, you will never be anything else than a fool." Just before dying, it is added, he gathered his strength for one last burst of laughter, saying, when he had ceased, "Draw the curtain, the farce is over." Nay, to crown all, (and if, with M. Jacob, we accept the other stories, it will be but charitable to accept the solution,) "The priest that confessed him, and performed the last offices, spread the report everywhere that he died drunk." Reading this, it is best to be dumb!

Such, as we are able now to represent it, was the history of a man, whom, to omit meaner testimonies, Coleridge, whose admiration of him was unbounded, used to rank



with Shakespeare, Dante, and Cervantes, as one of the great creative minds of the world. The work on which his title to this eminence rests was composed by him during the last twenty years of his age. Had Rabelais died before the age of fifty, his name would have been quite unknown.

Of the work itself, considered as a narrative, it is easy to give an outline. In the First Book, or *Gargantua*, we are told how the great giant, Gargantua, the son of King Grangousier and his wife Gargamelle, is born into the world; how he is educated at home; how he is sent to Paris to be further instructed; how there he astonishes the citizens by various exploits, the chief of which is the carrying away of the great bells of Notre Dame round his mare's neck; how he is called back from his studies to help his father against Picrochole, King of Lerne, who has invaded his paternal territories; how, assisted by his friends, and especially by a jolly and valiant monk, called Friar John des Entomeures, or Friar John of the Chopping-knives, he routs the enemy; and how peace is restored, and Friar John rewarded. In the next Book, or the First Part of *Pantagruel*, we have the early life and actions of Prince Pantagruel, the son of the foregoing Gargantua, who has now succeeded his father, Grangousier, on the throne; how this prince, who was a giant like his father, was sent, like him, to Paris to be educated; how, in a curious way, he there fell in with a strange being, called Panurge, whom he immediately engaged as his companion, and whom "he loved all his life-time;" how, while he and Panurge are having odd adventures in Paris, he receives intelligence of the invasion of his father's kingdom by the Dipsodes and the giants; and how, thereupon, he returns, defeats the invaders, and introduces Panurge to his father, and to all his friends, including, of course, Friar John of the Chopping-knives. In the Third Book, or Second Part of *Pantagruel*, we learn how Pantagruel colonizes Dipsody; how he makes Panurge laird of Salmagundin in that country, with a noble income; how, nevertheless, Panurge gets into debt, and becoming half crazy, resolves to marry, if only he can first be assured that his matrimonial fortune will be a happy one; how, in order to obtain this assurance, he consults one person after another—Pantagruel, Friar John, a lawyer, a theologian, a physician, a witch, a fool, a philosopher, but all without satisfaction; and how, at last, to put all beyond a doubt, it is arranged by Gargantua that Pantagruel and

his friend Panurge, accompanied by Friar John, and many other persons, shall proceed in a ship to the other end of the world, there to consult the famous oracle of Bacbuc, or the Holy Bottle. Finally, in Books Fourth and Fifth, (Book Fifth was published from the MS., after the death of Rabelais,) we have a narrative of the voyage—how the voyagers conversed and amused themselves while on board; how they encountered a great storm; how they touched at one place after another—the land of the Chitterlings, or Sausages; the land of the Papimanes, or Pope-maniacs; the land of Gaster, or Lord Belly; the Ringing Island; the Queendom of Quintessence, &c. &c.—what wonders they saw in each; and how at last they arrived safely at their destination, and consulted the Bottle. And here the tale abruptly closes.

To give one that does not know the work an idea of the extraordinary mass of miscellaneous matter that is piled up in it on this almost absurd basis, is impossible. Dissertation, dialogue, anecdote, quaint learning, grotesque conception, trenchant sarcasm, the oddest and sharpest wit, the most riotous laughter, the profoundest allegory, the most abject driveling, the filthiest word-garbage, the most astounding profanity—are here mingled, and jumbled into union. The book is literally unique. There does not exist in the whole literature of the world any other that can be said really to resemble it. What Jean Paul is in German, Rabelais is in French; and yet the two men are wholly unlike.

Dismissing, as irrelevant and absurd, the controversy carried on with such pitiful results by Motteux and others, as to the real *dramatis persone* (Louis XII., Francis I., Henry II., Cardinal Châtillon, the Cardinal d'Amboise, &c. &c.) supposed to be represented under the names, Grangousier, Gargantua, Pantagruel, Friar John, Panurge, &c. &c., and believing nothing more than that Rabelais designed his work to be, as M. Jacob well names it, "a critique of the world," clutching here and there, possibly, at a real bit of fact when it suited his purpose, a judicious critic, we imagine, would find it convenient to discuss specially these four things in respect to Rabelais—his obscenity, his humor, his poetic or dramatic power, and his opinions or philosophy. We have space but for a word on each.

The obscenity of Rabelais, it has been remarked, is something stupendous. "He who has his mind stored," says a critic, "with the objectionable passages of Swift, Sterne, Boccaccio, and the Elizabethan dramatists,



may fancy that he knows the limit to which grossness in writing may extend. But alas! if he has not read Rabelais, his knowledge in this respect is as nothing; he cannot conceive the full strong torrent of undisguised and elaborated filth which rolls through a work as bulky as *Don Quixote*."

All that mass of objects and facts, in short, that society has agreed to keep nailed down under hatches, as suppressed and unnameable between cleanly men, is here broken in upon, shoved out, and exposed to the sun. Here, of course, there start up the two apologetic commonplaces—the custom of the age, and the difference between mere coarseness and studiously-seductive description. Both apologies are worth something; but neither is sufficient. That gentlemen and ladies of the age of Francis I. read Rabelais and found him "delectable;" that the Cardinal du Bellay called his book, *par excellence*, "The Book," and caused a gentleman that had not read it to retire from his table,—is all very true; but it is just as true, that in no age whatever could "The Book" have been written except by a man æsthetically depraved. Again; that the style is not purposely seductive—that it is not pictures of intellectual Aspasias, or of Laises rosy from the bath, that Rabelais delights to offer, but pictures of dirty Molls and hag-like Sycoraxes—is just as true; but we question if, all things considered, this mends the matter. In short, let it be distinctly understood by all heads of households that Rabelais is not a family author. Nor is our English translation a whit purer, in this respect, than the original. Begun by Sir Thomas Urquhart, a wit of the reign of Charles II., who, in the execution of his difficult task, ransacked the entire vocabulary of the English tongue, besides dipping occasionally into his native Scotch, for expressions tantamount to those of the original; and continued by Mr. Peter Motteux, a naturalized French Londoner of the beginning of last century, who, after a desultory, semi-literary life, was found dead, under suspicious circumstances, in a house of bad fame in St. Clement Danes, on the morning of his fifty-eighth birthday,—this translation is a perfect marvel for exuberance of foul speech. The most terrible sight on earth, as the critic quoted above has very truly said, would be that of a young lady in white muslin opening a volume of Urquhart's "Rabelais." We are not sure, indeed, if Mr. Bohn has done right in including this work in his valuable series of reprints, and so

making it more accessible than it was. It is but fair, however, after all this, to quote, in regard to this very point, the deliberate judgment of so high an authority as Coleridge. "I could write," says Coleridge, "a treatise in praise of the moral elevation of Rabelais' work, which would make the church stare and the conventicle groan, and yet would be truth and nothing but truth." And again (*Table Talk*, p. 93), "the morality of the work is of the most refined and exalted kind; as for the manners, to be sure, I cannot say as much." And really, whatever may be the impression made by parts, it is with a feeling toward the author very different from that of disgust, that one concludes a continuous perusal of the *Pantagruel*.

The humor of Rabelais is a subject for a dissertation rather than a paragraph; and the critic in such a case should prepare his ground by means of whole pages of examples. All that we can do here is to quote a specimen or two, to exhibit a frequent verbal form of the Rabelæian jest.

*Panurge's Praise of Indebtedness.*—"God forbid that I should ever be out of debt. He that leaves not some leaven overnight will hardly have paste the next morning. Be still indebted to somebody or other, that there may always be somebody to pray for you. \* \* Creditors, I will maintain it to the very fire, are fair and goodly creatures; and whoso lendeth nothing is a foul and ugly creature—an imp of the rogue below. O what a rare and ancient thing are debts! \* \* I give myself to Saint Babolin, if, all my life, I have not esteemed debts to be, as it were, a connection and colligation of the heavens and the earth—the sole cement of the human lineage (yea, without them all humanity would perish); perchance that they are even that great soul of the universe which, according to the academicians, vivifies all things. To perceive this, only represent to your calm mind the idea and form of some world (take, if you please, the thirtieth of those that the philosopher, Metrodorus, imagined) wherein there shall be neither debtor nor creditor. A world without debts! Then, among the stars there will be no regular course; all will be disorder. Jupiter, not considering himself a debtor to Saturn, will depose him from his sphere; and &c."—Book iii., chap. 3.

*How Panurge behaved during the Storm.*—"Panurge having fed the fishes with the contents of his stomach, lay on the deck all huddled up, forlorn, jointless, and half dead; invoked all the blessed saints and saintesses to his aid; vowed he would confess himself in time and place convenient; then called out 'Steward, my friend, my father, my uncle, a little salt meat; we shall drink too much anon, I fear. Would I were now at this very moment safe on shore. O thrice and four times happy those that plant cabbages! O

Fates, why did you not spin me to be a planter of cabbages? O how small is the number of those that Jupiter has been so propitious to, as to predestinate them to plant cabbages! \* \* Murder, this wave will sweep us away. O my friends, a little vinegar! I sweat with sheer agony. \* \* Bou, bou, bou, bou, bou. It is all over with me. Bou, bou, bou, bou. Otto, to, to, ti. Bou, bou, bou, ou, ou, ou, bou, bou, bou, bou, I drown, I sink, I die, good people, I die.' \* \* Friar John perceived him as he was going on the quarter-deck, and said, 'What, Panurge the calf—Panurge the weeper—Panurge the whiner! Much better for you to help us here than to cry like a calf, sitting on your hams like a monkey.' 'Be, be, be, bous, bous, bous,' answered Panurge, 'Friar John, my friend, my good father, I drown, I drown, my friend, I drown. It is all over with me, my spiritual father, my friend, it is all over with me. Be, be, be, bous, bous. I drown. O my father, my uncle, my all. The water has got into my shoes. Bous, bous, bous, pash, hu, hu, hu, ha, ha, ha, ha. I drown. Alas! alas! hu, hu, hu. Bebebeous, bous, bobous, bobous, bous, alas! alas! Would I were just now with those good holy friars going to the council, that we met this morning, so godly, so fat, so merry, so plump, so happy. Holos, holos, holos, alas, alas, Friar John, my father, my friend, confession. Here I am at your knees; *Confiteor*; your holy blessing.' (Here a volley of oaths at his cowardice from Friar John.) 'Let us not swear,' said Panurge, 'my father, my friend; not just now, at least. To-morrow, as much as you please. Holos, holos, alas, our ship leaks. I drown, alas! alas! I will give eighteen hundred thousand crowns to any one that will put me on shore just as I am. Alas, *Confiteor*, one little word of testament, or codicil at least.' (Another burst of wrath from Friar John.) 'Alas! alas!' said Panurge. 'Alas! bou, bou, bous, bous. Alas! alas! was it here we were predestined to perish? Holos, good people, I drown, I die. *Consummatus est*. I am a dead man.' (Friar John swears again.) 'O, Friar John, my spiritual father, my friend, let us not swear. You sin. Alas, alas! bebebeous, bous, bous! I drown, I die, my friends! I die at peace with all the world! Farewell! *In manus*—Bous, bous, bououous! St. Michael! St. Nicholas! now or never! I here solemnly vow, that if you help me this bout—I mean, if you set me ashore out of this danger, I will build you a fine, large, little chapel or two, between Luande and Moursoreau. Alas, alas! there has gone into my mouth above eighteen bucketfuls or so! Bous, bous, bous, bous! How bitter and salt it is!' (Another shower of curses from Friar John, who threatens to throw him overboard.) 'Oh,' said Panurge, 'you sin, Friar John, my former crony! Former, I say, for at present I am not, you are not. It grieves me to tell you so; for I believe this swearing does your spleen a deal of good, as a wood-cleaver finds great relief in crying "hem!" at every blow. Nevertheless, you sin, my sweet friend. \* \* Bebebeous, bous, bous, bous, bous—I drown! I see

neither heaven nor earth! Alas, alas! O that at this present hour I were in the close of Seuille, or at Innocent the pastrycook's, before the public house at Chinon, though I had to put on an apron and make pies myself! My honest man—he speaks to a sailor)—could you throw me ashore? You can do never so many things, they have informed me. I will give you all Salmagundin to yourself, if by any contrivance you can get me ashore."—Book iv. chapters 18—20.

Were we required to characterize, in one word, the style, or method, as it may be called, of the peculiar humor of Rabelais, we should say it consists in *abandonment*—i. e., in unchecked, headlong effusion of everything that comes into the head. In many passages he reminds us of a rough, uncultivated genius, scribbling off page after page of prose fit for horses, simply to make his friends laugh. There is no erasure, no suppression; sentence tumbles after sentence; rubbish is rolled upon sense; good things are not picked out and placed in concatenation, but are presented native as they grew, amid whole beds of weeds. Analyzing this method of humorous invention by sheer abandonment of the faculties to their own course, psychologists would probably arrive at the conclusion that its extreme efficacy depends on the extraordinary complexity of the associative or suggestive processes it gives rise to. In ordinary conversation, in a calm mood, one passes from thought to thought by very simple bonds of association; in public speaking, again, the associative links or hooks by which one advances from one thought on to its successor, are more numerous—the associations of cadence or rhythm, for example, and those of gesticulation or muscular movement, not to speak of the high suggestive power of emotional warmth, all working in unison with the mere logical connection of reason, so as to lead to more splendid reaches of invention, and produce richer effects; but a higher complication still, and consequently a more marvelous power of production, comes into play, in those special moods of either Pythic fervor on the one hand, or voluntary zanyism on the other, when the mind loses all control, as it were, over any part of itself, and drifts along as fate decrees. Omitting the higher kind of abandonment—Pythic fervor, as we have here named it—that leads to bursts of lofty and earnest expression, we think we could cull passages in abundance from our noted humorists, illustrative of the force, for purely humorous effect, of that other variety of the same mental condition, that consists in mere zanyism. "I would I were a weaver; I could sing

psalms or anything"—"If I live to be served such another trick, I'll have my brains taken out and buttered, and give them to a dog for a new-year's gift." What are these, and a hundred other such conceits in Falstaff, but the lucky result, as it were, of sheer voluntary drivell—the lips speaking on in blind haste, and Nature, per force, supplying the matter? And precisely so it is in Rabelais. In him, however, the zanyism is most frequently of a peculiar genus—a vinous zanyism, so to speak; the zanyism of intoxication. We seem to see all through the heavy eye, the swaggering look, the alternate mock-solemnity and downright idiocy of drunkenness. Indeed, as has been well remarked, the whole of Rabelais's book may be best conceived as a drama within a drama; the real scene being the tavern-parlor of the hostelry at Chinon warm and well lighted in a blustering winter night, with a company of jolly toppers seated in it round a board; and the professed story, with its Gargantuas, Panurges, and Friar Johns, passing through this only as a mad phantasmagory, or drunken revel. And thus we see how Rabelais was still the old man, and how, even in his mature age, all that he could do was to roll back his later experience of life, so as to bed and smother it in his early recollections.

Of the vigor of the dramatic or creative faculty in Rabelais, the proof lies in the distinctness with which one learns to picture the main characters of his fiction. What can be finer, in its way, than his description of the domestic old giant, Grangousier, as he was quietly spending his time when the news reached him of the invasion of his territories by Picrochole?—"Grangousier, good old man, warming his thighs at a good, great, clear fire, waiting upon the broiling of some chestnuts, very serious in drawing scratches on the hearth with a stick burnt at one end, wherewith they stirred the fire, telling to his wife and the rest of his family pleasant old stories and tales of former times." Nor is the portrait of Gargantua less clear to the reader. It is, however, upon the three friends and companions—Pantagruel, Friar John, and Panurge, that Rabelais has taken most pains. The characters of these three stand out as conceptions perfectly and peculiarly Rabelaisian. Pantagruel, the wise, the good, the invincible, the modest, the sad, the speculative, half a Hamlet, half a giant; Friar John, the lusty, the fearless, the jovial, the profane, "going through the world like a bull;" and Panurge, the witty, the mischievous, the wily, the unprincipled, half a Pistol

and half a Mephistopheles, with all the lying and cowardice of the one, and all the clever rascality of the other, yet somehow loveable, after all—where shall we find such another triad? And how they set off each other! Panurge always active, always amusing, never at a loss, sneaking off at the first glimpse of danger, re-appearing whenever it is past; Friar John, with his hanger ever ready for a foe, and his knife for a joint, often bullying his poor co-mate, yet bearing with him like a brother; and Pantagruel, sometimes standing apart and looking on, at others joining in the sport, but always as a superior nature, occupied with thoughts of his own—there is something almost fearful in such a conjunction. The affection that Pantagruel bears to Panurge, the uniform kindness and consideration with which he treats that strange unearthly being, who seems but one lump of facetiousness and vice, are positively mystic. He sometimes rebukes Friar John, Panurge never. Of the three characters, Panurge is, beyond question, the masterpiece. As a poetic impersonation of the principle of evil—we do not hesitate to say it—the character of Panurge, by Rabelais, is a more original and masterly conception than that of Mephistopheles, by Goethe.

And this leads us, finally, to the philosophy of Rabelais. It was a favorite opinion of Coleridge, that the real scope of the great work of Rabelais was not political, but philosophical. "Pantagruel," he said, "was the Reason; Panurge, the Understanding—the pollarded man, the man with every faculty except the Reason." With virtually this meaning in view, Rabelais, as Coleridge conceived, was led, by the necessity of the times, to assume the guise of zanyism—now making a deep thrust; then, to appear unconscious of what he had done, writing a chapter or two of pure buffoonery. This hypothesis, a little altered and softened, would almost seem admissible; so clear is it, above all in the delineation of Pantagruel, that Rabelais, too, had his high thoughts and serious moments. And here, without investigating the matter further, let us quote, in conclusion, one passage, in which, more than in any other in the whole work, (we can say this as conscientious readers,) Rabelais has shown his deeper susceptibilities—a passage which proves, we think, that even he, mass of fat, fun, and filth, as people would fain represent him to have been, was subject to visits of a mystic melancholy that Horace never knew. It is where, in Book iv. chapter 28, Pantagruel, discoursing on immortality, relates what is

called "a very sad story of the death of the heroes."

"Epitherses, the father of Æmilian, the rhetorician sailing from Greece to Italy, in a ship freighted with divers goods and passengers, at night the wind failed them near the Echinades, some islands that lie between the Morea and Tunis; and the vessel was driven near Paxos. When they got thither, some of the passengers being asleep, others awake, the rest eating and drinking, a voice was heard that called aloud, "Thamous!" which surprised them all. This same Thamous was their pilot, an Egyptian by birth, but known by name only to some few of the passengers. The voice was heard a second time calling "Thamous," in a frightful tone; and none making answer, but all trembling and remaining silent, the voice was heard a third time, more dreadful than before. This caused Thamous to answer, "Here am I; what dost thou call me for?" Then the voice, louder than before, bid him publish, when he should come to Palodes, that the great god Pan was dead. All the mariners and passengers having heard this, were amazed and affrighted. \* \* Now when they had come to Palodes, they had no wind, neither were they in any current. Thamous then getting up on the top of the ship's

forecastle, and casting his eyes on the shore, said that he had been commanded to proclaim that the great god Pan was dead. The words were hardly out of his mouth, when deep groans, great lamentations, and doleful shrieks, not of one person, but of many together, were heard from the land. The news of this was soon spread at Rome; insomuch, that Tiberius, who was then emperor, sent for this Thameus, and having heard him, gave credit to his words. \* \* For my part, I understand the story of that great Saviour of the faithful, who was put to death at Jerusalem. He may be called, in the Greek tongue, *Pan*, since he is our *all*. He is Pan, the great shepherd, also, who, as the loving Corydon affirms, hath a tender love, not for his sheep only, but also for their shepherds. At his death, complaints, sighs, tears, and lamentations were spread throughout the whole fabric of the universe—heavens, land, sea, and hell. The time also concurs with this interpretation of mine; for this most mighty Pan, our Saviour, died near Jerusalem, in the reign of Tiberius Cæsar. *Pan-tagruel having ended this discourse, remained silent and full of contemplation. A little while after, we saw tears flow out of his eyes, as big as ostrich's eggs. God take me presently if I tell you one syllable of a lie in the matter.*"

From Fraser's Magazine.

## BEREAVEMENT.

A LONELY, lowly grave,  
Far from his native wave,  
Tells me a tale, the saddest ever told  
Since Death grew bold.

Brother, 'tis not for me,  
A sinner like to thee,  
To judge the errors of thy guilty path  
With scorn and wrath.

I leave thy sins with Him,  
Who, though He frown so grim  
On man's misdeeds, hath to the penitent  
His mercy sent.

Forgetting all thy crime,  
I think of that sweet time  
When we together roamed along the shore  
Of ocean hoar;

When life had all its life,  
And joys were full and rife,

And our dear mother made the evening hearth  
Sunny with mirth;

When Scotland's heathy hills,  
And Scotland's gushing rills,  
Borrowed more glory from our phantasies  
Than from the skies;

When winter was more bright  
With all its snows and night,  
And howling tempests scarring Nature's brow,  
Than summer now;

When we grew learned in duty  
From earth's transcendent beauty,  
And the warm sunshine in our genial blood  
Taught us the good.

Peace to thee, brother; tears  
Darken the mist of years,  
And make it torture on the past to dwell.  
Farewell,—Farewell.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE SPHINX'S RIDDLE.

BY THOMAS DE QUINCEY.

THE most ancient\* story in the Pagan records, older by two generations than the story of Troy, is that of Œdipus and his mysterious fate, which wrapt in ruin both himself and all his kindred. No story whatever continued so long to impress the Greek sensibilities with religious awe, or was felt by the great tragic poets to be so supremely fitted for scenical representation. In one of its stages, this story is clothed with the majesty of darkness; in another stage, it is radiant with burning lights of female love, the most faithful and heroic, offering a beautiful relief to the preternatural malice dividing the two sons of Œdipus. This malice was so intense, that when the corpses of both brothers were burned together on the same funeral pyre (as by one tradition they were), the flames from each parted asunder, and refused to mingle. This female love was so intense, that it survived the death of its object, cared not for human praise or blame, and laughed at the grave which waited in the rear for itself, yawning visibly for immediate retribution. There are four separate movements through which this impassioned tale devolves; all are of commanding interest; and all wear a character of portentous solemnity, which fits them for harmonizing with the dusky shadows of that deep antiquity into which they ascend.

One only feature there is in the story, and this belongs to its second stage (which is also its sublimest stage), where a pure taste is

likely to pause, and to revolt as from something not perfectly reconciled with the general depth of the coloring. This lies in the Sphinx's riddle, which, as hitherto explained, seems to us deplorably below the grandeur of the occasion. Three thousand years, at the least, have passed away since that riddle was propounded; and it seems odd enough that the proper solution should not present itself till November of 1849. That is true; it seems odd, but still it is possible, that we, in *anno domini* 1849, may see further through a mile-stone than Œdipus, the king, in the year B. C. twelve or thirteen hundred. The long interval between the enigma and its answer, may remind the reader of an old story in Joe Miller, where a traveler, apparently an inquisitive person, in passing through a toll-bar, said to the keeper, "How do you like your eggs dressed?" Without waiting for the answer, he rode off; but twenty-five years later, riding through the same bar, kept by the same man, the traveler looked steadfastly at him, and received the monosyllabic answer, "*Poached.*" A long parenthesis is twenty-five years; and we, gazing back over a far wider gulph of time, shall endeavor to look hard at the Sphinx, and to convince that mysterious young lady—if our voice can reach her—that she was too easily satisfied with the answer given; that the true answer is yet to come; and that, in fact, Œdipus shouted before he was out of the wood.

But, first of all, let us rehearse the circumstances of this old Grecian story. For in a popular journal, it is always a duty to assume, that perhaps three readers out of four may have had no opportunity, by the course of their education, for making themselves acquainted with classical legends. And in this present case, besides the indispensableness of the story to the proper comprehension of our own improved answer to the Sphinx, the story has a separate and independent value of its own; for it illustrates a

\* That is, amongst stories not wearing a *mythologic* character, such as those of Prometheus, Hercules, &c. The era of Troy and its siege, is doubtless by some centuries older than its usual chronologic date of nine centuries before Christ. And considering the mature age of Eteocles and Polynices, the two sons of Œdipus, at the period of the "*Seven against Thebes*," which seven were contemporary with the *fathers* of the heroes engaged in the Trojan war, it becomes necessary to add sixty or seventy years to the Trojan date, in order to obtain that of Œdipus and the Sphinx. Out of the Hebrew Scriptures, there is nothing purely historic so old as this.

profound but obscure idea of Pagan ages, which is connected with the elementary glimpses of man into the abysses of his higher relations, and lurks mysteriously amongst what Milton so finely calls "the dark foundations" of our human nature. This notion, it is hard to express in modern phrase, for we have no idea exactly corresponding to it; but in Latin it was called *piacularity*. The reader must understand upon our authority, *nostro periculo*, and in defiance of all the false translations spread through books, that the ancients (meaning the Greeks and Romans before the time of Christianity) had no idea, not by the faintest vestige, of what in the scriptural system is called *sin*. The Latin word *peccatum*, the Greek word *amartia*, are translated continually by the word *sin*; but neither one word nor the other has any such meaning in writers belonging to the pure classical period. When baptized into new meaning by the adoption of Christianity, these words, in common with many others, transmigrated into new and philosophic functions. But originally they tended toward no such acceptations, nor *could* have done so; seeing that the ancients had no avenue opened to them through which the profound idea of *sin* would have been even dimly intelligible. Plato, 400 years before Christ, or Cicero, more than 300 years later, was fully equal to the idea of *guilt* through all its gamut: but no more equal to the idea of *sin*, than a sagacious hound to the idea of gravitation, or of central forces. It is the tremendous postulate upon which this idea reposes, that constitutes the initial moment of that revelation which is common to Judaism and to Christianity. We have no intention of wandering into any discussion upon this question. It will suffice for the service of the occasion if we say, that guilt, in all its modifications, implies only a defect or a wound in the individual. Sin, on the other hand, the most mysterious, and the most sorrowful of all ideas, implies a taint not in the individual, but in the race—that is the distinction; or a taint in the individual, not through any local disease of his own, but through a scrofula equally diffused through the infinite family of man. We are not speaking controversially, either as teachers of theology or of philosophy; and we are careless of the particular construction by which the reader interprets to himself this profound idea. What we affirm is, that this idea was utterly and exquisitely inappreciable by Pagan Greece and Rome; that various translations from Pindar, from Aristophanes, and from the Greek tragedians,

embodying at intervals this word *sin*,\* are more extravagant than would be the word *category* introduced into the harangue of an Indian sachem amongst the Cherokees; and finally, that the very nearest approach to the abysmal idea which we Christians attach to the word *sin* (an approach, but to that which never can be touched—a writing as of palmistry upon each man's hand, but a writing which "no man can read"), lies in the Pagan idea of *piacularity*: which is an idea thus far like hereditary sin, that it expresses an evil to which the party affected has not consciously concurred; which is thus far *not* like hereditary sin, that it expresses an evil personal to the individual, and not extending itself to the race.

This was the evil exemplified in *Cædipus*. He was loaded with an insupportable burden of pariah participation in pollution and misery, to which his will had never consented. He seemed to have committed the most atrocious crimes; he was a murderer, he was a parricide, he was doubly incestuous, and yet how? In the case where he might be thought a murderer, he had stood upon his self-defence, not benefiting by any superior resources, but, on the contrary, fighting as one man against three, and under the provocation of insufferable insolence. Had he been a parricide? What matter, as regarded the moral guilt, if his father (and by the fault of that father) were utterly unknown to him? Incestuous had he been? but how, if the very oracles of fate, as expounded by events and by mysterious creatures such as the Sphinx, had stranded him like a ship left by the tide, upon this dark unknown shore of a criminality unsuspected by himself? All these treasons against the sanctities of nature had *Cædipus* committed; and yet was this *Cædipus* a thoroughly good man, no more dreaming of the horrors in which he was entangled, than the eye at noonday in midsummer is conscious of the stars that lie far behind the

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\* And when we are speaking of this subject, it may be proper to mention (as the very extreme anachronism which the case admits of), that Mr. Archdeacon W. has absolutely introduced the idea of sin into the "Iliad;" and, in a regular octavo volume, has represented it as the key to the whole movement of the fable. It was once made a reproach to Southey, that his Don Roderick spoke, in his penitential moods, a language too much resembling that of Methodism: yet, after all, that prince was a Christian, and a Christian amongst Mussulmans. But what are we to think of Achilles and Patroclus, when described as being (or *not* being) "under convictions of sin?"

day-light. Let us review rapidly the incidents of his life.

Laius, king of Thebes, the descendant of Labdacus, and representing the illustrious house of the Labdacide—about the time when his wife, Jocasta, promised to present him with a child—had learned from various prophetic voices that this unborn child was destined to be his murderer. It is singular that in all such cases, which are many, spread through classical literature, the parties menaced by fate believe the menace, else why do they seek to evade it? and yet believe it not; else why do they fancy themselves able to evade it? This fatal child, who was the Œdipus of tragedy, being at length born, Laius committed the infant to a slave, with orders to expose it on Mount Cithæron. This was done: the infant was suspended, by thongs running through the fleshy parts of his feet, to the branches of a tree, and he was supposed to have perished by wild beasts. But a shepherd, who found him in this perishing state, pitied his helplessness, and carried him to his master and mistress, king and queen of Corinth, who adopted and educated him as their own child. That he was *not* their own child, and that in fact he was a foundling of unknown parentage, Œdipus was not slow of finding from the insults of his schoolfellows; and at length, with the determination of learning his origin and his fate, being now a full-grown young man, he strode off from Corinth to Delphi. The oracle of Delphi, being as usual in collusion with his evil destiny, sent him off to seek his parents at Thebes. On his journey thither, he met, in a narrow part of the road, a chariot proceeding in the counter direction from Thebes to Delphi. The charioteer relying upon the grandeur of his master, insolently ordered the young stranger to clear the road; upon which, under the impulse of his youthful blood, Œdipus slew him on the spot. The haughty grandee who occupied the chariot rose up in fury to avenge this outrage, fought with the young stranger, and was himself killed. One attendant upon the chariot remained: but he, warned by the fate of his master and his fellow-servant, withdrew quietly into the forest that skirted the road, revealing no word of what had happened, but reserved by the dark destiny of Œdipus, to that evil day on which his evidence, concurring with other circumstantial exposures, should convict the young Corinthian emigrant of parricide. For the present, Œdipus viewed himself as no criminal, but much rather as an injured man, who

had simply used his natural powers of self-defence against an insolent aggressor. This aggressor, as the reader will suppose, was Laius. The throne therefore was empty on the arrival of Œdipus in Thebes: the king's death was known, but not the mode of it; and that Œdipus was the murderer, could not reasonably be suspected either by the people of Thebes, or by Œdipus himself. The whole affair would have had no interest for the young stranger; but through the accident of a public calamity then desolating the land, a mysterious monster, called the Sphinx, half woman and half lion, was at that time on the coast of Bœotia, and levying a daily tribute of human lives from the Bœotian territory. This tribute, it was understood, would continue to be levied from the territories attached to Thebes, until a riddle proposed by the monster should have been satisfactorily solved. By way of encouragement to all who might feel prompted to undertake so dangerous an adventure, the authorities of Thebes offered the throne and the hand of the widowed Jocasta as the prize of success; and Œdipus, either on public or on selfish motives, entered the lists as a competitor.

The riddle proposed by the Sphinx, ran in these terms:—"What creature is that which moves on four feet in the morning, on two feet at noon-day, and on three toward the going down of the sun?" Œdipus, after some consideration, answered, that the creature was *MAN*, who creeps on the ground with hands and feet when an infant, walks upright in the vigor of manhood, and leans upon a staff in old age. Immediately the dreadful Sphinx confessed the truth of his solution by throwing herself headlong from a point of rock into the sea; her power being overthrown as soon as her secret had been detected. Thus was the Sphinx destroyed; and, according to the promise of the proclamation, for this great service to the state, Œdipus was immediately recompensed. He was saluted King of Thebes, and married to the royal widow Jocasta. In this way it happened, but without suspicion either in himself or others, pointing to the truth, that Œdipus had slain his father, had ascended his father's throne, and had married his own mother.

Through a course of years all these dreadful events lay hushed in darkness; but at length a pestilence arose, and an embassy was despatched to Delphi, in order to ascertain the cause of the heavenly wrath, and the proper means of propitiating that wrath.

The embassy returned to Thebes armed with a knowledge of the fatal secrets connected with Œdipus, but under some restraints of prudence in making a publication of what so dreadfully affected the most powerful personage in the state. Perhaps in the whole history of human art as applied to the evolution of a poetic fable, there is nothing more exquisite than the management of this crisis by Sophocles. A natural discovery, first of all, connects Œdipus with the death of Laius. That discovery comes upon him with some surprise, but with no shock of fear or remorse. That he had killed a man of rank in a sudden quarrel, he had always known; that this man was now discovered to be Laius, added nothing to the reasons for regret. The affair remained as it was. It was simply a case of personal strife on the high road, and one which had really grown out of aristocratic violence in the adverse party. Œdipus had asserted his own rights and dignity only as all brave men would have done in an age that knew nothing of civic police.

It was true that this first discovery—the identification of himself as the slayer of Laius—drew after it two others, viz., that it was the throne of his victim on which he had seated himself, and that it was *his* widow whom he had married. But these were no offences; and, on the contrary, they were distinctions won at great risk to himself, and by a great service to the country. Suddenly, however, the reappearance and disclosures of the shepherd who had saved his life during infancy, in one moment threw a dazzling but funereal light upon the previous discoveries that else had seemed so trivial. In an instant everything was read in another sense. The death of Laius, the marriage with his widow, the appropriation of his throne—all towered into colossal crimes, illimitable, and opening no avenues to atonement. Œdipus, in the agonies of his horror, inflicts blindness upon himself; Jocasta commits suicide; the two sons fall into fiery feuds for the assertion of their separate claims on the throne, but previously unite for the expulsion of Œdipus, as one who had become a curse to Thebes. And thus the poor heart-shattered king would have been turned out upon the public roads, aged, blind, and a helpless vagrant, but for the sublime piety of his two daughters, but especially of Antigone the elder. They share with their unhappy father the hardships and perils of the road, and do not leave him until the moment of his mysterious summons to some ineffable death in the woods of Colonus. The expulsion of

Polynices, the younger son, from Thebes; his return with a confederate band of princes for the recovery of his rights; the death of the two brothers in single combat; the public prohibition of funeral rites to Polynices, as one who had levied war against his native land; and the final reappearance of Antigone, who defies the law, and secures a grave to her brother at the certain price of a grave to herself—these are the sequels and arrears of the family overthrow, accomplished through the dark destiny of Œdipus.

And now, having reviewed the incidents of the story, in what respect is it that we object to the solution of the Sphinx's riddle? We do not object to it as a solution of the riddle, and the only one possible at the moment; but what we contend is, that it is not *the* solution. All great prophecies, all great mysteries, are likely to involve double, triple, or even quadruple interpretations—each rising in dignity, each cryptically involving another. Even amongst natural agencies, precisely as they rise in grandeur, they multiply their final purposes. Rivers and seas, for instance, are useful, not merely as means of separating nations from each other, but also as means of uniting them; not merely as baths, and for all purposes of washing and cleansing, but also as reservoirs of fish, as high-roads for the conveyance of commodities, as permanent sources of agricultural fertility, &c. In like manner, a mystery of any sort, having a public reference, may be presumed to couch ~~in~~ *it* a secondary and a profounder interpretation. The reader may think that the Sphinx ought to have understood her own riddle best; and that, if *she* was satisfied with the answer of Œdipus, it must be impertinent in us at this time of day to censure it. To censure, indeed, is more than we propose. The solution of Œdipus was a true one; and it was all that he *could* have given at that early period of his life. But ~~perhaps~~ *at the moment* of his death amongst the gloomy thickets of Attica, he might have been able to suggest another and a better. If not, then we have the satisfaction of thinking ourselves somewhat less dense than Œdipus; for, in our opinion, the full and *final* answer to the Sphinx's riddle lay in the word *ŒDIPUS*. Œdipus himself it was that fulfilled the conditions of the enigma. He it was, in the most pathetic sense, that went upon four feet when an infant; for the general condition of helplessness attached to all mankind in the period of infancy, and which is expressed symbolically by this



image of creeping, applied to Œdipus in a far more significant manner, as one abandoned by all his natural protectors, thrown upon the chances of a wilderness, and upon the mercies of a slave. The allusion to this general helplessness had besides a special propriety in the case of Œdipus, who drew his very name (viz., *Swollen-foot*) from the injury done to his infant feet. He again it was that, in a more emphatic sense than usual, asserted that majestic self-sufficiency and independence of all alien aid, which is typified by the act of walking upright at noonday upon his own natural basis. Throwing off all the power and splendor borrowed from his royal protectors at Corinth, trusting exclusively to his native powers as a man, he had fought his way through insult to the presence of the dreadful Sphinx; her he had confounded and vanquished; he had leaped into a throne—the throne of him who had insulted him, without other resources than such as he drew from himself, and he had in the same way obtained a royal bride. With good right, therefore, he was foreshadowed in the riddle as one who walked upright by his own masculine vigor, and relied upon no gifts but those of nature. Lastly, by a sad but a pitying image, Œdipus is described as supporting himself at nightfall on three feet; for Œdipus it was that by his cruel sons would have been rejected from Thebes with no auxiliary means of motion or support beyond his own languishing powers; blind and broken-hearted, he must have wandered into snares and ruin; his own feet must have been supplanted immediately: but then came to his aid another foot, the holy Antigone. She it was that guided and cheered him, when all the world had forsaken him; she it was that already, in the vision of the cruel Sphinx, had been prefigured dimly as the staff upon which Œdipus should lean, as the *third foot* that should support his steps when the deep shadows of his sunset were gathering and settling about his grave.

In this way we obtain a solution of the Sphinx's riddle more commensurate and symmetrical with the other features of the story, which are all clothed with the grandeur of mystery. The Sphinx herself is a mystery. Whence came her monstrous nature, that so often renewed its remembrance amongst men of distant lands, in Egyptian or Ethiopian marble? Whence came her wrath against Thebes? This wrath, how durst it tower so high as to measure itself against the enmity of a na-

tion? This wrath, how came it to sink so low as to collapse at the echo of a word from a friendless stranger? Mysterious again is the blind collusion of this unhappy stranger with the dark decrees of fate. The very misfortunes of his infancy had given into his hands one chance more for escape; these misfortunes had transferred him to Corinth, and staying there he was safe. But the headstrong haughtiness of youthful blood causes him to recoil unknowingly upon the one sole spot of all the earth where the co-efficients for ratifying his destruction are waiting and lying in ambush. Heaven and earth are silent for a generation; one might fancy that they are *treacherously* silent, in order that Œdipus may have time for building up to the clouds the pyramid of his mysterious offences. His four children, incestuously born, sons that are his brothers, daughters that are his sisters, have grown up to be men and women, before the first mutterings are becoming audible of that great tide slowly coming up from the sea, which is to sweep away himself and the foundations of his house. Heaven and earth must now bear joint witness against him. Heaven speaks first: the pestilence that walketh in darkness is made the earliest minister of the discovery—the pestilence it is, scourging the seven-gated Thebes, as very soon the Sphinx will scourge her, that is appointed to usher in, like some great ceremonial herald, that sad drama of Nemesis—that vast procession of revelation and retribution which the earth, and the graves of the earth, must finish. Mysterious also is the pomp of ruin with which this revelation of the past descends upon that ancient house of Thebes. Like a shell from modern artillery, it leaves no time for prayer or evasion, but shatters with the same explosion all that stand within its circle of fury. Every member of that devoted household, as if they had been sitting—not around a sacred domestic hearth, but around the crater of some surging volcano—all alike, father and mother, sons and daughters, are wrapt at once in fiery whirlwinds of ruin. And amidst this general agony of destroying wrath, one central mystery, as a darkness within a darkness, withdraws itself into a secrecy unapproachable by eyesight, or by filial love, or by guesses of the brain—and *that* is the death of Œdipus. *Did* he die? Even *that* is more than we can say. How dreadful does the sound fall upon the heart of some poor, horror-stricken criminal, pirate, or murderer, that has offended

by a mere human offence, when, at nightfall, tempted by the sweet spectacle of a peaceful hearth, he creeps stealthily into some village inn, and hopes for one night's respite from his terror, but suddenly feels the touch and hears the voice of the stern officer saying, "Sir, you are wanted." Yet that summons is but too intelligible; it shocks, but it bewilders not; and the utmost of its malice is bounded by the scaffold. "Deep," says the unhappy man, "is the downward path of anguish which I am called to tread; but it has been trodden by others." For Œdipus there was no such comfort. What language of man, or trumpet of angel, could decipher the woe of that unfathomable call, when, from the depth of ancient woods, a voice that drew like gravitation, that sucked in like a vortex, far off yet near, in some distant world, yet close at hand, cried, "Hark, Œdipus! King Œdipus! come hither, thou art wanted!" *Wanted!* for what? Was it for death? Was it for judgment? Was it for some wilderness of pariah eternities? No man ever knew. Chasms opened in the earth; dark, gigantic arms stretched out to receive the king; clouds and vapor settled over the penal abyss; and of him only, though the neighborhood of his disappearance was known, no trace or visible record survived, neither bones, nor grave, nor dust, nor epitaph.

Did the Sphinx follow with her cruel eye this fatal tissue of calamity to its shadowy crisis at Colonus? As the billows closed over her head, did she perhaps attempt to

sting with her dying words? Did she say, "I, the daughter of mystery, am *called*; I am *wanted*?" But, amidst the uproar of the sea, and the clangor of sea-birds, high over all I hear another, though a distant summons. I can hear that thou, Œdipus, the son of mystery, art *called* from afar: thou also wilt be *wanted*." Did the wicked Sphinx labor in vain, amidst her parting convulsions, to breathe this freezing whisper into the heart of him that had overthrown her?

Who can say? Both of these enemies were pariah mysteries, and may have faced each other again with blazing malice in some pariah world. But all things in this dreadful story ought to be harmonized. Already in itself it is an ennobling and an idealizing of the riddle, that it is made a double riddle; that it contains an exoteric sense obvious to all the world, but also an esoteric sense—now suggested conjecturally after thousands of years—*possibly* unknown to the Sphinx, and *certainly* unknown to Œdipus; that this second riddle is hid within the first; that the one riddle is the secret commentary upon the other; and that the earliest is the hieroglyphic of the last. Thus far as regards the riddle itself; and, as regards Œdipus in particular, it exalts the mystery around him—that in reading this riddle, and in tracing the vicissitudes from infancy to old age, attached to the general destiny of his race, unconsciously he was tracing the dreadful vicissitudes attached specially and separately to his own.

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## TRUE PHILOSOPHY.

"Sing as the birds sing."—GORTHE.

With sweet flowers opening on thy sight daily,  
Sing as the birds sing, gladly and gaily.  
Think not of autumn sere, winter's grim shadows;  
Sing as the birds sing over the meadows.

See what the hour reveals fairly and truly—  
Not what the cloud conceals, but the cloud duly.  
Think every common day is a good granted;  
Hail every trial sent as a seed planted.

Paint not the tempest's hour, till it close o'er thee;  
Trust not to fancy's power, have it before thee.  
Seen its aurora-gleams, felt its dark terror,  
Then to thy work proceed, fearless of error.

God sendeth naught in vain, gladness or sorrow:  
Strength giveth of its gain, weakness must borrow.  
Tempest and summer rain give the tree stature;  
Each one who skulks the pain, narrows his nature.

## THE HUNGARIAN CROWN.

THE Hungarian crown, it is generally believed, Kossuth has taken with him in his flight; if so, it has for a second time crossed the frontiers of Turkey. The past history of this crown is a curious one, and as full of vicissitudes as the lives of some of those who have worn it. The Magyars attach a superstitious value to the relic of their ancient monarchy; there is a legend that it was wrought by the hands of angels for St. Stephen, who was crowned in it in 1001; history, with a more limited faith, records that it was sent as a present to Stephan by Pope Sylvester the Second. In 1072 Duke Geisa received from the Greek Emperor a golden circlet or royal band for his brow; when he was afterward made King of Hungary he joined this circlet to the diadem, so that the crown is really composed of two kingly emblems united. When the race of the Arpads became extinct, in 1301, there was a double election to the vacant throne; one party chose Robert of Anjou and Naples, the other Wenzel, the younger, of Bohemia. The cause of the latter did not prosper, and his affairs were taking an unfortunate turn, when his father, Wenzel, King of Bohemia, marched an army to Ofen, and carried off his son and the crown with him to Prague. The Hungarians then definitively elected Otto, of Bavaria, and old Wenzel, for reasons not stated, gave up the crown to him. Otto to take possession of his kingdom had to ride *incognito* through Austria, carrying the crown as a "property" with him. It was packed in a little cask, and hung at the saddle-bow of a German Graf, who discovered, one morning at daybreak, that he had lost his precious charge during the night. The party had then arrived at Fischermen, below Vienna, where they were about to cross the Donau; they retraced their steps, and, by great good luck, found cask and crown again. In 1307 Otto went to Siebenburgen, on a visit to the Waywode Ladislas, intending to win him over to his party; he must have failed signally in his attempt, for the old Waywode seized the Crown, and made the King a prisoner. After some time, he saw fit to let Otto go, but kept firm possession of the diadem for three years. In 1310, on threats of war and extermination, he gave it up. For

more than a century after this its history is a blank; but in 1439, on the death of the Emperor Albrecht IV., there was again a double election, the two rivals being Wladislaw, of Poland, and Ladislas, the infant son of Albrecht. The Empress resolved to have the child crowned, and for that purpose the diadem was stolen from the Castle of Wissegrad by one of her maids of honor, who undertook the task, and succeeded. In 1441, the Empress made a less dignified use of it,—she pledged it to the Emperor Frederick IV. for 2000 gulden. It was redeemed by Mathias Corvinus, and taken back to Wissegrad; from hence, after the battle of Mohac, it was again stolen, and again by a woman, in order to crown John Zapolya. Zapolya gave it in charge to Preny, who delivered it up to Ferdinand I.; he was crowned with it in 1527, and then it fell into the hands of the Turks. As Solymán returned from the siege of Vienna, he publicly exhibited the crown to his army in Ofen, but told his soldiers that it was that of the renowned Persian ruler Nushirvan: he then sent it back to his *protégé* Zapolya, on whose death it was again given up by his widow to the Emperor Ferdinand. Rudolph II. sent the crown to Prague; Mathias II. brought it back to Presburg, where, in 1619, it was seized by Bethlem Gabor; on the conclusion of the peace of Nikolsburger, he gave it up to Ferdinand II. The Emperor Joseph had it brought to Vienna; Leopold sent it again to Hungary, where it remained till the taking of Pesth by Windischgrätz, when it was removed by Kossuth, and has ever since been kept at the seat of the Hungarian Government; that being broken up and dispersed, the crown has resumed its wanderings. As to what has become of it, there are many rumors; it is said to be buried in a secret place. According to others, Kossuth has it in his personal possession, and by this time the diadem, that was the gift of a Pope to a saint, has been stripped of its jewels to go as bribes to the Mohammedan, and the gold has terminated an almost sacred existence of eight centuries as ignominiously as a mere piece of stolen plate in the melting pot of a Jew!—*Times' Correspondent.*

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE BATTLE OF TRAFALGAR.—NO. II.

### M. THIERS' ACCOUNT.

WHEN Napier has to relate the deeds of French generals and French armies, with whom it had been his lot to be engaged, there is no niggard praise bestowed upon them. Willingly, nay eagerly, he gives them their full meed of approbation; brings out in bold relief all that deserves admiration, whether it be mere soldierly daring or the high excellence of consummate generalship. This praise is bestowed not merely on Napoleon, whose genius may be supposed to have dazzled the judgment, and to have won upon the chivalrous spirit, of the gallant historian, but to all who deserve it. He deals as frankly and liberally with the lieutenants, as with their great chief himself. And this surely is the spirit in which such a history ought to be written. Let us not add to the inevitable miseries of warfare the bitterness of a deadly *vendetta*, or the mean, shuffling envy and hate of low and pettifogging partisan politicians; but let the same chivalry be found in the historian who records noble deeds as in warriors who perform them. The last months of Nelson's career exhibited such a combination of patriotic devotion, of utter forgetfulness of himself in the pursuit of what he deemed his country's good; such energy, sagacity, and daring, as ought to extort praise—and not merely praise, but respect and admiration, from any enemy, but above all from a gallant and noble enemy. And a high-minded, generous historian, no matter of what country, would bescrupulously careful and eager to set forth the great deeds of such a man, because they do honor, not to one country, but to all; not to one profession or order of men, but to mankind. What, then, shall we think of an historian, speaking of him merely as an artist, who in the description of Trafalgar omits all mention of that one event of the many that occurred on that terrible day, which peculiarly gives it a great moral interest for ages yet to come—we mean, of the celebrated signal with

which Nelson led his countrymen to battle, and which gave to every man's actions that day the impulse which an exalted patriotism could alone impart? Why does M. Thiers record the stirring proclamations of Napoleon to his soldiers? He does so, because he wishes to describe the spirit which actuated the thousands whom that mighty chief led to war. He desires to record the skill with which Napoleon brought moral influences to work for him, and made himself the idol of the people and of the army. Among the means he employed, were the remarkable proclamations which he from time to time addressed to his soldiers, and through them to France. In these his genius often shone out with extraordinary brightness and vigor; and M. Thiers does Napoleon but bare justice when he carefully records some of the more remarkable of these very striking productions. The celebrated signal made by Nelson as he bore down upon his enemy was a happy stroke of genius also, and of the same character as that shown by Napoleon in the more stirring of his proclamations. But it was in one thing superior to them—it was wholly unpremeditated, but was suggested by a thorough knowledge of the character of the people whom he addressed. It was simple, brief, and touched a chord, at that moment tuned to fine issues. It roused his fleet; it stirred up the nation; and will be handed down from generation to generation of Englishmen—keeping them under its spell a great, because a united people. Was this an incident to be passed over in contemptuous silence by one who calls himself a statesman, and aspires to the character of a philosophic historian? Passed over because an English sailor was to derive honor from it! and because depreciating English sailors is just now an easy means to win popular favor for political adventurers in France!

Nelson possessed more than any other English commander the happy art of in-

spiring his followers with enthusiasm for their country's cause, and love and admiration for himself. The great English general of our day conquered for himself the confidence of his troops. They felt assured of safety and of success while under his command, but he never won their affections in the way that Napoleon won that of his armies, and Nelson of his fleet. And Nelson, also like Napoleon, but in a different degree and mode, not only thus won the hearts of the men whom he led, but of the whole nation for whom he went forth to battle. Hannibal at Zama, Themistocles at Salamis, Washington at Valley Forge, Nelson at Trafalgar, are embalmed in the memories of mankind, because the same great principle hallowed the courage and sagacity evinced by all and each of them; and when an historian, amid the annals of guilt, and folly, and baseness, which form but too large a portion of human records, meets with these bright and singular manifestations of wisdom, virtue, and of valor, he asks not, thinks not, of the country which is illustrated by them, but considering that such examples are the appanage of mankind, eagerly records them as an honor to the race to which he belongs. We must believe that a generous Frenchman would thus read the history of the last few months of Nelson's brilliant career, and would desire to have it thus recorded. We look in vain for any such generosity of tone or sentiment in the narrative of M. Thiers.

The simple narrative, indeed, given by Nelson's own letters, and by the daily log of his ship and of his fleet, brings out the spirit of the man—and that with which he inspired every one who came near him—more effectively, though simply, than the most labored description. He felt confident himself, and created confidence in others. Not only were those immediately under his command inspired with the same emotions and hopes as himself, but so also were the whole people of England. When Sir Robert Calder lost his opportunity, and failed to crush the enemy's fleet, a shout arose in England for Nelson. The cry was, "The enemy would not have escaped had Nelson commanded." And Nelson, who, jaded by his long and fruitless chase of Villeneuve, had sought repose on shore, was taken from his retirement and at once placed at the head of the Channel fleet. The scene that occurred on his arrival at Portsmouth shows what the feelings of the people were respecting him. A crowd collected to see him embark; "they pressed forward to see his face; many were in tears,

and many knelt down before him and blessed him as he passed." The English of every rank have a horror of doing anything in real life which has a theatrical air; they are, therefore, singularly averse to any open demonstration of feeling; and nothing but an extraordinary, an overwhelming emotion, could have so far carried away an English crowd as to make them thus break through their constitutional reserve, and give that emotion this passionate expression. Kneeling in the street under the influence of such an excitement is a sight not to be witnessed in England once in a generation, and Nelson's remark on it was true—"I have had their huzzas before, I have their hearts now."

Nelson felt sure that he went forth to conquer; he had also a strong presentiment that he should never return alive.\* He never hesitated to give expression to both expectations. "Depend on it," he said to Capt. Blackwood, "I shall yet give M. Villeneuve a drubbing." "I hope my absence will not be long," he writes to his friend, Mr. Davison, "and that I shall soon meet the combined fleets, with a force sufficient to do the job well, for half a victory would but half content me. But I do not believe the Admiralty can give me a force within fifteen or sixteen sail of the line of the enemy, and, therefore, if every ship took her opponent, we should have to contend with a fresh fleet of fifteen or sixteen sail of the line." The expectation of his death was expressed as plainly and as often to Capt. Blackwood, who, as he was leaving the Victory, just going into action, said,—“I trust, my lord, that on my return to the Victory, which will be as soon as possible, I shall find your lordship well, and in possession of twenty prizes.” He answered, and they were the last words he ever spoke to his friend,—“God bless you, Blackwood; I shall never speak to you again.” This allusion to twenty prizes related to the previous conversation, which also proves how confident Nelson felt of victory. "What should you call a victory, Blackwood?" to which Blackwood replied, in the spirit of his chief,—“Considering the handsome way in which the battle is offered by the enemy, their apparent determination for a fair trial of strength [we have seen how Villeneuve was

\* Trivial, accidental circumstances prove this, even more strongly than serious expressions. He gave orders to his upholsterer, in whose keeping he left the coffin made out of the l'Orient's mast, to get it ready, "For," said he, in his usual gay way, "I think it highly probable that I may want it on my return."

by his chief driven to make this offer], and the proximity of the land, I think if fourteen ships are captured it would be a glorious result." "I shall not, Blackwood," Nelson answered, "I shall not be satisfied with anything short of twenty." His estimation was curiously accurate—the enemy lost twenty-one, captured and destroyed."

Nelson learned that he was appointed to the command of the fleet on the 3d or 4th of September. On the 14th, he hoisted his flag on board the Victory. On the 28th, he joined the fleet off Cadiz, having anxiously given orders that he was not to be saluted on his arrival; neither would he allow any salute to be fired on the arrival of other ships, lest the enemy should have notice of his arrival and his strength. Knowing that they would not come out of Cadiz if they supposed him strong in numbers, his every care was directed to create a belief that he had a comparatively small force under his command. At this time his fleet was really thirty sail of the line,\* and he ascertained that of the enemy to be thirty-five or thirty-six. The expressions employed by M. Thiers respecting these proceedings account for them in the same way:—"Pour ne pas trop intimider son adversaire, il avait même soin de ne pas serrer Cadix de trop près." He kept, indeed, above sixteen leagues from land, lest he should be seen.

His ships being deficient in water, he was obliged to detach them in sections to Gibraltar, to obtain water; and six vessels which belonged to his fleet were absent necessarily on the 21st of October, and one he allowed Sir Robert Calder to take home, because he shrunk from giving pain to, by appearing to cast an indignity on that officer, by taking from him his ship, and sending him home in a frigate—a generous weakness on the part of Nelson, still a weakness, and at that time highly blameable. Had these seven vessels been retained, the subsequent engagement would have been comparatively easy work. Thiers seems to think this conduct was the result of Nelson's contemptuous opinion of his adversary. He had fancied the English to be thirty-three or thirty-four, and was "charmed to learn," says M. Thiers, "that they had not so many." He fancied them weaker than they really were—supposing

they had only twenty-three or twenty-four. So soon as he discovered the weakness of the English he ventured out of port. It appears that he learned the comparatively small numbers of the English, and the departure of Rossilly from Paris to supersede him at the same time, and in order to escape dishonor (such is the expression of M. Thiers) he went forth to fight. The words of M. Thiers are curious:—

"Pressé de sa soustraire à ce déshonneur, et profitant de ses instructions qui l'autorisaient à sortir, qui lui en faisaient même un devoir, lorsque l'ennemi serait en force inférieure, il considéra les avis reçus dernièrement comme une autorisation d'appareiller."\*

This *twisting* is quite according to the whole spirit of the relation. Napoleon had from the first insisted that the fleet should not under any circumstances remain at Cadiz, and sent Rossilly to take it out.

The French fleet at length sailed from Cadiz,—thirty-three ships of the line, five frigates, and two brigs. "A beautiful sight," says their historian; "the French working their vessels skillfully, the Spaniards badly enough,—at least, for the most part." That this last assertion is not true the action proved. On the evening of the 19th they were out of Cadiz harbor. The whole of the 20th they kept close in shore, sailing to the south. The English were not in sight, but they were near, and Nelson was quickly informed of the sailing of his opponent. Not seeing his dreaded enemy, Villeneuve hoped that he might escape. "On se flatte un moment de rencontrer les Anglais en force très inférieure. Une lueur d'espérance se fit jour dans l'âme de Villeneuve, ce devait être la dernière de sa vie." The fleet held to the south-west, and just as daylight fell Blackwood made the signal that they appeared determined to go westward. Nelson thereupon stood during the night to the south-west; in the morning at four he was standing north-east. As day dawned Cape Trafalgar bore east by south, twenty-one miles distant, and between the English and the Cape lay the enemy's fleet, with their heads also east by south. The first evolution of that day, on the part of each fleet, was the sign of the spirit which presided over each.

\* The vessels belonging to Nelson's fleet seem to have amounted to thirty-four. Twenty-seven went into action, six were at Gibraltar for water, one went home with Calder—making thirty-four. But these could not be kept together because of the wants of the service.

\* This is like the exhortation of the préfet in the *Soirées de Neuilly*, who, exhorting the National Guard to attack the supposed enemy, says, grandiloquently,—"Souvenez-vous—que vous êtes Français—des braves—et gens d'honneur—et—vingt contre un."

The French were bringing their heads toward Cadiz, thus looking for a means of escape; the English fleet bore up at once, set every possible sail, and swooped, like an eagle with its broad wings outspread, right upon its quarry. Nelson's orders and plan now came into operation. Two lines were formed, and bore down under the command, one of Nelson, the other of Collingwood,—of Collingwood, who, like Gravina, was a most worthy second; but who, more fortunate than his opponent, had a chief whom he respected, as well as loved. And now, when all was done apparently that forethought and skill could devise,—when Nelson had given his last orders to his fleet, and nothing remained but for them to execute what he had so sagaciously planned, he suddenly, by his genius, personified that great, dear country for which they were now to fight, and brought her as it were into presence, expressing her dignified confidence in her worthy sons. Simple, and proud, and calm she seemed to preside over that terrible scene, expecting, she said, that on that day every man would do his duty! The effect of the signal by which Nelson thus addressed the fleet was electric. We have heard old men who were in that day's fight speak of it with voices trembling with emotion, and with fire flashing from their eyes, showing the mighty power of that spell which the cold, palsyng hand of age could not deprive of its influence, and which time itself had left unimpaired.

The different auspices under which the two fleets went to battle have been dwelt upon by a French writer, who has narrated the story in a much wiser and more dignified style than that adopted by M. Thiers. The well-known work, entitled *Monumens des Victoires et Conquêtes des Français*, remarks thus upon the directions given by the two opposing chiefs. Nelson had said, in his celebrated memorandum to his captains: "Captains are to look to their particular line as their rallying point. But in case signals can neither be seen nor perfectly understood, no captain can do very wrong if he places his ship alongside that of his enemy." Villeneuve's circular said, *Tout capitaine est à son poste, s'il est au feu*.

M. Thiers takes a different view; and, after saying that Bruix, who was killed at the Nile, and who was so superior to Villeneuve, gave the same order, observes, that if every captain had followed this simple rule, dictated as much by honor as experience, the English would have numbered fewer

triumphs, or would have paid for them more dearly.

The life of Nelson was dear to every Englishman: no man doubted his courage, and they were anxious that he should run no unnecessary risks. Still, he was too well versed in human nature not to appreciate the value of his example. Just because he was so brave, his rushing into battle at the head of his line was of infinite service. To equal such a man was a glory few could hope for; but by striving to equal him honor was gained. He who kept upon an even line with his fiery chief would of necessity be in the front rank of honor. The head of the line, according to Nelson's original plan, was not to be his post; he took it, however, and when by his anxious friends he was asked to relinquish it, he apparently consented, but, nevertheless, took good care to press the Victory with all her sails, so as to prevent the *Téméraire* from having the honor of first engaging the enemy. Simple in all he did, there was no parade about Nelson; and they who described him as going into battle with a regular fighting coat, covered with stars, little understood the man. This matter of his dress, however, brings out, strangely enough, the *animus* of M. Thiers. Nelson was, in fact, dressed on the 21st as he was always dressed. The coat that he had on was the same which he wore when he joined his ship at Portsmouth; and, according to the custom of that time, it had worked upon it, and into the cloth, the orders to which he was entitled. This coat he put on on the morning of the day which was to be his last. He never thought of the orders on his coat, or of the mark they made him: still they did make him a mark; and his friends wished that he should shun unnecessary danger, and put on some less conspicuous dress, but no one liked to speak of the matter, and the bustle of the day soon made them all forget it. A controversy followed respecting the coat he wore, and the facts appeared to be as we have related them. M. Thiers, who has read all that has been written on the matter, with no very laudable dexterity, with a sort of *nisi prius* skill, just says so much as to take the mind off the real fact, which was, that Nelson, by simply following his ordinary habits, became a striking object upon his own quarter-deck. But M. Thiers, as if in a parenthesis, says,—*Nelson revêtu d'un vieux frac qu'il portait dans les jours de bataille*; making out that he had a fighting coat, which some of the English writers had said; but then the fighting coat, as they described it,

was a full dress coat blazing with orders, not an old garment, that shrouded rather than discovered the chief. That this was not done by M. Thiers unintentionally is proved by his elaborate description of Admiral Magon's conduct and death. *Magon, que son brillant uniforme désignait aux coups de l'ennemi*, is an expression showing clearly that the idea of danger from a marked and distinguished dress was present in the mind of the historian, and that his description of Nelson was written with the design of inducing the belief that he had taken the precautions which his friends so ardently desired.

In the action which now ensued, the following results plainly appeared :

1. Nelson's tactics produced precisely the effects which he expected. The long line of the enemy being divided, the English inferior force was concentrated upon two separate points, and an equality created for a time. During that time, as Nelson anticipated, the English entirely and irretrievably routed their opponents, and were ready to engage the remaining forces of the enemy when they arrived, should they ever come to try their strength. This result, spite of every art, and all sorts of ambiguous talk, M. Thiers cannot hide. But,

2. This portion of the fleet, thus cut off, (and the greater part of which were French,) did not come back. Four vessels under Admiral Dumanoir, ran away; it is idle to mince the phrase. M. Thiers endeavors, by roundabout talk, to hide this, as respects the French vessels, though he is ready enough to say the thing openly, with respect to the Spaniards. "*Gravina en pouvait encore rallier huit, trois français—le Héros, l'Indomptable, l'Argonaute; cinq Espagnols—le Rayo, le San Francisco de Asis, le San Justo, le Montanez, le Leandros. Ces derniers, nous devons le dire, avaient sauvé leur existence beaucoup plus que leur honneur.*" But here were three French vessels who were in the same dishonorable catalogue; and four, le Formidable, le Scipion, le Duquay Trouin, and le Mont Blanc, simply fled; which M. Thiers, who has the happy knack of saying plain things in a very decorative style, calls *consultat la prudence plutôt que le désespoir*. Shakespeare has put the same thing into somewhat different words when he says, "The better part of valor is discretion." Here, then, were seven French ships taking to flight. But Gravina carried away eleven; so that there was a pretty equal share in the dishonor of flight, if dishonor there were,—eight Spanish, seven French. Of the French, indeed, four were

afterward taken; but, as respected the action of the 21st, the result was the same.

3. Of the ships of the combined fleet who fought the valor was incontestable: they were equally brave, French and Spaniards, and were not surpassed by the English. The English, indeed, had more skill, readiness, and that peculiarity which we have throughout called hardihood, and which has in all our warfare with the French given us a decided superiority. But no part of the English fleet thought of flight; a large part of the combined fleet did flee, and by flight alone escaped destruction. M. Thiers, accounting for this victory, speaks thus of the English:—

"L'expérience, l'habileté de leurs équipages, la confiance qu'ils devaient à leurs succès, leurs assuraient toujours dans ces entreprises téméraires l'avantage sur leurs adversaires, moins agiles, moins confiants quoique ayant autant de bravoure, et souvent davantage."—Vol. vi. p. 147.

We admit equal bravery in those who really did fight. But we ask, on what pretence does M. Thiers claim greater valor? Taking the whole who went into battle, a large portion, nearly one-third of the French, though superior in numbers, fled—and fled from pure fright. It would be a surprise to us—and we believe to the whole English people—if M. Thiers could furnish us with one single, well-authenticated instance, during the last war, of an English naval force taking to flight before an inferior force of the enemy. But here we have had a most remarkable instance, not of a single vessel, but a whole division, betaking themselves to their heels, and preserving, in the words of M. Thiers, their existence much more than their honor.

We have now only to remark upon the language employed by M. Thiers respecting Nelson himself. In the heat of a contest, party writers—and even now, when all contest is over, men of vulgar minds—may indulge in disparaging expressions and vituperation respecting the great men of an opposing people. An English pamphleteer, during the American war, might be expected to abuse Washington; during the late war with France, Napoleon; but now, an historian—one really worthy of the name, one above all bigotry and intolerance—above all wretched national vulgar hate—ought to speak of these men with the same candor, and in the same tone that he would employ toward his own countrymen. We again adduce Sir William Napier as our illustration. He judges of Massena or Ney as he would of Hill or of Crawford, of Napoleon as of Wellington; and thus we should have



expected M. Thiers to have spoken; but his observations have the stamp of actual hate; indeed, he uses the very word when speaking of Nelson,—*Ce grand homme de mer, juste objet de notre haine et de notre admiration.* And again,—The ship *Rédoutable* lowered at length her flag; *Mais avant de la rendre, il a vengé sur la personne de Nelson les malheurs de la marine française.* And in another instance he triumphs over his death, and says that the English had to regret the loss of three thousand men, a great number of officers, and *l'illustre Nelson, plus regrettable pour eux qu'une armée*,—expressions which prove the terror Nelson's name inspired; and thus, though not so intended, are indeed the most effective eulogium that could be pronounced upon him,—an eulogium which, however, though it honors the dead, does not redound to the credit of him who utters it. We shall close these papers, already too long, with a few sentences describing the results of the victory on the mind

of Napoleon. These few words prove the importance of this closing scene of Nelson's life, and the mighty permanent benefits his country received in compensation for the great loss she sustained in the death of her greatest naval chief:

“Trafalgar chagrina Napoleon, et lui causas un profond deplaisir. . . Il voulut qu'on parlat peu de Trafalgar dans les journaux français, et qu'on en fit mention comme d'un combat imprudent dans lequel nous avions plus souffert de la tempete que de l'ennemi. . . Il commençoit a desesperer de la marine française. . . . A partir de ce jour Napoleon pensa moins a la marine, et voulut que tout le monde y pensat moins aussi.”

In other words, Napoleon was defeated by sea. It now remained to be ascertained whether England's fortune or his was to yield in the struggle which was thenceforward to be continued on the land. That question has been decided.

## TRUST.—FAITH.

“My times are in thy hand.”

BY MARTIN FARQUHAR TUPPER.

YET will I trust in all my fears,  
Thy mercy, gracious Lord, appears,  
To guide me through this vale of tears,  
And be my strength.

Thy mercy guides the ebb and flow  
Of health and joy, or pain and woe,  
To wean my heart from all below,  
To Thee at length.

Yes,—welcome pain which Thou hast sent,  
Yes,—farewell blessings Thou hast lent;  
With thee alone, I rest content,  
For Thou art Heaven.

My trust reposes safe and still,  
On the wise goodness of thy will,  
Grateful for earthly good—or ill,  
Which Thou hast given.

O blessed friend! O blissful thought!  
With happiest consolation fraught,—  
Trust Thee, I may, I will, I ought—  
To doubt were sin.

Then let whatever storms arise,  
Their Ruler sits above the skies,  
And lifting unto Him mine eyes,  
’Tis calm within.

Danger may threaten, foes molest,  
Poverty brood, disease infect,  
Yea, torn affections wound the breast  
For one sad hour.

But faith looks to her home on high,  
Hope casts around a cheerful eye,  
And love puts all the terrors by  
With gladdening power.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## THE LAST DAYS OF MIRABEAU.

BY F. PIERS HEALEY.

IN my intercourse with Frenchmen I have met with no historic name which, after perhaps Napoleon's, exercises so general a spell on their imaginations as that of Mirabeau. There is an attractiveness about his personal characteristics, a glare, not to say a greatness, about his volcanic existence, irresistibly fascinating for his countrymen; and even cooler men, thinking over his achievements, may be disposed to find in the popular instinct but an anticipation of the judgments of posterity. No one, probably, ever did so much in so short a time against such difficulties. Born a prodigy of passion, his tempestuous youth and early manhood given up to all the debasing vices and humiliating expedients which need and profligacy naturally beget in the neglected scion of nobility, we have him in his fortieth year, on the eve of his political apparition, offering as the main result of a life to which his extraordinary activity and strange fortunes had given all the hues of romance, a reputation the worst and nearly the most unconsidered in France. There was scarcely a crime or an indignity, public or private, unattached by rumor or fame to his name; and his wife, mistress, father, mother, and nearest friends were the public vouchers, often in print, for accusations of which incest, projected parricide, swindling, breach of parole, and startling ingratitude, formed scarcely the darkest parts. Yet it was this person, "ugly and venomous," degenerated into a poor libelous "litterateur" immersed in debt, and only remaining in France because, like another Cromwell, balked in his plan of passing to America, who, suddenly appearing before the electors of Aix and Marseilles, evoked, by an eloquence till then unheard of in France, that tumultuous spirit of revolution which so soon afterward astounded despotic Europe with the spectacle of a sovereign democracy in its midst—who returning to Paris a deputy, and marshaling by exhaustless ener-

gies the scattered weakness of popular discontent into an organized and systematic resistance, offered at its head defiance to absolute power in its moment of menace and determination, and legalizing rebellion by a polity as new as it was commanding, finally succeeded, in a few short months, in whelming the richest, the most learned, and the most powerful clergy in the world, into the enduring weakness and poverty of Apostolic epochs; in submerging in the popular mass they contemned, the proudest, the most ancient, and the most privileged of Europe's aristocracies, and mastering into personal obsequiousness and constitutional legality, a haughty court by which he had been for years despised and hated, and which, representing the mightiest monarch of the world, stood supported by an army of 100,000 soldiers, and by almost as many bulwarks of prescription, habit, duty, association, and large social interests. The closing scene in the career of this wonderful man exhibited the traits, both striking and gigantesque, which gave so much of character to all he did. The dictator of France, the consciousness of having her attendant on his sick bed but strengthened the singular vanity—natural, however, to every Frenchman—of dying with robes gracefully adjusted like the first Cæsar, and the appeal "*mihi plaudite*" of the second. As Talleyrand, an eye-witness, happily phrased it, he "dramatized his death," and if historians had not gone a step farther, nor stripped the "drama" of much of its interest by debasing it into a *romance*, we should have had fewer justifications for the recital that now meets the eye of the reader.\*

\* Alison, usually so careful, makes as many faults as he gives lines to the incident; among other instances, attributing to the death speeches pronounced months before, and translating into a quotation from Hamlet an appeal for opium conveyed in the word "*Dormir*." It would, indeed, not be well for the

The health of Mirabeau had long ceased to be good. A Hercules, he had used his powers in impairing the boon of Nature, abandoning himself to every excess except drunkenness, which, as the only family vice left unappropriated, was claimed as the heritage of his witty brother. His long imprisonments in the Isle of Rhe, in the Chateau d'If, in the fortress of Joux, the keep of Vincennes, and the prison of Pentarlier—nearly half his early manhood given to the privations and infamy of the French jails of the eighteenth century, if relatively for time conserving the *forces*, permanently disorganized the mechanism of health. His recent long captivity in the "Donjon" of Vincennes was more especially mischievous. Snatched from the arms of a young, high-born and accomplished woman, who had renounced for him everything, he found himself suddenly transferred to the worst jail of the country he had so recently fled. Doomed, for some time, without book, conversation, or correspondence, to feed on his own heart in the awful solitude of a dismal cell—sepulchred alive in all his marvelous activity from a world which the thoughts of an enthralled love, and the ripening hopes of fraternity, made just then priceless, the ardent spirit of the prisoner chafed in maddening impatience against the bars of his cage, and life itself was not without danger, no less from his own hand than disease, amid the outbreaks of his rage, and the broodings of his despair. After bearing for a month what he calls the "mute and terrible severities" of his horrible abode, he was allowed the privilege of complaint, and we have him writing to his jailer—"My health is rapidly failing, and my mind, sinking under the weight of so many disgraces, loses all its energy. If I ought to have hopes in the clemency of the king, then, doubtless, he does not destine me to a perpetual prison. Ah! what a prison!\* . . . . Alas! I am thoroughly wearied out by these inertitudes, these gleams of hope, these torturing fears! Never was I so weak and desolate. Physically, as morally, I feel as if annihilated!"

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repute of History, if her value were to be tested by her faithfulness on an incident so interesting at the moment to Europe, and occurring under the eyes of so many eminent writers. Discrepancies and mistakes, the results of negligence, meet us on every side; and the utmost brevity no more excludes them, as seen in Alison, than the greatest amplitude as shown in so many others.

\* "Lettres Originales de Mirabeau, écrites du Donjon de Vincennes."

Through 1778-79, and down to his enlargement, he complains of being subject to fainty fits—to frequent nephritic attacks—to inflammation of the eyes, causing frequent loss of sight—to accessions of fever—to swelling of the legs, from gouty rheumatism—to painful fits of indigestion, and to occasional vomiting of blood. His liberation, which did not take place till the end of 1780, was followed by years of the exhausting literary and forensic labors which distinguished the portion of his life preceding the meeting of the States-General. Dumont, the Genevese Jurisconsult, affirms that a person must have enjoyed his opportunity of observing Mirabeau, to comprehend how much literary labor one man can accomplish in a brief period. But during this period, exercise on horseback and foot, sharing the violence of all his doings, came in frequently to vary and relieve the exhausting sensations of intellectual strife. On the assembly, however, of the States-General, he devoted himself entirely to the toils and exertions of public affairs, with no alternation save that won by a passion or vice which, dominant as his ambition, was, at least, as illicit. When the physician to whom he confided his death-bed first saw him, by accident, in July, 1789, shortly after the meeting of the States-General, he was suffering under jaundice, for which he was under no treatment. Like many great men who have dabbled in medicine, for that illusive art has its amateurs like others, Mirabeau began by an excessive faith in the miracles of physic, and ended, as usual, under the teachership of experience, in doubt and semi-incredulity. In one of the last of his immortal letters to "Sophie," he warns her "*ne te medicamente pas trop*," with the wise assurance, that care and prevention (*l'hygiène*) are the only true medicines. The choice of his medical attendant seems characterized by the spirit of his neglected jaundice. Cabanis was less a physician than a physiologist. He was the student who understood the construction of the complicated piece of mechanism, rather than the workman who by habit appreciated, and by instinct remedied its derangements. He was more at home in the science than the art—in the theory than in the practice of his profession; and curious as the phrase may sound, it will be seen by-and-bye, that his retainer was as much to kill as to cure his patient. A tall, thin, ungainly young man, of high and penetrating intellect, and of gentle and attaching manners—his course of life, as

well as his track of studies, presented a thousand points for the attachment of Mirabeau. Though a younger man, he had gone through hardships alike, and almost as cruel, making his own way unaided through no common difficulties, to the respectable status of physicianship, and winning with it the familiar and confidential converse of Turgot, D'Holbach, Condillac, Benjamin Franklin, Jefferson, Diderot, and D'Alembert. His physiological researches lent elucidations in a new path to the materialist doctrines of his friends; and as amid Mirabeau's conflicting sympathies, popular and patrician, he felt, at all events, as much glory in having *made* the revolution, as he had gratification in its subsequent *sale*, he allied himself with all the warmth of his character, and more than its usual stability, to the young savant of new thought and philosophic daring, who seemed to him to embody in its professional relations the higher spirit and tendencies of a public which had accepted himself as its gigantic *motu* power. At this time, the summer, as we have said, of 1789, Mirabeau, in addition to the jaundice, a disease symptomatic of disorganized liver, was suffering at intervals invasions of fever, the result immediately, perhaps, of excesses, but the indications, probably, of deep-seated disease. In the autumn, an obstinate ophthalmia came in to complicate the treatment, and at a moment, when he was concentrating by its incessant writings and speeches the attention of Europe, and effecting a revolution under the very arm of arbitrary power, he was an invalid, with troublesome and increasing maladies, and rarely to be seen without bandaged eyes. Through 1790, he suffered under the same symptoms, aggravated by others. He was constantly complaining of pains in the bowels, with an equivocal rheumatic affection in the joints, accompanied by severe headache, and the signs of a confirmed gouty diathesis. The month of October was marked by an extremely severe attack of colic or cholera, attributed, of course, to poison, from which, however, he recovered, after a few hours' decisive treatment. Under the professional impression, as it would appear, that all these phenomena were evidence of a bad state of body, arising more from the excesses of his early youth than those of his recent cerebral exertations, he underwent with questionable prudence a course of baths, charged with bichloride of mercury (corrosive sublimate), which diminishing the perspiratory secretion habitual to his constitution, and made now

of so much more consequence by bodily inaction, and the unwise stopping of an issue,\* threw additional elements of disturbance on a brain and heart already overtaken. His malady was obviously becoming not one of function, or quality, or chemical neutralization; diseases were now symptoms, not principals; it was the malady of life itself, arising in the mode of life, involving every function of life, sapping its sources with the same action with which it consumed its forces. The day's existence with him, as regards the regretful past, the exciting present, or the mysterious future, was but the day's rapid succession of mental trouble, anxiety, toil, torture, or excitement. There was no normal animal life; exorbitant vital action was exhausting, and by degrees annihilating the means, the tendencies, and the instincts of reparation. A sharer in almost every intrigue and plot of the day, from the most trivial to the most complicated—the author of almost every profound political combination, on which the success of his party turned—a part in every public movement to watch, to support, or to oppose—the ceaseless student of every political character, to use, to circumvent, or to annihilate—his house crowded with visitors and observers, each with his value in a revolution where nobody but the king could be a cipher—his table laden with the multifarious correspondence of all lands, requiring always attention, and often delicate handling—the press informed of every act of his private life, and swarming with attacks not always to be despised or forgotten—pamphlets and weekly journals to be constantly prepared in his study—elaborate speeches or fiery conflicts to be ever and anon sustained in the Assembly, in whose heated and poisonous atmosphere he had to give daily attendance—creditors to appease—mistresses to satisfy—a mob to please—the Jacobins to soothe and deceive—the court to overawe and plunder—the constitutionalists to mystify and use—and, finally, his already huge reputation to aggrandize at any price—that reputation, too, of first orator, first statesman, first demagogue, and first *roué* in an epoch of such things—such were the tasks, sufferings, and labors of this modern Hercules, at the very moment that his sensitive and susceptible frame was festering to death,

\* It will be remembered that the empirical extirpation of a fistula has been professionally noted as partly the origin of the softening of the brain, which caused the death of the late Mr. O'Connell.

under the exhaustion of all sorts of excesses, and the Nessus garment of an infamous name! But, as if appetite grew on what it fed—as if the utmost toil only increased the call for more—or, as if the man's avidity or ambition was so uncontrollable that he could refuse nothing that took the shape of credit or profit—it was at this moment, when all his engagements were most pressing, and his health most infirm, that this Titan of labor sought and obtained the office of commander in the National Guards, director of the Department of Paris, and president of the National Assembly. The presidentship was a specially fatal honor; it hastened the death that followed six weeks later. Without sensibly lessening his customary labors, its two sittings daily required an exhausting attendance, in addition to the peculiar engagements inseparable from the office, in those days of demonstrative patriotism.

Dumont, who then often saw him, says that he was suffering constantly from ophthalmia, and that more than once he was obliged to apply leeches, and reappear in the chair with his neck covered with towels to stanch the blood. He was at this time also, as we learn from Cabanis, often visited by severe spasms and pains in the bowels, and by nervous attacks (crisptions of the nerves) of short duration, but causing horrible suffering, till in fine this athlete of muscular power became, as we are told, as "nervously sensitive to the smallest impression as a fine lady in a fit of the vapors." Worn down by his sufferings and toils, he was often noticed, during these forty or fifty pre-obit days, to give way to fits of the lowest despondency. His body moved heavily, as if devoid of vital energy, his memory both for ideas and expressions failed by fits; the idea of death entered into all his thoughts, and chased from them even his cherished anticipations of glory. Words of gloom and presage fell from his lips—"I feel I am dying by inches," he once broke out to Dumont. "I am consumed as by a slow fire. I shall die at the stake! 'Twill be only when I am gone that my value will be understood." Doomed himself, his great spirit, in process of disenthralment, occupied itself in prophecies—alas! but too true!—of kindred woes to his country.

Hurrying, however, with his eyes open, to that physical ruin which he designates the "finest invention of nature," Gabriel Mirabeau remained the same man. His approaching "*anéantissement*," as he called it, had influences on him wholly special. Above

all people, an opinion with him had practical effect; once adopted, no doubt stood between him and its kindred action. Four years before he had written, "I am so little certain of living: the month after that in which I have conceived a good idea, that I burn with impatience to see it realized, fearful lest it should perish with me, and that time should cut me down before I can bequeath it to mankind; for we ought no more to die than to live without glory. My opinion respecting this world is, that the smallest good, as well as the greatest, is rewarded beyond its worth; and thus I will pass my life in acquirement, physically and morally, knowing well, however, that the game is not worth the candle. But I am tormented by my own activity, and when the candle, burnt out at both ends, shall be exhausted well, it will go out, but it will have given for the smallness of its volume a bright light!" And on this reckless system of extravagant economy, grand in its very recklessness, the aim of the last month of his existence was to devote the remaining scraps of the candle of life to expire in a conflagration!

So late as the 28th of February, with charges of treason and threats of assassination ringing in his ear, he entered the tribune to return, as he said, in triumph, or dead; and, in one of the most energetic of his many speeches, successfully took up the daring position of defiance and opposition to the Jacobin party, which was to mark a new epoch in the Revolution.

On the 22d of the following month, he again passed through an exciting and fiery ordeal. After imposing silence in his last great effort on the "Thirty" conspirators of the Jacobin Club, he now waged open war on the Regency question, against his former friends, the Orleanists. Late suppers with actresses, and kindred excesses, were at this critical moment the agencies to which the dying gladiator had recourse in the intermission of his public life. In the very proportion of his exhaustion, his discouragement, and overwhelming melancholy, were the wretched efforts he made to escape from them in the artificial excitations of the passions. Ever young in the essence of his character, he looked at his great fame with much the same feelings as he looked on the immense sums placed at his command by the court—the feelings of a *roué* possessed for the first time of his fortune. The heroines of the opera, contending for his favors as a homage to the genius of the Revolution,

was a flattery too irresistible to the characterless adventurer who, amid the triumphs of his statesmanship, could hardly yet persuade himself of his higher identity; and till within a week of his death, with direful fidelity to his own principle of vital conduct, did this great man seek, at the price of, perhaps, years of his life, spasmodic accesses of forgetfulness, which would have done no honor to the wildest days of his youth.

These scenes, if we may believe Prudhomme, and the general rumor of the day, were not strangers to the country house which Mirabeau had recently acquired near Argenteuil, about eight miles from Paris. There, on the 27th March (Saturday), he had a return of the severe spasmodic attacks which had recently so often troubled him. Suffering under the malady, weak, and wholly unfit to leave his bed, he quitted his villa to attend the Assembly, which was about to decide on a law for the regulation of mines, on which, so lately as the 21st, he had introduced a project in an elaborate discourse. The question deeply affected the value of the mines of Arzin, and a rumor was prevalent that Mirabeau had received from the proprietors a large sum, fifty thousand francs, for the favor of his advocacy. Although not strictly the fact, for it seems that the explanation of his zeal implies nothing lower than a wish to serve his friend, Comte De La Marck, who is said to have speculated largely in the mines—the well-known facility on pecuniary matters of the politician who had publicly boasted, “A man like me may take fifty thousand crowns, but a man like me is not to be had for fifty thousand crowns,” lent enough countenance to the calumny to secure for the orator a rather unfavorable auditory. Difficulty and dislike, however, were to Mirabeau old acquaintances, in the excitement of meeting whom again, for the last time in public life, he forgot his sickness and infirmity, and, after five successive speeches, the last glorious wreck of his old pertinacity and daring, the murmurs of dislike and opposition ceased to be heard, and Mirabeau carried his measure.

It was his last victory there alive; and dearly purchased. He walked out of the hall death-stricken. Taking the arm of Lacheze, a medical friend of Cabanis, he was conducted to the Terrace de Feuillants. Painting, in his vivid way, the effects of his late exhausting exertions, symptoms more ominous even than painful—and assured, in answer, of the obvious truth that his reck-

lessness amounted to self-slaughter, he replied, “Could one do less for justice, and in so important a case?” A crowd rapidly surrounding the popular idol, each, with French vivacity, requiring personal evidence of notice or attention, Mirabeau, needing repose, and impatient at a homage he was latterly always anxious to escape, requested his friend to disengage him from the crowd, and to accompany him to his suburban villa. He proceeded thither after a dinner marked by more or less imprudence, where he was detained by returns of the paroxysm till the following afternoon, when he returned to Paris. Awaiting Cabanis—whom through a series of misadventures he had not seen for two days—he spent his time in perusing Racine, or good-humoredly discussing with Champfort and some other friends the sort of historic appreciation that then awaited him in the event of death. The literature of the day connects with these discussions a luxurious dinner, marked by excesses, in which female jealousy and poison were no strangers; but the only fact authentically recorded is, that Mirabeau, in the evening, under the advice of Lacheze, hazarded a warm bath, from which he derived sufficient relief to feel encouraged—again, in the pursuit of strong emotions—to betake himself to the Italian opera. Here he indulged, with Lacheze, in the striking criticisms and new projects the scene suggested to his fertile fancy; but he had not remained there long before he had another violent spasm, which, now changing its locality, seemed to involve the whole thoracic cavity. His carriage not being at the spot appointed, he declined to await it, and in dreadful tortures made his way home slowly on foot. Cabanis, who saw him immediately afterward, found him in an agony, with breathing so painful that the whole face was swelled by it, and suffocation seemed imminent. The physician was struck with the desperate condition of his patient. Never did any one appear so evidently marked for death. His emotion revealed his impressions to the acute eye of Mirabeau, who said to him, “I feel, my friend, very decidedly, that I cannot live many hours in anxieties so painful—make haste, for it cannot last. I should feel satisfied if I had discharged one duty which my friend Frochot is acquainted with!” He meant his will, on whose execution, he said, “the lot of many dear to him depended,” and which with much difficulty he allowed to be postponed, that he might be bled and blistered. After these operations, aided, it

would seem, by some saline medicines, he derived so much relief, that during the night, and part of Tuesday, he seemed to progress to assured recovery. He surveyed the improvement with a gratification in some shape peculiar. The "possessor of ten men's life," to use his own phrase, he had a thousand men's love of it. His mind, full of gigantic projects, which his superhuman activity was every day ripening into form and fact, had found at last an arena and an epoch every way worthy of its aspirations. Before him was an undefined and measureless career of ambition and glory; around him, a circle of friends whose affections he prized, and, at least, as warmly returned: in one word, life at this moment offered itself to him as the happiness and immortality of a heaven, while the creed he confided in showed him in death at best but a grave. The conviction then, of his recovery, filled him with delight; and describing as sweet, doubly sweet, the feeling of owing life to a friend, he reveled in expressions of thankfulness and affection. They were, alas! of short duration; for on the Wednesday morning his paroxysms reappeared with a violence which excluded more than the faintest hopes of recovery.

Whatever the discussions of men, Mirabeau was *felt* by them all to be the soul of the Revolution; and the report of his danger, spreading through Paris, carried concern, not to say consternation, to every house. After the worse news of Wednesday's relapse, a sort of common instinct filled the street with successive multitudes, who, barricading each end against vehicles, held it in almost military occupation till his death. They crowded the court of his house; filled the landing-place, and penetrated to the very antechamber, mournful in their silence and respectful in their curiosity. Bulletins were each day frequently issued, seized by a thousand hands, and, with every verbal announcement won in the intervals from visitors to the sick man's chamber, circulated as by electricity through the capital. From every quarter, as by magic, sprung up ardent testimonials of allegiance and affection, like those which posterity, in mingled accessions of ignorance and gratitude, pay to the demigods of races, or the founders of nations. Twelve hundred letters of a varied sympathy passed into his house; and as an indication of their affection, we are told, that one of them pressed on the physician the then vaunted resource of transfusion, and offered, as a means, the blood "to the last

drop," of the respectable writer. It became a law and *bienseance* for all public bodies existing under the Revolution, formally to address their condolence or their inquiries. The king sent twice a day, officially, and more frequently in secret—the Republicans thanking God that he escaped the popularity of a personal visit; and the Jacobins, adopting the popular feeling they alone failed to share, in their meeting of Wednesday, notwithstanding the opposition of Alexander Lameth and Petion, voted a large deputation. Preceded by an immense multitude, the deputies, with Barnave at their head, advanced from their celebrated hall to the house of their traitor chief. The vocabulary of patriotic grief was exhausted in their messages, and, as if there were reciprocal services in their relative situations, Barnave, unexpectedly affectionate and obliging, was met with a greeting and emotion equally warm from his illustrious rival. In the *recalcitrant* Jacobins, however, who courageously declined to do honor to a hand they had seen to a royalist conspiracy against the assembly, the wounded vanity or alarmed susceptibilities of Mirabeau could discern no merit. "I knew them for scoundrels," said he, with bitterness; "but fools I did not think them!" He found his consolation in the affection of the people—"Twas glorious," he said, "to consecrate my life to their weal—it is sweet to end it in their service!"

Toward the evening of Wednesday, all his pains lessened, except the difficulty of breathing; but at midnight he was visited by a return of the old symptoms. A delicate consideration, which formed one of his best traits, prevented him through the night's sufferings from disturbing Cabanis, who was asleep in another room, and who, descending some hours later, found his patient half suffocated, writhing in spasmodic agony, and showing all the phenomena which, while presaging a day of torture and peril, stamped in the visage the obvious and immovable impress of death's possessionship. A vigorous recourse to local depletion, with the use of musk in frequent doses for the spasms, caused, or at all events preceded some mitigation of his symptoms, without, however, lessening his danger; and we are now brought to a new scene in the imposing tragedy.

Mirabeau, who had consented to the rigid exclusion of his friends, to give himself up more entirely to the resources of medicine, now had them recalled, and, save for the occasional distraction of an illusive hope, addressed himself wholly to the great business

of dying, as he thought became his fame and position. The proximity of death recalled him to his higher self, and with that view clearly before it, his character stopped, as it were, to draw about it all that it possessed of elevated and imposing. To his older firmness he added an exuberance of tenderness and affection—to his former patience, a philosophical ease of resignation and content. All his thoughts seemed to be touched with the solemnity, if not the goodness, of life's holiest epoch; and, as if even nature's great instinct for recovery gave way to the absorbing effort of ambition's culminating achievement, the whole energies of his being were concentrated in the work of resigning it with the composure, the courage, and the dignity of intellectual greatness. "It was a sublime spectacle," says a spectator, "to witness the brilliant exertitions of his commanding intellect, and the general equanimity of his deportment, the moment after his severest paroxysms—he but assisted at his own dissolution!" It must be owned, however, that beneath the surface of his death-bed greatness there was concealed an awful tribute to the weakness of all philosophy merely mortal. Cabanis, the friend and physician, confesses that he was pledged to expedite Mirabeau's death by opium, the moment pain should become extreme, and recovery lie beyond a hope. This secret source of strength once touched, Mirabeau descends, as by magic, from his unchristian altitude. When the physician, alarmed at a responsibility which popular suspicion made fearful, timidly proposed the admission of Drs. Jeanroi and Petit, the choler of the dying man became ungovernable. Reminding his friend of the pledge, he exclaimed, "Say or do what you like outside my room—I do not hinder that—but they shall not enter here, if you would avoid receiving from me the last affront. I wish to see nobody; and if I am to recover, you shall have the glory, as you have had the inconveniences!" Vain was the affliction of Cabanis—there was no escape—the patient was inflexible. Two hours later Dr. Petit presented himself at the door, but was compelled to hold his consultation outside. Approving of all that had been done by Cabanis, he treated the disease with bark, as one of intermittent fever, with, of course, little advantage. On the next morning the patient, importuned into submission, admitted Dr. Petit, whom he addressed in words preserved for us by Cabanis—"I am about to speak with frankness to the man who passes as most loving this tone.

I always thought that a man should never elect for physician any one but a *friend*. There is my physician—there my friend" (pointing to Cabanis); "but he is full of esteem for your information, and of respect for your moral character. He has cited to me expressions of yours, which contain, in some sort, the whole revolution and circumstances which prove that, notwithstanding the uncommon cultivation of your intellect, you have still remained the man of nature. I have, therefore, thought that such a man would have become my friend, if I had had the happiness to have encountered him. Hence, sir, my determination to see you!"

The result of the consultation was not encouraging. Appealed to by the unexpired hope of the patient—

"It is possible," replied the physician, "that we may save you; but I will not answer for it."

There was, indeed, no chance; for the pulse was gone—death had already entered the icy hands and arms, and Mirabeau, veiling under the guise of submission the curiosity Petit had not wholly extinguished, remarked interrogatively to Cabanis—

"The doctor is severe, but I understand it." Turning to Petit, he continued, "Behold those who surround me—friends, they attend me like servants—he may well love and regret life who leaves behind him such riches."

He now addressed himself to his will, a work which, on more than one account, was interesting to him. If about him were those he loved, there were others it was necessary for the king's repute, as well as his own, to serve; and as his debts were large, his immediate assets small, and the greater portion of his pecuniary claims on the king depended on contingencies which his death annihilated, it was not till the Count de La Marck had pledged the court to fulfill his testamentary intentions, should his own property not suffice, that he entered on the details of the will. His principal legatees were Madame Le Jay, the adulterous partner of his pleasures and literary speculations; the children of his sister, Madame de Saillant, and his confidential secretary Comps, to whom he left 20,000 francs, with the singular codicil, "I wish that there should be no inquiry addressed to him as to the money he has received or spent for me; my wish being, that his statements should be believed on his word, without examination." He desired to be buried in the garden of his country-house, by the side of his father, and left M. de La Marck and M. Frochot the executors of his will.



The Count de La Marck, a Belgian, better known by his subsequent title of Prince of Aramberg, had been the negotiator between Mirabeau and the court, and now assiduously watched for it—the great scene in which the death of the monarchy was enacting. With him was Talleyrand, who, as a joint supporter of the minister Calonne, in his day of power, was generally supposed to have separated from Mirabeau, on the furtive publication of the *Berlin Correspondence*, but who, though in diplomatic alienation from him in the Constituent Assembly, seems to have preserved all through a mysterious identity of political action. With the death-bed, however, dissolved all coldness, real or simulated, and the invited Talleyrand seizing his friend's hand, with the characteristic assurance, "While one half of Paris are at your door *en permanence*, I have been there thrice a-day with the other half, to offer my sympathies," met a cordial welcome from the dying statesman, who, presenting him a discourse on wills, drawn up for him by a literary acquaintance (Reybaz), under his own instructions, we may suppose said—

"These are the last thoughts the world will receive from me! I make you the depository of this paper—you will read it when I shall be no more—it is my last legacy to the Assembly—it will be curious to hear a man who is no more declaring against wills, after just making his own."

Toward evening the report of cannon awoke him from a doze.

"What!" cried he, starting up in his bed, "have they already commenced the funeral of Achilles?"

His valet supported his head, weary with watching and pain.

"Alas!" said the master, "'tis the strongest in France."

The rector of the parish offered his ministrations.

"Your superior, the Bishop of Autun, has been before you," was the reply; "he reserves to himself the honor of my conversion."

His stomach refused food.

"When the first functionary becomes worthless, the business must soon end. You are a great physician," continued he, to Cabanis, "but there is a greater than you—the author of the wind, that overthrows—of the water, that penetrates and fecundates all—of the fire, that vivifies and decomposes all!"

Lamareck broke into tears.

"It is a touching spectacle," remarked

Mirabeau, "to see a calm and unimpassioned man struggling with a sorrow he can no longer conceal!"

Cabanis related to him that he had been besieged on all sides by a thousand importunities, to try new empirical remedies.

"Where am I, then," he exclaimed, "that old women and quacks pretend to seize hold of me? I make you responsible for all that may happen, and place the responsibility on your conscience."

His valet Teisch, an old smuggler, of singular character and history, approached.

"Well, my poor Teisch," asked the master, "how is it with you to-day?"

"I would, sir, you were in my place."

"I wouldn't that you were in mine."

Through the interval, his sufferings had continued to increase, his breathing had become more difficult, and his restlessness proportionally great. To overpower pain, and lose the consciousness of the worse anguish of reacting despondency, he sought with avidity the conversation of his friends. Inspired by the excitement of their homage, his wonderful intellect, defying death to the last, untouched in "the wreck of baser matter," vindicated in these august dialogues all that startling brilliancy and irresistible empire which marked and immortalized the loftier epochs of his public oratory. There was about it the collected splendor and magnificence of an autumnal sunset.\*

After a fit of severe vomiting, he went to sleep. Awakening toward the morning, he asked a female attendant, who alone remained in the room, if he had not dreamed aloud that some murder was going on in the house. Assured to the contrary, he asked for the key of his writing-desk, and the valet being called, was sent for it to the secretary. Meanwhile the morning breaking, he ordered his bed to be moved to the window, to catch the first glimpses of the sun, exclaiming, as he gazed on it, "If that be not God, it is his cousin-german." Then addressing Cabanis in the assured and calm tone of his days of health, he continued, "I shall die to-day! At that point, there remains but one thing—to be sprinkled with perfumes, covered with flowers, and lapped in music, so that I may enter happy the sleep that ends not! Quick! let them be called, that I may be washed, and my whole toilet seen to!"

He had often brooded on death, and (his thought never far from the act) sought to realize to the last his ideal of a great one.

\* Dumont's *Souvenirs*, in Cabanis' "Journal."

Assured, however, that this scheme would renew his paroxysms, he relinquished it, and taking the hand of his physician, wounded, perhaps, that he had been left nearly alone during a part of the night, said—

"My good friend, I shall die in a few hours—give me your word that you will quit me no more—I wish to end the scene under a pleasant feeling!"

Cabanis could not restrain his tears. His patient beckoned him near, pressed his hand, and said—

"Pray, no weakness—worthy neither of you nor of me. It is a moment we must know how to support—you no less than I. Pledge me your word, then, that you will not let me suffer useless tortures. I wish to enjoy without alloy the presence of those dear to me!"

De La Marck coming in, he resumed,

"I have some matters to communicate to both—I have much pain in speaking—do you think I shall be better able at another moment?"

Sinking before their eyes, he was recommended repose, with a suggestion to speak at once.

"I understand," he rejoined: "in that case, be seated—you here, and you there" (pointing to the side of his bed).

He then explained, with lucidity his private arrangements, expressed his wishes with regard to the persons he left behind him, and entering on the state of public affairs, in which De La Marck had been all along his confidential adviser, he expressed, in general terms, the truths epitomized in a sentence which has since been celebrated—

"I carry to the tomb with me the hopes of the monarchy, which is soon to be the prey of the factious."

Interested in the designs of England, the country, after his own, ever first in his thoughts—

"That Pitt," said he, "is the minister of preparations; he succeeds by what he menaces more even than by what he does. If I had lived, I fancy I should have given him some trouble."

He concluded a conversation which lasted three quarters of an hour, by calling to him M. Frochot. Taking his two hands, he placed them in those of Cabanis and De La Marck—

"I bequeath," said he, "to your kindness my friend Frochot; you have seen his attachment to me—he merits yours."

He now lost speech, and his eyes, the play of his lips, and occasional kisses, expressed

the overflowing affection with which he accepted the attentions of his friends. His hands, cold and clammy, remained in theirs hour after hour. He was calmly dying, but toward eight the violence of his sufferings recurred. He made a special sign to Cabanis personally for drink; but refusing all that was offered, he made a motion for pen and ink. Supplied, he wrote the one word—"Dormir." He wanted the eternal sleep of opium; but Cabanis, affecting not to understand his meaning, he again took up the pen, and wrote the dubious, but terrible question, "Do you fear, then, that death, or that which approximates it, may produce a *dangerous sentence*?" Still not understood, or, at all events, not obeyed, he wrote the memorable words preserved for us, as the dying man penned them, "While it was thought that opium might fix the malady, it was well not to administer it; but now that there is no resource but in the great unknown, (the *phenomenæ in connu*), why not try it? Can you leave your friend on the rack, perhaps, through days?" The overwhelmed Cabanis made poor answers. Promising laudanum, he wrote for a trivial composing draught. While awaiting it, uncertain whether it fulfilled or not the awful compact, pain and impatience gave back the dying man his speech, and he exclaimed—

"My sufferings are intolerable—I have within me a hundred years of life, but not a moment's courage. You are deceiving me," he continued, as the messenger for the draught failed to return.

He was assured that the most urgent instructions had been sent to the doctors.

"Ah! the doctors!—the doctors!" he exclaimed in agony; and turning to Cabanis, "Were you not my doctor and my friend? and did you not promise to spare me the pains of such a death? Must I carry with me the regret of having confided in you?"

Dr. Petit entered, and Mirabeau became additionally anxious about the opium.

"Swear to me," said he eagerly to Cabanis, "that you will not tell Petit what you are preparing for me!" These were the last words of the great orator.

The draught painfully expected came at last. He snatched the vessel, and drinking it off, turned on his right side, with a convulsive movement, raised his eyes toward heaven, and died!

It was Saturday, January 2, 1791, about half-past eight, A.M., in the forty-second year of his age.

While the dying man was thus vainly

wrestling to be even with the high business he had on hand, there was enacting in the other parts of his house a curious and agitating scene, almost realizing those figments of assassination that had occupied his morning dream. The valet, sent, as we have seen, for the collection of Mirabeau's secret papers, was refused admittance to the room of the secretary, who, locking himself in, asseverated that the key of the secretaire was not there, and that the valet should not be admitted. On a threat of bursting open the door, Comps was heard to fall heavily on the floor, and on forcing a way into the room, he was seen covered with blood flowing from some small wounds in the breast and throat—by his side lying the cause—a penknife, smeared with blood. To the questions of the affrighted household, Comps answered nothing, save that, "for one crime more, it was hardly worth while!" Persisting still not to give up the key, he at first pretended that it was locked in his own secretaire, the key of which he had broken, but when told that a locksmith should be sent for, he recollected, that although he had the key he could not give it up till De La Marck's arrival, before which, however, it was found hidden under the ashes in his grate.

There was here a mystery nobody could fathom. Comps had been for years in the service of Mirabeau; and no small part of his recommendation was the supposed attachment which, already evidenced by two duels, made him ever ready to risk his life in the defence of his master. Had he sold some valuable documents of Mirabeau? This was the opinion of De La Marck and the court. Had he compromised himself in some attempt against his master's health? This was the suspicion of the public. Inquiry was demanded, and the rumor spreading to the surrounding crowd, the officers of justice entered on an inquiry shortly after the break of day. The evidence of Comps only added by its contradictions and falsehoods to the imbroglia. At first, he had thought himself poisoned, and awakening in the morning, found wounds about which he knew nothing. He appealed for his character to the confidence of Mirabeau, who "allowed him to possess valuable secrets, which people feared he would one day divulge." At a second interrogatory, he pretended that his head had been turned from a number of domestic circumstances, which, inducing him to fancy that he and his master were poisoned, made him adopt the idea of

suicide. Fourteen days later, he recalled all he had previously affirmed, especially his insinuations against the friends of his master, and took the nobler ground, that he stabbed himself in affliction for the death of so exalted a master.

Three facts remain, which offer the only additional clue out of the labyrinth. First, Comps, at the time of the decease, had in his possession thirty-eight thousand francs, money confided to him by the court for his master. Secondly, Petion and Camille Desmoulins, the Jacobin leaders, had seen in the handwriting of Mirabeau his elaborate plan for annihilating the National Assembly. Thirdly, it seems not very unlikely that though there were natural causes to produce death, that Mirabeau had yet not escaped poison. Are we, then, to infer, that Comps, with the possession of his master's money and political secrets, communicated with the all-active Jacobins?—that his cupidity was excited by the possession of treasures, or his perfidy compromised by the retention of documents?—if not, where is the explanation of his vague charges of poison, his pretences at madness, and his preference of all expedients, even to suicide, to the exposure of the secretaire? We know of none, save in the hypothesis that the secretary, bewildered, was obeying the private orders of De La Marck, who anxiously secured Mirabeau's papers for the court the very instant he had died. And that same instant the news passed from the dead man's room to the multitude, and thence through Paris. Forthwith the shops were shut, the theatres closed, commerce stood still, the business of life stagnated in every channel, and a cloud of mingled incertitude and consternation settled in every face, as if the spirit of the coming carnage, born out of the very dissolution of genius, had already thrown its mighty shadow athwart the soul of society.

The Jacobin Club, early mirroring the movements its leaders could not control, at once decreed to attend the funeral, to mourn eight days, to honor the anniversary, and to have his bust. The representatives of the nation, in their early sitting, heard the event with the incredulity of its greatness, and cries often repeated, "Ah, he is dead!" Barrere, ascending the tribune, in a brief speech, in which oratory was lost in emotion, moved the solemn register of their regret, and proposed their attendance by deputation at the funeral. The deputies, anticipating the sentiment, received it with the universal cry, "We will all go!" The

next day they received the sectional authorities of Paris, proposing the entombment of Mirabeau under the altar of the country, in the Champs de Mars; and after them a numerous deputation of the administrators of the Department, who, through their president, the well-known Pastoret, urged the more welcome proposition, that the new church of St. Genevieve should, in honor of Mirabeau, be converted into a Pantheon. The suggestion was classical; as much in harmony with the opinions of the time, as with the emotions of the hour; it was hailed by acclamation, and even the envious Robespierre was for it, "if constitutional, with all his power, or rather with all his sensibility!"

While national gratitude was thus energetic, popular suspicion was gratified by a public autopsy, which, scarcely satisfactory then, has become less so since. The doctors found traces of inflammation in the stomach, whose lining membrane showed distinct excoriation in the duodenum, a great part of the liver, the right kidney, the diaphragm, and, finally, in the pericardium, which also contained a considerable quantity of a thick, yellowish, opaque matter. In the cavity of the chest was found some watery fluid, and nearly the whole external surface of the heart was covered with coagulated lymph. It was thence officially inferred, under the attestation of ninety signatures (and science recognizes its justice), that there was sufficient cause for death in the phenomena observed in the heart, pericardium, and diaphragm. Vicq D'Azyr, the Queen's physician, who was present at the examination, expressed to the court his opinion, that the symptoms were compatible with the agency either of poison or violent remedies, a judgment which the ineffective character of the treatment makes suggestive of suspicion. The temper of the people, however, made the proof of poison, if unspecific to the criminal, dangerous to many. There was unfortunately no chemical analysis, and hence some countenance is lent to the statements of an authority on other occasions certainly doubtful,\* that several persons, some of them physicians, who were present at the autopsy, saw and suppressed through policy palpable proofs of the action of poison.

The funeral which followed next day, swelling almost to the proportions of the national regret, gave to the dead the honors of

Rome's most gorgeous triumphs to the living. Toward the shades of evening, through streets lined for three miles with double tiers of National Guards, backed and surrounded wherever the eye could reach by a decorous and sympathizing population, the spectator witnessed the passage of a stupendous procession—the living body and moving mass of the nation. Troops of cavalry marshaled in slow order; successive brigades of sappers, miners, and artillerymen, flanked by the mutilated veterans of the old French wars, marching by, at last brought in sight Lafayette, the commander-in-chief of the National Guards, surrounded and followed by a brilliant staff.

After these came the fine corps of Swiss soldiers and Prevotal Guards; and then, in solemn order, the imposing procession of the clergy, distinguished by their time-honored canonicals, and heralding the corpse, crowned by the flags of the nation and borne by the brothers-in-arms of the illustrious deceased. Following the coffin and its magnificent catafalque, marched the thousand representatives of the nation, escorted by contrasting battalions of military students and armed veterans, followed in compact and serried masses by the numerous body of Parisian electors, the deputies of the forty-eight sections, the municipal officers of the metropolis and neighboring towns, the ministers of the king, the members of the clubs and patriotic associations, closed up by interminable masses of infantry and cavalry; in one word, two hundred thousand persons in movement, in the congenial gloom of advancing night, and amid a silence broken at intervals by the sad knell of the ancient belfries, the dismal thunder of the minute guns, and lugubrious dirges of military bands, to which the inventions of French musical genius had lent for the hour a potent melancholy in painful keeping with the national sense of bereavement.

Such was the imposing spectacle, beyond all Greek or Roman precedent, which, after three hours' duration, witnessed the transferral of all that remained of Mirabeau to the solemn offices of a Church which, consummating its degrading fall, now lent its crowning sanction to the apotheosis of its great antagonist. The prostitution of the mass ended, and the decent impieties of the funeral oration, more than thirty thousand muskets echoed and re-echoed through the vaulted pile over the celebrated ashes, which, as the mighty multitude in solemn silence laid by those of Descartes, the clock struck mid-

\* The "fils adoptif"—M. Lucas Montigny, the editor of the "Memoirs of Mirabeau, written by Himself, his Father, and his Adopted Son."

night! It was indeed the midnight of France! While the nation, anxious and uncertain of the future, falling with the fall of its mighty tribune, its frail security crumbling to dust in the impending hour of peril and crisis, consoled its despair in every conceivable form of popular idolatry—public votes, street harangues, newspaper elegies, hawkers' ballads, and universal homage—the higher and more violent Jacobins, who had ascertained his projects and feared his energies, made small concealment of their gladness. "Achilles dead," cried the earnest Robespierre; "then Troy shall not be taken!" "Why did he not join to Cicero's eloquence Cicero's incorruptibility?" triumphantly asked "the orator of the people," Freron. "People!" screamed out the fanatical Marat, "render thanks to the gods!—your greatest enemy is no more! He has died the victim of his numerous treasons. Stained by a thousand crimes, let his character be covered by a dark veil!"

Vile faction! well may they exult! The hand that held them in check is for ever removed, and their vulture instincts already scent the cherished crimes with which they are so soon to ruin their country! That moment of guilty triumph come, avenging everything they avenge on the mouldering

corpse of their illustrious denouncer even the reminiscences of their fear. One of the last acts of their ferocious despotism was to remove it to some secret spot in an obscure cemetery, that the tomb awarded by the nation might be occupied by the blood-thirsty but now quenched Marat.

Such, then, was the death, and such its accessories, of the last of the Mirabeaus—a man who, by his qualities no less than by the singularity of his fortune, is destined to take his place in history by the side of the Demosthenes, the Gracchi, and the other kindred spirits of an antiquity whose gigantic characteristics he so frequently reproduced. Posterity, which will probably recognize in him one of the greatest geniuses of an age fertile in great men, will only enhance its admiration before the doubts thrown out of the enormous chasms in his greatness. As the hazy masses in the lunar face, those unfathomable phenomena suggest but grotesque images to the ignorant, while increasing admiration in others with their very means of knowledge; so probably will this gigantic character, slighted and unconsidered by meaner intellects, elicit each day more from the comprehensions that can grasp it, a deeper scrutiny and augmenting wonder.

## HOPE.

SCHILLER.

THE Future is Man's immemorial hymn:  
In vain runs the Present a-wasting;  
To a golden goal in the distance dim  
In life, in death, he is hasting.  
The world grows old, and young, and old,  
But the ancient story still bears to be told.

Hope smiles on the Boy from the hour of his birth;  
To the Youth it gives bliss without limit;  
It gleams for Old Age as a star on earth,  
And the darkness of Death cannot dim it.  
Its rays will gild even fathomless gloom,  
When the Pilgrim of Life lies down in the tomb.

Never deem it a Shibboleth phrase of the crowd,  
Never call it the dream of a rhymers;  
The instinct of Nature proclaims it aloud—  
WE ARE DESTINED FOR SOMETHING SUBLIMER.  
This truth, which the Witness within reveals,  
The purest worshiper deepest feels.

From Hogg's Instructor.

## THE BANK OF ENGLAND.

THE bank is one of the grand points in the topography of London. Hackney coachmen, cabmen, and omnibusmen, regard it as amongst the chief ports in the voyage of the great city, and draw up here as a matter of course, to set down or take up their human freight. The bank is an immense building, situated a little to the west of Cornhill, and covering an area of several acres of ground. The business now transacted in this extensive edifice was originally carried on in Grocers' Hall, in the Poultry—a building which now would scarcely be sufficient to accommodate one department of this vast establishment. In 1732, the foundation-stone of the present building was laid on the site of the house and garden of Sir John Honblon, the first governor; and the first erection only comprised what constitutes the present centre, with the courtyard, hall, and bullion court. In 1770, the eastern wing was added to the original; and in the five years ending 1804, the western wing, with the Lothbury front, were added. Since that period, there has been frequent additions and alterations made in the building to suit the convenience of the business departments, or to guard against certain contingencies.

During the alarm of 1848, caused by the incoherent threats of several violent politicians in London, a parapet wall was raised all round, above the cornice, and other means were adopted to facilitate defence should an attack have been attempted. The principal entrance is from Threadneedle Street—the front having a centre eighty feet long, besides wings. The view of the bank, as a whole, is not imposing; it is isolated in its position, and in this respect is more favored than many of the splendid edifices of London; nevertheless, the diversity of plans upon which its parts have been built, has denied it that architectural integrity which seldom belongs to any edifice not the idea of one mind.

The front is composed of pillars, &c., of the Ionic order, on a rustic base; and the wings are ornamented with a colonnade. The

back of the bank is in Lothbury, from which a handsome carriage-entrance leads into the outer, and then into the bullion courts.

The Bank of England, although ostensibly a public establishment, and though it does present free access to several of its places of business, is, nevertheless, carefully guarded against general intrusion; and it requires considerable interest to obtain a view of the more private apartments of this truly wonderful and most interesting establishment. We were fortunate enough to have a kind and influential friend, who procured for us an order of admission from a director, and with this carte, which opened the way to the treasures of the greatest commercial country in the world, we presented ourselves at the bank. We were politely led to a little waiting-room by a man dressed in black pants and red vest, and wearing a browny drab coat, with a silver elliptical medal attached to his left breast, bearing the words round its edge of "Bank of England." This person took our admission-card from us, and left us alone for some minutes. At last, another official, similarly attired, presented himself, and, bowing, begged to be permitted to conduct us over the premises. Before we could be permitted to advance into the domains of England's Plutus, the admission-card had to be scrutinized, then initialed on the back by a clerk. The name of the registered visitor, and the number of the party accompanying him, were required to be entered in a journal, with the name of the guide who was to lead us over the various departments; the card was then countersigned by a cashier, and we were at last admissible. Every department of manual labor connected with the business of the bank, save paper-making, is carried on within its walls, as well as the more immediate business of a money-lending, money-changing establishment; and the precision, order, and regularity which pervade the whole mechanical departments, are wonderful illustrations of method and mechanical contrivance. The first room we entered was a

comparatively small one, and lighted, like all the other apartments, from above. Before us, and to our left, were piles of rough-edged, thick, day-book and ledger paper, which ten persons, men, women, and boys, were employed in ruling, cutting, folding, and stitching. The ruling was rapidly performed by a woman and two boys, the process being most ingenious and effective. The pens, or points, which conduct the ink to the paper, are made from thin sheets of brass—several points, divided according to the pattern required, being in one sheet. Those brass-pointed ink-conductors are attached to a wooden cylinder which remains stationary, and amongst which, above the pens, is stretched a piece of flannel. This flannel is saturated with coloring matter, and as the sheet of paper to be ruled passes through two rollers, a part of it is always presented to the points, which, attracting the ink from the flannel, deposits it on the large folios, ruling a whole sheet at once. A beautiful cutting-machine takes the rough edges from those folios after they are folded. The action of this machine, which is perpendicular, is regulated by a gage, which moves the cutter backward and forward according to the will of the person superintending the work. The shavings from the paper are carefully preserved, and sent off to the paper-mill to be returned in folios. The women who stitch the reference and other books previous to binding, sit up in a high gallery, overlooking the ruling and cutting apartment.

From this room we passed into the letter-press printing office, where three steam cylindrical presses and two hand-presses occupied the floor. The machines were splendid ones, from the manufactory of E. & E. Cowper, London and Manchester. Eight persons were at work here, setting up and throwing off, in order to supply the daily consumpt of sixty folio volumes, &c., which are required for this great house of business. In passing from the letter-press room we entered a long narrow saloon, in which light shafts and wheels were revolving, and causing to move all the beautiful machinery in operation throughout the whole extent of the building. In this saloon was seated a person, whose sole duty it was to fold stamped letters; and, to judge by the activity of his motions, he had a good man's work of it. On the same floor with this shaft-room is the mechanical work-room, in which a planing machine was putting a smooth face upon a brass plate, and several workmen were busy filing and fitting. Ascending the stairs, which

are made of smooth slabs of purple-colored slate, we next found ourselves in a recessed compartment, at the end of a gallery which was of the same length and dimensions as the shaft-room immediately below. At a bench stood a young man turning over the leaves of a large reference-book, upon the corners of which a precise, methodical, quaint-looking little machine, made regular impressions, rising and falling from point to point of the two radii of a right angle, and numbering a page of the book every time that it reached the inferior culminating point. This machine regulated itself, and marked the pages of great ledgers and journals, from the first up to several thousands, without making the least mistake in the numeration. Whilst we stood admiring this happy contrivance, and wondering at the intelligence which seemed to govern the motions of this little complex combination of brass and steel, which went on thus numbering its own actions, our ears were constantly saluted with the clash and clang of ponderous steel plates, and busy, strong-limbed machinery. A few steps forward, and the turning of our eyes toward the left brought the whole busy scene, of which those sounds were indicative, within the scope of our vision. Eight perpendicular shafts, which communicated their motion to the printing-presses, were whirling and groaning with the wheels attached to them, while sixteen men—black, and grim, and hot—were actively at work printing bank-notes. The machinery occupied the centre of the gallery, the workmen's bench one side, and a range of drying-presses the other. On the bench, which was of iron heated, in order to communicate that necessary quality to the plates used in printing, stood palettes covered with Frankfort black, coarse-looking daubers, made of cloth, in the form of the mullers used by paint-grinders, numerous black rags, and large masses of prepared chalk. Two men were employed at every printing-press, whose duty it is to ink, polish, and place the paper on the plate, the one after the other alternately. As soon as an impression is taken, the steel plate is quickly removed from the press. It is then inked all over, the workman immediately removing with chalk and a rubber all that is on the polished surface. The ink remaining in the engraved parts of the plate, it is again placed in the press, and the impression is communicated to the thin gossamer paper. At one end of this long room there are eight indices corresponding to the eight presses, which are numbered. These register every

stroke of each press, and consequently the number of notes printed by every two men. When a hundred notes have been thrown off by a workman, they are placed in a box, and inserted into a slit above the indicator of his particular press. These are immediately taken away, as if by magic, and a hundred blank sheets of paper appear in their stead. It is impossible to speculate even a sheet of this paper without immediate detection—such is the intelligent supervision maintained by the wonderful steam-engine and the mechanical contrivances pertaining to it. Twenty-eight thousand bank-notes are generally thrown off herded aily. The printing-presses are kept in motion by broad woollen belts, which of course become soiled, and are changed every day. These are washed and dried in a little room fitted up for the purpose, and so expeditious is the whole process, that those heavy woollen cloths, several yards in length, can be cleansed and dried in three quarters of an hour. Adjacent to the washing-room is the room in which the paper is saturated with water before being sent to the printers. The paper is remarkably thin, and so porous that two hundred five-pound note sheets will absorb about an English pint of water. As soon as the water has been forced by a hydraulic machine through all the body of the note-paper, it is then taken to be pressed. This is an extremely nice and delicate process, for if the pressure administered was to exceed the necessary amount, the thin sheets of paper would probably become coherent into a solid mass. The pressure allowed is three tons, but the process is gradual and frequent. The water pressed from the paper runs off by a pipe into a reservoir, and the room in which those machines work is perfectly dry and comfortable. In this same room a grinding-machine is constantly preparing ink for the printers. This ink, or Frankfort black, is made from the calcined lees and seeds of grapes, and forms one of the finest and darkest imprints that can be found. Twenty-eight pounds weight of this compost are used by the printers in the bank daily.

All the machines, which we have endeavored to describe in a general manner, are wrought by a steam-engine of ten horse power, which, down in its snug little room, keeps up its constant clatter and motion, revising, optimizing, and accelerating the labors of man, without requiring man's revision. This engine regulates the supply of coal in the furnace, causes the fire to revolve which consumes its own smoke, and governs all the

subordinate and superior motions connected with itself, except filling the hoppers over the furnaces with coal, as if it was possessed of a rational intelligence. The fires are lighted, and the hoppers filled with coal-dust every morning, and then the engine is left to do its own business, until its services are dispensed with in the evening.

Passing from the engine-house, we wended through a little narrow passage, and found ourselves in a spacious yard, the centre of which was occupied by a great iron cage about twenty feet in diameter, having a roof terminating in a point, and surrounding and covering a brick furnace, full of the black ashes of what had once represented the wealth of this vast industrial community. This is the furnace in which the old bank-notes are annually consumed. Our guide informed us that six men are employed during two entire days in destroying the old notes of a year's issue. A Bank of England note is never reissued after it returns to the bank. It is then canceled and destroyed, to make way for the new issue.

A slight description of the mode of conducting business in regard to the issue of bank-notes will enable our readers to see with what ease the circulation of forged notes can be immediately detected, and the number and amount of all those in circulation declared. On every note there is the date of its issue, the sum of its value, the name of one cashier, and the initial letters which indicate the reference-book in which all those particulars are carefully registered. Whenever a note is presented to the bank the corner is torn from it, the number is punched out, it is canceled in the register-book, and then sent down to the library, there to lie for ten years, until burned in the yard during the eleventh. By this means the bank can tell, by reference to its books, how many notes of any date, since the year 1694, are in circulation, and to what amount. The old notes are kept for ten years in the library, and on the eleventh they are destroyed, so that there is a conflagration annually. Some of the bills in the library were once the representatives of immense wealth. One thousand pound notes are, however, the largest in amount that are circulated by the bank. We had a package of five hundred of these in our hands. We had also five or six bills, amounting in the aggregate to four millions and a half of money, one of them alone being for one million sterling.

We now ascended from the subterranean library into the accountant's office, and the



transition was very striking. The latter is a magnificent hall, seated all through with desks, at which about a hundred clerks were busy turning over the leaves of books, and making entries, or comparing notes and preparing them for the archives below. Sixteen Ionic columns run in two parallel rows along the sides of this vast hall. At the one end there is a great clock, at the other is a recess, in which are seated the senior or head accountants.

One of the most interesting and astonishing departments within the whole compass of the banking business was the weighing department, in which, with the rapidity of thought, and a precision approaching to the hundredth part of a grain, the weight of the gold coins are determined. There are six weighing machines, kept working by the same agency which supplies all the mechanical power in the bank, and three weighers attend to these. Rolls of sovereigns, or half-sovereigns, are placed in grooves, and are shaken, one at a time, by the motion of the machine, into the weights. If they are of standard weight they are thrown by the same mechanical intelligence into a box at the right-hand side of the person who watches the operation; if they have lost the hundredth part of a grain they are cast into a box on the left. Those which stand the test are put into bags of one thousand sovereigns each, and those below par are cut by a machine, and sent back to the mint. Between one and two thousand light sovereigns are thus daily sent out of circulation. The silver is put up into bags each of one hundred pounds value, and the gold into bags of a thousand, and then those bagfuls of bullion are sent through a strongly-guarded door, or rather window, into the treasury. The treasury is a dark, gloomy apartment, fitted up with iron presses, which are supplied with huge locks and bolts, and which are perfectly fire-proof. Gold, silver, and paper money ready for circulation, to the amount of twenty-two millions sterling, were in the treasury when we visited it. One of the gentlemen in that department placed one thousand sovereigns in our hand, and at the same time pointed to seventy bags full of gold in the little recess which he had thrown open, making in all the modest sum of seventy thousand pounds. He placed notes to the amount of half a million also upon our palm, which no doubt had its own sensations as the precious deposit trembled on its top. The heads of departments meet in the treasury every evening, and there all the accounts are balanced.

In the issue-room there is a fine marble statue of William III., which seems to preside over twenty-eight money-changers, who are constantly employed taking or giving gold and silver for Bank of England notes, or *vice versa*. The desks of the clerks surround this spacious apartment, and offer every facility for the active business carried on here. In the cashier's room we counted eleven white-haired gentlemen busily signing and countersigning the notes to be issued. The banking department is now carried on in a temporary wooden erection, in consequence of some necessary alterations being made in the usual place of business. Two beautiful elms are growing up through the roof and centre of this banking house, the leaves on those branches enclosed being seer and withered, while those that have been allowed to breathe even the deleterious air of London are bright and green. Eighty clerks were huddled in, here, and yet the duties of their office seemed to be discharged with remarkable ability and ease. All the desks were distinguished by particular letters of the alphabet, which referred the person doing business with one clerk to the individual necessary to complete it, without noise or confusion.

The most splendid of all the halls in the Bank of England, however, is the Rotunda, in which all the stockjobbers, stockbrokers, and others, meet for the purpose of transacting business in the public funds, and in which the government dividends are paid. From the floor to the apex of the dome is eighty-two feet, and the stucco work is very beautiful. Fourteen upright cariatides—female figures—stand upon a circular pediment and support the lofty dome, through which falls the softened, chastened sunbeams. The cupola which caps the summit of the dividend warrant office is very rich in alto-relievos, and is also supported by twenty statues, standing two and two by each other's sides. The transfer office is that in which all transactions in the stocks are settled, after parties have agreed to a transmission. He who sells out cancels his claims upon the government, transferring them to the person who may have purchased from him. The consolidated annuity office is appropriated to the sale of annuities, and to the granting of the receipts required by the annuitants before they draw their money. All the transactions of this office are preserved in the presses, the doors of which are numbered and lettered, and indicate the particular entry-books within that have been used since the incorporation of the bank by royal charter in 1694.

Nine families constantly reside within the precincts of the bank—the houses of the secretary, chief accountant, and gate-keeper being situated round the court, into which the Lothbury gate opens. Round the whole extent of the bank, within the parapet-wall, there is a walk, upon which the sentinels pace during the night, lest thieves should attempt to enter. Thirty-four private soldiers and an officer are deputed to this duty every night, each man receiving a shilling, and the officer half-a-crown, and his supper. Besides these soldiers, and the families resident in the bank, there are fourteen men constantly there, day and night, who are perfectly acquainted with all the labyrinthian mazes of the vast building, and who could immediately bring the fire-engines into operation, which stand in the furnace-court. There are about one thousand individuals employed in this establishment. In 1819, there were eleven hundred clerks employed, and twenty-five years previous to that period two hundred and fifty sufficed to discharge the duties required.

The Bank of England was projected by William Paterson, a Scotchman, the original capital being one million two hundred thousand pounds. Since it was incorporated the capital has increased to tens of millions. The

bank corporation are prohibited from trading in any article of commerce whatever, and are to confine their business to the buying and selling of gold and silver bullion, the discounting of bills, and the power of selling whatever goods are pledged to them three months after the date specified for their redemption. The profits of the bank arise from the traffic in bullion and bills, and from the management of the public funds, which is deputed to them by government. The business hours are from nine to five o'clock, and the most rigid exactitude in time-keeping is demanded from all the employees. If an individual is three times late in his attendance, he is called before the directors and reprimanded; if the fault is again repeated, the delinquent receives a gentle intimation to resign his situation. Fifty or more of those employed in this vast national counting-house are constantly enjoying holiday, the period of relaxation extending as the period during which a man has served extends. The direction of the bank is vested in a governor, deputy-governor, and twenty-four directors, who are elected annually at a general court of the proprietors. Thirteen directors, with the governor, form a court for the management of business.

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## ADIEU TO SORROW.

Come, let us depart from our sorrow,  
 And hear what each other may say;  
 Perhaps the bright beams of to-morrow  
 Will chase all the clouds of to-day!  
 Contentment is better than riches,  
 And easier far to be had;  
 A fig for the cares that enslave us,  
 To-day we'll be merry and glad.  
 So, let us depart from our sorrow.

Our ancestors lov'd to be merry,  
 Nor pined at the darkness of fate;  
 They sang, and they quaff'd off their cherry  
 Until every bosom grew great!  
 They chatted and laughed in their glory,  
 And chased every sorrow away,  
 By chanting some comical story  
 That happen'd in life's early day.  
 So, let us depart from our sorrow!

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE CORDELIER OF SISTERON.

BY DUDLEY COSTELLO, ESQ.

### INTRODUCTION.

Few English travelers, unless the conditions of their journey be imperative, are in the habit of taking the *route* from Grenoble to Marseilles, which passes through the mountainous region of Dauphine, and descends from thence to the scorching plains of Provence; for, though this line be the more direct, it is undoubtedly the most tedious and fatiguing. The invalid on his way to Nice also avoids it carefully; and, except by pilgrims to the Vandois, or an occasional pedestrian to the precipitous heights of Mont Pelvoux, this part of France is rarely visited, and cities once of importance are now comparatively unknown.

Amongst the many places thus forgotten, and neglected alike by industry and curiosity, Sisteron, hemmed in on the frontier of Provence between two torrents—the Buech and the Durance—may be cited as an example. Yet the city of Sisteron can claim an antiquity of two thousand years, from the period of its foundation as the capital of a Roman province to its present obscure condition as the simple *sous-préfecture* of a department. Until within the last few years it gave its name to a see. It still boasts a Romanesque cathedral; an impregnable citadel, once the prison of Prince John Casimir of Poland, renders it respectable in military estimation; and for picturesqueness of position it is almost unrivaled. Moreover, the annals of Sisteron contain much that is of interest, not only to the antiquarian and the historian, but to the general reader;—and it was in searching through these that my attention was first attracted toward the peculiar features of a remarkable trial which took place there about eighty years ago. The circumstances connected with it occasioned a great deal of scandal at the time. It appeared to me that an account of them was worthy of being related; and I have,

therefore, thrown them into the shape of the following narrative.

### I.

#### THE CONVENT OF THE CORDELIERS,

THE religious establishments of Sisteron, as was generally the case with cities of any note during the middle ages, were at one period very numerous: disproportionately so, indeed, to the spiritual wants or worldly necessities of the inhabitants; for although the greater part of them were originally founded from motives of piety or charity, those attributes gradually declined, and the establishments, instead of a relief, became a burden. Absorbing much, and dispensing little, they grew rich as the people became poor, until at length the anomaly presented itself of the wealthiest endowments being possessed by a mere handful of men, the principle of whose association was a vow of poverty and self-denial.

With a population of less than 4000 persons, Sisteron contained no less than fourteen ecclesiastical foundations, including most of the principal religious orders: Franciscan, Dominican, Augustine, and Capuchin monks—"black, white, and gray,—with all their trumpery;" Ursuline, Bernardine, and Visitation sisters; besides priories and abbeys, hospices and maisons de Providence.

Of this number some had happily fallen into decay, others had become merged in newer establishments, but one amongst them, the Cordeliers, or Franciscans, still flourished in the last century, though, at the time when the events occurred which form the subject of these pages, the number of brothers was reduced to only three!

The Sisteron Cordeliers were founded, it is believed, in the early part of the thirteenth century, by the celebrated Raymond Bérenger, Count of Provence, who richly endowed the convent: an example which was fol-

lowed not only by succeeding princes, but by wealthy individuals of various ranks. The family of d'Agout, Seigneurs de Curban, were liberal benefactors; and during the palmy days of the middle ages the coffers of the Cordeliers were filled with gold, and scarcely a year passed without some addition being made to their extensive landed property. Nor were the pious donors satisfied with giving gold and lands only. Women deprived themselves of their richest ornaments, to deposit them on the shrine of St. Francis; and their jewels, their chains, their collars, their rings, and the *frontiers* which encircled their heads, were freely given to be converted to holy purposes, in the shape of censers, salvers, and other sacred vessels. It was this material wealth which, at a later period, so highly excited the cupidity of the Huguenot party when the churches became their prey.

There is one donation, out of the many, which, from its singularity, is worthy of being noticed.

A certain Adam Thibaut, a furrier, who died in 1496, desirous of being buried in the church of the Freres-Mineurs beside his deceased friend Jean Chais, and being, moreover, of a convivial disposition, purchased this favor at the expense of an ample and sumptuous dinner ("bene, decenter et opulenter") to be served in perpetuity on the anniversary of every Fête-Dieu. He left for this purpose a sum of money sufficient to buy a measure of wheat, four-and-twenty bottles of pure wine, and as much mutton, beef, and poultry, as four-and-twenty Franciscan friars could dispose of at a meal.

In what manner the jovial Cordeliers reconciled this compulsory feast with their vow of abstinence, is not upon record; in all probability, they ate the dinner under the stimulus of plenary indulgence, granted of course with a view to the encouragement of future donations; or, availing themselves of the casuistry for which they were celebrated, aided with that party among the Franciscans who, in discussing the question of the entire renunciation of all things, imposed upon them by their rule, contended that the aliments which had only a temporary abode in their stomachs could not be looked upon in the light of possessions.

From what has been said above, it is clear that at the end of the fifteenth century the Cordeliers of Sisteron mustered four-and-twenty strong at least—

Four-and-twenty friars all of a row!

By the middle of the seventeenth century their number was reduced to four, and in the year 1767, when this narrative commences, only three brothers, as I have already remarked, tenanted the convent. The names of these three were Ferrier, Touche, and Laloubière.

Father Ferrier was a weak and infirm old man; dull of intellect, and feeble in health, he was reckoned for nobody in the affairs of the convent, and whether he lived or died seemed to be of no account with the other two.

Father Touche and Father Laloubière were men of a different kind. Both were young, strong and active of body, acute and vigorous of mind. Each aimed at supremacy, and in their secret endeavors to obtain it, hated each other cordially. There were no opinions to cultivate, no parties to create, no friends to canvass; each relied for support on himself alone, and on his own unassisted energies. But, resembling each other in many respects, they were not alike in all. Father Touche had no less ambition than Father Laloubière, but his course was more open and unreserved; he coveted the direction of the convent, and the control of the property which still belonged to it, but he was not of a temperament "to catch the nearest way" to the end he sought; he would win the game if possible, but by fair means only.

Not so Laloubière. Less impetuous on the surface, but of a deeper and darker nature, all means that served his purpose were alike to him. If barefaced power could have sufficed, he would have employed it; but failing that, a sinister and concealed system of action met with his ready and unscrupulous adoption.

As far as priority went, Laloubière had the advantage. He was the "gardien" of the establishment; but although this office carried with it a certain degree of responsibility, it entailed no extraordinary authority. The goods of the convent were in common, and could only be alienated or appropriated by common consent. The right to punish and command—so dear to all men, and not undesired in cloisters—was not amongst the privileges of the *gardien*, who longed for the sway that had been vested in the priors and abbots of former days.

There was also another cause for hatred, which, even more than the desire for superiority, engendered feelings of animosity between Laloubière and Touche.

Though the rules of their order were of

the strictest, the absence of control in an establishment which, for all practical purposes, consisted only of two members, afforded opportunities for relaxation of discipline which neither of them were slow to take advantage of; and, with a freedom which had never been dreamt of by the founder, they mingled with the world, not to visit the sick or offer consolation to the suffering, but to share in its pleasures as far as lay in their power consistently with external appearances.

Out of this violation of their duties arose a circumstance which aggravated the ill-will borne toward each other by the two friars, and led in the end to the most deplorable consequences.

## II.

### THE BEAUTY OF BONNE FONTAINE.

At the foot of the Rocher de la Baume, and within a stone's throw of the ancient convent of the Dominicans, there stood, at the period we are speaking of, a small village, or rather a cluster of cottages, known by the name of Bonne Fontaine, from a clear, bubbling spring which rose through the crevices of the rocky soil, and sent its tiny stream down the valley, to mingle with the impetuous waters of the Durance. In one of these cottages dwelt a *vigneron* named Antoine Gantelme. He was a widower with an only daughter, and chiefly supported himself during the summer and autumn by the produce of his vineyard and a *jardin potager*, which he sold in the market of Sisteron. In the winter he made nets for the fishermen and sportsmen of the arrondissement, and eked out his means by the manufacture of wooden bowls and spoons, in carving which he showed some ingenuity. His daughter, Madeleine Gantelme, assisted him in his marketing, or rather was herself the sole *marchande*, and, when the season of fruits and flowers was past, her busy knitting-needles supplied many of the wants of their simple *ménage*.

Beauty is no remarkable attribute of the Provençale women in the upper valley of the Durance, but Madeleine Gantelme was an exception to the general rule. The crimson of her cheek, the lustre of her dark eye, the brilliancy of her teeth, her fine oval face and well-formed head, and her tall and graceful figure, rendered her conspicuous among the sallow, sunburnt, freckled, and awkwardly-

shaped maidens who, like herself, were constant attendants at the market in the Grande Place of Sisteron. Here, as she sat amidst her wares, surrounded by the glowing fruits of autumn, a more picturesque object could scarcely be imagined, and many a male customer sought out her stall, less for the sake of the purple grapes, the golden figs, and the deeply-tinted mulberries which she offered for sale, than to have an opportunity of exchanging glances with, or making pretty speeches to, the Belle of Bonne Fontaine, as she was generally called. In addition to her beauty, Madeleine had a very agreeable, winning manner, and her ready smile offered no discouragement to such as strove to get into her good graces. But this *avenant* disposition was united to perfect modesty and propriety of conduct, and when she was twenty years of age—an advanced period of life in Provence for an unmarried girl—her less-favored companions, who had already taken the irrevocable step, began to wonder amongst themselves how it happened that Madeleine Gantelme had not yet bestowed her hand upon some favored lover. They instanced many whom they thought eligible, as, indeed, they were, both from age and station; but the truth was, that Madeleine's heart was still untouched. They predicted the happy lot to several amongst the young men of Sisteron, but she smiled and thought of them no more. It never entered into the minds of her friends to imagine on whom her affections would one day centre; and had they named him, which was next to impossible, the girl herself would have started at the idea as if a scorpion had stung her. Yet the impossible prediction came to pass.

In his quality of *gardien* of the convent, the Cordelier Laloubière was a frequenter of the market to make the necessary purchases for the *jours gras*, which the brothers allowed themselves much oftener than the ordinances of the church permitted. Had these been strictly obeyed, the convent garden would have supplied all that was required; and this he was wont to say was all he needed on his own account; but Father Ferrier was an invalid, certain dispensations had been granted, and, against his will, he was compelled to provide the creature-comforts which he never tasted. An indifferent person who had seen the heavily-laden basket of provisions under which the convent-servant, Jerome, labored when the marketing was over, would have thought that for a sick man the appetite of Father Ferrier was remarkably good.

But it was not merely to cater for the con-

vent-table, or to bargain with the peasants for quails and truffles, that Father Laloubière haunted the market of Sisteron. The bright eyes and blooming countenance of the Belle of Bonne Fontaine had fixed his wandering glances, and the impression which her beauty made was one he did not strive to resist. On the contrary, he encouraged it by every means in his power, until it became an absorbing passion. Day after day he came to the accustomed place, first to gaze at the fair girl, and then to speak to her in soft and persuasive accents, his secret desires being masked by words of religious seeming. In the simplicity of her heart, Madeleine listened to one who appeared to feel a sincere interest both in her temporal and spiritual welfare; and the frankness of her air and the confidence which she began to repose in him were readily misinterpreted into a levity of disposition that promised an easy conquest. Laloubière was one of those men who, having no belief in virtue, suppose that the seductions of vice have only to be named to obtain proselytes. He threw off the reserve which he had at first assumed, and, dropping the language of his profession, dared openly to speak of love. Madeleine could scarcely believe her ears.—What! this pious and benevolent man, a member of one of the most rigid orders of the clerical profession, bound alike by his special vow and his general obligation as a Christian minister, to mention a theme so profane, and, in this instance, so revolting! She could not trust herself to reply to him, and for a time her embarrassment was misconstrued by Laloubière as her previous frankness had been. In plainer terms he repeated his wishes and urged her to compliance, but he was not suffered now to remain any longer in doubt. As soon as she could find words to give utterance to her scorn and indignation, she broke through the timidity which had restrained her, and it was well for Father Laloubière's reputation that no one was near when she did so. Like a scared wolf he slunk away, but, with the tenacity of the animal he resembled, resolving still to accomplish the base purpose on which he had set his soul.

It was with a heavier heart than had ever before throbbed in her bosom that Madeleine took her way that afternoon to the vesper service in the cathedral, whither she always repaired to pray at the altar of Notre Dame de Pomeris before she went back to Bonne Fontaine. When she left the church her brow was once more serene, though a shudder involuntarily passed through her frame as

she paused for a moment on the bridge over the Durance and gazed in the direction of the Cordeliers' convent, in the midst of the Champ l'Abbesse, without the walls of Sisteron. The dark thought of danger weighed for a moment on her mind, but like an ugly dream it vanished as she moved hastily onward to the peace and security of her home.

### III.

#### THE PEYRIMPI.

FATHER LALOUBIERE had reckoned, and not without reason, on Madeleine's silence with regard to his unhallowed proffer. Her modesty secured his immunity as completely as her participation in his guilt would have done. He persisted, consequently, in renewing his addresses whenever the moment seemed favorable, but he was invariably repulsed with coldness, for contempt had now come to her aid in the place of anger. When first she heard his degrading proposal, astonishment at the magnitude of the sin was the strongest feeling in her mind; nor was this diminished on after consideration; but, allied with it, was a sense of the baseness and unworthiness of the man who could make religion the cloak of his wicked designs. As often as he returned to the subject, she gave him some brief answer referring to his sacred calling, by doing which she sought to shame him into reflection on the duties he neglected and the mission he perverted. But this course wrought no change in his purpose, though it awoke a feeling of irritation, which, at every repulse, gradually deepened into a desire for vengeance, and he inwardly vowed her ruin, as much from motives of resentment as from the desire to gratify his passion. For a long time he meditated by what scheme he could manage to get her into his power, and finally decided upon appearing to abandon his pursuit, the better to lull her into security; for, as a means of defence, Madeleine had latterly associated more constantly than before with her companions of the market, and always went in their company both in leaving and returning to Bonne Fontaine. But in ceasing to annoy her by his presence, Laloubière never lost sight of her for a single day. He became a secret spy on all her actions, hovered about her path when she was least aware of it, and might often have been seen in the dead of night watching beneath her window, had any one besides himself been stirring at that hour. Nor did he confine his measures to personal surveillance.

By cautious inquiry he came to the knowledge of all her father's affairs, what were his pursuits, who his employers, who his relatives, and in what part of the country they resided. Arrived at this knowledge, he formed his plans accordingly.

Having learnt, amongst other things, that a married sister of Antoine Gantelme, named Philippine Berulle, who resided in the canton of Ribiers, about three leagues from Sisteron, was in a declining state of health, he forged a letter in such handwriting as peasants use when they have acquired the art (and he found no difficulty in doing so, for there is little difference in the form or style of their letters), and caused it to be conveyed to Bonne Fontaine by a strange courier, who was passing through toward Barcelonnette. It contained an urgent request that Madeleine would go over to see her aunt, whose malady, it stated, had much increased; and as she had always been a great favorite with his sister, old Antoine very readily consented to her departure. He would himself have accompanied her, but a summons to assist in getting in the vintage on the estate of a proprietor who lived at St. Symphorien, in an exactly opposite direction, wholly prevented him. To neglect his work to gratify his feelings was not a luxury permitted to Gantelme—as, indeed, it rarely is to people of his class; and accordingly, on the following morning, when the mists were slowly rising from the river, and everything promised a fine October day, the father and daughter separated on their different missions.

The thought of her aunt's illness had, for the moment, obliterated all other considerations, and, her habits of life having accustomed her to make long distances alone, she never thought of the necessity for a protector on the journey. Besides, it was broad day, the market-people and the *vignerons* were all abroad, the way was well known to her, and the houses of many of her acquaintance were scattered along her route. After skirting the walls of Sisteron and passing beneath the rocky heights of Chambranon, she pursued the cross-road by Le Virail, which borders the Buech, whose full clear stream swept rapidly past to join the Durance, glancing gaily in the sunlight as the ripple caught it. A short distance from Le Virail the road quitted the banks of the river and wound up the steep side of the Montagne du Collet, for her aunt did not live in the bourg of Ribiers itself, but in a small hamlet called Fraissinié, distant from it about a league. To reach

Fraissinié it was necessary that she should pass through a narrow gorge, which was rendered remarkable by a lofty rock of singular form, which towers over the valley. It was called in the language of the country the *Peyrimpi*, a corruption of the term *Pierre impie*, which name had been bestowed on it as the traditional fortress formed by nature in which the Saracens took refuge at the period of their latest warfare in Provence, somewhere about the close of the tenth century. Without reference to the creed of the invaders, the people generally looked upon the name as significant of the commission of some forgotten crime, and it would not have been an easy matter to induce any of them to pass after dark, alone, through the gloomy glen.

It is probable that Madeleine shared in the common feeling, but at this hour of the day, and the object of her journey nearly accomplished, she scarcely gave it a thought. The picturesque character of the scene, where the bare and lofty rocks in the foreground contrasted forcibly with the rich autumnal vegetation in the plain beyond, gave her even a pleasurable sensation, and with a light step and a cheerful spirit she hastened to soothe the couch of sickness. Could she but have known that her evil genius was watching her footsteps as she passed the *Pierre impie*, the place might well have inspired her with dread! She passed, however, and unmolested. With the sun shining above his head, the watcher seemed to feel that the eye of God was upon him. Besides, he had calculated on her return at a later hour. Fool! to think that it needs a shrouded sky to perpetrate a deed of evil, or that to the Avenger of Wrong the darkness of midnight is not clear as the blaze of noon!

#### IV.

##### THE RESCUE.

A WALK of about three-quarters of an hour from the *Pierre impie* brought Madeleine to the hamlet of Fraissinié. She proceeded directly to the cottage of Philippine Berulle; but when she tried to lift the latch, she found, to her surprise, that it did not yield to her efforts. She tapped at the door, but all was still; louder, but no one replied to the appeal. What could be the matter? Had her aunt's illness made such rapid progress that her husband should have left her to seek for medical advice, or for the last consolations of the church? Or was she,

ndeed, dead, and his absence caused by the last errand on which the watchers of the sick, amongst the poor, are sent?

With a trembling hand and swimming eyes she repeated her endeavors to gain admission; then listened breathlessly at the door, but nothing stirred. She tried the lattice, but it was fast, and she rattled it in vain. At last, from a neighboring cottage—the hamlet contained only three or four—an old woman, whose day-dream was disturbed by a fancied noise, came out, and recognizing Madeleine, inquired the reason of her being there when all the villagers were gone, except herself, to the grape-gathering at the Château de Noyers?

"What has brought you over to-day?" she asked.

"A message from my aunt," replied Madeleine, "to request me to come and see her. Is she not sick, Mère Gastinel?"

"Not worse than usual," replied the old woman; "if anything, rather better, seeing that she is able to go to the vintage and earn a day's work—and a good dinner at the château," she added, spitefully.

"Thank God for that!" exclaimed Madeleine. "But who, then, could have sent me a letter in her name, begging me to visit her without delay?"

"I know nothing about letters," replied Mère Gastinel, crossly; "all I know is, if you hadn't made such a noise I should have gone off into a sweet sleep," and, with these words, she was hobbling off to her cottage, when Madeleine's voice arrested her.

"I am sorry," she said, "to have disturbed you, but it was not my fault; and I am afraid I must disturb you still more, for I am rather tired with my walk, and I want a little rest and a cup of water before I set off home again. You will let me step into your cottage, will you not, Mère Gastinel?"

The crone gave a grumbling assent to this request, not inspired thereto by any motive of hospitality, for she was of a niggard nature and unsocial disposition, but from being aware that, if she refused so slight a boon as that, which Madeleine asked, her neighbor Berulle would hear of it, and resent the unkindness to her niece by withholding from her many gifts which now she freely bestowed. A seat on a wooden bench, and water from the well, which Madeleine drew herself, were all she offered, complying thus as literally as she could with the tired girl's petition.

Under the circumstances of the case, and as it would most likely be late before the villagers returned from the Château de Noyer,

Madeleine decided that she would not prolong her stay at Fraissinié further than was absolutely necessary. There was no information to be got from Mère Gastinel; so, when her thirst was slaked, and her fatigue, as she thought, overcome, she left a message for her aunt, and, with mixed feelings of annoyance at the fictitious summons and of thankfulness that her first apprehensions had not been realized, turned her steps in the direction of Sisteron.

Had she not been somewhat vexed at the reception given her, Madeleine might have remained where she was till her aunt came back, in which case she would have passed the night at Fraissinié; but the impulse to return prevailed over every other inclination, as if, indeed, it were true that our purposes are controlled by fate.

She had not proceeded far on her homeward journey before she found that she had overtasked her strength. The heat of the sun was excessive, and when she again entered the narrow gorge of the *Pierre impie* she was not sorry to rest once more before she ascended the rugged path.

There was one near her whose dilated eye and quick pulse denoted with what anxiety he had been watching for her return; how eager he was to seize his prey; and yet what a struggle was in his breast between the desire to do evil and dread of the consequences which might attend the act. It was even a relief to him when he saw his intended victim pause, and seat herself beneath the shadow of the fatal rock, as if the delay were necessary to enable him to summon up courage for the dark deed he meditated.

The subject uppermost at this moment in Madeleine's thoughts was the false message that had been brought her. It seemed so purposeless a jest that she was at a loss to conceive why any one should have taken the trouble to practice it upon her, and was equally at fault with respect to the person with whom it had originated. She ran over the list of her acquaintance, but came no nearer the mark. Her friends were all peasants, who had neither time nor inclination for such an amusement. Of a nature wholly unsuspecting, it never once entered into her head to associate the Cordelier Laloubière with the trick, or imagine that worse was intended than the trouble she had been put to.

While she thus pondered over the matter a feeling of drowsiness, caused by the heat of the day and the length of her walk, insensibly stole over her; her perceptions became more



and more indistinct, her hands fell listlessly by her sides, her head sank down upon the bank on which she was resting, and in a few minutes she was fast asleep.

From the place of his concealment Laloubière intently watched her. The artifice he had employed had succeeded better than he had expected, but there were reasons why he still deferred the completion of his villanous scheme. He was chiefly influenced by the fact that the longer she slept the later would wane the day, and that in the greater obscurity he should have her more in his power than even now. Though he reckoned little on any one passing, owing to the loneliness of the spot, he felt assured that, as the shadows lengthened, the chances of interruption diminished, and he wistfully marked how steadily they stretched across the glen.

Meanwhile Madeleine slumbered in the sleep of innocence. Her dreams were of bright skies and beautiful flowers, of merry dances and joyous faces, which chased each other through her brain lightly as the breeze of summer passes over the young grain, changing its hue with every breath.

On a sudden, in her sleeping thought, the heavens seemed overcast, a heavy gloom arose between her and the sun, a storm rent the sky, and from the midst of the darkness there issued forth a voice, crying, "Madeleine, awake!"

She started, and awoke. It was no dream: there was a living reason for that terrible cry. The lips were still parted that had given utterance to it; and, bending over her, she beheld the gaunt figure and sinister countenance of Father Laloubière.

With a scream of affright, the dreadful truth now rushed to her mind; she tried to rise, but an iron grasp pinioned both her hands.

"It is in vain to struggle, Madeleine," said the friar, in a voice broken by emotion; "I have you at last."

She writhed—she strove. In spite of his strength she gained her knees, and in that attitude implored him in piteous accents to spare her. The granite rock above her might sooner have yielded to her prayer.

"Have mercy upon me, oh God!" she cried—and mercy was sent.

A blow, heavy as if a thunderbolt from heaven had fallen, smote Laloubière on the head. "Scôlerat!" rang in his ears, in tones he fancied he recognized, but his senses fled with the thought, and he fell heavily to the ground.

Madeleine looked up; her deliverer was a tall, powerful man, with strongly-marked

features, quite unfamiliar to her. By his dress, she might have supposed him one of the shepherds from the Collet, for he wore the broad hat and dark brown cloak which was their common custom; but in his voice and manner was something that rendered that idea improbable. He gave her but short time for scrutiny.

"This is no place for you to remain in," he said; "whither are you bound?"

"To Sisteron—that is, to Bonne Fontaine, just across the Durance," answered Madeleine, faintly.

"That is my way too, at least as far as Sisteron," replied the stranger; "lean on me; no harm shall happen to you again to-night. Have you strength to walk so far?"

"Any distance," exclaimed Madeleine, with reviving energy, "so that I leave behind me this horrible place."

The stranger turned once to look at his prostrate foe, who still lay without sense or motion.

"Better so altogether," he muttered, "though not by my hand. But," he added, turning away, "he will revive only too soon."

With this he strode away from the glen, accompanied by Madeleine, who hung upon his arm. It was night when the stranger left her at the door of Gantelme's cottage, into which, however, he refused to enter, to receive her father's thanks.

"Before long," he said, "I trust we shall meet again."

In Madeleine's prayer of thanksgiving that night how earnestly was a blessing invoked on the head of her deliverer!

## V.

### THE LOVERS.

THE stranger kept his word with Madeleine. On the following evening, on her return from market, she met him at the entrance to the little village. She told him how grateful her father was for her preservation, and urged him to return to the cottage that he might hear from his own lips the expression of Gantelme's gratitude; but she was no more successful than on the previous night, and, ascribing his repugnance to motives of delicacy, forbore to press the question.

The current subject of discourse in the market-place of Sisteron that day had been an account given by the convent-servant, Jerome, of how the good father had been attacked by robbers on the previous night, while crossing the mountain of the Mollard

on his way home from performing a work of charity in a distant village, and how, after being cruelly treated by them, he had only succeeded in dragging himself to the convent door at an early hour that morning. Madeleine had heard all this, but, fearful of the consequences of making any accusation against a churchman, discreetly held her peace, though it was only by keeping a strong command over herself that she was able to refrain from declaring all she knew when her peasant companions expressed their horror at the wickedness of attacking so excellent a man. The reason which kept her silent abroad had operated in the same degree at home, and to her father she only spoke of a fright she had experienced, from which he afterward inferred that her rescue was from one of the same band of ruffians that had fallen in with Father Laloubière.

Of the events of the evening before the stranger said nothing, beyond a mere allusion to the general topic, which he admitted having also heard of, and the conversation soon took a different turn. He spoke little of himself or his pursuits, and Madeleine was unable to gather in what part of the country he resided; but on all other subjects he was sufficiently communicative, and greatly interested his hearer; nor did they part without his having exacted a promise from her to meet again. He had reasons, he said, for not wishing to be abroad in the daytime, but Madeleine might safely trust in his word, that her confidence in him should not be abused, which, after the service he had rendered her, she felt no disposition to doubt. The truth is, Madeleine felt already a great attraction toward her unknown friend, and the scruples she might otherwise have allowed to weigh with her were silenced by a newly-awakened feeling.

To pursue its course would only be to follow a well-known track: it led, as may readily be supposed, to a declaration of love on his part, and on hers to a timid but happy acceptance.

Yet there were many things which rendered this happiness less perfect than it might have been.

In the first place, Madeleine knew nothing of her lover's condition or family; all that he had told her was, that his name was Gabriel Tronchet, that he was unmarried, and that there were circumstances which rendered it unadvisable, if not impossible, for him to marry in that part of the country. There were obstacles at present in the way which time might remove, but what these

were he did not reveal. His secret, whatever it was, seemed of no common importance, and its effect on his manner was often painfully visible to Madeleine, who, while she fondly loved him, felt something of dread mingled with her love, and never ventured to question him on subjects which he had forbidden her to speak of. But for this she would have asked him why he had never crossed her father's threshold, or made himself known to Antoine Gantelme, and why they had only met in the secluded valley of the Riou, with the stars for their sole witnesses? All these questions Madeleine checked as often as they rose, though, in doing so, a consciousness of something wrong oppressed her; but her misgivings were of slight duration, while her love grew daily stronger.

In the meantime, what had become of Father Laloubière?

Had the unexpected termination of the adventure in the gorge of the *Pierre impie* changed his intentions with regard to the beauty of Bonne Fontaine? Had he ceased to think of her as an object of pursuit? Had he secretly promised to amend his life, and confine himself henceforward to the duties of his profession?

Not at all. Passion still burnt in his heart, and the fiercer for being checked. He was perplexed in the course he meant to take, but resolved on following that only which promised him revenge. In the convent, also, the designs which occupied him after his recovery tended little to the glory of God. He still aimed at becoming sole master there, and every day brought with it an accession of ill-will toward Father Touche. The communication between these two, never frequent, became by degrees less and less so, till at length it almost ceased altogether. But Laloubière did not on that account lose sight of his colleague, whom he was always seeking occasion to injure. He had latterly been informed by Jerome, the mere creature of his will, that Father Touche was in the habit of absenting himself every evening from the convent, whither he never returned until a late hour. He accordingly set this man to watch the movements of his brother Cordelier, and it was not long before he obtained such information as roused not curiosity alone, but emotions of a graver nature. A vague suspicion, which had more than once haunted his mind when the recollection of the events at the *Pierre impie* came back to his memory (and they were rarely absent from it), that the tones of the voice which he had heard

were not unfamiliar to him, grew rapidly now into a real belief, and he resolved to satisfy his doubts without delay.

Alone, therefore, and armed with one of those knives which most Provençals carried at that time when they went abroad, he followed Father Touche as he left the convent one night in November, about a month after the adventure in the glen.

Although the night at first was dark, it was not sufficiently obscure to prevent Laloubière from tracking his colleague's footsteps, while at the same time he was himself concealed from one who had no suspicion of being dogged. Father Touche, on leaving the convent, took the path that ran by the broad *gravier* of the river, and, passing beneath the walls of Sisteron, pursued his way as far as the *Porte de la Saulnerie*, where he crossed the high pointed bridge of one arch which there spans the Durance. He then followed the high road leading to Digne until he came to a narrow path which took its upward course along the flank of the *Rocher de la Baume*, in the direction of the mountain-village of Vilhosc. Laloubière kept him in view until he came to the gorge of *Entrepierres*, through which the *Riou* forces its foaming torrent, and there, the moon having risen in the meanwhile, perceived that he was joined by a female figure which rose from the foot of a *Calbair* placed at the intersection of the cross-roads. Laloubière was too far off to distinguish more of the female beyond the fact that she was tall and wore an ample cloak to protect her from the *bise* which came up the valley. He paused while a hurried greeting took place between the pair, who then slowly descended the course of the stream, to where a small amphitheatre of rocks securely sheltered them. To follow them by the route which they had just taken would have exposed him to their observation, and, as there was light enough now on the mountain side, he cautiously crept along until he reached the amphitheatre, where, concealing himself behind a fallen rock, he was near enough not only to satisfy both eyes and ears, but even to touch the persons he was watching, if he had but stretched out his arm.

It was not long before he saw and heard enough, and more than enough, to satisfy him. The female was Madeleine Gantelme, and Father Touche his rival in love as in ambition! There was no doubt now to whom the rescue was owing, whose hand had dealt the blow which robbed him of his prize; and now he remembered, what he

might well have recollected before, that Father Touche had relations at Ribiers, whom he was in the habit of visiting. In returning to the convent across the mountain he had accidentally been the saviour of Madeleine. What had since happened Laloubière could only guess at; but the present intimacy which he witnessed left little for conjecture. But how, he asked himself, did it chance that the virtuous maiden who had so indignantly rejected his own advances, chiefly, he imagined, on account of his being a churchman—how came it that she listened with no unwilling ear to one who was in precisely the same predicament? Was the more comely favor of the younger Franciscan a reconciliation to sin? Was this the boasted purity of the Belle of Bonne Fontaine, the pattern of village virtue? He did not know that Madeleine was herself ignorant altogether of the position of her lover—that he wooed her under a fictitious name—that the care with which he avoided coming into contact with her father, and the reason why he met her only at this hour and in this remote valley, arose from the fear of its being discovered that he was one of the Cordeliers of Sisteron.

The lovers limited their walk to the small space which formed the amphitheatre, sometimes stopping in one place for minutes together when the subject on which they spoke was more than usually animated. On one of these occasions they paused directly in front of where Laloubière was concealed; he had already caught snatches of their conversation, but now he became master of the whole argument. It had been evident to him that Father Touche was preferring some urgent request which Madeleine hesitated to grant.

"What you ask of me, Gabriel," she said, "is impossible. I am my father's only stay—his only comfort. To leave him without a word of explanation would break his heart. I could not fly from his roof and let him learn that I had left it for a stranger. But why, Gabriel, should you continue to be a stranger to him? He is poor, but he has no desire to see me mated beyond my station. If want of wealth, if poverty even, prevent you from speaking, be content, he will offer no obstacle. He will tell you that with health and youth, with a good heart and an active mind, you are on an equal footing with all who have to make their way in the world. It is to the labor of his own hands he owes the little he possesses; he will not deny you the chance of succeeding as others do."

"That, Madeleine," returned Gabriel, "is the least of my fears. I have sufficient for present comfort, and the future shows me a prospect far from gloomy. But here I cannot attempt the course of life which is open to me elsewhere. I have told you that a mysterious fate hangs over me while in this country, like the thunder-clouds which so often cap the mountains above us. To reveal the secret at Sisteron, in Provence, anywhere in France, would bring down destruction on my head, and blast all our hopes of happiness. Nay, do not tremble and gaze upon me so wistfully. It is for no former crime that I fear to declare myself to the world's eye; the hand of justice might grasp mine, yet cause me no terror; if I am guilty of any sin, it is that of loving you—of loving you," he repeated hastily, as if he feared he had spoken too plainly, "and still keeping you in ignorance of the events of my past life. But believe me, dearest Madeleine, an imperious necessity compels me to this silence—at least, for the present. A day will come when you shall know all. In another land nothing prevents our union, no penalty awaits on the open declaration of our mutual affection, while here—to make it known would be death for my portion and misery for yours!"

Madeleine could not restrain her sobs; her lover had never before entered so deeply into the subject. The mystery which enveloped him was one she could not penetrate, but there was hope also in his words; and she clung to hope in despite of fear. True love admits of no impeachment by threatened danger.

There was one within hearing at that moment who could by a word have cleared up all the mystery. Why did he refrain from uttering it? Had he issued from his place of concealment, and called his rival by his conventual name, exposing to Madeleine the sacred tie which bound Father Touche to a life of celibacy, there could have been no doubt as to its effect on her. It must at once have dissevered the connection between them. But how would it have advanced his own projects? His rival would have been spared the commission of the heaviest crime in the dark calendar of religious offences, and would still have remained to thwart him in his conventual sway. Laloubière's revenge would have had no savor if less than destruction had awaited the object of it. There was one moment when the frenzy of his passion had all but prompted him to sacrifice her who was the cause of his present

suffering. His hand was on the haft of his knife, and one movement of his arm would have laid her dead at her lover's feet. But his own life would have probably paid the forfeit of his act—either in the immediate struggle, or in subsequent denouncement if Father Touche survived him. With a strong effort, therefore, he mastered these several impulses, and waited to hear the issue of the interview before he decided on his ultimate plan.

"Madeleine," continued Gabriel, gently, kissing away her tears, "be comforted. What I ask of you is not, after all, the sacrifice you imagine. I would not for worlds separate you forever from a father whom you so tenderly love. A few months at the most would intervene before you met again. I have the means which will enable him to join us hereafter, wherever it may happen that our destinies fix us. The Lake of Geneva, whither I go in the first instance, is not so remote but a few days' travel will bring him to your side, and when he witnesses our happiness he will be happy too."

"But may I not at least take leave of him if—if I consent to your wish?" faltered Madeleine.

"To do so in person would frustrate all my scheme. You shall leave a letter behind you explaining all that can be told. I will phrase it so as to quiet his least alarm."

"And how, Gabriel," asked Madeleine, averting her head as she spoke,—"how and where is the marriage rite to be performed?"

Gabriel kept down a strong emotion as he answered.

"There is," he said, "at Gap a priest who is devoted to me, and who will unite us in the dead of night. I am able to procure horses, and a mountain ride of five hours will take us there. The next day will see us across the frontier, and once in Piedmont our journey to the Canton de Vaud will be safely accomplished."

But Madeleine still hesitated—still reverted to her first theme; and again her lover had recourse to the arguments he had already urged, with others apparently, which, now that they were again in motion, Laloubière could not overhear. What they were seemed, however, at last to be successful, for again they embraced, and Gabriel's lighter step and clearer accents showed that he had gained his point. They once more passed Laloubière's hiding-place as they directed their steps toward Entrepierre, and the Cordelier learnt that the evening of that day week had been fixed for Madeleine's flight.

When they left the amphitheatre he took no further heed of their movements, but remained fixed to the spot in deep meditation. After a long interval he came forth from the valley, and slowly returned to the convent. Whoever had seen him then would have read an unalterable purpose in the rigid compression of his lips and the vindictive expression of his gloomy eyes.

## VI.

## THE CORDELIER'S REVENGE.

It has been shown that Father Laloubière was not a man to content himself with a petty measure of revenge. It was in his power to baffle the whole of his rival's project, by laying an information of Father Touche's intentions before the vicar-general of the diocese, and then surprise him in the act—a course which would have ensured the punishment of perpetual imprisonment; or he might at once go to Antoine Gantelme, and tell the *vigneron* of the step meditated by his daughter. But these he deemed paltry expedients compared with what he had in view. Blood was in his thoughts. To remove Father Touche by a violent death, which should leave him free of all suspicion, and once more restore him the chance of regaining possession of Madeleine, was now his settled resolve.

Of a close and mistrustful disposition, he would rather have been the sole agent of the deed, but there were reasons why he needed an assistant. He had long since sounded the depths of Jerome's heart, and knew that it was not want of inclination, but want of courage, which restrained him from the commission of crime. He was one who might easily be induced to follow, though he lacked the boldness to lead; and with the prospect of gain, his covetous soul was at the command of the best bidder. To Jerome, therefore, Laloubière revealed so much of his plan as suited his purpose. The rents of the convent had recently been paid, and these, together with what was previously in the treasury-chest, amounted to a considerable sum. The chest was secured by three different locks, of which each of the fathers kept a key; so that, to obtain access to it, it was necessary a general agreement to open it should exist. It was easy to obtain possession of the key in Father Ferrier's keeping, but not so that of which Father Touche had charge. Laloubière, consequently, sought to prevail with Jerome, whose oppor-

tunities were greater than his own, to steal the latter, promising him, as his reward, one-third of the contents of the chest. To this proposition the fellow made no scruple, as he apprehended little risk in the act; but he hinted to Laloubière his fear of the discovery of the robbery. There was a way, Laloubière replied, to prevent all chance of discovery. If the convent were set on fire when the two other Cordeliers had gone to their beds, the building might be consumed with its inmates, it might be supposed that all had perished, and thus no clue to detection would remain. Laloubière and Jerome might escape as soon as they had laid the train and secured the money; horses would be in readiness (he reckoned on those of which Father Touche had spoken), and by their means themselves and their plunder would be saved. It was a plausible scheme, and as it involved no positive *voie-de-fait*, for which he would have wanted resolution, Jerome finally agreed to aid in its accomplishment.

As a preliminary step, and under the pretence that the wood for the winter's consumption could not be kept dry in the convent *chantier*, Jerome busied himself for several days in storing up a large quantity of fagots in the corridor where the three Cordeliers slept. They would not only be better to burn, Jerome said, when questioned about it, but be much more conveniently placed for the use of the reverend fathers. Father Touche was indifferent on the subject, as he dreamt of wintering somewhere else; and Father Ferrier was glad of anything that promised increased comfort with less trouble.

The night which Laloubière fixed upon for carrying out his plot was that agreed upon for the flight of Madeleine and her lover. How to keep Father Touche from leaving the convent that evening was his chief difficulty. It was absurd to suppose, even if he went to his dormitory, that he would lie down to rest; his time would be wholly occupied with preparations for his departure; and if the fire broke out while he was awake, he would certainly escape. As no natural means were likely to aid him, Laloubière bethought himself of artificial ones. He was well known to the only *pharmacies* in Sisteron as an occasional purchaser of medicine for the ailments of Father Ferrier, who was too feeble to apply for them himself; and to him he now went with a tale that the invalid could no longer sleep as he had been accustomed to do, and praying that a liquid opiate might be prepared for him, which Laloubière

would be careful to administer in the prescribed doses. The apothecary, who had no misgiving of the uses to which it was to be applied, freely did as he was requested, and Laloubière was now armed with an instrument which placed the life of the man he hated securely in his power.

To mask that hate he assumed a more friendly demeanor toward Father Touche; and the latter, unwilling to part in bitterness, even with such as he, relented somewhat from the austerity which had for some time marked his intercourse with the elder friar. They took their meals again in common, and with a greater show of sociality.

The day so anxiously expected, both by the murderer and one of his victims, at length arrived, and the three Cordeliers were seated at their evening meal, which they always ate at an early hour. Wine was before them, in separate bottles, and each had a motive for drinking freely. It need not be said that Laloubière had drugged the liquor of his two companions; that of Father Ferrier slightly, as a little would suffice to stupefy him, while in the bottle of Father Touche he had poured the remainder of the narcotic mixture. It might poison, or only stupefy him, he cared not which; the flames would keep the secret in either case. Its effects were soon visible on both. Father Ferrier began to show symptoms of drowsiness; the stronger constitution of the younger man strove against the violence of the dose, but finally yielded, and, pleading fatigue, (which he attributed to the excitement of the day, and thought would yield to a brief interval of repose,) Father Touche quitted the refectory for his chamber. A quarter of an hour afterward, when Father Ferrier had been led up stairs by Jerome, Laloubière's ear was glued to the door of Touche's dormitory. He heard him breathe deeply, and his eyes gleamed with exultation. From that sleep he should never awake!

But he was not content with oral evidence, he would satisfy his eyes also. He therefore gently opened the door and stole into the apartment. Father Touche was stretched upon his *grabat* in all the helplessness of medicated sleep. Laloubière looked round the room. On the floor was a small valise, prepared for traveling. In a half-opened drawer he perceived a bag of money knotted up for convenient removal. He took possession of both, and then descended with Jerome to the muniment-room of the convent, where the treasure was kept. The chest was opened, its contents abstracted and carried to the stable,

where the horses procured by Father Touche were standing ready saddled. The money was deposited in the saddle-bags, the valise strapped on, and then the last wicked act of these wicked men remained only to be accomplished. Jerome, carrying a lantern, led the way, closely followed by Laloubière. They drew near the pile of fagots, when the Cordelier, taking the light from his companion's hand, desired him to go to his dormitory, and fetch paper to kindle the flames. Some books were there, he said, which Jerome could easily find by feeling for them in a particular place; they would answer the purpose. The servant departed. Laloubière watched him till he entered the room, and then, with the speed of thought, setting fire to the pile, which needed only a candle beneath it to put it in a blaze, stole noiselessly to his dormitory, and double-locked the door with the key which he had previously left outside. So quickly was this done that Jerome, who was busily searching for the books, and making some noise himself in the attempt to find them, never heard the door close, nor was aware of the fact till he stumbled against it on his way out. He tried to open it, but in vain;—he called through the keyhole to Laloubière, thinking that an accident had caused its being shut, but the only reply he received was the loud crackle of the blazing fagots in the corridor. He threw the books upon the floor, and dashed at the door with all his might, forgetting that it opened inside; suddenly he remembered this, and tried with both hands on the handle, and with one foot pressed against the wall, till he bent himself almost double, to drag it open;—it resisted all his efforts. He then ran to the window and threw open the casement; it was barred so narrowly that in vain he tried to force himself through to drop to the ground outside, at the risk of breaking his neck. In his despair he shouted for help, but the dormitories of the convent, which stood alone in a vast enclosure, were so situated that they looked out only on the *gravier* that borders the Durance, whence no assistance could come. Presently he thought he heard a noise below; he listened; it was the clattering of horses' feet. Laloubière was galloping from the convent.

Meantime the flames extended; a thick smoke now filled the corridor and sought a vent through every cranny; the open window afforded a relief from the suffocating smell, and Jerome clung closely to the bars, but he felt that it would not be long before the fire reached the room in which he was

thus caged, like the Cordeliers in the adjoining dormitories. They, happy in their fate, were stupefied with opium and unaware of their danger; he, on the other hand, was not only conscious of his peril, but knew himself the guilty cause of it. With what anguish of heart, with what miserable protestations, he promised a life of repentance if spared. The echoes of his cries were the only answer to his insane supplications.

The conflagration now raged; the old timbers of the corridor had caught; a broad furnace of flame swept it from one end to the other; the doors peeled and crackled, the windows at each extremity were burst open, and, rushing high into the air, a pyramid of fire announced to the startled citizens of Sisteron the devastation that was at work in the convent of the Cordeliers.

There were others besides the inhabitants of Sisteron who witnessed the scene from a distance. Two travelers on horseback, a man and a woman, were crossing the bridge of the Durance in the direction of the road to Gap at the moment the flames broke forth. The female reined her horse in, and uttered an exclamation of mingled fear and astonishment, but a brief and impetuous reply, rendered only in a hoarse whisper, chided the delay; they turned their horses' heads to the north and were soon out of sight, while from the southern gates of the town the people flocked to render assistance. How little did one of those riders know who was her companion; how little did she dream that the man she loved was perishing in that terrible blaze!

Yet such was his dreadful fate! Stupefied by the drug he had swallowed, Father Touche was suffocated in his heavy sleep. His body was found on the stone floor of his dormitory calcined to a cinder, while, by one of those accidents which defy analysis, the fire spared the apartment in which Father Ferrier lay. Jerome too was saved, but by the aid of those from without, who planted ladders against the windows and broke away the bars which kept him prisoner. He was borne to the ground almost delirious with fear, and those who heard him utter denunciations on the head of Father Laloubière at first ascribed what he said to the ravings of madness. But it soon became apparent that he was consistent in his accusations, and as he grew calmer he told his story with all the steadfastness of truth. Collateral circumstances came in aid: Laloubière's empty chamber, which was entered when the fire was quenched, and the open chest in the

muniment-room, made it clear to the authorities that a great crime had been committed.

The manner of Laloubière's escape was told by Jerome, though he could not explain the disappearance of both the horses. He accounted for it, at last, by the fact that each was loaded with the stolen property. But the watchers on the citadel had, by the light of the conflagration, noticed two mounted figures on the bridge at a most unusual hour, and the roused dwellers of the faubourg had heard the clatter of horses' hoofs on the road to Gap. The key to the direction which Laloubière had taken was now given—but who was his companion? A guide, probably, whom he had hired. At all events the truth would speedily be known, for a party of mounted *gendarmes* was instantly sent off in hot haste to pursue the fugitives, and bring them back to Sisteron.

A friar and a peasant-girl, but little used to riding, were not likely to outstrip the winds in their flight; nor is it any wonder, therefore, that they had barely traveled three leagues before the *gendarmes* were close behind them. In spite of the circumstances, which counseled as little conversation as possible, Madeleine felt surprised at the brevity of speech of her companion, and at the rare intervals at which he spoke; but the deception, which was favored by the darkness of the night, and the similarity of height and costume between Laloubière and her lover, was not removed. Some notable occurrence was necessary to enlighten her.

They had paused to breathe their steeds, after a sharp ascent, when Laloubière turned his head and listened. He heard the measured yet rapid tread of trained horsemen, and the violence of his nature found vent in a passionate exclamation.

"Malediction!" he cried; "*les gueux sont à nos trousses. Sauvons-nous!*"

He spurred his horse at a bank as he spoke, but the animal, unwilling to leave the high road to which it had been bred, refused to take it, and Laloubière was thrown heavily over the crupper. Madeleine, frightened at the accident which followed, dismounted hastily, and rushed toward the fallen man. But she had scarcely reached him before she found herself surrounded by *gendarmes*, the leader of whom called out loudly to surrender in the name of the king. Their surprise was great when they found a woman in company with the object of their pursuit; but it was nothing compared to hers when she discovered by their exclamations that her fellow fugitive was the Cordelier Laloubière.

The villain was only stunned by the fall, and his first effort, when restored to consciousness, was to attempt to fly; but the strong grasp of two gendarmes held him as if in a vice, and prevented his stirring. He fiercely interrogated them as to the cause of his detention.

"Of what am I accused?" he demanded, "that you dare to lay violent hands on a brother of the holy order of St. Francis?"

"Of robbery, of incendiarism, and of murder," was the stern reply of the leader of the gendarmes.

"Add also," said another of the party, who had charge of Madeleine, "of violating his religious vow."

"Ily a bien assez pour le faire pendre," observed a third, by way of comment.

Laloubière remained silent under these accusations, but Madeleine, recovered in some degree from her first astonishment, exclaimed,—

"Gentlemen, I take Heaven to witness I am guiltless of all complicity in the crimes of this monster. I knew not till now who was my companion."

"A likely thing," said the brigadier; "a woman travels at night with a fugitive from justice, equipped like him for flight, and yet knows nothing at all about him!"

Madeleine wrung her hands and wept in bitterness of spirit.

"I am rightly served," she murmured, "for abandoning my father. But to be thought the accomplice of a robber, a murderer—it is too horrible! Gracious God! how has all this happened? What can have befallen Gabriel?—how came this wretch to be his substitute?" Then, pointing to Laloubière, she said to the brigadier, "This man can, if he will, prove my entire innocence."

"A la bonne heure," replied the officer; "but it must be in a court of justice. We can't take depositions on the high road at midnight."

The party now moved toward Sisteron, a gendarme riding on each side of the prisoners. Madeleine abandoned herself to despair at the shame which she feared awaited her. Her maiden fame forever blighted, her neglect of filial duty exposed, her seeming association with the guilty friar—all these things weighed upon her brain, and stung her almost to madness. Laloubière gave no outward demonstration of his thoughts, but preserved an inflexible silence, until the party came close to the town, when he desired to speak to the brigadier.

"You have accused me," he said, "of murder. Of whose death am I supposed to be guilty?"

"Of that of Father Touche, one of your brother Cordeliers," replied the gendarme. "The servant Jerome has confessed that you drugged him with laudanum, and afterward fired the convent, hoping to burn all within it. But le bon Dieu has permitted that only one should perish. Father Touche is the sole victim."

"Father Touche then is dead?" cried Laloubière, in a tone of exultation. "Say that again."

"Why should I repeat a fact only too certain? He is dead, I tell you—murdered by your contrivance."

"You hear that, Madeleine," said Laloubière, turning to the unfortunate girl.

"I do," she replied; "and grieve to think any man should die in such a manner, though I know nothing of him."

"Indeed!" said Laloubière, significantly. "Did you ever know any one of the name of Gabriel?"

"Gabriel!" she almost shrieked; "what of him?—can you speak of him?"

"Enough for your purpose," answered the Cordelier, with cold malignity. "Listen, Madeleine: Gabriel and Father Touche were the same person!"

Madeleine gazed fixedly on the speaker for one long moment, and then her agony burst forth in a wild cry. The dreadful secret was now revealed. Her lover was the murdered Cordelier. There was no hope left on this side the grave.

The party had just reached a rocky height bordering the Durance, where are still to be seen the remains of an ancient bridge, carried away some centuries ago by the fury of the swollen river, which, confined in its bed at this spot, rages below at a distance of upward of a hundred feet of sheer precipitous descent. The gorge is known throughout the country by the name of the *Puits d'Enfer*.

Madeleine's cry startled the horse of the gendarme who rode beside her nearest the precipice. The rider reined him up, in momentary fear lest he should swerve. That instant decided Madeleine's fate. Supporting herself on the flat board which had rudely served for a stirrup, she rose from her seat, and extending her arms toward heaven, while on the night-air floated the words, "Adieu! mon père!" she plunged over the parapet, and, before the party could leap from their horses to gaze after her, her man-



gled body was swept away by the rushing waters of the Durance!

Antoine Gantelme did not long survive his daughter; but he died in the firm belief of her innocence: a belief in which there were very few to share; for people love rather to cherish the memory of a great crime than suffer charity to efface it.

Laloubière was tried and convicted on the evidence of Jerome. He was sentenced to death, but mysteriously disappeared from prison before the day appointed for his execution. It was whispered through the country that the authorities had connived at his escape, at the instance of the vicar-general of the diocese, who sought to avoid so great a scandal on the church as the capital punishment of a Franciscan friar.

This was partly true. Laloubière was saved from death to be transferred to a convent of his order at Coni, in Piedmont, where he suffered imprisonment for more than twenty years. That dreary interval, however, awoke in him no repentance; the wickedness of his heart was unchanged.

The French revolution, which swept away so many monastic establishments, even beyond the territory of France, released Laloubière, then a man of sixty years of age, and cast him again upon the world. He found his way to Lyons, became affiliated with the most violent of the revolutionary clubs, was afterward a terrorist of the most sanguinary hue in Paris, and finally met his well-deserved fate on the Place de la Grève.

The bloody knife of justice never severed the head of a viler criminal than that of the Cordelier of Sisteron.

## LOVE AND DEATH.

BY SIR E. BULWER LYTTON.

O strong as the Eagle,  
O mild as the Dove!  
How like and how unlike,  
O Death and O Love!

Knitting Earth to the Heaven,  
The Near to the Far—  
With the step on the dust,  
And the eyes on the star!

Interweaving, commingling,  
Both rays from God's light!  
Now in sun, now in shadow,  
Ye shift to the sight!

Ever changing the sceptres  
Ye bear—as in play;  
Now Love as Death rules us,  
Now Death has Love's sway!

Why wails so the New-born!  
Love gave it the breath.  
The soul sees Love's brother—  
Life enters on Death!

Why that smile the wan lips  
Of the dead man above?  
The soul sees Death changing  
Its shape into Love.

So confused and so blending  
Each twin with its brother,  
The frown of one melts  
In the smile of the other.

Love warms where Death withers,  
Death blights where Love blooms;  
Death sits by our cradles,  
Love stands by our tombs!

From the *Britannia*.

## DEATH OF THE QUEEN DOWAGER.

ADELAIDE LOUISA THERESA CAROLINE AMELIA was the eldest daughter of George Frederick Charles, the late reigning Duke of Saxe Meiningen, and the Princess Louisa Eleanor, daughter of Christian Albert, Prince of Hohenlohe Langenburg. She was born on the 13th of August, 1792, and married the late King William IV. (then Duke of Clarence) on the 11th of July, 1818, and by that sovereign (who died on the 20th of June, 1837,) she had issue two daughters—the Princess Charlotte Augusta Louisa, born and died on the 27th of March, 1819, and the Princess Elizabeth Georgiana Adelaide, born on the 20th of December, 1820, and died March 4, 1821.

Her late Majesty was the eldest of three children (two daughters and a son), left by the late Duke of Saxe Meiningen at his death in December, 1803.

The Duke of Saxe Meiningen, by his will, left the guardianship of his three children and the administration of the ducal estates to his pious and estimable widow; and by her prudent management the little state of Meiningen escaped the troubles to which the larger principalities were exposed by the invasion of the French under Napoleon, so that she and her people remained in undisturbed possession of domestic peace. While in the enjoyment of this tranquillity, her daughters, the Princesses Adelaide and Ida, were educated, with a strict regard to religion and morals, in the usual branches of polite and useful learning. From earliest childhood the Princess Adelaide, in particular, was remarkable for her sedate disposition and rather reserved habits. The greatest portion of her time was devoted to her studies; and though perfectly cheerful with her intimate companions, she took little pleasure in the gaities and frivolities of fashion. Even when arrived at more mature years, she manifested a strong dislike to that laxity of morals and contempt for religious feeling which had sprung out of the French revolution, and infected almost all the courts in Germany. Thus favored by Providence, the

little court of Meiningen was distinguished by its purity of principles, and its two princesses became objects of admiration from their exemplary conduct. Their chief delight was in establishing and superintending schools for the education of the lower classes of the community, and in providing food and raiment for the aged, helpless, and destitute. The Princess Adelaide, above all, was the life and soul of every institution which had for its object the amelioration of the condition of her fellow-creatures, and in this school it was that her Majesty first imbibed those exalted qualities of mind and heart which, in a more extended sphere, have since been so happily displayed for the advantage and happiness of the British people. The late Queen Charlotte, it is said, had long entertained thoughts of securing the hand of the Princess Adelaide for one of her sons, the virtuous and unostentatious habits of that Princess having reached the ears of her Majesty at the English court. In 1818 there arose a feeling of anxiety that the unmarried princes should contract matrimonial alliances to relieve the nation from the prospect of "a broken lineage and a doubtful throne." The Dukes of Clarence and Cambridge were the first to acquiesce in the views of the Government and the private wishes of the aged Queen. The name of the Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen, as the future wife of the Duke of Clarence, then, for the first time, came before the public.

A correspondence had previously taken place, and on the 19th of April, 1818, a royal message was delivered to the Houses of Lords and Commons, announcing the consent of the Prince Regent to the marriage of the Duke of Clarence and the Princess of Saxe Meiningen, and the Duke of Cambridge and the Princess of Hesse, and asking a suitable pecuniary provision from the House of Commons. The Government proposal was agreed to in the Lords, but rejected in the Commons by a large majority. Viscount Castlereagh then informed the House that he believed he might say that the negotiation for the mar-

riage of the Duke of Clarence was at an end. The Duke of Clarence, however, was induced by his friends to revoke his determination, and the consequence was that the correspondence with the Princess of Saxe Meiningen was renewed.

The Princess Adelaide of Saxe Meiningen, accompanied by her venerated mother, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe Meiningen, arrived in England from Germany on the 11th of July, 1818, circumstances having prevented the Duke of Clarence from reparing to the Continent. The marriage took place on the 13th (two days after her reaching the shores of her adopted country), at the palace at Kew, but from the indisposition of Queen Charlotte (then suffering from her fatal illness), it was conducted in a private manner.

The Duke and Duchess of Kent were at the same time remarried according to the rites of the Established Church. Both the brides were given away by the Prince Regent, the Archbishop of Canterbury performing the ceremony.

The Duke and Duchess of Clarence, after passing a short period at Clarence-house, St. James's, proceeded to the Continent, and remained during the winter and the spring of the following year in Hanover. On the 27th of March, 1819, (the day succeeding the birth of Prince George of Cambridge,) the Duchess of Clarence was prematurely delivered of a princess, which only lived a few hours. This misfortune was imputed to the Duchess having caught cold through walking in the gardens of the palace.

The health of the Duchess was very unsatisfactory, and, at the recommendation of her physicians, she, at the close of April, left Hanover, for Meiningen, visiting her relations at Gottingen and at Hesse Philipsthal on her way. Her reception by the people of the duchy was most affecting, and demonstrated how dearly they cherished the unostentatious kindness of the Princess when resident amongst them. Shortly after ward she removed to the dowager duchess's beautiful villa at the baths of Liebenstein. The waters had a beneficial effect on her health, and being anxious to return to England with her royal husband, she set out in October on the homeward journey. She suffered considerable fatigue by the journey, occasioned chiefly by the badness of the roads; and on her arrival at Dunkirk she miscarried, and was again taken seriously ill. In consequence, her arrival in England was necessarily delayed, and on landing at Dover, so weak was her Royal Highness that she could

not bear the fatigue of traveling to London by short stages. At the suggestion of her medical attendants, she accepted an invitation from the Earl of Liverpool (then Lord Warden of the Cinque Ports) to take up her residence at Walmer Castle, until she had sufficiently recovered. The duchess stayed there about six weeks with the royal duke, who never left her during her illness, and then proceeded to Clarence-house, St. James's, to spend the winter, Bushy being then under a thorough repair. As soon, however, as that house became tenable, her Royal Highness removed thither, to enjoy that tranquillity and freedom from fashionable life which constituted her principal delight.

On the 10th December, 1820, she gave birth to a daughter at Clarence-house. The birth was premature, but the infant promised to live, and was baptized Elizabeth. The hopes of the succession in that quarter were soon destined to be blighted. The princess expired, after a few hours' illness, on the 4th of March, 1821. The Duchess of Clarence was so deeply afflicted at this calamity that fears were entertained for her own life.

The Duke and Duchess of Clarence, in June, 1822, again visited Germany, and in March, 1825, returned thither to participate in the festivities in honor of the marriage of the reigning Duke of Saxe Meiningen (only brother of the duchess) and Princess Mary of Hesse at Cassel. The last visit the late king made to the Continent with his amiable consort was in 1826.

The domestic life of the duke and duchess at this period is thus described by Dr. Beattie, who was for some years his Royal Highness's private physician:—

"To his illustrious partner, whose many and exalted virtues his Royal Highness so duly appreciates, no man can possibly evince more delicate and uniform attention. There are not, perhaps, of the present day, two personages, of similar station, in whom the virtues of domestic life are more pleasingly exemplified. With those excellent qualities of mind and heart so eminently possessed by the royal duchess, it is not surprising that her royal highness should have won and should retain the esteem and affection of her illustrious consort. His mind is fully alive to their vital importance as regards his present happiness, and to the influence they must exercise over his future prospects."

Early in 1827, the death of the Duke of York occurred, which placed the Duke of Clarence in the position of heir presumptive to the throne, shortly after which a jointure of £6,000 to the Duchess of Clarence was

agreed to by the House of Commons. This object had scarcely been effected when a sudden change in the Government, by the succession of Mr. Canning to the helm of public affairs, brought the royal duke forward still more conspicuously to public view, his royal highness being placed at the head of the Marine Department, with the revived title of Lord High Admiral, after that dignity had laid dormant, and the duties of the office been discharged by commission for the space of 127 years.

On the 27th May, 1828, the Duchess of Clarence embarked at Woolwich to meet her mother, the Duchess (Dowager) of Saxe-Meiningen, at Calais, and to conduct her to England, where she remained during the summer. In the month of September, the same year, the Duke of Clarence resigned his situation as Lord High Admiral, and the Duchess of Clarence and her husband, after leaving the Admiralty, resided in retirement chiefly at Bushy-park. It was during their residence there, in June 1830, that tidings of the death of George IV., at Windsor Castle, were brought to the royal duke and duchess by the late Sir Henry Halford.

On the 30th of July the King and Queen arrived at the Royal Pavilion at Brighton, and it was during the sojourn of the court at that marine palace that their Majesties visited Lewes. Sir John Shelley, then M.P. for the town, delivered a congratulatory address from the inhabitants to their Majesties. The King, after a rather lengthened reply, in reference to Queen Adelaide said:—"Among the many favorable circumstances under which Providence has called me to ascend the throne of this country, there is none for which I feel more grateful, upon which I set a higher value, than that it had previously been my happy fortune to be married to an individual so excellent in every amiable and good feeling. In this country character finds its way forth in the world, and is always known. I must take the opportunity of speaking what I am most sincerely convinced of—that her Majesty, who sits before you, possesses every estimable quality calculated to give worth and lustre to her exalted station."

The last Ministerial act of the Duke of Wellington's Government was the introduction of a bill by the Lord Chancellor Lyndhurst providing that, in the event of a posthumous child of King William and Queen Adelaide, the Queen Dowager should then be its guardian and regent during the minority; and it gave a corresponding power to

the Duchess of Kent during the minority of her daughter.

On the 1st of August, 1831, the Queen assisted her Royal Consort in opening New London-bridge, and on the day following a bill received the royal assent granting in the event of Queen Adelaide surviving the King a provision of £100,000 per annum for life. Bushy-park and Marlborough-house to be assigned as residences for her Majesty during life. Her Majesty accompanied the King on this occasion to express her thanks to the two Houses of Parliament for the ample provision which they had made for her maintenance in the event of her widowhood, and on the bill receiving the royal assent she rose and made an obeisance three times to the two Houses.

On the 8th of September in the same year the coronation of the King and Queen took place at Westminster Abbey. In accordance with the wishes of their Majesties, the ceremonial was shorn of much of the pageantry which distinguished that of the previous sovereign.

In the month of July, 1834, Queen Adelaide embarked at Woolwich for Germany, for the express purpose of visiting her venerable mother, the Dowager Duchess of Saxe-Meiningen, whose health at that period began to decline.

In 1836, when political animosities were acquiring renewed strength, and a more violent struggle of parties for political power was approaching, the conduct of William IV. and Queen Adelaide was beyond all praise. At his Majesty's Court were met men of all parties in the state. Integrity of character was the chief recommendation to a share in that English hospitality which distinguished his crowded banquets; while his Majesty's Royal Consort herself, on behalf of the ladies of England, secured public respect and affection by protecting them from the intrusion of even doubtful morality.

The spring of 1837 was one of mourning for the court. The Queen Adelaide received the distressing information of the demise of her venerated mother, whose health had been on the decay several months, dying on the 29th April, having attained the age of sixty-eight years.

Before the Queen had recovered from that bereavement, the fatal illness of the late King commenced; symptoms which indicated organic disease of the heart became perceptible, and of a nature never likely to yield to medical treatment. In reference to the conduct of that illustrious lady during the try-

ing illness of the late King, the late Archbishop of Canterbury, at a charitable meeting held shortly after the decease of the King, said that "For three weeks prior to his dissolution, the Queen sat by his bedside performing for him every office which a sick man could require, and depriving herself of all manner of rest and refection; she underwent labors which I thought no ordinary woman could endure; no language can do justice to her meekness, and to the calmness of mind which she sought to preserve before the King, while sorrow was preying on her heart; such constancy of affection, I think, was one of the most interesting spectacles that could be presented to a mind desiring to be gratified by the sight of human excellence." As is well known, the King expired in the arms of his exemplary and faithful partner. The shock was severe, yet the irreparable bereavement was borne by the sorrowing Queen with the greatest resignation and fortitude.

At the funeral of the King the Queen Adelaide was present in one of the royal closets during the solemn service.

The Queen Dowager, then in very delicate health, repaired in the autumn to St. Leonard's-on-Sea, in company with the late Princess Augusta, and there passed the winter, and while there her health became thoroughly restored. On the 3d of October, 1838, having been advised by her medical attendants to resort to a more genial climate for the winter, her Majesty embarked at Portsmouth, on board the *Hastings*, 74 (Captain Loch), for Malta, attended by the Earl Howe, the Earl and Countess of Denbigh, the Earl and Countess of Sheffield, and a very numerous retinue, for that British dependency.

At this period it had long been a matter of complaint with English residents and Protestant travelers passing and repassing Malta that, from want of accommodation, they were almost entirely debarred from the privilege of attending public worship, on account of the destitution of church room. The Queen Dowager saw the destitution which had so long been deplored, and with the most magnanimous Christian feeling determined to supply the want by the erection of a new church. The first stone was laid by her Majesty on the 20th of March, 1839, and the sacred edifice was at length completed at a cost of £15,000, exceeding by one-third the amount of her Majesty's original grant. The dimensions of this church ex-

ceed those of any of the modern churches in London; the length of the area being 110 feet; breadth, 67 feet; and height, 45 feet.

In October, 1847, her Majesty, accompanied by the Duchess Ida, Prince Edward, and the Princesses of Saxe Weimar, embarked on board the *Howe*, 120, at Portsmouth, for Madeira, and on her way to that island put in at the Tagus, and was there received by the Queen and Prince Consort of Portugal. On the morning of April 2, in the following year, the Queen returned to Spithead, visited the Queen and Prince Albert at Osborne, the same night sleeping on board the *Howe*, and the succeeding day returning to London. The succeeding winter was passed at Bentley Priory, near Stanmore, which she had taken of the Marquis of Abercorn, and which has proved her last earthly home.

It must be perfectly needless to remind our readers of the charitable disposition of her Majesty, but we may, perhaps, surprise them when we mention the enormous extent to which the royal benevolence was carried. For many years past her Majesty's regular contributions to the charitable institutions of the country have amounted to upward of £20,000 annually, while her private charities have always been on a most profuse scale of liberality. With a warm recollection of her illustrious husband's profession, the Queen Dowager invariably contributed very largely to the naval charities of the country, and, in a great measure through her royal beneficence, a new church for seamen of the port of London was recently erected near St. Katherine's Docks.

It would be impossible to enumerate in detail the various charities dispensed by this excellent woman; but we have, happily, a short way to the gross amount of them. In the twelve years that have elapsed since the death of her Royal Consort, the Queen Dowager has bestowed, for the promotion of religion, the advancement of education, or the alleviation of distress, the whole of her income, leaving only the necessary expenses of a very economical establishment. With that single exception, twelve hundred thousand pounds have been disbursed in public or private benevolence; for we believe we speak on good authority when we say that the Queen Dowager has left no property, beyond the sums receivable for some insurances on her life.

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## CHINA AND THE CHINESE.

IF, as has been said, America is an empire without a past, China may well be called a country without a future. The actual antiquity of its polity, its unchanging laws, primitive language, and aged, stationary, stagnant literature, the institutions, manners, usages, and even the costumes and very aspect of the people—all tend to impress the stranger with something like a conviction that the new panorama before him belongs to a period of the world which is long gone by. There seems to be nothing young throughout "the flowery land" except the vegetation in early summer; and even the children, and maidens tottering on cramped feet, look, if not old, old-fashioned. This impression of antiquity is the first which China is likely to make on a European, and we think that, in most cases, it will haunt him to the last, surviving a more intimate acquaintance with the Celestials, and continuing long after he has become habituated to bird's-nest soup, shark's-fins stew, mandarin duck, and samshoo. So singular a trait might awaken our curiosity in regard to any people; but on approaching the topic of China, every feeling which derives its influence merely from imagination must give place to more positive and pressing considerations. When we reflect upon the vastness of the Chinese empire, upon its amazing resources, and think that the multitudes of its population offer a new world of consumers to our waning trade, while we may in return give them a higher civilization, better health, and true religion, we are dwelling on substantial realities, and approximating to a just estimate of the importance of the subject.

The work which is now before us, entitled "China and the Chinese," is already, to some extent, known to many of our readers, as the papers which form its groundwork were from time to time published in this magazine. It is, however, much enlarged—very many chapters, altogether new, have been added; and we think it now forms the most comprehensive of the modern books on China. No two volumes on the ways, means, and manners of the Chinese, by one who

has been amongst them, can easily fail of being interesting; and although Mr. Sirr's are not without defects, they will be found to possess, independently of their interest, compensating qualities of a high character. We especially refer to the right feeling with which he exhibits the evils caused by the opium trade, and denounces its impolicy.

The opening topic of the work is our British settlement in China—Hong-Kong, an abbreviation of the Chinese words Heang-Keang, which signify "the valley of fragrant waters." This island is one of the group called by the Portuguese the Ladrões, or Piratical Islands, and is situated at the mouth of the great estuary of Canton, in latitude  $22^{\circ} 17'$ , and longitude  $114^{\circ} 12'$  east, being 105 miles from Canton, and 45 from Macao. Its greatest length, running east and west, is nearly ten miles, while its breadth, from south to north, is five miles and a half. The harbor, facing the capital, Victoria, is nearly four miles in length, and one and three-quarters in width, forming a compact haven with admirable anchorage. Beyond the fine harbor there seems nothing good in Hong-Kong. Mr. Sirr says that it has been at all times regarded as unhealthy by the Chinese, and that there is no other spot throughout the central empire so unfavorable to European life. We certainly have reason to apprehend that it is the least healthful locality which Europeans have tried in China, and join in the regret that our government had not the good fortune to hold Chusan rather than change our settlement to this fatal island.

There can be now no doubt that as a commercial, and also military station, Chusan has the most material advantages over Hong-Kong. Even the harbor there is finer than that of Hong-Kong, being easier of access and egress, and affording, as Mr. Sirr says, safer shelter during a typhoon. Chusan lies midway between the northern and southern provinces of China; is near Shanghai, which is fast becoming the Liverpool of China; near to Ning-po, a great emporium of trade; is at the mouth of the Yang-tze-kang, the

trunk river of the empire, about five days' sail from Pekin, and not quite so many from another world of trade, Japan. It is worth while remarking, that Chusan was, three centuries ago, a Japanese depot, and our government would do well to avail themselves of any opportunity of opening a trade with the natives of an empire, whom Sir Stamford Raffles, from their energy and enterprise, calls the English of the East. The Duke of Wellington has said that Chusan is the key of China; and Gutzlaff, no indifferent authority, adds, in reference to it, that "the great political maxim of always, as much as possible, to keep the peace with the Celestial Empire, can never be so well attained as by retaining possession of this island. The neighborhood of a British force so near the great canal will always make the great Emperor very careful to adopt any measures that may wound the feelings of the neighboring foreigners."

The following extract affords at once a description of Chusan, and a general idea of Chinese scenery. The island is twenty-five miles long, and ten in width, and is nine miles distant from the main-land of China:—

"In the island there are seventeen principal villages, together with many smaller ones or hamlets; these are filled with well-cultivated farms, as but a small part of the fertile island of Chusan is allowed to remain uncultivated; noble hills, from eight hundred to two thousand feet in height, which are frequently planted with fir and bamboos, meet the eye; whilst in the luxuriant valleys at their base grow paddy, beans, sweet potatoes, and maize; and the lowlands are also adorned and enriched by the magnificent walnut, Spanish chestnut, varnish, and tallow trees. The farmers cultivate and raise cotton for their own use; a species of palm-tree is also reared on the side of the hills, from the fibre of which rope is made; and the green-tea tree is cultivated by all those who possess a farm, however small. As soon as the last crop of rice is got in, the ground is prepared for the reception of other crops, such as cabbages, trefoil or clover, and the oil plant; in short, almost all that grows in China appears to be cultivated, and thrive in the fertile, beautiful island of Chusan. The more beautiful, though less useful tribe of flowering shrubs, grow in wild luxuriance; the hills and valleys are clad in smiling array with the graceful glycine, the elegant clematis, the sweet-smelling honeysuckle, the fragrant rose, and the delicate, exquisitely beautiful azalea. No pen can describe the sublime beauty of these mountains, bedecked and clothed in Flora's most lovely gifts; and the poor, humble, lowly, worm, man, looks from nature up to nature's God, blessing the gracious Being who made and planted the lofty mountain's side with nature's choicest gifts.

"Fine canals are both numerous and wide, serving alike for irrigation, and to mark the boundaries of lands or property; the largest of these canals is of sufficient depth to admit junks of small size to navigate it some distance into the north valley; this artificial stream runs southward, and eastward of the city of Ting-hae. Cascades and streams of pellucid water dash down the mountain's sides; and thus the canals are always kept full by means of locks. Chusan is intersected by paths and roads in every direction, which are elevated above the neighboring fields. At present these roads are narrow, but might be widened at a comparatively trivial expense, could we be fortunate enough again to obtain possession of Chusan.

"Small joss-houses, or temples, devoted to the Buddhists, where two or three priests reside, are dispersed about, lying nestled in the groves which skirt the mountain's sides; numberless sepulchres are to be found on the island, thousands of them being completely overgrown with long waving grass; and there is scarcely a place on the hills, which lie north-west of the city of Ting-hae, that is not adorned with stone monuments, on which the name, title, age and date of the decease of those who slumber near, are not inscribed. The tombs of the wealthy are exceedingly handsome, and are placed in picturesque situations, having juniper, cypress-trees, and flowering shrubs planted round them; the whole being tended with the utmost care, and kept in the greatest order."—Vol. i. pp. 237-8.

The circumstances which strike the traveler most, in a Chinese landscape, are the extent and degree to which the land is cultivated, and nearly all is done by manual labor with the spade or hoe. By an old law, neglected lands are forfeited to the emperor, who grants them out on condition that they are well farmed. The consequence of the industry thus enforced is, that every patch is under cultivation—steep precipices, mountain sides, and even the least promising morasses. These last are made subservient to the support of man by means of bamboos split longitudinally, and laid over the bog; over these sticks is placed a coating of mould, and, in this artificial soil, vegetables are raised in the highest perfection. From the neatness of their farming and their attention to manures and soils, the country has in general a garden look. There is no branch in which their industry and skill are more apparent than in their agriculture, and we may take many a useful lesson from them. For example, they are very careful in the preparation and adaptation of the soils; they also steep their seeds in liquid manure until they germinate; and to these practices, together with their system of irrigation, is in great measure ascribed the luxuriance of their

crops. This remarkable economy of soil, the high degree of attention paid to its cultivation, and the well-known fact of the early marriages of the Chinese, seem to render it probable that the highest estimate of their population is not exaggerated. Rice is the main food of the Chinese, but fish also is largely used by all classes. We may observe that in Japan, fish is the staple diet of the nation—as vigorous a people as any in the world; and, with these facts before us, it is impossible not to lament that the fisheries around our own shores contribute so little to the industry and sustenance of our population, at all times half famished, and never half employed. The fisheries about Chusan afford a very extensive employment in the early part of spring, and especially in the catching and curing the herring, or, as they call it, the mandarin fish. During the three months of the mandarin fishery, Mr. Sirr states that about thirty-five thousand junks, and smaller craft, arrive off the coast of Chusan from the various ports of China, and that as soon as the fish are caught they are packed in ice and forwarded to every part of the empire.

The paramount interest connected with our young colony in China, must be our excuse for having dwelt so long on the subjects of Chusan and Hong-Kong.

In our opening observations we expressed a hope that England might yet be the means of giving to the Chinese a higher civilization, better health, and true religion. We shall now glance at the condition of this great empire under each of these three heads; and though we can do so but rapidly, we may even thus supply our readers with a good deal of fresh and entertaining knowledge, while, at the same time, our paper gains some of the advantages of method.

It would be easy, but tedious, to exhibit the inferiority of the celestial empire, to the great nations of the west in their government, their laws, in science, and in the arts. We shall take a shorter and more popular course. The condition of woman in any country is admitted to be a good test of its civilization, and we shall see how she fares in China: "Woman," says Mr. Sirr, "is placed in a more degraded position in Asia than in any other quarter of the globe, and we believe that in China her humiliation is complete, being rendered more conspicuous by the extent to which civilization and education have been carried in all connected with the male population of this mighty empire." The poorest male has education of-

fered to him at the expense of the public, and it would be hard to find a boy of ten years who cannot read, write well, and show considerable expertness in arithmetic. While the boys are so well attended to, the education of girls is neglected. Very few amongst the females, of even the highest rank, can read or write. The higher-born are taught to sing a little, and to accompany themselves on a three-stringed guitar; and being destitute of mental resources, fall early into habits of betel-chewing, tobacco and opium-smoking, gossiping, and the old age of cards. Woman is in no rank regarded as the companion of man; may never but once in her life—that is, on her marriage day—take a meal with him at the same table; and in the lower ranks is treated much as a beast of burden. "We have seen," says Mr. Sirr, "a man of this rank, walk coolly and deliberately by his wife's side, whilst she tottered under a heavy load, and frequently a woman will be seen yoked to a plough, while the machine is guided by a man." One of the strong feelings of every Chinaman is a desire for male offspring. It is easier to understand why this should be the longed-for expectation of his wife. It is only as a mother that a woman is sure of being regarded with respect. No son, of any rank, would sit down in the presence of his mother until he had received her permission, and the deference shown to her increases with her age. Filial piety is one of the amiable traits in the national character, always present, lingering where there is no other virtue, and in this—including obedience to parents—the Chinese are immeasurably above the most advanced of the European races. The Chinaman has one wife, but he may have many handmaids or concubines. There is no obloquy attached to the position of handmaids, and every man who can purchase or support them has them. The wife has legal rights, the handmaid none. The former takes the husband's name; and of the seven causes for which the marriage may be dissolved, disobedience to the husband or to his parent is one, talkativeness another. The wife, however, cannot be divorced if her parents are dead. On the decease of a husband, the parental authority and control of the property devolve on the wife; and it is perhaps on this account that widows in the higher ranks are forbidden to marry. In the other grade they may; but the marriage of a widow is rare, as she would thereby lose the control of the property and the guardianship of the children. The authority of a father over his



children is, we may observe, absolute, and extends even to the selling of them for slaves. This does not often occur, as the Chinese are disposed to be good parents; but they do what is quite as bad—they sell their daughters as handmaids. As, however, the last connection is unattended with disgrace, the lower orders never think of it as wrong. There is in the household an understood distinction between the handmaid and the wife. The former is, to a great extent, the servant, and her dress and ornaments are different. The Chinaman often sends away his handmaid, although she may be blameless and the mother of his children, and supplies her place with a younger and fairer slave. It is but right to say, that there is no fortune-hunting in China. Daughters there have no money, but the man who proposes marriage must be always prepared to give a certain sum, to be laid out in clothes and jewels for the bride. A mandarin gives, it may be, six thousand taels for a wife—a tael being about six and fourpence of our money. In the middle and lower classes, the affair is managed in a business-like way—by instalments. "At first, what is termed the bargain-money is given—this binds the parents of the female to dispose of her to no other person; the presents are then stipulated for. When the last instalment is paid, and the last gift received, then, and not until then, is the bride transferred to her husband." The practice in regard to handmaids is the same, and they fetch from one dollar up to five hundred, and sometimes so much as a thousand. Parties about to enter into marriage do not see each other, the arrangements being made by their relatives, or by some intermediate dame; and instead of sending the young lady's portrait, her shoe is submitted to the swain, that he may estimate her beauty by the smallness of her foot. There is nothing, indeed, which more directly affects the condition of woman in China than this singular, well-known, and barbarous usage of crippling the feet. It is, too, a remarkable fact that the Chinese women have by nature very beautiful feet, perfect models of form. "The high instep," says Mr. Sirr, "is equal to the Andalusian, the arch of the sole rivals that of the Arab, and the heel and ankle are most symmetrically formed." So universal, however, is the rule of fashion, that such feet and ankles are only to be seen now amongst the humbler classes. The process by which the women of a great empire are lamed for life is thus described:—

"The appearance of these distorted extremities, which are merely tapering stumps, is most disgusting to a European eye. At a very early age, the foot, below the instep, is forced into a line with the leg; the toes are then doubled down under the sole of the foot, the big toe being made to overlap the others. Bandages are then applied with an incredible amount of pressure, which in the Chinese language is termed *killing* the foot; and for six weeks the child suffers intolerable agony. After that period the pain subsides, and she can totter about on these stumps. As she advances in years, the foot becomes a mass of filth and abhorrent humors; and we have been informed by a naval surgeon who had unbound and examined the leg and foot of a Chinese lady, that the effluvia arising from it was more offensive, and the sight more disgusting, than anything he had ever witnessed in the dissecting-room. By this practice, the muscles of the leg are injured and partially destroyed, as there is no development of calf, the leg gradually tapering from the knee downward to the extremity of the foot; and this is regarded by the Chinese as the perfection of beauty. The length of the foot, from heel to toe, varies from three to four inches: we have heard of a foot that measured but two inches, but we think that a slight mistake must have been made in the measurement. The bandages which conceal this deformed mass of corruption are made of silk, which are rarely removed, as the inner ones, when soiled, are covered from time to time with fresh ones; over all, the embroidered silken shoe is secured, the pointed toe of which is stuffed with cotton.

"Owing to their maimed feet the women can only walk a very short distance, even with the aid of their crutches, or long sticks, which they invariably use in the house. The hobbling, inelegant motion of one who attempts to use her feet, is considered most gracefully charming by the Chinese; and ladies who essay this exploit of danger, for they are very apt to measure their length on the ground, are poetically called 'tottering willows of fascination.'

"Women of the higher orders, when they go abroad to visit their friends, are carried in sedan chairs, or boats, where water communication is available; but those whose means will not allow the command of these conveyances, are carried on the backs of men, or of women who are blessed with feet of the natural size."—Vol. ii., pp. 38–40.

It may be well believed that the health of the women of China must be permanently injured, and the character of their countenances wholly changed, by this cruel and barbarous usage. The vivacity derived from health, is superseded by looks of languor and of pain, and hence, too, the national perception of the beautiful is perverted. A Chinese beauty should have a small, long eye, a countenance without expression, a figure

almost fleshless, and with no development of hips or bosom, no complexion, and a skin of a pale yellow tint. When Lum-qua, the Lawrence of Canton, was asked his opinion of an English belle, he objected, that she had color in her cheeks, that her eyes were blue and large, that her face talked (that is, was full of expression), and that she had feet large enough to enable her to walk.\*

To complete the picture of a Chinese elegante we add, that—

"A Chinese belle bedaubes her face and hands with a white stone, ground to powder, used as a cosmetic, until her complexion is an agreeable mixture of dirty white and saffron. No nation in the world rely so much on foreign aid as the Chinese women do, for they are literally one mass of paints, false hair, oils, and pork-fat. Notwithstanding all these adventitious aids, we have occasionally seen in China some very good-looking, well-grown women; although their complexions were rather yellow, still their features were pleasing, and their countenances animated; but they belonged to the lower classes, so, possibly, *were not made up*; for assuredly, according to Chinese ideas, they were not beauties, as their forms were those of nature's most beautiful handiwork, woman, and not of two laths placed together."—Vol. ii., p. 41.

When such tastes prevail, it is only amongst the lower classes, who cannot afford to spoil themselves, that we could expect to meet with examples of female beauty. The boat-women and farm-servants have usually fine and very white teeth, and well-shaped and admirably-proportioned figures. Mr. Sirr adds, that, in regard to hands, arms, and feet—where they are let alone—the women of China are perhaps the most beautiful in the world.

In this glance at those "tottering willows of fascination"—the women of China—we have fairly put forward the little that can be said in favor of their condition, which, however, exhibits beyond question the imperfect civilization of the country. Where the females of a nation—that is, one-half of its population—are systematically maimed, and their constitutions forever injured; where

polygamy is virtually established; where the daughters are sold as harlots and slaves, and prostitution brings no disgrace; where woman is the servant and not the companion of man, and her education is wholly neglected while his is carefully attended to, it cannot, we presume, be easily supposed that social organization has attained a very elevated or a happy character.

The ignorance of the Chinese in regard to health is at once so palpable and so extreme, that it is quite right to make it a prominent topic. They have, we are told, no practical knowledge of the use of water, except in tea-making and some culinary processes. Unlike the other nations of the East, they do not practice bathing, and Dr. Wilson assures us that they literally "go unwashed from the cradle to the grave." The only substitute for washing, and which is used by none except persons of distinction, is a cloth moistened by hot water, and passed lightly over the hands and face. Cutaneous diseases and loathsome affections are, in consequence, universal. They are not, as may be expected, more cleanly in their houses than in their persons. Those of the wealthy are well-furnished, but deficient in ventilation. The dwellings of the great mass have earthen floors, are built on the ground, and are without sewers. In China, agriculture is the main occupation; and as population presses upon food, great attention is paid to manuring, and pits and processes of putrefaction are scattered around their dwellings in all directions. The streets exhibit like defects. They are narrow, and the pent-house roofs, which nearly meet, present additional obstacles to ventilation. The gutters and drains are stagnant and fetid, as no attempt is made to cleanse them. Then there is the miasma arising from the rice fields, as well as from the water in their numberless canals, which, if not quite stagnant, is in general so little moved as to be always foul. If to all this we add, that for many months of the year the thermometer is high, our readers may be much disposed to accept the opinion of Dr. Wilson, that the unhealthiness of China is to be ascribed less to its soil and climate than to the usages and practices of its people, and the defective structure of their dwellings and towns. Soap and water would be a blessing to the millions of China; but when we think of what multitudes in our own country reject the cheaper luxury of fresh air, we have little reason to wonder at such adherence to inveterate usage. Hygienic reform is the first want of the Chinese.

\* Lum-qua paints in oil, with a fine feeling for color, and perfect accuracy in perspective. His water-color drawings are also highly praised; and from some of them, mentioned by Mr. Sirr, he would appear to be the Hogarth as well as the Lawrence of China. We allude to two series of drawings, one on a subject reminding us of Shakespeare's "Seven Ages of Man"—the birth, life, and death of a mandarin; the other depicting the course and consequences of opium smoking and smuggling.

Had they some sanatory mandarin, some Celestial Lord Carlisle, who, with energy to undertake, and talents to give form to such a movement, was also possessed of that earnest love for good which might enable him to endure, and overcome its difficulties, he would be the truest patriot their vast country ever knew.

One of the first impressions which a stranger is likely to receive of the Chinese, is that they are a religious people. Wherever he moves he sees their Taou, or Buddhist temples, and often embowered in graceful groves. On a nearer acquaintance, he finds that every householder has, like our pious Dr. Donne, his coffin in his chief apartment:—

"Ranged in regular order around this hall," says our author, who is describing a chamber called the "Hall of Ancestors," in the dwelling of a mandarin, "are a series of tablets detailing the family history and pedigree, interspersed with selections from the ancient sages. In this apartment, and at their tombs, the family burn offerings to the manes of their ancestors, on the respective anniversaries of their deaths. Here, also, the master of the house keeps his coffin, it being the custom for the head of every family to provide himself with his *last* domicile when he *first* becomes a house-keeper. This usage prevails amongst all classes, from the highest to the lowest, the emperor setting the example by selecting his coffin on the day he ascends the throne. The coffins used by the higher orders and the wealthy are exceedingly costly, being ornamented, lacquered over, inlaid with mother-of-pearl, gilt, and painted. So great is the variety of prices at which they can be purchased, that the expense of a coffin will vary from one hundred dollars to two thousand. These coffins are much larger than those used in Europe, the lids being of a semicircular form, on which is inscribed the name, pedigree, and dignity of the intended occupant, a blank space being left for the date of his decease, to which the family add his various real and supposititious good and laudable qualities."—Vol. i., p. 320.

These appearances are deceptive. The joss-houses or temples have, on a near inspection, very generally a neglected look, and are often found going to decay; and this, although they are largely endowed, having estates either given them by the emperor, or from time to time bequeathed to them by wealthy individuals.

In Canton there are one hundred and twenty-three temples, dedicated to some one of the three sects, Taou, Buddh, and Juckea-su, or Confucius. There are, connected with these, two thousand priests and one thousand nuns, and the revenue they are said to possess is altogether rated at the sum of £108,335. These priests and nuns are

described by Mr. Sirr as the most soiled and sinister looking of the Emperor's subjects; and the Rev. Mr. Smith, now Bishop of Victoria, found them, in his exploratory visit, indolent, ignorant, but not unamiable. Priesthood and laity are without religion, and they exhibit alike the striking trait, that they are also without bigotry. On Mr. Smith's remonstrating with some Chinese who were gong-beating and paper-burning before an idol, he says that the patience with which they bore the interruption, and their whole manner, showed that amid this outward display of offerings, idolatry had but a feeble hold on their minds. The same writer adds—"The entire absence of any indication of anger at having their prejudices shocked by a solitary foreigner, impressed him with the conviction that idolatry derives whatever influence it has amongst the Chinese more from the force of custom than from religious veneration." It would seem, too, that the solemn presence of that "memento mori," the coffin, in every house, has but small effect on the character of the people.

"Female infanticide," says Mr. Smith, "openly confessed, and divested of its disgrace by its frequency; the scarcity of females leading, as a consequence, to a variety of crimes habitually staining the domestic hearth; the damning extent of opium indulgence, destroying the productiveness and natural resources of the people; the universal practice of lying, and suspicions of dishonesty between man and man—the unblushing lewdness of young and old—the full, unchecked torrent of human depravity—prove the existence of a kind and degree of moral degradation among the people, of which an excessive statement can hardly be made, and of which an adequate conception can hardly be formed."

When Amoy was taken by our troops, the bodies of great numbers of female infants were found in a stagnant pond overgrown with weeds, and yet there is there a well-built foundling-hospital. In the suburbs of Canton, about a mile from our factories, stands a space called the beggars-square. Here, amidst gamblers and thieves, are invariably to be seen paupers exhausted by starvation or disease, and with only a mat fastened round their bodies. "Many of these unfortunate creatures," adds Mr. Sirr, "die in this space, as their indigent relations, when they find them helpless from sickness or old age, bring them here, leaving them to die of disease, cold, or hunger; too frequently is to be seen a poor emaciated mortal, breathing his last near the body of a brother in disease and poverty, whose spirit has already flown, and

it is no uncommon occurrence to see six or more dead bodies lying in the square, which are removed during the day to be buried, by the orders and at the expense of the Chinese Government." All that that government does for its poor, is, it seems, to bury them. Mr. Smith, on witnessing this spectacle, well observes:—

"Such is the baneful spell of paganism, such the unhallowed influence of every false religion; even within sight of Buddhist altars: close by numerous temples dedicated to heathen gods; under the vertical beams of all the benevolence that paganism can be supposed to diffuse; we behold the spectacle of death, and the dying sinking into the grave, because none will help them, and most of them perish from actual starvation and neglect. The most corrupt form of Christianity knows no anomaly of this kind; the most feeble measure of Christian influence forbids hunger, disease, and penury to linger within sight, without making an effort to impart relief; but heathen priests permit the groan of the dying sufferer to ascend to the sky, as a testimony to that declaration of Holy Writ—'The dark places of the earth are full of the habitations of cruelty.'"

These facts and instances indicate the absence of religion, but they can convey no sufficient idea of the miseries arising from the want of its influence on the mind and characters of the great mass of the nation. Their condition, moreover, affords a new illustration of the general truth, that man cannot exist without some form of dependence on supernatural agency—that if he is not religious, he must be superstitious—and that infidelity and incredulity go together. The Chinese are exceedingly superstitious, and they have many observances, so puerile, that their continuance amongst a people so far educated and advanced would be wholly incredible, were it not a moral phenomenon which is already well known. From this springs that national characteristic, a desire for male offspring to sacrifice to their manes. On a certain month in the year they have rites, performed with gongs, flutes, and drums, on behalf of departed spirits, to rescue them from the Buddhist purgatory. They believe that all who have not offspring or relatives to make offerings to their manes, must remain in the spiritual world in misery and in poverty. Although the higher ranks may be raised above many of the vulgar errors, Mr. Smith assures us that the empire of superstition is universal.

If, however, the Chinese are without religion, they are also, as we have observed, without bigotry; and their priests have but little influence. The great difficulty in gain-

ing the attention to better teaching arise<sup>s</sup> much from their reverence for antiquity and aversion to change; and, we fear, more still, from the inconsistency and misconduct of Europeans. "Perhaps," they say, "the English doctrine may be very good; but we wish that you would first try it on the English themselves, for they are wicked men. When this doctrine has made them better, then come and speak to us." One recent fact corroborates our persuasion that the national feeling in regard to religion is tolerant. It is not generally known that public opinion has considerable influence in China, and that this is owing to the existence of certain secret societies, which, serving in lieu of popular representation, have taught their rulers to respect the people. The principal of these is the *San hwei*, or "Triad Society," one of old standing, with extensive ramifications, originally constituted for the purpose of overthrowing the Tartar dynasty, but which is now supposed to be a sort of ribbon association, with a gentle leaning to rebellion, if opportunity should offer. The circumstance that such an opportunity might have offered, very probably gave impulse to the haste with which the Emperor came to terms in the late war. There is another mode of expressing public opinion which has worked as their substitute for a free press—that is, the publishing and placarding of anonymous manifestoes. These are most commonly ebullitions of feeling against corrupt officers and wrong practices; but they are a known engine for the expression of opinion on any topic which may engage the public mind. With these means and others of knowing the general feeling, and, as is well understood, a desire to meet it, the Chinese Government, in 1846, revoked their ancient ordinances for the suppression of Christianity, and the persecution of Christians, and published an edict, allowing the restoration or rebuilding of the places of worship of those who professed the religion of "The Lord of Heaven," which is their way of designating Christians, and exempting such places of worship from prohibitory regulations for the future. The high honor of having obtained this edict is due to a Roman Catholic, M. La Grèze, the ambassador from France; and the equal merit of supporting it belongs to Key-ing, the able minister and well-known diplomatist of China. This document, which is dated 20th of February, 1846, is not only an evidence of the tolerant feeling of the country—the purpose for which we adduced it—but it is also a striking symptom of political en-

lightenment, and of the breaking of the trammels of antiquated policy. They have taken, too, some other steps in the same direction, which it may be as well to notice. They have adopted improvements in the manufacture of their gunpowder, and have added wheels and swivels to their cannon.

The annals of the Chinese state that Christianity was introduced into their empire about the year 635 of the Christian era; and they give an edict which, after reciting that "the Scriptures and pictures" were brought "by the virtuous Alassun," from the distant regions of "Ta-tsin," supposed to be Judea, authorizes the building of a temple for this new worship. Mr. Medhurst, now the senior of our English missionaries in China, conceives that St. Thomas the Apostle, after visiting India, promulgated the Gospel in China, and this view is supported by the ritual of the Chaldean Church, which, when alluding to St. Thomas, adds, "By him the Persians, Hindoos, and Chinese were converted to the Christian faith." There is great reason to think that the Nestorians had introduced Christianity into China, previously to the date given as above by the Chinese records. Gieseler, in his "Ecclesiastical History," says that, about the year 550, some Persian monks conveyed silk-worms from China. These monks were, no doubt, Nestorians, whose tenets Mosheim and Gibbon state were early diffused in that empire; citing, as their authorities, Latin, Syrian, Arabian, and Chinese writers. Marco Paulo, in the thirteenth century, found many Nestorian Christians in China; and at a later period of the same century, John de Monte Corvino was sent by the Pope to Peking, to attempt the conversion of the Emperor. He was not successful in that particular, but he acquired great influence, obtained permission to erect a church, baptized four thousand and twenty persons, and translated the New Testament and the Psalms into the Mongolian language, copies of which translation are still extant. In the sixteenth century the Jesuits established themselves in China, and as their influence increased, that of the Nestorians declined. In 1581, the celebrated Matthew Ricci was appointed superior of the Roman Catholic missions in China. Availing himself of the literary tastes of the Chinese, he gained extensive influence, and especially amongst the higher orders, to many of whom he taught mathematics. He had a church built at Nankin, another at Soo-chow-foo, then one of the wealthiest and most luxurious cities of the empire, and still regarded as the Paris

of China. Ricci published an edition of Euclid in the Chinese, and made so high a character at Peking, that he succeeded in gaining for the Jesuits a more extensive establishment than any Christian denomination ever had there before. In 1611 Ricci died at Peking, and soon after his decease the influence of the Jesuits began to wane, owing, it is supposed, to the opposition made to their teaching and tenets by the Franciscans and Dominicans. In 1635, Juan Morales, a Spanish Dominican, who had arrived in China, made such representations of the proceedings of the Jesuits, and especially of their accommodation of Christian doctrines to Pagan rites and principles, that Innocent the Tenth expressed his disapprobation of them. The conflicts of the various Roman Catholic fraternities surprised the Chinese, and lessened the influence of all; but the Jesuits had some able men, who took the path of Ricci, and upheld the authority of their order with the higher ranks. Of these, one was a German named Schael, who undertook to correct the calendar, and performed the task so fully to the satisfaction of the Emperor, that he was appointed President of the Astronomical Board, with the rank of a high mandarin. He was, because of his connection with the politics of the country, assassinated in 1669. The ascendancy of the Jesuits survived, however, for some time, maintained by the accession of some of their fraternity, who were just at this period sent out from France by Louis the Fourteenth. One of these, Father Gerbillion, succeeded, within a year after his arrival, in negotiating a peace between the Chinese and Russia, which was regarded as a most important service. Soon after, the Emperor was seized with a dangerous illness, and the Chinese doctors, finding themselves unable to treat it, called in two of the Jesuits, who were physicians, one of whom was M. Gerbillion. Under their care, and by the use of quinine, the Emperor recovered, and, as may be expected, the influence of the French priests was now established. Beneath their auspices a church was erected at Peking, which it took four years to build, and, when completed, in 1702, it was, pursuant to an inscription written by the Emperor with his own hand, dedicated—"To the only true God."

Kang-he, the emperor, is described as a man of distinguished talents. It may be well believed that he saw the follies of Chinese idolatry, and that he was, as the Jesuits affirm, about openly to embrace the tenets of the Christian faith, when his career was clos-

ed by death. Kang-he was, however, very resolutely opposed to the doctrine of the divine right of the Pope to spiritual and temporal dominion, as set forth by the Dominicans, and thus came into direct conflict with the Pope's legate, De Tournon, who supported that order, and who had issued a mandate of Clement XI., that no Chinese Christian should practice any custom or usage which was interdicted by the Pope. The discussion of such questions was obviously calculated to offend the Chinese statesmen, and it cannot excite much wonder that, when Kang-he died, in 1723, his successors were no friends to the Christians. Yang-ching, who succeeded to the throne, regarded all Christian missionaries as dangerous, on the ground that their converts were more under the control of priests and confessors, than that of the constituted authorities. He, therefore, issued an edict directing all such missionaries whose presence was not needed at Pekin for scientific objects, to repair within a given time to Canton; and we are told that, in consequence of this edict, two hundred and seventy places of Roman Catholic worship were destroyed, and that about two hundred and fifty thousand native Christians were left without any spiritual directors. Notwithstanding this, the Jesuits retained some influence, and Kagler, a German of that order, was president of the Astronomical Board at Pekin. From this period, up to the year 1811, every reigning emperor exhibited a repugnance to Christians and missionaries; and many edicts were issued, and some severe persecutions instituted against one or other, or both. In the last-mentioned year, a Chinese priest, with letters to his superior, was arrested, and the authorities not being satisfied with the account he gave of himself, became incensed anew against European Roman Catholics, and commanded all such to leave China, and since that date, it is said that none have ventured to reside at Pekin. It would appear that, notwithstanding the rigorous order just referred to, some of the Romish missionaries held their ground in China; for Mr. Sirr cites an authority which states, that in 1820 there were six bishops there, two coadjutors, twenty-three foreign missionaries, eighty-five native priests, and two hundred and fifteen thousand converts, including seven thousand at and in the vicinity of Mecca. In the month of June of this present year, the *Annales de la Foi* gives the statistics of the Romish denomination in China to be eight bishops, fifty-seven priests of European extraction, one hundred and

fourteen native priests, and three hundred thousand converts. A still later summary states the number of bishops as twelve; the coadjutors eight; the foreign missionaries as eighty; the native priests ninety; and the gross number of converts as little short of four hundred thousand. The field which was thus so early taken, and, to their honor be it said, so long held, by the Roman Catholics, has been only lately attempted by Protestant missionaries. We have, however, great hopes that the progress of the latter will be not slow, and yet sure. It appears, from a table at the end of the Bishop of Victoria's book, that for the two years previously to May, 1846, the number of missionaries of all sub-denominations of Protestants was forty-five. This is but a small corps for so great an undertaking; but as the hopefulness of success is developed, we trust that its numbers and energy may be recruited. The American Episcopal Church has, after a correspondence with the Archbishop of Canterbury, sent out a bishop, Dr. Boone, who is to reside at Shang-hai; and the Baptists and Presbyterians of America, as well as the American Board of Commissioners for Foreign Missions, have contributed their missionaries. These are included in the table just referred to; but since it was framed, another Protestant country has evinced its interest in the evangelical work. Two missionaries, natives of Sweden, and trained at the missionary institution established at Lund in that country, are now on their way to China; they are the Rev. Messrs. Fust and Elggvist, and their destined station is the city of Foo-chow, the capital of Fokein, the great black-tea district, containing 600,000 inhabitants, and where there has been, as yet, no Protestant missionary. There is in the great city of Ning-po another missionary, whose name is not included in the above list, but who is spoken of with just admiration by Bishop Smith, and by Mr. Sirr—this is an English lady, Miss Aldersey, who, with her own resources, is making an effort to impart a knowledge of Christianity to the Chinese females.

"This lady," says Mr. Sirr, "has settled at Ning-po, where she has purchased a house, and intends there, with her heavenly Father's permission, to live and to die. Miss Aldersey has gained access where no male missionary could, namely, among the female members of families, to whom she gives portions of the Scriptures, tracts, written or translated into Chinese, and religious instruction; this lady receives the Chinese women at her own abode, and has a school for their chil-

dren; the poor, needy, sorrow-stricken, and sick, find a benefactor in this Christian woman; the former receive pecuniary relief and consolation, the latter medical advice; for this ornament of her sex understands the use and application of drugs."

Miss Aldersey had been previously engaged in like labors in Java. It is singular that the Chinese, amongst whom, notwithstanding what Mr. Fortune says to the contrary, infanticide prevails to an extent not known in any part of India, or anywhere else that we have heard of, will only entrust their little girls to unmarried female missionaries, and not even to them, as Dr. Smith assures us, without some hesitation. Miss Aldersey has thus made out a missionary path which is exclusively her own.

Ancillary to the promulgation of religion, and directly connected with our other topics of health and civilization, is the subject of medical missionaries. One of the most striking circumstances in a country which seems to us to be full of anomalies is, the fact that the Chinese, although they have long attained to a certain high degree of civilization, and are, generally speaking, a sickly people, and, consequently, great dabblers in drugs, and takers of physic, are in cimmerian darkness in regard to medicine, knowing nothing of it as a science, and very little empirically. Surgery can hardly be said to exist amongst them. They never practice dissection, not even on the lower animals. "When a limb is irrecoverably injured, it is left," says Dr. Wilson, "barring poultices and plasters, to kill the patient, or to drop off by mortification." Their implements, he adds, are rough tools, rather resembling the collection of a cobbler than the instruments of a surgeon. Du Halde affirms, that the theory of the circulation of the blood was known amongst them about four centuries after the Deluge. This must be one of his mistakes, as Mr. Sirr states that they have no knowledge of it at the present day. They conceive—like Pythagoras—that the human body is composed of and influenced by the elements. "Thus," says Mr. Sirr, "fire reigns in the heart, and the principal viscera which lie near it, air has peculiar influence on the liver, whilst water reigns lord paramount over some adjacent parts. Metals preside over the lungs and larger intestines, and earth influences the stomach and spleen." The Greek philosophers, it may be remembered, counted four elements, while the Chinese have five. They hold that the body is a kind of musical instrument—nerves, muscles,

arteries, and veins, being as strings, and each with its peculiar pulse. Many are their works on "The Secret of the Pulse," and they maintain that the same pulse which marks disease in a male, would indicate quite a different complaint in a female. With such fanciful theories, it may be easily conceived, that while the books on medicine are endless, disease is almost unchecked. Their least irrational modes of treatment are by acupuncture, the moxas, and in the use of styptics. They have been long acquainted with inoculation, but practice it in a circuitous way, introducing the virus, not directly by incision, but by pledgets in the nostril. They have a decided repugnance to vaccination, and the consequence is, that small-pox continues to be a great scourge. Where puerile practices prevail, and complaints known to be within the control of science are unchecked, there is, perhaps, no way in which the Chinese could be so rapidly served, or their good-will so easily gained, as through the means of medical missions. These have been already commenced at Canton, Hong-Kong, and Shang-hai, where their success has proved so immediate and so clear, that we should rejoice to hear of their being extended to the other consular cities, as well as of their number being increased. The Bishop of Hong-Kong mentions that at Shang-hai, "14,500 cases of medical relief have tended to mitigate the sufferings of our fellow-heirs of sin, and helped to diffuse amongst the native community a respect for the religion of the benevolent foreigner." Dr. Wilson, speaking of the medical mission at Hong-Kong, which is under the direction of Dr. Hobson, states—

"Into it Chinese subjects, with every form of disease and injury, are admitted on the sole plea of bodily affliction; but as affections of the eye are very prevalent, and so ineffectually or injuriously treated by the native practitioners, as to occasion much more than the usual proportion of helplessness and distress, a large amount of ophthalmic cases is received and successfully managed. Such persons as can afford it subside themselves; those who cannot, are provided for from the Hospital funds.

"Then, everything which benevolence can devise, and which care and skill can accomplish, is effected for the patients; and thence, a large proportion of those admitted return to their native towns and hamlets, to tell their neighbors what the natives have done for them. They have to speak only of benefits received. Their cherished habits were not violently attacked; their superstitious follies and pagan perversions, were not made the subject of ridicule or contemptuous pity; but they were led to their abandonment, by



showing them a better system of things, and proving its vast superiority, through its practical results. Persons who went in, wasted, maimed, or blind, came out with renovated vigor and restored sight. Can the Chinese continue long to resist such teaching? 'Blind, and in love with darkness,' as they are, is it conceivable that they can go on hardening their hearts, and shutting the eyes of their understanding against such emphatic pleading in behalf of their own best interests? Will not the reiteration of such good acts, especially restoration of sight by operation, of which, till lately, they could no more form an idea than of a miracle, lead them to inquire whether the system which produces these effects is not better than their own?"

The medical missionaries are further desirous of imparting their knowledge to native pupils; and Dr. Wilson speaks of a young Chinese, named Apoon, instructed by Dr. Hobson, who was skillful in performing various operations on the eye, including that for cataract, and was well acquainted with the structure of the eye, its diseases, and their treatment. He was about to return to

his native city of Canton, and we hope that many such others will be soon dispersed throughout this dark but mighty empire.

We have now discussed, at such length as we could venture on, the three topics we had selected, and might, with the assistance of Mr. Sirr, find matter and novelty enough to make a larger paper, but our limits are already passed, and we can only refer our readers to the many new, untouched, and well-filled chapters of his "China and the Chinese;" and, especially, to one on the cultivation and preparation of teas, to those on the arts and manufactures of China, and to that on the revenue. Mr. Sirr may not possess the charm of manner, his style being careless at times, and, at times, ambitious; but these failings are compensated by his industry in collecting materials, by the exceeding interest of his topics, and the clearness with which they are arranged. He is, also, somewhat given to fault-finding; but this, too, is more than atoned for by the honesty with which he speaks his mind.

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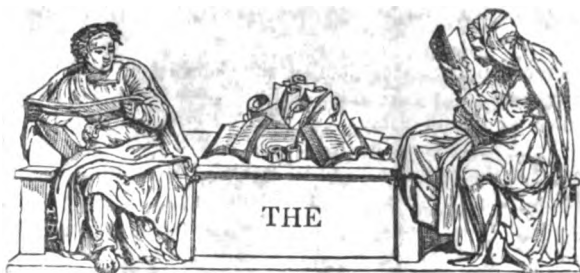
## LAST OF THE INCAS.

### SEE PLATE.

THE striking plate accompanying this number reproduces one of the saddest and most memorable incidents in the history of the conquest of Peru—the parting of Atabalipa, or, as he is more commonly called, Atahualpa, with his family, prior to his cruel execution by the Spaniards. Atahualpa succeeded his father, on the throne of Quito, in 1529, while his brother Huascar obtained the kingdom of Peru. They soon made war upon each other, when the latter was defeated, and his kingdom fell into the hands of Atahualpa. The Spaniards taking advantage of these internal disturbances, with Pizarro at their head, invaded Peru, where they were entertained with great hospitality by the king and people. The reward of this generosity was the foul and treacherous arrest of Atahualpa, with the demand of allegiance to the king of Spain as his

master, to embrace the Christian religion. Upon his asking their authority for this request, the friar Valverde, who accompanied the Spanish expedition, gave the king a breviary as authority. Atahualpa put it to his ear, and said, "It tells me nothing;" then threw it away. This was pretext enough for Spanish cupidity. A terrible massacre of the unsuspecting and unprepared multitude was undertaken, and the king thrown into prison. He offered an immense sum of gold as a ransom. The gold was accepted, but the prisoner was not released. After enduring every indignity, he was torn from his family, and burnt alive in 1533, by the orders of Pizarro. With him the line of Incas came to an end, and the Spanish usurpation was complete.





# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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MARCH, 1850.

From the Edinburgh Review.

## REASON AND FAITH—THEIR CLAIMS AND CONFLICTS.

1. *Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte.* Eighth edition, pp. 60. 8vo. London.
2. *The Nemesis of Faith.* By J. A. FROUDE, M. A., Fellow of Exeter College, Oxford. 12mo. London: pp. 227.
3. *Popular Christianity, its Transition State and Probable Development.* By F. J. FOXTON, B. A.; formerly of Pembroke College, Oxford, and Perpetual Curate of Stoke Prior and Docklow, Herefordshire. 12mo. London: pp. 226.

"REASON and Faith," says one of our old divines, with the quaintness characteristic of his day, "resemble the two sons of the patriarch; Reason is the firstborn, but Faith inherits the blessing." The image is ingenious, and the antithesis striking; but nevertheless the sentiment is far from just. It is hardly right to represent Faith as *younger* than Reason: the fact undoubtedly being, that human creatures trust and believe, long before they reason or know. But the truth is, that both Reason and Faith are coeval with the nature of man, and were designed to dwell in his heart together. In truth, they are, and were, and, in such creatures as ourselves, must be, reciprocally complementary;—neither can exclude the other. It is as impossible to exercise an acceptable faith without reason for so exercising it,—that is, without exercising reason while we exercise faith,\*—as it is to apprehend by our reason,

exclusive of faith, all the truths on which we are daily compelled to *act*, whether in relation to this world or the next. Neither is it right to represent either of them as failing of the promised heritage, except as both may fail alike, by perversion from their true end, and depravation of their genuine nature; for if to the faith of which the New Testament speaks so much, a peculiar blessing is promised, it is evident from that same volume that it is not a "faith without reason" any more than a "faith without works," which is approved by the Author of Christianity. And this is sufficiently proved by the injunction "to be ready to give a reason for the hope,"—and therefore for the faith,—"which is in us."

in the first clause as an *argument*; and in the second, as the characteristic endowment of our species. The distinction between Reason and Reasoning (though most important) does not affect our statement; for though Reason may be exercised where there is no giving of reasons, there can be no giving of reasons without the exercise of Reason.

\* Let it not be said that we are here playing upon an ambiguity in the word Reason;—considered  
VOL. XIX. NO. III.

If, therefore, we were to imitate the quaintness of the old divine, on whose *dictum* we have been commenting, we should rather compare Reason and Faith to the two trusty spies, "faithful amongst the faithless," who confirmed each other's report of "that good land which flowed with milk and honey," and to *both* of whom the promise of a rich inheritance there, was given,—and, in due time, amply redeemed. Or, rather, if we might be permitted to pursue the same vein a little further, and throw over our shoulders for a moment that mantle of allegory which none but Bunyan could wear long and successfully, we should represent Reason and Faith as twin-born beings,—the one, in form and features the image of manly beauty,—the other, of feminine grace and gentleness; but to each of whom, alas! was allotted a sad privation. While the bright eyes of Reason are full of piercing and restless intelligence, his ear is closed to sound; and while Faith has an ear of exquisite delicacy, on her sightless orbs, as she lifts them toward heaven, the sunbeam plays in vain. Hand in hand the brother and sister, in all mutual love, pursue their way, through a world on which, like ours, day breaks and night falls alternate; by day the eyes of Reason are the guide of Faith, and by night the ear of Faith is the guide of Reason. As is wont with those who labor under these privations respectively, Reason is apt to be eager, impetuous, impatient of that instruction which his infirmity will not permit him readily to apprehend; while Faith, gentle and docile, is ever willing to listen to the voice by which alone truth and wisdom can effectually reach her.

It has been shown by Butler in the fourth and fifth chapters (Part I.) of his great work, that the entire constitution and condition of man, viewed in relation to the present world alone, and consequently all the analogies derived from that fact in relation to a future world, suggest the conclusion that we are here the subjects of a probationary discipline, or in a course of education for another state of existence. But it has not, perhaps, been sufficiently insisted on, that if in the actual course of that education, of which *enlightened obedience* to the "law of virtue," as Butler expresses it, or, which is the same thing, to the dictates of supreme wisdom and goodness, is the great end, we give an unchecked ascendancy to either Reason or Faith, we vitiate the whole process. The chief instrument by which that process is carried on is not Reason alone, or Faith

alone, but their well-balanced and reciprocal interaction. It is a system of alternate checks and limitations, in which Reason does not supersede Faith, nor Faith encroach on Reason. But our meaning will be more evident when we have made one or two remarks on what are conceived to be their respective provinces.

In the domain of Reason men generally include, 1st, what are called "intuitions;" 2d, "necessary deductions" from them; and 3d, deductions from their own direct "experience;" while in the domain of Faith are ranked all truths and propositions which are received, not *without* reasons, indeed, but for reasons underived from the *intrinsic* evidence (whether intuitive or deductive, or from our own experience) of the propositions themselves;—for reasons (such as credible testimony, for example,) *extrinsic* to the proper meaning and significance of such propositions: although such reasons, by accumulation and convergency, may be capable of subduing the force of any difficulties or improbabilities, which cannot be *demonstrated* to involve absolute contradictions.\*

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\* Of the first kind of truths, or those perceived by intuition, we have examples in what are called "self-evident axioms," and "fundamental laws" or "conditions of thought," which no wise man has ever attempted to *prove*. Of the second, we have examples in the whole fabric of mathematical science, reared from its basis of axioms and definitions, as well as in every other *necessary* deduction from *admitted* premises. The third virtually includes any conclusion in science based on direct experiment, or observation; though the belief of the truth even of Newton's system of the world, when received as Locke says he received and as the generality of men receive it,—without being able to follow the steps by which the great geometer proves his conclusions,—may be represented rather as an act of Faith than an act of Reason; as much so as a belief in the truth of Christianity, founded on its historic and other evidences. The greater part of men's knowledge, indeed, even of science,—even the greater part of a scientific man's knowledge of science, based as it is on testimony alone (and which so often compels him to renounce to-day what he thought certain yesterday),—may be not unjustly considered as more allied to Faith than Reason. It may be said, perhaps, that the above classification of the truths received by Reason and Faith respectively is arbitrary; that even as to some of their alleged sources, they are not always clearly distinguishable; that the evidence of experience may in some sort be reduced to testimony,—that of sense; and testimony reduced to experience,—that of human veracity under given circumstances; both being founded on the observed uniformity of certain phenomena under similar conditions. We admit the truth of this: and we admit it the more willingly, as it shows that so inextricably intertwined are the roots both of Reason and Faith in our nature, that

In receiving important doctrines on the strength of such evidence, and in holding to them against the perplexities they involve, or, what is harder still, against the prejudices they oppose, every exercise of an intelligent faith will, on analysis, be found to consist; its only necessary limit will be *proven contradictions* in the propositions submitted to it; for, then, no evidence can justify belief, or even render it possible. But no *other* difficulties, however great, will justify unbelief, where man has all that he can justly demand,—evidence such in its nature as he can deal with, and on which he is accustomed to *act* in his most important affairs in this world (thus admitting its validity), and such in amount as to render it more likely that the doctrines it substantiates are true, than, from mere *ignorance* of the mode in which these difficulties can be solved, he can infer them to be false. “Probabilities,” says Bishop Butler, “are to us the very guide of life;” and when the probabilities arise out of evidence on which we are competent to pronounce, and the improbabilities merely from our surmises, where we have no evidence to deal with, and perhaps, from the limitation of our capacities, could not deal with it, if we had it, it is not difficult to see what course practical wisdom tells man he *ought* to pursue; and which he *always* does pursue, whatever difficulties beset him,—in all cases except one!

Such is that strict union—that mutual dependence of Reason and Faith—which would seem to be the great law under which the moral school in which we are being educated is conducted. This law is equally, or almost equally, its characteristic, whether we regard man simply in his present condition, or in his present *relation* to his future condition,—as an inhabitant only of this world, or a candidate for another; and to this law, by a

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no definitions that can be framed will completely separate them; none that will not involve many phenomena which may be said to fall under the dominion of one as much as of the other. We have been content, for our practical purpose, without any too subtle refinement, to take the line of demarcation which is, perhaps, as obvious as any, and as generally recognized. Few would say that a *generalized* inference from direct experiment was not matter of reason rather than of faith; though an act of faith is involved in the process; and few would not call confidence in testimony where probabilities were nearly balanced, by the name of faith rather than reason, though an act of reason is involved in *that* process. We are much more anxious to show their general involution with one another than the points of discrimination between them.

series of analogies as striking as any of those which Butler has pointed out (and on which we heartily wish his comprehensive genius had expended a chapter or two), Christianity, in the demands it makes on *both* principles conjointly, is evidently adapted.

Men often speak, indeed, as if the exercise of faith was excluded from their condition as inhabitants of the present world. But it requires but a very slight consideration to show that the boasted prerogative of reason is here also that of a limited monarch; and that its attempts to make itself absolute can only end in its own dethronement, and, after successive revolutions, in all the anarchy of absolute pyrrhonism.

For in the intellectual and moral education of man, considered merely as a citizen of the present world, we see the constant and inseparable union of the two principles, and provision made for their perpetual exercise. He cannot advance a step, indeed, without both. We see faith demanded not only amidst the dependence and ignorance in which childhood and youth are passed; not only in the whole process by which we acquire the imperfect knowledge which is to fit us for being men; but to the very last we may be truly said to *believe* far more than we *know*. “Indeed,” says Butler, “the unsatisfactory nature of the evidence with which we are obliged to take up in the daily course of life, is scarce to be expressed.” Nay, in an intelligible sense, even the “primary truths,” or “first principles,” or fundamental “laws of thought,” or “self-evident maxims,” or “intuitions,” or by whatever other names philosophers have been pleased to designate them, which, in a special sense, are the very province of *reason*, as contradistinguished from “reasoning” or logical deduction, may be said almost as truly to depend on faith as on reason for their reception.\* For the only ground for *believing* them true is that man cannot help so believing them! The same may be said of that great fact, without which the whole world would be at a stand-still—a belief in the uniformity of the phenomena of external nature; that the same sun, for example, which rose yesterday and to-day, will rise again to-morrow. That this cannot be *demonstrated*,

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\* Common language seems to indicate this: Since we call that disposition of mind which leads some men to deny the above fundamental truths (or *affect* to deny them), not by a word which indicates the opposite of reason, but the opposite of faith—Scepticism, Unbelief, Incredulity.

is admitted on all hands; and that it is not absolutely proved from *experience* is evident, both from the fact that *experience* cannot prove any thing future, and from the fact that the uniformity supposed is only accepted as partially and transiently true; the great bulk of mankind, even while they so confidently act upon that uniformity, rejecting the idea of its being an *eternal* uniformity. Every theist believes that the order of the universe once *began* to be; and every Christian, and most other men, believe that it will also one day cease to be.

But perhaps the most striking example of the helplessness to which man is soon reduced if he relies upon his reason alone, is the spectacle of the issue of his investigations into that which one would imagine he must know most intimately, if he knows anything; and that is, his own nature—his own mind. There is something, to one who reflects long enough upon it, inexpressibly whimsical in the questions which the mind is for ever putting to itself respecting itself; and to which the said mind returns from its dark caverns only an echo. We are apt, when we speculate about the mind, to forget for the moment, that it is at once the querist and the oracle; and to regard it as something *out* of itself, like a mineral in the hands of the analytic chemist. We cannot fully enter into the absurdities of its condition, except by remembering that it is our own wise selves who so grotesquely bewilder us. The mind, on such occasions, takes itself (if we may so speak) into its own hands, turns itself about as a savage would a watch, or a monkey a letter; interrogates itself, listens to the echo of its own voice, and is obliged, after all, to lay itself down again with a very puzzled expression—and acknowledge that of its very self, itself knows little or nothing! "I am material," exclaims one of these whimsical beings, to whom the heaven-descended "Know thyself" would seem to have been ironically addressed. "No!—immaterial," says another. "I am both material and immaterial," exclaims, perhaps, the very same mind at different times. "Thought itself may be matter modified," says one. "Rather," says another of the same perplexed species, "matter is thought modified; for what you call matter is but a phenomenon." "Both are independent and totally distinct substances, mysteriously, inexplicably conjoined," says a third. "How they are conjoined we know no more than the dead. Not so much, perhaps." "Do I ever *cease* to think," says the mind to itself, "even in

sleep? Is not my *essence* thought?" "You ought to know your own essence best," all creation will reply. "I am confident," says one, "that I never do cease to think—not even in the soundest sleep." "You do, for a long time, every night of your life," exclaims another, equally confident and equally ignorant. "Where do I exist?" it goes on. "Am I in the brain? Am I in the whole body? Am I anywhere? Am I nowhere?" "I cannot have any local existence, for I know I am immaterial," says one. "I have a local existence, because I *am* material," says another. "I have a local existence, *though* I am *not* material," says a third. "Are my habitual actions voluntary," it exclaims, "however rapid they become; though I am unconscious of these volitions when they have attained a certain rapidity; or do I become a mere automaton as respects such actions? and therefore an automaton nine times out of ten, when I act at all?" To this query two opposite answers are given by different minds; and by others, perhaps wiser, none at all; while, often, opposite answers are given by the same mind at different times. In like manner has every action, every operation, every emotion of the mind been made the subject of endless doubt and disputation. Surely if, as Soame Jenyns imagined, the infirmities of man, and even graver evils, were permitted in order to afford amusement to superior intelligences, and make the angels laugh, few things could afford them better sport than the perplexities of this child of clay engaged in the study of himself. "Alas!" exclaims at last the baffled spirit of this babe in intellect, as he surveys his shattered toys—his broken theories of metaphysics, "I know that I *am*; but *what* I am—*where* I am—even *how* I act—not only what is my essence, but what even my mode of operation,—of all this I *know* nothing; and, boast of reason as I may, all that I think on these points is matter of opinion—or is matter of faith!" He resembles, in fact, nothing so much as a kitten first introduced to its own image in a mirror: she runs to the back of it, she leaps over it, she turns and twists, and jumps and frisks, in all directions, in the vain attempt to reach the fair illusion; and, at length, turns away in weariness from that incomprehensible enigma—the image of herself!

One would imagine—perhaps not untruly—that the Divine Creator had subjected us to these difficulties—and especially that incomprehensible *trilemma*,—that there is an union and interaction of two totally distinct

substances, or that matter is but thought, or that thought is but matter,—one of which must be true, and all of which approach as near to mutual contradictions as can well be conceived,—for the very purpose of rebuking the presumption of man, and of teaching him humility; that He had left these obscurities at the very threshold—nay, within the very mansion of the mind itself,—for the express purpose of deterring man from playing the dogmatizing fool when he looked abroad. Yet, in spite of his raggedness and poverty at home, no sooner does man look out of his dusky dwelling, than, like Goldsmith's little Beau, who, in his garret up five pair of stairs, boasts of his friendship with lords, he is apt to assume airs of magnificence, and, glancing at the Infinite through his little eye-glass, to affect an intimate acquaintance with the most respectable secrets of the universe!

It is undeniable, then, that the perplexities which uniformly puzzle man in the physical world, and even in the little world of his own mind, when he passes a certain limit, are just as unmanageable as those found in the moral constitution and government of the universe, or in the disclosures of the volume of Revelation. In both we find abundance of inexplicable difficulties; sometimes arising from our absolute ignorance, and perhaps quite as often from our partial knowledge. These difficulties are probably left on the pages of both volumes for some of the same reasons; many of them, it may be, because even the commentary of the Creator himself could not render them plain to a finite understanding, though a necessary and salutary exercise of our humility may be involved in their reception; others, if not purely (which seems not probable) yet partly for the sake of exercising and training that humility, as an essential part of the education of a *child*; others, surmountable, indeed, in the progress of knowledge and by prolonged effort of the human intellect, may be designed to stimulate that intellect to strenuous action and healthy effort—as well as to supply, in their solution, as time rolls on, an ever-accumulating mass of proofs of the profundity of the wisdom which has so far anticipated all the wisdom of man; and of the divine origin of both the great books which he is privileged to study as a pupil, and even to illustrate as a commentator,—but the text of which he cannot alter.

But, for submitting to us many profound and insoluble problems, the second of the above reasons—the training of the intellect and heart of man to submission to the Su-

preme Intelligence—would alone be sufficient. For if, as is indicated by everything in human nature, by the constitution of the world as adapted to that nature, and by the representations of Scripture, which are in analogy with both, the present world is but the school of man in this the childhood of his being, to prepare him for the enjoyment of an immortal manhood in another, everything might be expected to be subordinated to this great end; and as the *end* of that education, can be no other than an *enlightened obedience* to God, the harmonious and concurrent exercise of reason and faith becomes absolutely necessary—not of reason to the exclusion of faith, for otherwise there would be no adequate test of man's docility and submission; nor of a faith that would assert itself, not only independent of reason, but in contradiction to it,—which would not be what God requires, and what alone can quadrate with that intelligent nature He has impressed on His offspring—a *reasonable* obedience. Implicit obedience, then, to the dictates of an all-perfect wisdom, exercised amidst many difficulties and perplexities, as so many tests of sincerity, and yet sustained by evidences which justify the conclusions which involve them, would seem to be the great object of man's moral education here; and to justify both the partial evidence addressed to his reason, and the abundant difficulties which it leaves to his faith. "The evidence of religion," says Butler, "is fully sufficient for all the purposes of probation, how far soever it is from being satisfactory as to the purposes of curiosity, or any other; and, indeed, it answers the purposes of the former in several respects which it would not do if it were as overbearing as is required."\* Or as Pascal beautifully puts it:—"There is light enough for those whose sincere wish is to see,—and darkness enough to confound those of an opposite disposition."†

\* "Analogy," part 2. chap. viii.

† "Pensées." Faugère's edition, tom. ii. p. 151. The views here developed will be found an expansion of some brief hints at the close of the article on Pascal's "Life and Genius" (Ed. Review, Jan. 1847), though our space then prevented us from more than touching these topics. We may add that we gladly take this opportunity of pointing the attention of our readers to a tract of Archbishop Whately's, entitled "The Example of Children as proposed to Christians," which his Grace, having been struck with a coincidence between some of the thoughts in the tract and those expressed in the "Review," did us the favor to transmit to us. Had we seen the tract before, we should have been glad to illustrate and confirm our own views by those of

As He "who spake as never man spake" is pleased often to illustrate the conduct of the Father of Spirits to his intelligent offspring by a reference to the conduct which flows from the relations of the human parent

this highly gifted prelate. We earnestly recommend the tract in question (as well as the whole of the remarkable volume in which it is now incorporated, "Essays on some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion") to the perusal of our readers, and at the same time venture to express our conviction (having been led by the circumstances above mentioned to a fuller acquaintance with his Grace's theological writings than we had previously possessed) that, though this lucid and eloquent writer may, for obvious reasons, be most widely known by his "Logic and Rhetoric," the time will come when his Theological works will be, if not more widely read, still more highly prized. To great powers of argument and illustration, and delightful transparency of diction and style, he adds a higher quality still—and a very rare quality it is—an evident and intense honesty of purpose, an absorbing desire to arrive at the *exact truth*, and to state it with perfect fairness and with the just limitations. Without pretending to agree with all that Archbishop Whately has written on the subject of Theology (though he carries his readers with him as frequently as any writer with whom we are acquainted), we may remark that in relation to that whole class of subjects, to which the present essay has reference, we know of no writer of the present day whose contributions are more numerous or more valuable. The highly ingenious ironical brochure, entitled "Historic Doubts relative to Napoleon Buonaparte;" the Essays above mentioned, "On some of the Peculiarities of the Christian Religion;" those "On some of the Dangers to Christian Faith," and on the "Errors of Romanism;" the work on the "Kingdom of Christ," not to mention others, are well worthy of universal perusal. They abound in views both original and just, stated with all the author's aptness of illustration and transparency of language. We may remark, too, that in many of his *occasional sermons*, he has incidentally added many most beautiful fragments to that ever-accumulating mass of internal evidence which the Scriptures themselves supply in their very structure, and which is evolved by diligent investigation of the relation and coherence of one part of them with another. We are also rejoiced to see that a small and unpretending, but very powerful, little tract, by the same writer, entitled "Introductory Lessons on Christian Evidences," has passed through many editions, has been translated into most of the European languages, and, amongst the rest, very recently into German, with an appropriate preface, by Professor Abeltzhauser, of the University of Dublin. It shows to demonstration that as much of the evidence of Christianity as is necessary for conviction may be made perfectly clear to the meanest capacity; and that, in spite of the assertions of Rome and of Oxford to the contrary, the apostolic injunction to *every* Christian to be ready to render a *reason* "for the hope that is in him,"—somewhat better than that no reason of the Hindoo or the Hottentot, that he believes what he is told, *without* any reason except that he is told it,—is an injunction possible to be obeyed.

to *his* children, so the present subject admits of similar illustration. What God does with us in that process of moral education to which we have just adverted, is exactly what every wise parent endeavors to do with his children,—though by methods, as we may well judge, proportionably less perfect. Man too instinctively, or by reflection, adapts himself to the nature of his children; and seeing that only so far as it is justly trained can they be happy, makes the harmonious and concurrent development of *their* reason and *their* faith his object; he, too, endeavors to teach them that without which they cannot be happy,—obedience, but a *reasonable* obedience. He gives them, in his general procedure and conduct, sufficient proofs of his superior knowledge, superior wisdom, and unchanging love; and secure in the general effect of this, he leaves them to receive by *faith* many things which he cannot explain to them if he would, till they get older; many things which he *can* only partially explain; and many others which he might more perfectly explain, but *will* not, partly as a test of their docility, and partly to invite and necessitate the healthy and energetic exercise of their reason in finding out the explanation for themselves. Confiding in the same general effect of his procedure and conduct, he does not hesitate, when the foresight of their ultimate welfare justifies it, to draw still more largely on their faith, in acts of apparent harshness and severity. Time, he knows, will show, though perhaps not till his yearning heart has ceased to beat for their welfare, that all that he did, he did in love. He knows, too, that if his lessons are taken aright, and his children become the good and happy men he wishes them to be, they will say, as they visit his sepulchre, and recall with sorrow the once unappreciated love which animated him,—and perhaps with a sorrow, deeper still, remember the transient resentments caused by a salutary severity: "He was indeed a friend; he corrected us not for his pleasure, but for our profit; and what we once thought was caprice or passion, we now *know* was love."

These analogies afford a true, though most imperfect, representation of the moral discipline to which Supreme Wisdom is subjecting us; and as we are accustomed to despair of any child with whom paternal experience and authority go for nothing, unless he *can* fully understand the intrinsic *reasons* for every *special* act of duty which that experience and authority dictate; as we are sure that he who has not learned to obey when

young will never, when of age, know how to govern either himself or others; so a similar conduct in all the children of dust toward the Father of Spirits justifies a still more gloomy augury; inasmuch as the difference between the knowledge of man and the ignorance of a child, absolutely vanishes, in comparison with that interval which must ever subsist between the knowledge of the Eternal and the ignorance of man.

The remarks that have been made are not uncalled for in the present day. For, unfortunately, it is now easy to detect in many classes of minds a tendency to divorce Reason from Faith, or Faith from Reason; and to proclaim that "what God hath joined together" shall henceforth exist in alienation. We see this tendency manifested in relation both to Natural Theology, and to Revealed Religion. The old conflict between the claims of these two guiding principles of man (in no age wholly suppressed) is visibly renewed in our day. In relation to Christianity especially, there are large classes amongst us who press the claims of faith so far, that it would become, if they had their will, an utterly unreasonable faith; some of whom do not scruple to speak slightly of the evidences which substantiate Christianity; to decry and depreciate the study of them; to pronounce that study unnecessary; and even in many cases to insinuate their insufficiency. They are loud in the mean time in extolling a faith which, as Whately truly observes, is no whit better than the faith of a heathen; who has no other or better reason to offer for his religion than that his father told him it was true! But this plainly is not the intelligent faith which, as we have seen, is everywhere inculcated and applauded in the Scriptures; it is not that faith by which Christianity, appealing, in the midst of a multitude of such traditional religions, to palpable evidence addressed to men's senses and understandings (in a way no other religion ever did), everywhere destroyed the systems for which their votaries could only say that their fathers told them they were true. And yet this blind belief in such tradition, many advocates of Christianity would now enjoin us to imitate! It might have occurred to them, one would think, that, on their principles, Christianity never could have succeeded; for every mind must have been hopelessly pre-occupied against all examination of its claims. It is, indeed, incomparably better that a man should be a sincere Christian even by an utterly unreasoning and passive faith (if that be possible), than no Christian

at all; but at the best, such a man is a possessor of the truth only by accident: he ought to have, and, if he be a sincere disciple of truth, will seek, some more solid grounds for holding it. But it is but too obvious, we fear, that the disposition to enjoin this obsequious mood of mind is prompted by a strong desire to revive the ancient empire of priestcraft and the pretensions of ecclesiastical despotism; to secure re-admission to the human mind of extravagant and preposterous claims, which their advocates are sadly conscious rest on no solid foundation. They feel that as reason is not *with* them, it must be *against* them; and reason, therefore, they are determined to exclude.

But the experience of the present "developments" of Oxford teaching may serve to show us how infinitely perilous is this course; and how fearfully, both outraged reason and outraged faith will avenge the wrongs done them by their alienation and disjunction. Those results, indeed, we predicted in 1843; before a single leader of the Oxford school had gone over to Rome, and before any tendencies to the opposite extreme of Scepticism had manifested themselves. We then affirmed that, on the one hand, those who were contending for the corruptions of the fourth century could not possibly find footing there, but must inevitably seek their ultimate resting-place in Rome—a prediction which has been too amply fulfilled; and that, on the other, the extravagant pretensions put forth on behalf of an uninquiring faith, and the desperate assertion that the "evidence for Christianity" was no stronger than that for "Church Principles," must, by reaction, lead on to an outbreak of infidelity. That prophecy, too, has been to the letter accomplished. We then said—"We have seen it recently asserted by some of the Oxford school that there is as much reason for rejecting the most essential doctrines of Christianity—nay, Christianity itself—as for rejecting their 'church principles.' That, in short, we have as much reason for being infidels as for rejecting the doctrine of Apostolical succession! What other effect such reasoning can have than that of compelling men to believe that there is nothing between infidelity and popery, and of urging them to make a selection between the two, we know not. . . . Indeed, we fully expect that, as a reaction of the present extravagancies, of the revival of obsolete superstition, we shall have ere long to fight over again the battle with a modified form of infidelity, as now with a modified form of

popery. Thus, probably, for some time to come, will the human mind continue to oscillate between the extremes of error; but with a diminished arc at each vibration; until truth shall at last prevail, and compel it to repose in the centre."\*

The offensive displays of self-sufficiency and flippancy, of ignorance and presumption, found in the productions of the apostles of the new infidelity of Oxford, (of which we shall have a few words to say by-and-by) are the natural and instructive, though most painful, result of attempting to give predominance to one principle of our nature, where two or more are designed reciprocally to guard and check each other; and such results must ever follow such attempts. The excellence of man—so complexly constituted is his nature—*must* consist in the harmonious action and proper balance of all the constituents of that nature; the equilibrium he sighs for must be the result of the combined action of forces operating in different directions; of his reason, his faith, his appetites, his affections, his emotions; when these operate each in due proportion, then, and then only, can he be at rest. It may, indeed, transcend any calculus of man to estimate exactly the several elements in this complicated polygon of forces; but we are at least sure that, if any one principle be so developed as to supersede another, no safe equipoise will be attained. We all know familiarly enough that this is the case when the affections or the appetites are more powerful than the reason and the conscience, instead of being in subjection to them: but it is not less the case, though the result is not so palpable, when reason and faith either exclude one another, or trench on each other's domain; when one is pampered and the other starved.† Hence the perils attendant upon their attempted separation, and the ruin which results from their actual alienation and hostility. There is no depth of dreary superstition into which men may not sink in the one case, and no extravagance of ignorant

presumption to which they may not soar in the other. It is only by the mutual and alternate action of these different forces that man can safely navigate his little bark through the narrow straits and by the dangerous rocks which impede his course; and if Faith spread not the sail to the breeze, or if Reason desert the helm, we are in equal peril.

If it be said that this is a disconsolate and dreary doctrine; that man seeks and needs a simpler navigation than this troublesome and intricate course, by star and chart, compass and lead line; and that this responsibility, of ever

"Sounding on his dim and perilous way,"

is too grave for so feeble a nature; we answer that such *is* his actual condition. This is a plain matter of fact which cannot be denied. The various principles of his constitution, and his position in relation to the external world, obviously and absolutely subject him to this very responsibility throughout his whole course in this life. It is never remitted or abated: resolves are necessitated upon imperfect evidence; and action imperatively demanded amidst doubts and difficulties in which reason is not satisfied, and faith is required. To argue, therefore, that God cannot have left man to such uncertainty, is to argue, as the pertinacious lawyer did, who, on seeing a man in the stocks, asked him what he was there for; and on being told, said, "They cannot put you there for *that*." "But I am here," was the laconic answer.

The analogy, then, of man's whole condition in this life might lead us to expect the same system of procedure throughout; that the evidence which substantiates *religious* truth, and claims *religious* action, would involve this responsibility as well as that which substantiates *other* kinds of truth, and demands *other* kinds of action. And after all, what else, in either case, could answer the purpose, *if* (as already said) this world be the school of training of man's moral nature? How else could the discipline of his faculties, the exercise of patience, humility, and fortitude, be secured? How, except amidst a state of things less than certainty—whether under the form of that passive faith which *mimics* the possession of absolute certainty, or absolute certainty itself—could man's nature be trained to combined self-reliance and self-distrust, circumspection and resolution, and, above all, to confidence in God? Man cannot be nursed and dandled into the manhood of his nature, by that unthinking faith which

\* *Oxford Tract School*, Ed. Rev., April, 1843.

† It has been our lot to meet with disciples of the Oxford Tract School, who have, by a fatal indulgence of an appetite of belief, brought themselves to believe any mediæval miracle, nay, any ghost story, without examination, saying, with a solemn face, "It is better to believe than to reason." They believe as they *will* to believe; and thus is reason avenged. Reason, similarly indulged, believes, with Mr. Foxton and Mr. Froude, that a miracle is even an *impossibility*; and this is the "Nemesis" of faith.



leaves no doubts to be felt, and no objections to be weighed. Nor can his docility ever be tested, if he is never called upon to believe anything which it would not be an absurdity and contradiction to deny. This species of responsibility, then, not only cannot be dispensed with, but is absolutely necessary; and, consequently, however desirable it may appear that we should have furnished to us that short path to certainty which a pretended infallibility\* promises to man, or that equally short path which leads to the same termination, by telling us that we are to believe nothing which we cannot *demonstrate* to be true, or which, *a priori*, we may presume to be false, must be a path which leads astray. In the one case, how can the "reasonable service" which Scripture demands—the enlightened love and conscientious investigation of *truth*—its reception, not without doubts, but against doubts—how could all this co-exist with a faith which presents the whole sum of religion in the formulary, "I am to believe without a doubt, and perform without hesitation, whatever my guide, Parson A., tells me?" Not that, even in that case (as has often been shown), the man would be relieved from the necessity of absolutely depending on the dreaded exercise of his private judgment; for he must at least have exercised it once for all (unless each man is to remit his religion wholly to the accident of his birth), and that on two of the most arduous of all questions: first, *which* of several churches, pretending to infallibility, is truly infallible? and next, whether the man may infallibly regard his worthy Parson A. as an infallible expounder of that infallibility? But, supposing this stupendous difficulty surmounted, though *then*, it is true, all may seem genuine faith, in reality there is none: where absolute infallibility is *supposed* to have been attained (even though erroneously), faith, in strict propriety—certainly *that* faith which is alone of any value as an instrument of men's moral training,—which recognizes and intelligently struggles with objections and difficulties—is impossible. Men may be said, in such case, to *know*, but can hardly be

said to believe. Before Columbus had seen America, he *believed* in its existence; but when he *had* seen it, his faith became knowledge. Equally impossible, and for the same reason, is any place for faith on the opposite hypothesis; for if man is to believe nothing but what his reason can comprehend, and to act only upon evidence which amounts to certainty, the same paradox is true; for when there is no reason to doubt, there can be none to believe. Faith ever stands between conflicting probabilities; but her position is (if we may use the metaphor) the centre of gravity between them, and will be proportionably nearer the greater mass.

In the mean time that arduous responsibility which attaches to man, and which is obviated neither by an implicit faith in a human infallibility, nor an exclusive reference of that faith to cases in which reason is synonymous with demonstration, that is, to cases which leave no room for it, is at once relieved, and effectually relieved, by the maxim—the key-stone of all ethical truth—that only voluntary error condemns us;—that all we are really responsible for, is a faithful, honest, patient, investigation and weighing of evidence, as far as our abilities and opportunities admit, and a conscientious pursuit of what we honestly deem truth, wherever it may lead us. We concede that a really dispassionate and patient conduct in this respect is what man is too ready to assume he has practiced,—and this fallacy cannot be too sedulously guarded against. But that guilty liability to self-deception, does not militate against the truth of the representation now made. It is his *duty* to see that he does not abuse the maxim,—that he does not rashly acquiesce in any conclusion that he *wishes* to be true, or which he is too lazy to examine. If all *possible* diligence and honesty have been exerted in the search, the statement of Chillingworth, bold as it is, we should not hesitate to adopt, in all the vigor of his own language. It is to the effect, that "if in him alone there were a confluence of all the errors which have befallen the sincere professors of Christianity, he should not be so much afraid of them, as to ask God's pardon for them;" absolutely involuntary error being justly regarded by him as blameless.

On the other hand, we firmly believe, from the natural relations of truth with the constitution of the mind of man, that, with the exception of a very few cases of obliquity of intellect, which may safely be left to the merciful interpretations and apologies of Him

\* See Archbishop Whately's admirable discourse, entitled "The Search after Infallibility, considered in reference to the Danger of Religious Errors arising within the Church, in the primitive as well as in all later Ages." He here makes excellent use of the fruitful principle of Butler's great work, by showing that, however *desirable*, *a priori*, an infallible guide would seem to fallible man, God *in fact* has everywhere denied it; and that, in denying it in relation to religion, he has acted only as he always acts.

who created such intellects, those who thus honestly and industriously "seek" shall "find;" not all truth, indeed, but enough to secure their safety; and that whatever remaining errors may infest and disfigure the truth they have attained, they shall not be imputed to them for sin. According to the image which apostolic eloquence has employed, the baser materials which unavoidable haste, prejudice, and ignorance may have incorporated with the gold of the edifice, will be consumed by the fire which "will try every man's work of what sort it is," but he himself will be saved amidst those purifying flames. Like the bark which contained the Apostle and the fortunes of the Gospel, the frail vessel may go to pieces on the rocks, but "by boat or plank" the voyager himself shall "get safe to shore."

It is amply sufficient, then, to lighten our responsibility, that we are answerable only for our honest endeavors to discover and to practice the truth; and, in fact, the responsibility is principally felt to be irksome, and man is so prompt by devices of his own, to release himself from it, not on account of any intrinsic difficulty which remains after the above limitations are admitted, but because he wishes to be exempted from that very necessity of patient and honest investigation. It is not so much the difficulty of *finding*, as the trouble of *seeking* the truth, from which he shrinks; a necessity, however, from which, as it is an essential instrument of his moral education and discipline, he can never be released.

If the previous representations be true, the conditions of that intelligent faith which God requires from his intelligent offspring, may be fairly inferred to be such as we have already stated;—that the evidence for the truths we are to believe shall be, first, such as our faculties are competent to appreciate, and against which, therefore, the mere negative argument arising from our ignorance of the true solution of such difficulties, as are, perhaps, insoluble because we are finite, can be no reply; and, secondly, such an amount of this evidence as shall fairly overbalance all the objections which we can appreciate. This is the condition to which God has obviously subjected us as inhabitants of this world; and it is on such evidence we are here perpetually acting. We now believe a thousand things we cannot fully comprehend. We may not see the *intrinsic* evidence of their truth, but their *extrinsic* evidence is sufficient to induce us unhesitatingly to believe, and to act upon them. When that evidence is sufficient in amount, we allow it to overbear

all the individual difficulties and perplexities which hang round the truths to which it is applied, unless, indeed, such difficulties can be *proved* to involve absolute contradictions; for these, of course, no evidence can substantiate. For example, in a thousand cases, a certain combination of merely circumstantial evidence in favor of a certain judicial decision, is familiarly allowed to vanquish all apparent discrepancy on particular and subordinate points;—the want of concurrence in the evidence of the witnesses on such points shall not cause a shadow of a doubt as to the conclusion. For we feel that it is far more improbable that the conclusion should be untrue, than that the difficulty we cannot solve is truly incapable of a solution; and when the evidence reaches this point the objection no longer troubles us.

It is the same with historic investigations. There are ten thousand facts in history which no one doubts, though the narrators of them may materially vary in their version, and though some of the circumstances alleged may be in appearance inexplicable. But the last thing a man would think of doing, in such cases, would be to neglect the preponderant evidence on account of the residuum of insoluble objections. He does not, in short, allow his ignorance to control his knowledge, nor the evidence which he has not got to destroy what he has; and the less so, that experience has taught him that in many cases such apparent difficulties have been cleared up, in the course of time, and by the progress of knowledge, and proved to be contradictions in appearance only.

It is the same with the conclusions of natural philosophy, when well proved by experiment, however unaccountable for awhile may be the discrepancy with apparently opposing phenomena. No one disbelieves the Copernican theory now; though thousands did for awhile, on what they believed the irrefragable evidence of their senses. Now, let us only suppose the Copernican theory not to have been discovered by human reason, but made known by revelation, and its reception enjoined on faith, leaving the apparent inconsistency with the evidence of the senses just as it was. Thousands, no doubt, would have said, that no such evidence *could* justify them in disbelieving their own eyes, and that such an insoluble objection was sufficient to overturn the evidence. Yet we now see, in point of fact, that it is not only possible, but true, that the objection was apparent only, and admits of a complete solution. Thousands accordingly receive phi-

losophy—this very philosophy—on testimony which apparently contradicts their senses, without even yet knowing more of it than if it were revealed from heaven. This gives too much reason to suspect, that in other and higher cases, the *will* has much to do with human scepticism. Nor do we well know what thousands who neglect religion on account of the alleged uncertainty of its evidence could reply, if God were to say to them, "And yet on *such* evidence, and that far inferior in degree, you have never hesitated to *act*, when your own temporal interests were concerned. You never feared to commit the bark of your worldly fortunes to that fluctuating element. In many cases you believed on the testimony of others what seemed even to contradict your own senses. Why were you so much more scrupulous in relation to ME?"

The above examples are fair illustrations, we venture to think, of the conditions under which we are required to believe the far higher truths, attended no doubt with great difficulties, which are authenticated in the pages of the two volumes (Nature and Scripture) which God has put into our hands to study; of the conditions to which He subjects us in training us for a future state, and developing in us the twofold perfection involved in the words "a reasonable faith." If the considerations just urged were duly borne in mind, we cannot help thinking that they would afford (where any modesty remained) an answer to most of those forms of unbelief which, from time to time, rise up in the world, and not least in our own day. These are usually founded on one or more supposed insoluble objections, arising out of our ignorance. The probability that they are incapable of solution is rashly assumed, and made to overbear the far stronger probability arising from the positive and appreciable evidence which substantiates the truths involved in those difficulties: a course the more unreasonable inasmuch as—first, many such difficulties might be *expected*; and, secondly, in analogous cases, we see that many such difficulties have in time disappeared. On the other hand, it is, no doubt, much more easy to insist on individual objections, which no man can effectually answer, than it is to appreciate at once the *total effect* of many lines of argument, and many sources of evidence, all bearing on one point. That difficulty was long ago beautifully stated by Butler,\* in a passage

\* "The truth of our religion, like the truth of common matters, is to be judged of by all the evidence taken together. And, unless the whole series of things which may be alleged in this argument,

well worthy of the reader's perusal; and as Pascal had observed before him, not only is it difficult, but impossible, for the human mind to *retain* the impression of a large combination of evidence, even if it could for a moment *fully* realize the collective effect of the whole. But it cannot do even this, any more than the eye can take in at once, in mass and detail, the objects of an extensive landscape.

Let us now be permitted briefly to apply the preceding principles to two of the greatest controversies which have exercised the minds of men; that which relates to the existence of God, and that which relates to the truth of Christianity; in both of which, if we mistake not, man's position is precisely similar—placed, that is, amidst evidence abundantly sufficient to justify his reasonable faith, and yet attended with difficulties abundantly sufficient to baffle an indocile reason.

Without entering into the many different sources of argument for the existence of a Supreme Intelligence, we shall only refer to that proof on which all theists, savage and civilized, in some form or other, rely—the traces of an "eternal power and godhead" in the visible creation. The argument depends on a principle which, whatever may be its metaphysical history or origin, is one which man perpetually recognizes, which every act of his own consciousness verifies, which he applies fearlessly to every phenomenon, known or unknown; and it is this,—That every effect has a cause (though he knows nothing of their connection), and that effects which bear marks of design have a designing cause. This principle is so familiar that if he were to affect to doubt it in any *practical* case in human life, he would only be laughed at as a fool, or pitied as insane.

The evidence, then, which substantiates the greatest and first of truths mainly depends on a principle perfectly familiar and perfectly recognized. Man can estimate the *nature* of that evidence; and the *amount* of it, in this instance, he sees to be as vast as the sum of created objects;—nay, far more, for it is as vast as the sum of their relations.

and every particular thing in it, can reasonably be supposed to have been by accident (for here the stress of the argument for Christianity lies), then is the truth of it proved. . . . It is obvious how much advantage the nature of this evidence gives to those persons who attack Christianity, especially in conversation. For it is easy to show in a short and lively manner that such and such things are liable to objection, but impossible to show, in like manner, the united force of the whole argument in one view."  
—*Analogy*, part II. chap. vii.

So that if (as is apt to be the case) the difficulties of realizing this tremendous truth are in proportion to the extent of knowledge and the powers of reflection, the evidence we can perfectly appreciate is cumulative in an equal or still higher proportion. Obvious as are the marks of design in each individual object, the sum of proof is not merely the sum of such indications, but that sum infinitely multiplied by the relations established and preserved amongst all these objects ; by the adjustment which harmonizes them all into one system, and impresses on all the parts of the universe a palpable order and subordination. While even in a single part of an organized being (as a hand or an eye) the traces of design are not to be mistaken, these are indefinitely multiplied by similar proofs of contrivance in the many individual organs of one such being—as of an entire animal or vegetable. These are yet to be multiplied by the harmonious relations which are established of mutual proportion and subserviency amongst all the organs of any one such being : And as many beings even of that one species or class as there are, so many multiples are there of the same proofs. Similar indications yield similar proofs of design in each individual *part*, and in the *whole* individual of *all* the individuals of every other class of beings ; and this sum of proof is again to be multiplied by the proofs of design in the adjustment and mutual dependence and subordination of each of these *classes* of organized beings to every other, and to all ; of the vegetable to the animal—of the lower animal to the higher. Their magnitudes, numbers, physical force, faculties, functions, duration of life, rates of multiplication and development, sources of subsistence, must all have been determined in exact ratios, and could not transgress certain limits without involving the whole universe in confusion. This amazing sum of probabilities is yet to be further augmented by the fact that all these classes of organized substances are intimately related to those great elements of the material world in which they live, to which they are adapted, and which are adapted to them ; that all of them are subject to the influence of certain mighty and subtle agencies which pervade all nature,—and which are of such tremendous potency that any *chance* error in their proportions of activity would be sufficient to destroy all, and which yet are exquisitely balanced and inscrutably harmonized.

The proofs of design arising from the relations thus maintained between all the parts,

from the most minute to the most vast, of our own world, are still to be further multiplied by the inconceivably momentous relations subsisting between our own and other planets, and their common centre ; amidst whose sublime and solemn phenomena science has most clearly discovered that everything is accurately adjusted by geometrical precision of force and movement ; where the *chances* of error are infinite, and the proofs of intelligence, therefore, equal. These proofs of design in each fragment of the universe, and in all combined, are continually further multiplied by every fresh discovery, whether in the minute or the vast—by the microscope or the telescope ; for every fresh law that is discovered, being in harmony with all that has previously been discovered, not only yields its own proof of design, but infinitely more, by all the relations in which it stands to other laws ; it yields, in fact, as many as there are adjustments which have been effected between itself and all besides. Each new proof of design, therefore, is not a solitary fact ; but one which, entering as another element into a most complex machinery, indefinitely multiplies the combinations, in any one of which chance might have gone astray. From this infinite array of proofs of design, it seems to man's reason, in ordinary moods, stark madness to account for the phenomena of the universe upon any other supposition than that which does account, and can alone account for them all,—the supposition of a Presiding Intelligence, illimitable alike in power and in wisdom.

The only difficulty is justly to appreciate such an argument—to obtain a sufficiently vivid impression of such an accumulation of probabilities. This very difficulty, indeed, in some moods, may minister to a temporary doubt. For let us catch man in those moods,—perhaps after long meditation on the metaphysical grounds of human belief,—and he begins to doubt, with unusual modesty, whether the child of dust is warranted to conclude *anything* on a subject which loses itself in the infinite, and which so far transcends all his powers of apprehension ; he begins half to doubt, with Hume, whether he can reason analogically from the petty specimens of human ingenuity to phenomena so vast and so unique ; a misgiving which is strengthened by reflecting on all those to him incomprehensible inferences to which the *admission* of the argument leads him, and which seem almost to involve contradictions. Let him ponder for awhile, the ideas involved in the notion of Self-subsistence, Eternity, Creation ;

of Power, Wisdom, and Knowledge, so unlimited as to embrace at once all things, and all their relations, actual and possible,—this “unlimited” expanding into a dim apprehension of the “infinite;”—of infinitude of attributes, omnipresent in every point of space, and yet but one and not many infinities;—let him once humbly ponder such incomprehensible difficulties as these, and he will soon feel that though in the argument from design, there seemed but one vast scene of triumph for his reason, there is as large a scene of exertion left for his faith. That faith he ordinarily yields; he sees it is justified by those proofs of the great truth he can appreciate, and which he will not allow to be controlled by the difficulties his conscious feebleness cannot solve; and the rather, that he sees that if he does not accept that evidence, he has equally incomprehensible difficulties to encounter, and two or three stark contradictions into the bargain. His reason, therefore, triumphs in the proofs, and his faith triumphs over the difficulties.

It is the same with the doctrine of the Divine government of the world. In ordinary states of mind, man counts it an absurdity to suppose that the Deity would have created a world to abandon it; that, having employed wisdom and power so vast in its construction, he would leave it to be the sport of chance. He feels that the intuitions of right and wrong; the voice of conscience; satisfaction in well-doing; remorse for crime; the present tendency, at least, of the laws of the universe,—all point to the same conclusion, while their imperfect fulfillment equally points to a future and more accurate adjustment. Yet let the man look exclusively for awhile on the opposite side of the tapestry; let him brood over any of the facts which seem at war with the above conclusion; on some signal triumph of baseness and malignity; on oppressed virtue, on triumphant vice; on “the wicked spreading himself like a green bay-tree;” and especially on the mournful and inscrutable mystery of the “Origin of Evil,” and he feels that “clouds and darkness” envelop the administration of the Moral Governor, though “justice and judgment are the habitation of his throne.” The evidences above mentioned for the last conclusion are direct and positive, and such as man can appreciate; the difficulties spring from his limited capacity, or imperfect glimpses of a very small segment of the universal plan. Nor are those difficulties less upon the opposite hypothesis; and they are there further burdened with two or three ad-

ditional absurdities. The preponderant evidence, far from removing the difficulties, scarcely touches them—yet it is felt to be sufficient to *justify* faith, though most abundant faith is required still.

Are the evidences, then, in behalf of Christianity *less* of a nature which man can appreciate? or *can* the difficulties involved in its reception be greater than in the preceding cases? If not, and if, moreover, while the evidence turns as before on principles with which we are familiar, the more formidable objections, as before, are such that we are not competent to decide upon their absolute insolubility, we see how man ought to act; that is, not to let his ignorance control his knowledge, but to let his reason accept the proofs which justify his faith, in accepting the difficulties. In no case is he, it appears, warranted to look for the certainty which shall exclude (whatever the triumphs of his reason) a gigantic exercise of his faith. Let us briefly consider a few of the evidences. And in order to give the statement a little novelty, we shall indicate the principal topics of evidence, not by enumerating what the advocate of Christianity believes in believing it to be true, but what the infidel *must* believe in believing it to be false. The *a priori* objection to Miracles we shall briefly touch afterward.

First, then, in relation to the Miracles of the New Testament, whether they be supposed masterly frauds on men’s senses committed at the time and by the parties supposed in the records, or fictions (designed or accidental) subsequently fabricated—but still, in either case, undeniably successful and triumphant beyond all else in the history whether of fraud or fiction—the infidel must believe as follows: On the *first* hypothesis, he must believe that a vast number of apparent miracles—involving the most astounding phenomena—such as the instant restoration of the sick, blind, deaf, and lame, and the resurrection of the dead—performed in open day, amidst multitudes of malignant enemies—imposed alike on *all*, and triumphed at once over the strongest prejudices and the deepest enmity;—those who received them and those who rejected them differing only in the certainly not very trifling particular—as to whether they came from heaven or from hell. He must believe that those who were thus successful in this extraordinary conspiracy against men’s senses and against common sense, were Galilæan Jews, such as all history of the period represents them; ignorant, obscure, illiterate; and, above all, previously bigoted, like all their countrymen, to the very

system, of which, together with all other religions on the earth, they modestly meditated the abrogation; he must believe that, appealing to these astounding frauds in the face both of Jews and Gentiles as an open evidence of the truth of a new revelation, and demanding on the strength of them that *their* countrymen should surrender a religion which they acknowledged to be divine, and that all other nations should abandon their scarcely less venerable systems of superstition, they rapidly succeeded in both these very probable adventures; and in a few years, though without arms, power, wealth, or science, were, to an enormous extent, victorious over all prejudice, philosophy, and persecution; and in three centuries took nearly undisputed possession, amongst many nations, of the temples of the ejected deities. He must farther believe that the original performers, in these prodigious frauds on the world, acted not only without any assignable motive, but against all assignable motive; that they maintained this uniform constancy in unprofitable falsehoods, not only together, but separately, in different countries, before different tribunals, under all sorts of examinations and cross-examinations, and in defiance of the gyves, the scourge, the axe, the cross, the stake; that those whom they persuaded to join their enterprise, persisted like themselves in the same obstinate belief of the same "cunningly devised" frauds; and though they had many accomplices in their singular conspiracy, had the equally singular fortune to free themselves and their coadjutors from all transient weakness toward their cause and treachery toward one another; and, lastly, that these men, having, amidst all their ignorance, originality enough to invent the most pure and sublime system of morality which the world has ever listened to, had, amidst all their conscious villany, the effrontery to preach it, and, which is more extraordinary, the inconsistency to practice it!\*

On the *second* of the above-mentioned hypotheses, that these miracles were either a congeries of deeply contrived fictions, or accidental *myths*, subsequently invented, the infidel must believe, on the *former* supposition, that, though even transient success in literary forgery, when there are any prejudi-

\* So far as we have any knowledge from history, this must have been the case; and Gibbon fully admits and insists upon it. Indeed, no infidel hypothesis can afford to do without the *virtues* of the early Christians in accounting for the success of the *falsehoods* of Christianity. Hard alternatives of a wayward hypothesis!

ces to resist, is among the rarest of occurrences; yet that *these* forgeries—the hazardous work of many minds, making the most outrageous pretensions, and necessarily challenging the opposition of Jew and Gentile, were successful, beyond all imagination, over the hearts of mankind; and have continued to impose, by an exquisite appearance of artless truth, and a most elaborate mosaic of feigned events artfully cemented into the ground of true history, on the acutest minds of different races and different ages; while, on the *second* supposition, he must believe that accident and chance have given to these legends their exquisite appearance of historic plausibility; and on *either* supposition, he must believe (what is still more wonderful) that the world, while the fictions were being published, and in the known absence of the facts they asserted to be true, suffered itself to be befooled *into* the belief of their truth, and *out* of its belief of all the systems it *did* previously believe to be true; and that it acted thus notwithstanding persecution from without, as well as prejudice from within; that, strange to say, the strictest historic investigations bring this compilation of fictions or myths—even by the admission of Strauss himself—within thirty or forty years of the very time in which all the alleged wonders they relate are said to have occurred; wonders which the perverse world knew it had *not* seen, but which it was determined to believe in spite of evidence, prejudice, and persecution! In addition to all this, the infidel must believe that the men who were engaged in the compilation of these monstrous fictions, chose them as the vehicle of the purest morality; and, though the most pernicious deceivers of mankind, were yet the most scrupulous preachers of veracity and benevolence! Surely of him, who can receive all these paradoxes—and they form but a small part of what might be mentioned—we may say, "O infidel, great is thy Faith!"

On the supposition that neither of these theories, whether of fraud or fiction, will account, if taken by itself, for the whole of the supernatural phenomena, which strew the pages of the New Testament, then the objector, who relies on *both*, must believe, in turn, *both* sets of the above paradoxes; and then, with still more reason than before, may we exclaim, "O infidel, great is thy Faith!"

Again; he must believe that *all* those apparent coincidences, which *seem* to connect Prophecy with the *facts* of the origin and history of Christianity,—some, embracing events too vast for hazardous speculations, and oth-

ers, incidents too minute for it,—are purely fortuitous; that *all* the cases in which the event seems to tally with the prediction, are mere chance coincidences: and he must believe this, amongst other events, of two of the most *unlikely* to which human sagacity was *likely* to pledge itself, and yet which have as undeniably occurred, (and *after* the predictions) as they were a *priori* improbable and anomalous in the world's history: the one is, that the Jews should exist as a distinct nation in the very bosom of all other nations, without extinction and without amalgamation,—other nations and even races having so readily melted away under less than half the influences which have been at work upon them;\* the other, an opposite paradox,—that a religion, propagated by ignorant, obscure, and penniless vagabonds, should diffuse itself amongst the most diverse nations in spite of all opposition,—it being the rarest of phenomena to find *any* religion which is capable of transcending the limits of race, clime, and the scene of its historic origin; a religion which, if transplanted, will not die; a religion which is more than a local or national growth of superstition! That *such* a religion as Christianity should so easily break these barriers, and though supposed to be cradled in ignorance, fanaticism, and fraud, should, without force of arms, and in the face of persecution, ride forth “conquering and to conquer,” through a long career of victories, defying the power of kings and emptying the temples of deities,—who, but an *infidel*, has *faith* enough to believe?†

\* The case of the Gipsies, often alleged as a parallel, is a ludicrous evasion of the argument. These few and scattered vagabonds, whose very safety has been obscurity and contempt, have never attracted toward them a thousandth part of the attention, or the hundred thousandth part of the cruelties, which have been directed against the Jews. Had it been otherwise, they would long since have melted away from every country in Europe. We repeat, that the existence of a nation for 1800 years in the bosom of all nations, conquered and persecuted, yet never extinguished, and the propagation of a religion amongst *different* races without force, and even against it,—are both, so far as known, paradoxes in history.

† “They may say,” says Butler, “that the conformity between the prophecies and the event is by accident; but there are many instances in which such conformity itself cannot be denied.” His whole remarks on the subject, and especially those on the *impression* to be derived from the *multitude* of apparent coincidences, in a long series of prophecies, some vast, some minute; and the improbability of their all being accidental, are worthy of his comprehensive genius. It is on the effect of the whole, not on single coincidences, that the argument depends.

Once more, then: if, from the external evidences of this religion, we pass to those which the only records by which we know anything of its nature and origin supplies, the infidel must believe, amongst other paradoxes, that it is *probable* that a knot of obscure and despised plebeians—regarded as the scum of a nation which was itself regarded as the scum of all other nations—originated the purest, most elevated, and most *influential* theory of ethics the world has ever seen; that a system of sublimest truth, expressed with unparalleled simplicity, sprang from ignorance; that precepts enjoining the most refined sanctity were inculcated by imposture; that the first injunctions to universal love broke from the lips of bigotry! He must further believe that these men exemplified the ideal perfection of that beautiful system in the most unique, original, and faultless picture of virtue ever conceived—a picture which has extorted the admiration even of those who could not believe it to be a *portrait*, and who have yet confessed themselves unable to account for it *except* as such.\* He must believe, too, that these ignorant and fraudulent Galilæans voluntarily aggravated the difficulty of their task, by exhibiting their proposed ideal, not by bare enumeration and description of qualities, but by the most arduous of all methods of representation—that of dramatic action; and, what is more, that they succeeded; that in that representation they undertook to make him act with sublime consistency in scenes of the most extraordinary character and the most touching pathos, and utter moral truth in the most exquisite fictions in which such truth was ever embodied; and that again they succeeded; that so ineffably rich in genius were these obscure wretches, that no less than *four* of them were found equal to this intellectual achievement; and while each has told many events, and given many traits which the others have omitted, that they have all performed their task in the same unique style of invention and the same unearthly

\* To Christ alone, of all the characters ever portrayed to man, belongs that assemblage of qualities which *equally* attract love and veneration; to him alone belong in perfection those rare traits which the Roman historian, with affectionate flattery, attributes too absolutely to the merely mortal object of his eulogy: “Nec illi, quod est rarissimum, aut facilitas, auctoritatem, aut severitas amorem, deminuit.” Still more beautiful is the Apostle's description of superiority to all human failings, with ineffable pity for human sorrows: “He can be touched with the feeling of our infirmities, though without sin.”



tone of art; that one and all, while preserving each his own individuality, has, nevertheless, attained a certain majestic simplicity of style unlike anything else (not only in any writings of their own nation, *except* their alleged sacred writings, and infinitely superior to anything which their successors, Jews or Christians, though with the advantage of these models, could ever attain), but, unlike any acknowledged human writings in the world, and possessing the singular property of being capable of ready transfusion, without the loss of a thought or a grace, into every language spoken by man; he must believe that these fabricators of fiction, in common with the many other contributors to the New Testament, most insanely added to the difficulty of their task by delivering the whole in fragments and in the most various kinds of composition,—in biography, history, travels, and familiar letters; incorporating and interfusing with the whole an amazing number of minute facts, historic allusions and specific references to persons, places, and dates, as if for the very purpose of supplying posterity with the easy means of detecting their impositions: he must believe that, in spite of their thus encountering what Paley calls the “danger of scattering names and circumstances in writings where nothing but truth can preserve consistency,” they so happily succeeded, that whole volumes have been employed in pointing out their latent and often most recondite congruities; many of them lying so deep, and coming out after such comparison of various passages and collateral lights, that they could never have answered the purposes of fraud, even if the most prodigious genius for fraud had been equal to the fabrication; congruities which, in fact, were never suspected to exist till they were expressly elicited by the attacks of infidelity, and were evidently never thought of by the writers; he must believe that they were profoundly sagacious enough to construct such a fabric of artful harmonies, and yet such simpletons as, by doing infinitely more than was necessary, to encounter infinite risks of detection, to no purpose; sagacious enough to out-do all that sagacity has ever done, as shown by the effects, and yet not sagacious enough to be merely *specious*: and finally, he must believe that these illiterate impostors had the art in all their various writings, which evidently proceed from different minds, to preserve the same inimitable marks of reality, truth, and nature, in their narrations—the miraculous and the ordinary alike—and to assume and preserve, with infinite ease, amidst

their infinite impostures, the tone and air of undissembled earnestness.\*

If, on the other hand, he supposes that all the congruities of which we have spoken, were the effect not of fraudulent design, but of happy accident,—that they arranged themselves in spontaneous harmony—he must believe that chance has done what even the most prodigious powers of invention could not do. And lastly, he must believe that these same illiterate men, who were capable of so much, were also capable of projecting a system of doctrine singularly remote from all ordinary and previous speculation; of discerning the necessity of taking under their special patronage those *passive* virtues which man least loved, and found it most difficult to cultivate; and of exhibiting, in their preference of the spiritual to the ceremonial, and their treatment of many of the most delicate questions of practical ethics and casuistry, a justness and elevation of sentiment as alien as possible from the superstition and fanaticism of their predecessors who had corrupted the Law—and the superstition and fanaticism of their followers, who very soon corrupted the Gospel; and that they, and they alone, rose above the strong tendencies to the extravagances which had been so conspicuous during the past, and were soon to be as conspicuous in the future. These and a thousand other paradoxes (arising out of the supposition that Christianity is the fraudulent or fictitious product of such an age, country, and, above all, such men as the problem limits us to), must the infidel receive, and receive all at once; and of him who can receive them we can but once more declare that so far from having no “faith,” he rather possesses the “faith” which removes “mountains!”—only it appears that his faith, like that of Rome or of Oxford, is a faith which excludes reason.

On the other hand, to him who accepts Christianity, none of these paradoxes present themselves. On the supposition of the truth of the miracles and the prophecies, he does not wonder at its origin or success; and as little does he wonder at all the literary and intellectual achievements of its early chroniclers—if their elevation of sentiment was from a divine source, and if the artlessness, harmony, and reality of their narratives was

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\* Was there ever in truth a man who could read the appeals of Paul to his converts, and doubt either that the letters were real or that the man was in earnest! We scarcely venture to think it.



the simple effect of the consistency of truth, and of transcription from the life.

Now, on the other hand, what are the chief objections which reconcile the infidel to his enormous burden of paradoxes, and which appear to the Christian far less invincible than the paradoxes themselves? They are, especially with all modern infidelity, objections to the *a priori* improbability of the doctrines revealed, and of the miracles which sustain them. Now, here we come to the very distinction on which we have already insisted, and which is so much insisted on by Butler. The evidence which *sustains* Christianity is all such as man is competent to consider; and is precisely of the same nature as that which enters into his every-day calculations of probability; while the objections are founded entirely on our ignorance and presumption. They suppose that we know more of the modes of the divine administration—of what God may have permitted, of what is possible and impossible, of the ultimate development of an imperfectly developed system, and of its relations to the entire universe,—than we do or can know.\*

Of these objections the most widely felt and the most specious, especially in our day, is the assumption that miracles are an *impossibility*;† and yet we will venture to say that there is none more truly unphilosophical. That miracles are *improbable*, viewed in relation to the experience of the individual or of the mass of men, is granted; for if they were not, they would, as Paley says, be no miracles; an every-day miracle is none. But that they are either impossible or so improbable that, if they *were* wrought, no evidence could establish them, is another matter. The first allegation involves a curious limitation of omnipotence; and the second affirms in effect, that, if God were to work a miracle, it would be our *duty* to disbelieve him!

We repeat our firm conviction that this *a priori* presumption against miracles is but a vulgar illusion of one of Bacon's *idola tribus*. So far from being disposed to admit the prin-

\* The possible implication of Christianity with distant regions of the universe, and the dim hints which Scripture seems to throw out as to such implication, are beautifully treated in the 4th, 5th, and 6th of Chalmers's "Astronomical Discourses;" and we need not tell the reader of Butler how much he insists upon similar considerations.

† It is, as we shall see, the avowed axiom of Strauss; he even acknowledges, that if it be not true, he would not think it worth while to discredit the history of the Evangelists; that is, the history *must* be discredited, because he has resolved that a miracle is an impossibility!

ciple that a "miracle is an impossibility," we shall venture on what may seem to some a paradox, but which we are convinced is a truth,—that the time will come, and is coming, when even those who shall object to the *evidence* which sustains the Christian miracles will acknowledge that philosophy *requires* them to admit that men have no ground whatever to dogmatize on the antecedent impossibility of miracles in general; and that not merely because, if theists at all, they will see the absurdity of this assertion, while they admit that the present order of things had *a beginning*; and, if Christians at all, the equal absurdity of the assertion, while they admit that it will have *an end*;—not only because the geologist will have familiarized the world with the idea of successive interventions, and, in fact, distinct creative acts, having all the nature of miracles;—not only, we say, for these special reasons, but for a more general one. The true philosopher will see that, with his limited experience and that of all his contemporaries, he has no right to dogmatize about all that may have been permitted or will be permitted in the Divine administration of the universe; he will see that those who with one voice denied, about half a century ago, the existence of aerolites, and summarily dismissed all the alleged facts as a silly fable, because it contradicted *their* experience,—that those who refused to admit the Copernican theory because, as they said, it manifestly contradicted *their* experience,—that the schoolboy who refuses to admit the first law of motion because, as he says, it gives the lie to all *his* experience,—that the Oriental prince (whose scepticism Hume vainly attempts, on his principle, to meet) who denied the possibility of ice because it contradicted *his* experience,—and, in the same manner, that the men who, with Dr. Strauss, lay down the dictum that a miracle is *impossible* and a *contradiction* because it contradicts *their* experience,—have all been alike contravening the first principles of the modest philosophy of Bacon, and have fallen into one of the most ordinary illusions against which he has warned us; namely, that that cannot be true which seems in contradiction to our *own* experience. We confidently predict that the day will come when the favorite argument of many a so-called philosopher in this matter will be felt to be the philosophy of the vulgar only; and that though many may, even then, deny that the testimony which supports the Scripture miracles is equal to the task, they will all alike abandon the axiom which supersedes

the necessity of at all examining such evidence, by asserting that no evidence can establish them.

While on this subject, we may notice a certain fantastical tone of depreciation of miracles as an evidence of Christianity, which is occasionally adopted even by some who do not deny the possibility or probability, or even the fact, of their occurrence. They affirm them to be of little moment, and represent them—with an exquisite affectation of metaphysical propriety—as totally incapable of convincing men of any *moral truth*; upon the ground that there is no natural relation between any displays of *physical power* and any such truth. Now without denying that the nature of the doctrine is a criterion, and must be taken into account in judging of the reality of any alleged miracle, we have but two things to reply to this: first, that, as Paley says in relation to the question whether any accumulation of testimony can establish a miraculous fact, we are content “to try the theorem upon a simple case,” and affirm that man is so constituted that if he himself sees the blind restored to sight and the dead raised, under such circumstances as exclude all doubt of fraud on the part of others and all mistake on his own, he will uniformly associate authority with such displays of superhuman power; and, secondly, that the notion in question is in direct contravention of the language and spirit of Christ himself, who *expressly* suspends his claims to men’s belief and the authority of his doctrines on the fact of his miracles. “The works that I do in my Father’s name, they bear witness of me.” “If ye believe not me, believe my works.” “If I had not come among them, and done the works that none other man did, they had not had sin; but now they have no cloak for their sin.”

We have enumerated some of the paradoxes which infidelity is required to believe; and the old-fashioned, open, intelligible infidelity of the last century accepted them, and rejected Christianity accordingly. That was a self-consistent, simple, ingenuous thing, compared with those monstrous forms of credulous reason, incredulous faith, metaphysical mysticism, even Christian Pantheism—so many varieties of which have sprung out of the incubation of German rationalism and German philosophy upon the New Testament. The advocates of these systems, after adopting the most formidable of the above paradoxes of infidelity, and (notwithstanding the frequent boast of *originality*) depending mainly on the *same* objections,

and defending them by the very *same* critical arguments,\* delude themselves with the idea that they have but purified and embalmed Christianity; not aware that they have first made a mummy of it. They are so greedy of paradox, that they, in fact, aspire to be Christians and infidels at the same time. Proclaiming the miracles of Christianity to be *illusions* of imagination or *mythical legends*—the inspiration of its records no other or greater than that of Homer’s “Iliad,” or even “Æsop’s Fables;”—rejecting the whole of that supernatural element with which the only records which can tell us any thing about the matter are full; declaring its whole history so uncertain that the ratio of truth to error must be a *vanishing fraction*;—the advocates of these systems yet proceed to rant and rave—they are really the only words we know which can express our sense of their absurdity—in a most edifying vein about the divinity of Christianity, and to reveal to us its *true* glories. “Christ,” says Strauss, “is not an individual, but an *idea*; that is to say, *humanity*. In the *human race* behold the God-made-man! behold the child of the visible virgin and the invisible Father!—*that is*, of matter and of mind; behold the Saviour, the Redeemer, the Sinless One; behold him who dies, who is raised again, who mounts into the heavens! Believe in *this* Christ! In his death, his resurrection, man is justified before God!”†

\* The main objection, both with the old and the new forms of infidelity, is, that against the *miracles*; the main arguments with both, those which attempt to show their *antecedent impossibility*; and criticism directed against the credulity of the records which contain them. The principal difference is, that modern infidelity shrinks from the coarse imputation of fraud and imposture on the founders of Christianity; and prefers the theory of *illusion* or *myth* to that of deliberate fraud. But with this exception, which touches only the personal character of the founders of Christianity, the case remains the same. The same postulates and the same arguments are made to yield substantially the same conclusion. For, all that is supernatural in Christianity and all credibility in its records, vanish equally on either assumption. Nor is even the modern mode of interpreting many of the miracles (as *illusions* or *legends*) unknown to the elder infidelity; only it more consistently felt that neither the one theory nor the other, could be trusted to *alone*. *Velis et remis* was its motto.

† Such is Quinet’s brief statement of Strauss’s mystico-mythical Christianity, founded on the Hegelian philosophy. For a fuller, we dare not say a more intelligible, account of it in Strauss’s own words and the metaphysical mysteries on which it depends, the reader may consult Dr. Beard’s transla-

Whether it be the Rationalism of Panlus, or the Rationalism of Strauss—whether that which declares all that is supernatural in Christianity (forming the bulk of its history) to be illusion, or that which declares it myth,—the conclusions can be made out only by a system of interpretation which can be compared to nothing but the wildest dreams and allegorical system of some of the early Fathers;\* while the results themselves are either those elementary principles of ethics for which there was no need to invoke a revelation at all, or some mystico-metaphysical philosophy, expressed in language as unintelligible as the veriest gibberish of the Alexandrian Platonists. In fact, by such exegesis and by such philosophy, any thing may be made out of any thing; and the most fantastical data be compelled to yield equally fantastical conclusions.

But the first and most natural question to ask is obviously this: how any mortal can pretend to extract *anything* certain, much more *divine*, from records, the great bulk of which he has reduced to pure frauds, illusions, or legends,—and the great bulk of the remainder to an absolute uncertainty of how little is true and how much false?† Surely it would need nothing less than a new revela-

tion to reveal this sweeping restriction of the old; and we should then be left in an ecstasy of astonishment—first, that the whole significance of it should have been veiled in frauds, illusions, or fictions; secondly, that its true meaning should have been hidden from the world for eighteen hundred years after its divine promulgation; thirdly, that it should be *revealed* at last, either in results which needed no revelation to reveal them, or in the Egyptian darkness of the allegorio-metaphysico-mystico-logico-transcendental “formula” of the most obscure and contentious philosophy ever devised by man; and lastly, that all this superfluous trouble is to give us, after all, only the mysteries of a most enigmatical philosophy: For of Hegel, in particular, we think it may with truth be said that the reader is seldom fortunate enough to *know* that he *knows* his meaning, or even to know that Hegel *knew* his own.

Whether, then, we regard the original compilers of the evangelic records as inventing all that Panlus or Strauss rejects, or sincerely believing their own delusions, or that their statements have been artfully corrupted or unconsciously disguised, till Christ and his Apostles are as effectually transformed and travestied as these dreamers are pleased to imagine, with what consistency can we believe *any* thing certain amidst so many acknowledged fictions inseparably incorporated with them? If A has told B truth once and falsehood fifty times, (wittingly or unwittingly,) what can induce B to believe that he has any reason to believe A in that only time in which he *does* believe him, unless he knows the same truth by evidence quite independent of A, and for which he is not indebted to him at all? Should we not, then, at once acknowledge the futility of attempting to educe any certain historic fact, however meagre, or any doctrine, whether intelligible or obscure, from documents nine-tenths of which are to be rejected as a tissue of absurd fictions? Or why should we not fairly confess that, for aught we can tell, the *whole* is a fiction? For certainly, as to the amount of historic fact which these men affect to leave, it is obviously a matter of the most trivial importance whether we regard the whole Bible as absolute fiction or not. Whether an obscure Galilean teacher, who taught a moral system which may have been as good (we can never *know* from such corrupt documents that it *was* as good) as that of Confucius, or Zoroaster, ever lived or not; and whether we are to add another name to those who have enunciated the elementary truths of ethics, is really

tion;—pp. 44, 45, of his Essay entitled “Strauss, Hegel, and their Opinions.”

\* Of the mode of accounting for the supernatural occurrences in the Scriptures by the illusion produced by mistaken natural phenomena, (perhaps the most stupidly jejune of all the theories ever projected by man), Quinet eloquently says, “The pen which wrote the Provincial Letters would be necessary to lay bare the strange consequences of this theology. According to its conclusion, the tree of good and evil was nothing but a venomous plant, probably a manchineal tree, under which our first parents fell asleep. The shining face of Moses on the heights of Mount Sinai was the natural result of electricity; the vision of Zachariah was effected by the smoke of the chandeliers in the temple; the Magian kings, with their offerings of myrrh, of gold, and of incense, were three wandering merchants who brought some glittering tinsel to the Child of Bethlehem; the star which went before them a servant bearing a flambeau; the angels in the scene of the temptation, a caravan traversing the desert, laden with provisions; the two angels in the tomb, clothed in white linen, an illusion caused by a linen garment; the Transfiguration, a storm.” Who would not sooner be an old-fashioned infidel than such a doting and maundering rationalist?

† Daub naively enough declares, that “if you except all that relates to angels, demons, and miracles, there is scarcely *any* mythology in the Gospel.” An exception which reminds one of the Irish prelate who, on reading “Gulliver’s Travels,” remarked that there were *some* things in that book which he *could* not think true.

of very little moment. Upon their principles we can clearly *know* nothing about him, except that he is the centre of a vast mass of fictions, the invisible nucleus of a huge conglomerate of myths. A thousand times more, therefore, do we respect those, as both more honest and more logical, who, on similar grounds, openly reject Christianity altogether, and regard the New Testament, and speak of it, exactly as they would of Homer's "Iliad," or Virgil's "Æneid." Such men, consistently enough, trouble themselves not at all in ascertaining what residuum of truth, historical or ethical, may remain in a book which certainly gives ten falsehoods for one truth, and welds both together in inextricable confusion. The German infidels, on the other hand, with infinite labor, and amidst infinite uncertainties, extract either truth "as old as the creation," and as universal as human reason,—or truth which, after being hidden from the world for eighteen hundred years in mythical obscurity, is unhappily lost again the moment it is discovered, in the infinitely deeper darkness of the philosophy of Hegel and Strauss; who in vain endeavor to gasp out, in articulate language, the still latent mystery of the Gospel! Hegel, in his last hours, is *said* to have said,—and if he did not say, he *ought* to have said,—“Alas! there is but one man in all Germany who understands my doctrine,—and *he* does not understand it!” And yet, by his account, Hegelianism and Christianity, “in their highest results,” [language, as usual, felicitously obscure,] “are one.” Both, therefore, are, alas! now for ever lost.

That great problem—to account for the origin and establishment of Christianity in the world, with a denial at the same time of its miraculous pretensions—a problem, the fair solution of which is obviously incumbent on infidelity—has necessitated the most gratuitous and even contradictory hypotheses, and may safely be said still to present as hard a knot as ever. The favorite hypothesis, recently, has been that of Strauss—frequently re-modified and re-adjusted indeed by himself—that Christianity is a *myth*, or collection of myths—that is, a conglomerate (as geologists would say) of a very slender portion of facts and truth, with an enormous accretion of undesignated fiction, fable, and superstitions; gradually framed and insensibly received, like the mythologies of Greece and Rome, or the ancient systems of Hindoo theology. It is true, indeed, that the particular *critical* arguments, the alleged historic discrepancies and so forth, on which this author founds his conclusion—

are, for the most part, not original; most of them having been insisted on before, both in Germany, and especially in our own country during the Deistical controversies of the preceding century. His idea of myths, however, may be supposed original; and he is very welcome to it. For of all the attempted solutions of the great problem, this will be hereafter regarded as, perhaps, the most untenable. Gibbon, in solving the same problem, and starting in fact from the same axioms,—for he too endeavored to account for the intractable phenomenon from natural causes alone,—assigned, as one cause, the *reputation* of working miracles, the reality of which he denied; but he was far too cautious to decide whether the original founders of Christianity had pretended to work miracles, and had been enabled to cheat the world into the belief of them, or whether the world had been pleased universally to cheat itself into that belief. He was far too wise to tie himself to the proof that in the most enlightened period of the world's history—amidst the strongest contrarieties of national and religious feeling—amidst the bitterest bigotry of millions in behalf of what was old, and the bitterest contempt of millions for all that was new—amidst the opposing forces of ignorance and prejudice on the one hand, and philosophy and scepticism on the other—amidst all the persecutions which attested and proved those hostile feelings on the part of the bulk of mankind—and above all, in the short space of thirty years (which is all that Dr. Strauss allows himself),—Christianity *could* be thus deposited, like the mythology of Greece or Rome! These, he knew, were very gradual and silent formations; originating in the midst of a remote antiquity and an unhistoric age, during the very infancy and barbarism of the races which adopted them, confined, be it remembered, to those races *alone*; and displaying, instead of the exquisite and symmetrical beauty of Christianity, those manifest signs of gradual accretion which were fairly to be expected; in the varieties of the deposited or irrupted substances—in the diffracted appearance of various parts—in the very weather stains, so to speak, which mark the whole mass.

That the prodigious aggregate of miracles which the New Testament asserts, would, if fabulous, pass unchallenged, elude all detection, and baffle all scepticism,—collect in the course of a few years energetic and zealous assertors of their reality, in the heart of every civilized and almost every barbarous community, and in the course of three cen-

turies, change the face of the world and destroy every other *myth* which fairly came in contact with it,—who but Dr. Strauss can believe? Was there no Dr. Strauss in those days? None to question and detect, as the process went on, the utter baselessness of these legends? Was all the world dotting—was even the *persecuting* world asleep? Were all mankind resolved on befooling themselves? Are men wont thus quietly to admit miraculous pretensions, whether they be prejudiced votaries of another system or sceptics as to all? No: whether we consider the age, the country, the men assigned for the origin of these *myths*, we see the futility of the theory. It does not account even for their invention, much less for their success. We see that if any mythology could in such an age have germinated at all, it must have been one very different from Christianity; whether we consider the sort of Messiah the Jews expected, or the hatred of *all* Jewish Messiahs, which the Gentiles could not but have felt. The Christ offered them, so far from being welcome, was to the one a “stumbling block” and to the other “foolishness;” and yet he conquered the prejudices of both.

Let us suppose a parallel *myth*—if so we may abuse the name. Let us suppose the son of some Canadian carpenter aspiring to be a moral teacher, but neither working nor *pretending* to work miracles; as much hated by his countrymen as Jesus Christ was hated by his, and both he and his countrymen as much hated by all the civilized world beside, as were Jesus Christ and the Jews; let us further suppose him forbidding his followers the use of all force in propagating his doctrines, and then let us calculate the probability of an unnoticed and accidental *deposit*, in thirty short years, of a prodigious accumulation about these simple facts, of supernatural but universally accredited fables; these legends escaping detection or suspicion as they accumulated, and suddenly laying hold in a few years of myriads of votaries in all parts of both worlds, and in three centuries uprooting and destroying Christianity and all opposing systems! How long will it be before the Swedenborgian, or the Mormonite, or any such pretenders, will have similar success? Have there not been a thousand such, and has any one of them had the slightest chance against *systems in possession*,—against the strongly rooted prejudices of ignorance and the Argus-eyed investigations of scepticism? But all these were opposed to the pretensions of Christianity;

nor can any one example of at all similar sudden success be alleged, except in the case of Mahomet; and to that the answer is brief. The history of Mahomet is the history of a conqueror—and his logic was the logic of the sword.

In spite of the theory of Strauss, therefore, not less than that of Gibbon, the old and ever recurring difficulty of giving a rational account of the origin and establishment of Christianity still presents itself for solution to the infidel, as it always has done, and, we venture to say, always will do. It is an insoluble phenomenon, except by the admission of the facts of the New Testament. “The miracles,” says, Butler, “are a satisfactory account of the events, of which *no other satisfactory* account can be given; nor any account at all, but what is imaginary merely and invented.”

In the meantime, the different theories of unbelief mutually refute one another; and we may plead the authority of one against the authority of another. Those who believe Strauss believe both the theory of imposture and the theory of illusion improbable; and those who believe in the theory of imposture believe the theory of myths improbable. And both parties, we are glad to think, are quite right in the judgment they form of one another.

But what must strike every one who reflects as the most surprising thing in Dr. Strauss, is, that with the postulatam with which he sets out, and which he modestly takes for granted as too evident to need proof, he should have thought it worth while to write two bulky volumes of minute criticism on the subject. A miracle he declares to be an absurdity, a contradiction, an impossibility. If *we* believed this, we should deem a very concise enthymeme (after having *proved* that postulatam, though) all that it was necessary to construct on the subject. A miracle *cannot* be true; *ergo*, Christianity, which in the only records by which we know anything about it, avows its absolute dependence upon miracles, *must* be false.

It is a modification of one or other of these monstrous forms of unbelieving belief and Christian infidelity, that Mr. Foxton, late of Oxford, has adopted in his “Popular Christianity;” as perhaps also Mr. Froude in his “Nemesis.” It is not very easy, indeed, to say what Mr. Foxton positively believes; having, like his German prototypes, a greater facility of telling us what he does *not* believe, and of wrapping up what he does believe in a most impregnable mysticism. He

certainly rejects, however, all that which, when rejected a century ago, left, in the estimate of every one, an infidel *in puris naturalibus*. Like his German acquaintances, he accepts the infidel paradoxes—only, like them, he will still be a Christian. He believes, with Strauss, that a miracle is an impossibility and contradiction—"incredible *per se*." As to the inspiration of Christ—he regards it as, in its nature, the same as that of Zoroaster, Confucius, Mahomet, Plato, Luther, and Wickliffe—a curious assortment of "heroic souls."\* With a happy art of confusing the "gifts of genius," no matter whether displayed in intellectual or moral power, and of forgetting that other men are not likely to overlook the difference, he complacently declares the "wisdom of Solomon and the poetry of Isaiah the fruit of the same inspiration which is popularly attributed to Milton or Shakspeare, or even to the homely wisdom of Benjamin Franklin;"† in the same pleasant confusion of mind, he thinks that the "pens of Plato, of Paul, and of Dante, the pencils of Raphael and of Claude, the chisels of Canova and of Chantrey, no less than the voices of Knox, of Wickliffe, and of Luther, are ministering instruments, in different degrees, of the same spirit."‡ He thinks that "we find, both in the writers and the records of Scripture, every evidence of human infirmity that can possibly be conceived; and yet we are to believe that God himself specially inspired them with false philosophy, vicious logic, and bad grammar."§ He denies the originality both of the Christian ethics (which he says are a gross plagiarism from Plato) as also in great part of the system of Christian doctrine.¶

\* Pp. 62, 63. † P. 72. ‡ P. 77. § P. 74.

¶ (Pp. 51—80.) We are hardly likely to yield to Mr. Foxton in our love of Plato, for whom we have expressed, and that very recently, (April, 1848,) no stinted admiration: and what we have there affirmed we are by no means disposed to retract,—that no ancient author has approached, in the expression of ethical truth, so near to the maxims, and sometimes the very expressions, of the Gospel. Nevertheless, we as strongly affirm, that he who contrasts (whatever the occasional sublimity of expression) the faltering and often sceptical tone of Plato on religious subjects, with the uniformity and decision of the evangelical system,—his dark notions in relation to God (candidly confessed) with the glorious recognition of Him in the Gospel as "our Father,"—his utterly absurd application of his general principles of morals, in his most Utopian of all Republics, with the broad, plain social ethics of Christianity,—the tone of mournful familiarity (whatever his personal immunity) in which he too often speaks of the saddest pollutions

Nevertheless, it would be quite a mistake, it seems, to suppose that Mr. Foxton is no Christian! He is, on the contrary, of the very few who can tell us what Christianity really is; and who can separate the falsehoods and the myths which have so long disguised it. He even talks most spiritually and with an edifying *unction*. He tells us "'God was,' indeed, 'in Christ, reconciling the world unto himself.' And *but little* deduction need be made from the rapturous language of Paul, who tells us that 'in him dwelt all the fullness of the Godhead *bodily*.'"\* I concede to Christ (generous admission!) the highest inspiration *hitherto* granted to the prophets of God,†—Mahomet, it appears, and Zoroaster and Confucius, having *also* statues in his truly Catholic Pantheon. "The position of Christ," he tells us in another place, is "simply that of the foremost man in all the world," though he "soars far above 'all principalities and powers'—above all philosophies *hitherto* known—above all creeds *hitherto* propagated in his name"—the true Christian doctrine, after having been hid from ages and generations, being reserved to be disclosed, we presume, by Mr. Foxton. His spiritualism, as usual with the whole school of our new

that ever degraded humanity, with the spotless purity of the Christian rule of life,—the hesitating, speculative tone of the Master of the Academy with the decision and majesty of Him who "spoke with authority, and not as the Scribes," whether Greek or Jewish,—the metaphysical and abstract character of Plato's reasonings with the severely practical character of Christ's,—the feebleness of the motives supplied by the abstractions of the one, and the intensity of those supplied by the other,—the adaptation of the one to the intelligent only, and the adaptation of the other to universal humanity,—the very *manner* of Plato, his gorgeous style, with the still more impressive simplicity of the Great Teacher,—must surely see in the contrast every indication, to say nothing of the utter gratuitousness (historically) of the contrary hypothesis, that the sublime ethics of the Gospel, whether we regard substance, or manner, or tone, or style, are no plagiarism from Plato. As for the man who can hold such a notion, he must certainly be very ignorant either of Plato or of Christ. As the best apology for Mr. Foxton's offensive folly we may, perhaps, charitably hope that he is nearly ignorant of both. Equally absurd is the attempt to identify the metaphysical dreams of Plato with the doctrinal system of the Gospel, though it is quite true, that long subsequent to Christ the Platonizing Christians tried to accommodate the speculations of the sage they loved, to the doctrines of a still greater master. But Plato never extorted from his *friends* stronger eulogies than Christ has often extorted from his *enemies*.

\* P. 65.

† P. 143.

Christian infidels, is, of course, exquisitely refined,—but, unhappily, very vague. He is full of talk of “a deep insight,”—of a “faith not in dead histories, but in living realities—a revelation to our *innermost* nature.” “The true seer,” he says, “looking deep into causes, carries in his heart the simple wisdom of God. The secret harmonies of nature vibrate on his ear, and her fair proportions reveal themselves to his eye. He has a deep faith in the truth of God.”\* “The inspired man, is one whose outward life derives all its radiance from the light within him. He walks through stony places by the light of his own soul, and stumbles not. No human motive is present to such a mind in its highest exultation—no love of praise—no desire of fame—no affection, no passion mingles with the divine afflatus, which passes over without ruffling the soul.”† And a great many fine phrases of the same kind, equally innocent of all meaning.

It is amazing and amusing to see with what ease Mr. Foxton decides points which have filled folios of controversy. “In the teaching of Christ himself there is not the *slightest allusion* to the modern evangelical notion of an atonement.” “The diversities of ‘gifts’ to which Paul alludes, Cor. i. 12, are nothing more than those different ‘gifts’ which, in common parlance, we attribute to the various tempers and talents of men.”‡ “It is, however, after all, absurd to suppose that the miracles of the Scriptures are subjects of actual belief, either to the vulgar or the learned.”§ What an easy time of it must such an all-sufficient controvertist have!

He thinks it possible, too, that Christ, though nothing more than an ordinary man, may really have “thought himself Divine,” without being liable to the charge of a visionary self-idolatry or of blasphemy,—as supposed by everybody, Trinitarian or Unitarian, except Mr. Foxton. He accounts for it by the “wild sublimity of human emotion, when the rapt spirit first feels the throbbings of the divine afflatus,” &c. &c. A singular afflatus which teaches a man to usurp the name and prerogatives of Deity, and a strange “inspiration” which inspires him with so profound an ignorance of his own nature! *This* interpretation, we believe, is peculiarly Mr. Foxton’s own.

The way in which he disposes of the miracles, is essentially that of a vulgar, indiscriminating, unphilosophic mind. There have

been, he tells us in effect, so many false miracles, superstitious stories of witches, conjurors, ghosts, hobgoblins, of cures by royal touch, and the like,—and *therefore* the Scripture miracles are false! Why, who denies that there have been plenty of false miracles? And there have been as many false religions. Is there, therefore, none true? The proper business in every such case is to examine fairly the evidence, and not to generalize after this absurd fashion. Otherwise we shall never believe anything; for there is hardly one truth that has not its half score of audacious counterfeits.

Still he is amusingly perplexed, like all the rest of the infidel world, *how* to get rid of the miracles—whether on the principle of fraud, or fiction, or illusion. He thinks there would be “a great accession to the ranks of reason and common sense by disproving the *reality* of the miracles, without damaging the veracity or honesty of the simple, earnest, and enthusiastic writers by whom they are recorded;” and complains of the coarse and indiscriminating criticism of most of the French and English Deists, who explain the miracles “on the supposition of the grossest fraud acting on the grossest credulity.” But he soon finds that the materials for such a compromise are utterly intractable. He thinks that the German Rationalists have depended too much on some “single hypothesis, which often proves to be *insufficient* to meet the great variety of conditions and circumstances with which the miracles have been handed down to us.” Very true; but what remedy? “We find one German writer endeavoring to explain away the miracles on the mystical (mythical) theory; and another riding into the arena of controversy on the miserable hobby-horse of ‘clairvoyance’ or ‘mesmerism;’ each of these, and a host of others of the same class, rejecting whatever light is thrown on the question by all the theories together.” He therefore proposes, with great and gratuitous liberality, to heap all these theories together, and to take them as they are wanted; not withholding any of the wonders of modern science—even, as would seem, the possible knowledge of “chloroform,”\*—from the propagators of Christianity!

But, alas! the phenomena are still intractable. The stubborn “Book” will still baffle all such efforts to explain it away; it is willing to be rejected, if it so pleases men, but it guards itself from being thus made a

\* P. 146.

† P. 44.

‡ P. 67.

§ P. 104.

\* Pp. 86, 87.



fool of. For who can fail to see that neither all or any considerable part of the multifarious miracles of the New Testament can be explained by any such gratuitous extension of ingenious fancies; and that if they *could* be so explained, it would be still impossible to exculpate the men who need such explanations from the charge of perpetrating the grossest frauds! Yet this logical ostrich, who can digest all these stones, presumptuously declares a miracle an *impossibility*, and the very notion of it a *contradiction*.\* But enough of Mr. Foxton.

There are no doubt some minds amongst us, whose power we admit, and whose perversion of power we lament, who have bewildered themselves by *really* deep meditation on inexplicable mysteries; who demand certainty where certainty is not given to man, or demand, for truths which are established by sufficient evidence, *other* evidence than those truths will admit. We can even painfully sympathize in that ordeal of doubt to which such powerful minds are peculiarly exposed—with their Titanic struggles against the still mightier power of Him who has said to the turbulent intellect of man, as well as to the stormy ocean, "Hitherto shalt thou come, but no farther,—and here shall thy *proud* waves be staid." We cannot wish better to any such agitated mind than that it may listen to those potent and majestic words: "Peace—be still!" uttered by the voice of Him who so suddenly hushed the billows of the Galilæan lake.

But we are at the same time fully convinced that in our day there are thousands of youths who are falling into the same errors and perils from sheer vanity and affectation; who admire most what they least understand, and adopt all the obscurities and paradoxes they stumble upon, as a cheap path to a reputation for profundity; who awkwardly imitate the manner and retail the phrases of the writers they study; and,

\* Mr. Foxton denies that men, in Paley's "single case in which he tries the general theorem," would believe the miracle; but he finds it convenient to leave out the most significant circumstances on which Paley makes the validity of the testimony to depend, instead of stating them fairly in Paley's own words. Yet that the sceptics (if such there could be) must be the merest fraction of the species, Mr. Foxton himself immediately proceeds to prove, by showing, what is undeniably the case, that almost all mankind readily receive miraculous occurrences on far lower evidence than Paley's common sense would require them to demand. Surely he must be related to the Irishman who placed his ladder against the bough he was cutting off.

as usual, exaggerate to caricature their least agreeable eccentricities. We should think that some of these more powerful minds must be by this time ashamed of that ragged regiment of most shallow thinkers and obscure writers and talkers who at present infest our literature, and whose parrot-like repetition of their own stereotyped phraseology, mingled with some barbarous infusion of half-Anglicized German, threatens to form as odious a *cant* as ever polluted the stream of thought or disfigured the purity of language. Happily it is not likely to be more than a passing fashion; but still it is a very unpleasant fashion while it lasts. As in Johnson's day, every young writer imitated as well as he could the ponderous diction and everlasting antitheses of the great dictator; as in Byron's day, there were thousands to whom the world "was a blank" at twenty or thereabouts, and of whose "dark imaginings," as Macaulay says, the waste was prodigious; so now there are hundreds of dilettanti pantheists, mystics and sceptics, to whom everything is a "sham," an "unreality;" who tell us that the world stands in need of a great "prophet," a "seer," a "true priest," a "large soul," a "god-like soul,"\*—who shall dive into the "depths of the human consciousness," and whose "utterances" shall rouse the human mind from the "cheats and frauds" which have hitherto everywhere practiced on its simplicity. They tell us, in relation to philosophy, religion, and especially in relation to Christianity, that all that has been believed by mankind has been believed only on "empirical" grounds; and that the old answers to difficulties will do no longer. They shake their sage heads at such men as Clarke, Paley, Butler, and declare that such arguments as theirs will not satisfy *them*. We are glad to admit that all this vague pretension is now but rarely displayed with the scurrilous spirit of that elder unbelief against which the long series of British apologists for Christianity arose between 1700 and 1750. But there is often in it an arrogance as real, though not in so offensive a form. Sometimes the spirit of unbelief even assumes an air of sentimental regret at its own inconvenient profundity.

\* See Foxton's last chapter, *passim*. From some expressions one would almost imagine that our author himself aspired to be, if not the Messiah, at least the Elias, of this new dispensation. We fear, however, that this "*vox clamantis*" would reverse the Baptist's proclamation, and would cry, "The straight shall be made crooked, and the plain places rough."



Many a worthy youth tells us he almost wishes he *could* believe. He admires, of all things, the "moral grandeur"—the "ethical beauty" of many parts of Christianity; he condescends to patronize Jésus Christ, though he believes that the great mass of words and actions by which alone we know anything about him, are sheer fictions or legends; he believes—gratuitously enough in this instance, for he has no ground for it—that Jesus Christ was a very "great man," worthy of comparison at least with Mahomet, Luther, Napoleon, and "other heroes;" he even admits the happiness of a simple, child-like faith, in the puerilities of Christianity—it produces such content of mind! But alas! he cannot believe—his intellect is not satisfied—he has revolved the matter too profoundly to be thus taken in; he must, he supposes, (and our beardless philosopher sighs as he says it), bear the penalty of a too restless intellect, and a too speculative genius; he knows all the usual arguments which satisfied Pascal, Butler, Bacon, Leibnitz; but they will do no longer; more radical, more tremendous difficulties have suggested themselves, "from the depths of philosophy," and far different answers are required now!\*

\* We fear that many young minds in our day are exposed to the danger of falling into one or other of the prevailing forms of unbelief, and especially into that of pantheistic mysticism, from rashly meditating in the cloudy regions of German philosophy, on difficulties which would seem beyond the limits of human reason, but which that philosophy too often promises to solve—with what success we may see from the rapid succession and impenetrable obscurities of its various systems. Alas! when will men learn that one of the highest achievements of philosophy is to know when it is vain to philosophize? When the obscure principles of these most uncouth philosophies, expressed, we verily believe, in the darkest language ever used by civilized man, are applied to the solution of the problems of theology and ethics, no wonder that the natural consequence, as well as just retribution, of such temerity is a plunge into tenfold night. Systems of German philosophy may perhaps be advantageously studied by those who are mature enough to study them; but that they have an incomparable power of intoxicating the intellect of the young aspirant to their mysteries, is, we think, undeniable. They are producing this effect just now in a multitude of our juveniles, who are beclouding themselves in the vain attempt to comprehend ill-translated fragments of ill-understood philosophies, (executed in a sort of Anglicized-German, or Germanized-English, we know not which to call it, but certainly neither German nor English), from the perusal of which they carry away nothing but some very obscure terms, on which they themselves have superinduced a very vague meaning. These terms you in vain implore them to define; or if they define them, they define

This is easily said, and we know is often said, and loudly. But the justice with which it is said is another matter; for when we can get these cloudy objectors to put down, not their vague assertions of profound difficulties, uttered in the obscure language they love, but a precise statement of their objections, we find them either the very same with those which were quite as powerfully urged in the course of the deistical controversies of the last century (the case with far the greater part), or else such as are of similar character, and susceptible of similar answers. We say not that the answers were always satisfactory, nor are now inquiring whether any of them were so; we merely maintain that the objections in question are not the novelties they affect to be. We say this to obviate an advantage which the very vagueness of much modern opposition to Christianity would obtain, from the notion that some prodigious arguments have been discovered which the intellect of a Pascal or a Butler was not comprehensive enough to anticipate, and which no Clarke or Paley would have been logician enough to refute. We affirm, without hesitation, that when the new advocates of infidelity descend from their airy elevation, and state their objections in intelligible terms,

them in terms which as much need definition. Heartily do we wish that Socrates would reappear amongst us, to exercise his *accoucheur's* art on these hapless Theætetuses and Menos of our day!

Many such youths might no doubt reply at first to the sarcastic querist, (who might gently complain of a slight cloudiness in their speculations), that the truths they uttered were too profound for ordinary reasoners. We may easily imagine how Socrates would have dealt with such assumptions. His reply would be rather more severe than that of Mackintosh to Coleridge in a somewhat similar case; namely, that if a notion cannot be made clear to persons who have spent the better part of their days in resolving the difficulties of metaphysics and philosophy, and who are conscious that they are not destitute of patience for the effort requisite to understand them, it may suggest a doubt whether the fault be not in the medium of communication rather than elsewhere; and, indeed, whether the philosopher be not aiming to communicate thoughts on subjects on which man can have no thoughts to communicate. Socrates would add, perhaps, that language was given to us to express, not to conceal our thoughts; and that, if they cannot be communicated, invaluable as they doubtless are, we had better keep them to ourselves; one thing, it is clear, he would do,—he would insist on precise definitions. But in truth it may be more than surmised that the obscurities of which all complain, except those (and in our day they are not a few) to whom obscurity is a recommendation, result from suffering the intellect to speculate in realms forbidden to its access; of venturing into caverns of tremendous depth and darkness, with nothing better than our own rushlight.

they are found, for the most part, what we have represented them. When we read many of the speculations of German infidelity, we seem to be re-perusing many of our own authors of the last century. It is as if our neighbors had imported our manufactures; and, after re-packing them, in new forms and with some additions, had re-shipped and sent them back to us as new commodities. Hardly an instance of discrepancy is mentioned in the "Wolfenbüttel Fragments," which will not be found in the pages of our own deists a century ago; and, as already hinted, of Dr. Strauss's elaborate strictures, the vast majority will be found in the same sources. In fact, though far from thinking it to our national credit, none but those who will dive a little deeper than most do into a happily forgotten portion of our literature, (which made noise enough in its

day, and created very superfluous terrors for the fate of Christianity), can have any idea of the extent to which the modern forms of unbelief in Germany—so far as founded on any *positive* grounds, whether of reason or of criticism,—are indebted to our English deists. Tholuck, however, and others of his countrymen, seem thoroughly aware of it.

The objections to the truth of Christianity are directed either against the evidence itself, or that which it substantiates. Against the latter, as Bishop Butler says, unless the objections be truly such as prove contradictions in it, they are "perfectly frivolous;" since we cannot be competent judges either as to what it is worthy of the Supreme Mind to reveal, or how far a portion of an imperfectly-developed system may harmonize with the whole; and, perhaps, on many points, we never can be competent judges, unless we can cease to be finite. The objections to the *evidence itself* are, as the same great author observes, "well worthy of the fullest attention." The *a priori* objection to miracles we have already briefly touched. If that objection be valid, it is vain to argue further; but if not, the remaining objections must be powerful enough to neutralize the entire mass of the evidence, and, in fact, to amount to a proof of contradictions,—not on this or that minute point of historic detail,—but on such as shake the foundations of the whole edifice of evidence. It will not do to say, "Here is a minute discrepancy in the history of Matthew or Luke as compared with that of Mark or John;" for, first, such discrepancies are often found, in other authors, to be apparent, and not real,—founded on our taking for granted that there is no circumstance unmentioned by two writers which, if known, would have been seen to harmonize their statements. We admit this possible reconciliation readily enough in the case of many seeming discrepancies of *other* historians; but it is a benefit which men are slow to admit in the case of the sacred narratives. There the objector is always apt to take it for granted that the discrepancy is real; though it may be easy to suppose a case (and a *possible* case is quite sufficient for the purpose) which would neutralize the objection. Of this perverseness (we can call it by no other name) the examples are perpetual in the critical tortures to which Strauss has subjected the sacred historians.\* It may be objected, per-

Surely we have reason to suspect as much when some learned professor, after muttering his logical incantations, and conjuring with his logical formulae, surprises you by saying, that he has disposed of the great mysteries of existence and the universe, and solved to your entire satisfaction, in his own curt way, the problems of the ABSOLUTE and the INFINITE! If the cardinal truths of philosophy and religion hitherto received are doomed to be imperiled by such speculations, one feels strongly inclined to pray with the old Homeric hero,—“that if they must perish it may be at least in daylight.”

We earnestly counsel the youthful reader to defer the study of German philosophy, at least till he has matured and disciplined his mind, and familiarized himself with the best models of what used to be our boast—English clearness of thought and expression. He will then learn to ask rigidly for definitions, and not rest satisfied with half-meanings—or no meaning. To the naturally venturesome pertinacity of young metaphysicians, few would be disposed to be more indulgent than ourselves. From the time of Plato downward—who tells us that no sooner do they "taste" of dialectics than they are ready to dispute with everybody—"sparing neither father nor mother, scarcely even the lower animals," if they had but a voice to reply. They have always expected more from metaphysics than (except as a discipline) they will ever yield. He elsewhere, still more humorously, describes the same trait. He compares them to young dogs who are perpetually snapping at everything about them:—Οἷμαι γάρ σε οὐ λελθόντα, ὅτι οὐ μείρακισχοι, ἔταν τὸ πρῶτον λόγων γινώσκοντα, ὡς παιδιὰ αὐτοῖς κατακλῶνται, αἰεὶ εἰς ἀντιλογίαν χρώμενοι καὶ μμώμενοι τοὺς ἐξελέγχοντας αὐτοὶ ἄλλους ἐλέγχουσι, χαίραντες ὥσπερ σκυλάκια τῷ ἐλκεῖν τε καὶ σκαράττειν τοὺς πλησίον αἰεὶ.—But we hope we shall not see our metaphysical "puppies" amusing themselves,—as so many "old dogs" amongst our neighbors (who ought to have known better) have done,—by tearing into tatters the sacred leaves of that volume, which contains what is better than all their philosophy.

\* The reader may see some striking instances of his disposition to take the *worse* sense, in Beard's "Voices of the Church." Tholuck truly observes,

haps, that the gratuitous supposition of some unmentioned fact—which, if mentioned, would harmonize the apparently counter-statements of two historians—cannot be admitted, and is, in fact, a surrender of the argument. But to say so, is only to betray an utter ignorance of what the argument is. If an objection be founded on the alleged *absolute* contradiction of two statements, it is quite sufficient to show any (not the real, but only a hypothetical and possible) medium of reconciling them; and the objection is, in all fairness, dissolved. And this would be felt by the honest logician, even if we did not know of any such instances in point of fact. We do know, however, of many. Nothing is more common than to find, in the narra-

too, in his strictures on Strauss, "We know how frequently the loss of a few words in *one* ancient author would be sufficient to cast an inexplicable obscurity over another." The same writer well observes, that there never was an historian who, if treated on the principles of criticism which his countryman has applied to the Evangelists, might not be proved a mere mythographer. . . . "It is plain," says he, "that if absolute agreement among historians"—and still more absolute *apparent* agreement—"be necessary to assure us that we possess in their writings credible history, we must renounce all pretence to any such possession." The translations from Quinet, Coquerel, and Tholuck, are all, in different ways, well worth reading. The last truly says, "Strauss came to the study of the Evangelical history with the foregone conclusion that 'miracles are impossible,' and where an investigator brings with him an absolute conviction of the guilt of the accused to the examination of his case, we know how even the most innocent may be implicated and condemned out of his own mouth." In fact, so strong and various are the proofs of truth and reality in the history of the New Testament, that none would ever have suspected the veracity of the writers, or tried to disprove it, except for the above foregone conclusion—"that miracles are impossible." We also recommend to the reader an ingenious *brochure* included in the "Voices of the Church, in reply to Strauss," constructed on the same principle with Whately's admirable "Historic Doubts," namely; "The Fallacy of the Mythical Theory of Dr. Strauss, illustrated from the History of Martin Luther, and from actual Mohammedan Myths of the Life of Jesus." What a subject for the same play of ingenuity would be Dean Swift! The date and place of his birth disputed—whether he was an Englishman or an Irishman—his incomprehensible relations to Stella and Vanessa, utterly incomprehensible on any hypothesis—his alleged seduction of one, of both, of neither—his marriage with Stella affirmed, disputed, and still wholly unsettled—the numberless other incidents in his life full of contradiction and mystery—and, not least, the eccentricities and inconsistencies of his whole character and conduct! Why, with a thousandth part of Dr. Strauss's assumptions, it would be easy to reduce Swift to as fabulous a personage as his own *Lemuel Gulliver*.

tion of two perfectly honest historians,—referring to the same events from different points of view, or for a different purpose,—the omission of a fact which gives a seeming contrariety to their statements; a contrariety which the mention of the omitted fact by a third writer instantly clears up.\* Very forgetful of this have the advocates of infidelity usually been: nay, (as if they would make up in the number of objections what they want in weight), they have frequently availed themselves not only of apparent *contrarieties*, but of mere *incompleteness* in the statements of two different writers, on which to found a charge of contradiction. Thus, if one writer says that a certain person was present at a given time or place, when another says that he and two more were there; or that one man was cured of blindness, when another says that two were,—such a thing is often alleged as a contradiction; whereas, in truth, it presents not even a difficulty—unless one historian be bound to say not only all that another says, but just so much, and no more. Let such objections be what they will, unless they prove absolute contradictions in the narrative, they are as mere dust in the balance, compared with the stupendous mass and variety of that evidence which confirms the substantial truth of Christianity. And even if they establish *real* contradictions, they still

\* Any *apparent* discrepancy with either themselves or profane historians is usually sufficient to satisfy Dr. Strauss. He is ever ready to conclude that the discrepancy is *real*, and that the profane historians are right. In adducing some striking instances of the minute accuracy of Luke, only revealed by obscure collateral evidence (historic or numismatic) discovered since, Tholuck remarks, "What an outcry would have been made had not the specious appearance of error been thus obviated." Luke calls *Gallio* proconsul of Achaia: "we should not have expected it, since, though Achaia was originally a senatorial province, Tiberius had changed it into an imperial one, and the title of its governor, therefore, was procurator; now a passage in Suetonius informs us, that Claudius had *restored* the province to the senate." The same Evangelist calls Sergius Paulus governor of Cyprus; yet we might have expected to find only a prætor, since Cyprus was an *imperial* province. In this case, again, says Tholuck, the correctness of the historian has been remarkably attested. Coins, and later still a passage in Dion Cassius, have been found, giving proof that Augustus restored the province to the senate; and thus, as if to vindicate the Evangelist, the Roman historian adds, "Thus proconsuls began to be sent into that island also."—*Trans. from Tholuck*, pp. 21, 22. In the same manner coins have been found proving he is correct in some other once disputed instances. Is it not fair to suppose that many apparent discrepancies of the same order may be eventually removed by similar evidence?

amount, for reasons we are about to state, to dust in the balance, unless they establish contradictions not in immaterial, but in vital points. The objection must be such as, if proved, leave the whole fabric of evidence in ruins. For, secondly, we are fully disposed to concede to the objector that there are, in the books of Scripture, not only *apparent*, but *real* discrepancies,—a point which many of the advocates of Christianity are, indeed, reluctant to admit, but which, we think, no candid advocate will feel to be the less true.

Nevertheless, even such an advocate of the Scriptures may justly contend that the very reasons which necessitate this admission of discrepancies also reduce them to such a limit that they do not affect, in the slightest degree, the substantial credibility of the sacred records; and, in our judgment, Christians have unwisely damaged their cause, and given a needless advantage to the infidel, by denying that any discrepancies exist, or by endeavoring to prove that they do not. The discrepancies to which we refer are just those which, in the course of the transmission of ancient books, divine or human, through many ages,—their constant transcription by different hands,—their translation into various languages,—may not only be expected to occur, but which *must* occur, unless there be a perpetual series of most minute and ludicrous miracles—certainly never promised, and as certainly never performed—to counteract all the effects of negligence and inadvertence, to guide the pen of every transcriber to infallible accuracy, and to prevent his ever deviating into any casual error! Such miraculous intervention, we need not say, has never been pleaded for by any apologist of Christianity; has certainly never been promised: and, if it had,—since we see, *as a matter of fact*, that the promise has never been fulfilled,—the whole of Christianity would fall to the ground. But then, from a large induction, we know that the limits within which discrepancies and errors from *such* causes will occur, must be very moderate; we know, from numberless examples of *other* writings, what the maximum is,—and that it leaves their substantial authenticity untouched and unimpeached. No one supposes the writings of Plato and Cicero, of Thucydides and Tacitus, of Bacon or Shakspeare, fundamentally vitiated by the like discrepancies, errors, and absurdities which time and inadvertence have occasioned.

The corruptions in the Scriptures from

these causes are likely to be even less than in the case of any other writings; from their very structure,—the varied and reiterated forms in which all the great truths are expressed; from the greater veneration they inspired; the greater care with which they would be transcribed; the greater number of copies which would be diffused through the world,—and which, though that very circumstance would multiply the number of variations, would also afford, in their collation, the means of reciprocal correction;—a correction which we have seen applied in our day, with admirable success, to so many ancient writers, under a system of canons which have now raised this species of criticism to the rank of an inductive science. This criticism, applied to the Scriptures, has in many instances restored the true reading, and dissolved the objections which might have been founded on the uncorrected variations; and, as time rolls on, may lead, by yet fresh discoveries and more comprehensive recensions, to a yet further clarifying of the stream of Divine truth, till “the river of the water of life” shall flow nearly in its original limpid purity. Within such limits as these, the most consistent advocate of Christianity not only *must* admit—not only may *safely* admit—the existence of discrepancies, but may do so even with advantage to his cause. He *must* admit them, since such variations must be the result of the manner in which the records have been transmitted, unless we suppose a supernatural intervention, neither promised by God, nor pleaded for by man: he may *safely* admit them, because—from a general induction from the history of all literature—we see that, where copies of writings have been sufficiently multiplied, and sufficient motives for care have existed in the transcription, the limits of error are very narrow, and leave the substantial identity untouched; and he may admit them with advantage; for the admission is a reply to many objections founded on the assumption that he must contend that there are *no* variations, when he need only contend that there are none that can be material.

But it may be said, “May not we be permitted, while conceding the miraculous and other evidences of Christianity, and the general authority of the records which contain it, to go a step further, and to reject some things which seem palpably ill-reasoned, distasteful, inconsistent, or immoral?” “Let every man be fully persuaded in his own mind.” For ourselves, we honestly confess we

cannot see the logical consistency of such a position ; any more than the reasonableness, after having admitted the preponderant evidence for the great truth of Theism, of excepting some phenomena as apparently at variance with the Divine perfections ; and thus virtually adopting a Manichæan hypothesis. We must recollect that we know nothing of Christianity except from its records ; and as these, once fairly ascertained to be authentic and genuine, are all, as regards their contents, supported precisely by the same miraculous and other evidence ; as they bear upon them precisely the same internal marks of artlessness, truth, and sincerity ; and, historically and in other respects, are inextricably interwoven with one another ; we see not on what principles we can safely reject portions as improbable, distasteful, not quadrating with the dictates of "reason," our "intuitional consciousness," and what not. This assumed liberty, however, is, as we apprehend, of the very essence of Rationalism ; and it may be called the Manichæism of interpretation. So long as the canonicity of any of the records, or any portion of them, or their true interpretation, is in dispute, we may fairly doubt ; but that point once decided by honest criticism, to say we receive such and such portions, on account of the weight of the general evidence, and yet reject other portions, *though* sustained by the same evidence, because we think there is something unreasonable or revolting in their substance, is plainly to accept evidence only where it *pleases* us, and to reject it where it *pleases* us not. The only question fairly at issue must ever be, whether the general evidence for Christianity will overbear the difficulties which we cannot separate from the truths. If it will not, we must reject it wholly ; and if it will, we must receive it wholly. There is plainly no tenable position between absolute infidelity and absolute belief. And this is proved by the infinitely various and Protean character of Rationalism, and the perfectly indeterminate, but always arbitrary, limits it imposes on itself. It exists in all forms and degrees, from a moderation which accepts nearly the entire system of Christianity, and which certainly rejects nothing that can be said to constitute its distinctive truth, to an audacity of unbelief, which, professing still vaguely to reverence Christianity as "something divine," sponges out nine tenths of the whole ; or, after reducing the mass of it to a *caput mortuum* of lies, fiction, and superstitions, retains only a few drops of fact and doctrine,—so few as cer-

tainly not to pay for the expenses of the critical distillation.\*

Nor will the theory of what some call the "intuitional consciousness" avail us here. It is true, as they assert, that the constitution of human nature is such that, before its actual development, it has a capacity of developing to certain effects only,—just as the flower in the germ, as it expands to the sun, will have certain colors and a certain fragrance, and *no other* ;—all which, indeed, though not very new or profound, is very important. But it is not so clear that it will give us any help on the present occasion. We have an original susceptibility of music, of beauty, of religion, it is said. Granted ; but as the actual development of this susceptibility exhibits all the diversities between Handel's notions of harmony and those of an American Indian—between Raphael's notions of beauty and those of a Hottentot—between St. Paul's notions of a God and those of a New Zealander—it would appear that *the education* of this susceptibility is at least as important as the susceptibility itself, if not more so ; for without the susceptibility itself, we should simply have *no* notion of music, beauty, or religion ; and between such negation and that notion of all these which New Zealanders and Hottentots possess, not a few

\* It may be as well to remark, that we have frequently observed a disposition to represent the very general abandonment of the theory of "verbal inspiration" as a concession to Rationalism ; as if it necessarily followed from admitting that inspiration is not verbal, that therefore an indeterminate portion of the substance or doctrine is purely human. It is plain, however, that this is no necessary consequence ; an advocate of plenary inspiration may contend, that, though he does not believe that the very words of Scripture were dictated, yet that the thoughts were either so suggested, (if the matter was such as could be known only by revelation,) or so controlled, (if the matter were such as was previously known,) that (excluding errors introduced into the text since) the Scriptures as first composed were—what no book of man ever was, or can be, even in the plainest narrative of the simplest events—a perfectly accurate expression of truth. We enter not here, however, into the question whether such a view of inspiration is better or worse than another. We are simply anxious to correct a fallacy which has, judging from what we have recently read, operated rather extensively. Inspiration may be *verbal*, or the contrary ; but, whether one or the other, he who takes the affirmative or negative of that question may still *consistently* contend that it may still be plenary. The question of the inspiration of the whole, or the inspiration of a part, is widely different from that as to the suggestion of the words or the suggestion of the thoughts. But these questions we leave to professed theologians. We merely enter our protest against a prevailing fallacy.

of our species would probably prefer the former. It is in vain, then, to tell us to look into the "depths of our own nature" (as some vaguely say), and to judge thence what, in a professed revelation from heaven, is suitable to us, or worthy of our acceptance and rejection respectively. This criterion is, as we see by the utterly different judgments formed by different classes of Rationalists as to the *how much* they shall receive of the revelation they might generally admit, a very shifting one—a measure which has no linear unit: it is to employ, as mathematicians say, a variable as if it were a constant quantity; or, rather, it is to attempt to find the value of an unknown quantity by another equally unknown.

We cannot but judge, then, the principles of Rationalism to be logically untenable. And we do so, not merely or principally on account of the absurdity it involves,—that God has expressly supplemented human reason by a revelation containing an indeterminate but large portion of falsities, errors, and absurdities, and which we are to commit to our little alembic, and distill as we may; not only from the absurdity of supposing that God has demanded our *faith*, for statements which are to be received only as they appear perfectly comprehensible by our *reason*;—or, in other words, only for what it is impossible that we should doubt or deny; not merely because the principle inevitably leaves man to construct the so-called revelation entirely for himself; so that what one man receives as a genuine communication from heaven, another, from having a different development of "his intuitional consciousness," rejects as an absurdity too gross for human belief:—Not wholly, we say, nor even principally, for these reasons; but for the still stronger reason, that such a system of objections is an egregious trifling with that great complex mass of evidence which, as we have said, applies to the *whole* of Christianity or to *none* of it. As if to baffle the efforts of man consistently to disengage these elements of our belief, the whole are inextricably blended together. The supernatural element, especially, is so diffused through all the records, that it is more and more felt, at every step, to be impossible to obliterate it without obliterating the entire system in which it circulates. The stain, if stain it be, is far too deep for any scouring fluids of Rationalism to wash it out, without destroying the whole texture of our creed; and, in our judgment, the only consistent Rationalism is the Rationalism which rejects it all.

At whatever point the Rationalist we have attempted to describe may take his stand, we do not think it difficult to prove that his conduct is eminently irrational. If, for example, he be one of those moderate Rationalists who admit (as thousands do) the miraculous and other evidence of the supernatural origin of the Gospel, and *therefore* also admit such and such doctrines to be true,—what can he reply, if further asked what reason he can have for accepting these truths and rejecting others which are supported by the very same evidence? How can he be sure that the truths he receives are established by evidence which, to all appearance, equally authenticates the falsehoods he rejects? Surely, as already said, this is to reject and accept evidence as he pleases. If, on the other hand, he says that he receives the miracles only to authenticate what he knows very well without them, and believes true on the information of reason alone, why trouble miracles and revelation at all? Is not this, according to the old proverb, to "take a hatchet to break an egg?"\*

Nor can we disguise from ourselves, indeed, that consistency in the application of the essential principle of Rationalism *would* compel us to go a few steps further; for since, as Bishop Butler has shown, no greater difficulties (if so great) attach to the page of Revelation than to the volume of Nature itself,—especially those which are involved in that dread enigma, "the origin of evil," compared with which all other enigmas are trifles,—that abyss into which so many of the difficulties of all theology, natural and revealed, at last disembody themselves,—we feel that the admission of the principle of Rationalism would ultimately drive us, not only to reject Christianity, but to reject Theism in all its forms, whether Monotheism, or Pantheism, and even positive or dogmatic Atheism itself. Nor could we stop, indeed, till we had arrived at that absolute pyrrhonism which consists, if such a thing be possible, in the negation of all belief,—even to the belief that we do not believe!

\* If such a man says that he rejects certain doctrines, not on *rationalistic* grounds, but because he denies the canonical authority, or the interpretation of portions of the records in which they are found, and is willing to abide by the issue of the evidence on those points—evidence with which the human mind is quite competent to deal,—we answer, that he is not the man with whom we are now arguing. The points in dispute will be determined by the honest use of history, criticism, and philology. But between such a man and one who rejects Christianity altogether, we can imagine no *consistent* position.

But though the objections to the reception of Christianity are numerous, and some insoluble, the question always returns, whether they overbalance the mass of the evidence in its favor? nor is it to be forgotten that they are susceptible of indefinite alleviation as time rolls on; and with a few observations on this point we will close the present article.

A refinement of modern philosophy often leads our rationalist to speak depreciatingly, if not contemptuously, of what he calls a *stereotyped* revelation—revelation in a “book.” It ties down, he is fond of saying, the spirit to the letter; and limits the “progress” and “development” of the human mind in its “free” pursuit of truth. The answer we should be disposed to make is, first, that if a book *does* contain truth, the sooner that truth is stereotyped the better; secondly, that if such book, like the book of Nature, or, as we deem, the book of Revelation, really contains truth, its study, so far from being incompatible with the spirit of free inquiry, will invite and repay continual efforts more completely to understand it. Though the great and fundamental truths contained in either volume will be obvious in proportion to their importance and necessity, there is no limit to be placed on the *degree* of accuracy with which the truths they severally contain may be deciphered, stated, adjusted—or even on the period in which fragments of new truth shall cease to be elicited. It is true, indeed, that theology cannot be said to admit of unlimited progress, in the same sense as chemistry—which may, for aught we know, treble or quadruple its present accumulations, vast as they are, both in bulk and importance. But even in theology as deduced from the Scripture, minute fragments of new truth, or more exact adjustments of old truth, may be perpetually expected. Lastly, we shall reply, that the objection to a revelation’s being consigned to a “book” is singularly inapposite, considering that by the constitution of the world and of human nature, man, without books—without the power of recording, transmitting, and perpetuating thought, of rendering it permanent and diffusive,—ever is, ever has been, and ever *must* be little better than a savage; and therefore, if there was to be a revelation at all, it might fairly be expected that it would be communicated in this form; thus affording us one more analogy, in addition to the many which Butler has stated, and which may in time be multiplied without end, between “Revealed Religion and the Constitution and Course of Nature.”

And this leads us to notice a saying of that comprehensive genius, which we do not recollect having seen quoted in connection with recent controversies, but which is well worthy of being borne in mind, as teaching us to beware of hastily assuming that objections to Revelation, whether suggested by the progress of science, or from the supposed incongruity of its own contents, are unanswerable. We are not, he says, rashly to suppose that we have arrived at the true meaning of the *whole* of that book. “It is not at all incredible that a book which has been so long in the possession of mankind, should contain many truths as yet undiscerned. For all the same phenomena and the same faculties of investigation, from which such great discoveries in natural knowledge have been made in the present and last age, were equally in the possession of mankind several thousand years before.” These words are worthy of Butler; and as many illustrations of their truth have been supplied since his day, so many others may fairly be anticipated in the course of time. Several distinct species of argument for the truth of Christianity from the very structure and contents of the books containing it have been invented—of which Paley’s “*Horæ Paulinæ*” is a memorable example. The diligent collation of the text, too, has removed many difficulties; the diligent study of the original languages, of ancient history, manners, and customs, has cleared up many more; and by supplying proofs of accuracy where error or falsehood had been charged, has supplied important additions to the evidence which substantiates the truth of Revelation. Against the alleged absurdity of the Laws of Moses, again, such works as that of Micholis have disclosed much of that *relative wisdom* which aims not at the abstractedly *best*, but the best which a given condition of humanity, a given period of the world’s history, and a given purpose could dictate. In pondering such difficulties as still remain in those laws, we may remember the answer of Solon to the question, whether he had given the Athenians the *best* laws; viz., that he had given them the best of which they were capable: or the judgment of the illustrious Montesquieu, who remarks, “When Divine Wisdom said to the Jews, ‘I have given you precepts which are not good,’ this signifies that they had only a *relative* goodness; and this is the sponge which wipes out all the difficulties which are to be found in the Laws of Moses.” This is a truth which we are persuaded a profound philosophy will understand the better the more deeply it is revolved; and only

those legislative pedants will refuse weight to it, who would venturously propose to give New Zealanders and Hottentots, in the starkness of their savage ignorance, the complex forms of the British constitution. In a similar manner, many of the old objections of our deistical writers have ceased to be heard of in our day, unless it be from the lips of the veriest sciolism; the objections, for instance, of that truly pedantic philosophy which once argued that ethical and religious truth are not given in the Scripture in a *system* such as a schoolman might have digested it into; as if the brief iteration and varied illustration of pregnant truth, intermingled with narrative, parable, and example, were not infinitely better adapted to the condition of the human intellect in general! For similar reasons, the old objection, that statements of Christian morality are given without the requisite limitations, and cannot be literally acted upon, has been long since abandoned as an absurdity. It is granted that a hundred folios could not contain the hundredth part of all the limitations of human actions, and all the possible cases of a contentious casuistry; and it is *also* granted that human nature is not so inept as to be incapable of interpreting and limiting for itself such rules as, "Whatsoever ye would that men should do to you, do ye even so to them."

In the same manner have many of the objections suggested at different periods by the progress of science been dissolved; and, amongst the rest, those alleged from the remote historic antiquity of certain nations on which infidels, like Volney and Voltaire, once so confidently relied. And it is worthy of remark, that some of the old objections of philosophers have disappeared by the aid of that very science—geology—which has led, as every new branch of science probably will, to new ones. Geology has, however, in our judgment, done at least as much already to remove difficulties as to occasion them; and it is not illogical, or perhaps unfair, to surmise that, if we will only have *patience*, its own difficulties, as those of so many other branches of science, will be eventually solved. One thing is clear,—that, if the Bible be true and geology be true, *that* cannot be geologically true which is scripturally false, or *vice versa*; and we may therefore laugh at the polite compromise which is sometimes affected by learned professors of theology and geology respectively. All we demand of either—all that is needed—is, that they refrain from a too hasty conclusion of absolute contradictions between their

respective sciences, and retain a quiet remembrance of the imperfection of our present knowledge both of geology, and, as Butler says, of the Bible. The recent interpretation of the commencement of Genesis—by which the first verse is simply supposed to affirm the original creation of all things, while the second immediately refers to the commencement of the human economy; passing by those prodigious cycles which geology demands, with a silence worthy of a *true* revelation, which does not pretend to gratify our curiosity as to the previous condition of our globe any more than our curiosity as to the history of other worlds—was first suggested by geology, though suspected, and indeed anticipated, by some of the early Fathers. But it is now felt by multitudes to be the more *reasonable* interpretation,—the second verse certainly more naturally suggesting previous revolutions in the history of the earth than its then instant creation: and though we frankly concede that we have not *yet* seen any account of the whole first chapter of Genesis which quadrates with the doctrines of geology, it does not become us hastily to conclude that there can be none. If a further adjustment of those doctrines, and a more diligent investigation of the Scripture, together, should hereafter suggest any *possible* harmony,—though not the true one, but one ever so gratuitously assumed,—it will be sufficient to neutralize the objection. This, it will be observed, is in accordance with what has been already shown,—that wherever an objection is founded on an apparent contradiction between two statements, it is sufficient to show any *possible* way in which the statements may be reconciled, whether the true one or not. The objection, in that case, to the supposition that the facts are gratuitously assumed, though often urged, is, in reality, nothing to the purpose.\* If it should ever be shown, for example, that supposing as many geological eras as the philosopher requires to have passed in the chasm between the first verse, which asserts the original dependence of all things on the fiat of the Creator, and the second, which is supposed to commence the hu-

\* Some admirable remarks in relation to the answers we are bound to give to objections to revealed religion have been made by Leibnitz (in reply to Bayle) in the little tract prefixed to his *Theodicea*, entitled "De la Conformité de la Foi avec la Raison." He there shows that the utmost that can fairly be asked is, to prove that the assumed facts involve no necessary contradiction.



man era, any *imaginable* condition of our system—at the close, so to speak, of a given geological period—would harmonize with a fair interpretation of the first chapter of Genesis, the objection will be neutralized.

We have little doubt in our own minds that the ultimately converging, though, it may be, transiently discrepant conclusions of the sciences of philology, ethnology, and geology (in all of which we may rest assured great discoveries are yet to be made) will tend to harmonize with the ultimate results of a more thorough study of the records of the race as contained in the book of Revelation. Let us be permitted to imagine one example of such possible harmony. We think that the philologist may engage to make out, on the *strictest principles of induction*, from the tenacity with which all communities cling to their language, and the slow *observed* rate of change by which they alter; by which Anglo-Saxon, for example, has become English,\* Latin Italian, and ancient Greek modern (though these languages have been affected by every conceivable cause of variation and depravation); that it would require hundreds of thousands, nay millions, of years to account for the production, by known natural causes, of the vast multitude of totally distinct languages, and tens of thousands of dialects, which man now utters. On the other hand, the geologist is more and more persuaded of the comparatively recent origin of the human race. What, then, is to harmonize these conflicting statements? Will it not be curious if it should turn out that nothing can possibly harmonize them but the statement of Genesis, that in order to prevent the natural tendency of the race to accumulate on one spot and facilitate their dispersion and destined occupancy of the globe, a preternatural intervention expedited the operation of the causes which would gradually have given birth to distinct languages? Of the probability of this intervention, some profound philologists have, on scientific grounds alone, expressed their conviction. But in all such matters, what we plead for is only—*patience*; we wish not to dogmatize; all we ask is, a philosophic abstinence from dogmatism. In relation to many difficulties, what is now a reasonable exercise of faith may one day be

rewarded by a knowledge which on those particular points may terminate it. And, in such ways, it is surely conceivable that a great part of the objections against Revelation may, in time, disappear; and, though other objections may be the result of the progress of the older sciences or the origination of new, the solution of previous objections, together with the additions to the evidences of Christianity, external and internal, which the study of history and of the Scriptures may supply, and the still brighter light cast by the progress of Christianity and the fulfillment of its prophecies, may inspire increasing confidence that the new objections are also destined to yield to similar solvents. Meanwhile, such new difficulties, and those more awful and gigantic shadows which we have no reason to believe will ever be chased from the sacred page,—mysteries which probably could not be explained from the necessary limitation of our faculties, and are, at all events, submitted to us as a salutary discipline of our humility,—will continue to form that exercise of faith which is probably nearly equal in every age—and necessary in all ages, if we would be made “little children,” qualified “to enter the kingdom of God.”

In conclusion, we may remark, that while many are proclaiming that Christianity is effete, and that, in the language of M. Proudhon (who complacently says it amidst the ignominious failure of a thousand social panaceas of his own age and country), it will certainly “die out in about three hundred years;” and while many more proclaim that, as a religion of supernatural origin and supernatural evidence, it is already dying, if not dead; we must beg leave to remind them that, even if Christianity *be* false, as they allege, they are utterly forgetting the maxims of a cautious induction in saying that it will therefore cease to exert dominion over mankind. What proof is there of this? Whether true or false, it has already survived numberless revolutions of human opinions, and all sorts of changes and assaults. It is not confined, like other religions, to any one race—to any one clime—or any one form of political constitution. While it transmigrates freely from race to race, and clime to clime, its chief home, too, is still in the bosom of enterprise, wealth, science, and civilization; and it is at this moment most powerful amongst the nations that have most of these. If not true, it has such an *appearance* of truth as to have satisfied many of the acutest and most powerful in-

\* It contains, let us recollect, (after all causes of changes, including a conquest, have been at work upon it,) a vast majority of the Saxon words spoken in the time of Alfred—nearly a thousand years ago!

tellects of the species;—a Bacon, a Pascal, a Leibnitz, a Locke, a Newton, a Butler;—such an appearance of truth as to have enlisted in its support an immense array of genius and learning; genius and learning, not only in some sense professional, and often wrongfully represented as therefore interested, but much of both, strictly extra-professional; animated to its defence by nothing but a conviction of the force of the arguments by which its truth is sustained, and that “hope full of immortality” which its promises have inspired. Under such circumstances it must appear equally rash and gratuitous to suppose, even if it be a delusion, that an institute, which has thus enlisted the sympathies of so many of the greatest minds of all races and of all ages—which is alone stable and progressive amidst instability and fluctuation,—will *soon* come to an end. Still more absurdly premature is it to raise a pæan over its fall, upon every new attack upon it, when it has already survived so many. This, in fact, is a tone which, though every age renews it, should long since have been rebuked by the constant falsification of similar prophecies, from the time of Julian to the time of Bolingbroke, and from the time of Bolingbroke to the time of Strauss. As Addison, we think, humorously tells the Atheist, that he is hasty in his logic when he infers that if there be no God, immortality must be a delusion, since, if chance has actually found him a place in this bad world, it *may*, perchance, hereafter find him another place in a worse,—so we say, that if Christianity be a delusion, since it is a delusion which has been proof against so much of bitter opposition, and has imposed upon such hosts of mighty intellects, there is nothing to show that it will not do so still, in spite of the efforts either of a Proudhon or a Strauss. Such a tone was, perhaps, never so triumphant as during the heat of the Deistical controversy in our own country, and to which Butler alludes with so much characteristic but deeply satirical simplicity, in the preface to his great work:—“It is come,” says he, “I know not how, to be taken for granted by many persons that Christianity is not so much a subject of inquiry, but that it is now at length discovered to be fictitious.

On the contrary, thus much at least will here be found, not taken for granted, but proved, that any reasonable man, who will thoroughly consider the matter, may be as much assured as he is of his own being, *that it is not, however, so clear that there is nothing in it.* The Christian, we conceive,

may now say the same to the Froudes, and Foxtons, and to much more formidable adversaries of the present day. Christianity, we doubt not, will still live, when they and their works, and the refutations of their works, are alike forgotten; and a new series of attacks and defences shall have occupied for a while (as so many others have done) the attention of the world. Christianity, like Rome, has had both the Gaul and Hannibal at her gates: But as the “Eternal City” in the latter case calmly offered for sale, and sold, at an undepreciated price, the very ground on which the Carthaginian had fixed his camp, with equal calmness may Christianity imitate her example of magnanimity. She may feel assured that, as in so many past instances of premature triumph on the part of her enemies, the ground they occupy will one day be its own; that the very discoveries, apparently hostile, of science and philosophy, will be ultimately found elements of her strength. Thus has it been to a great extent with the discoveries in chronology and history; and thus will it be, we are confident, (and to a certain extent has been already), with those in geology. That science has done much, not only to render the old theories of Atheism untenable, and to familiarize the minds of men to the idea of miracles, by that of successive creations, but to confirm the Scriptural statement of the comparatively recent origin of our race. Only the men of science and the men of theology must alike guard against the besetting fallacy of their kind,—that of too hastily taking for granted that they already knew the whole of their respective sciences, and of forgetting the declaration of the Apostle, equally true of all man’s attainments, whether in one department of science or another,—“We know but in part, and we prophesy but in part.”

Though Socrates perhaps expressed himself too absolutely when he said that “he only knew that he knew nothing,” yet a tinge of the same spirit,—a deep conviction of the profound ignorance of the human mind, even at its best—has ever been a characteristic of the most comprehensive genius. It has been a topic on which it has been fond of mournfully dilating. It is thus with Socrates, with Plato, with Bacon (even amidst all his magnificent aspirations and bold predictions), with Newton, with Pascal, and especially with Butler, in whom, if in any, the sentiment is carried to excess. We need not say that it is seldom found in the writings of those modern speculators who rush,

in the hardihood of their adventurous logic, on a solution of the problems of the Absolute and the Infinite, and resolve in delightfully brief demonstrations the mightiest problems of the universe—those great enigmas, from which true philosophy shrinks, not because it has never ventured to think of them, but because it has thought of them enough to know that it is in vain to attempt their solution. To know the limits of human philosophy is the “better part” of all philosophy; and though the conviction of our ignorance is humiliating, it is, like every true conviction, salutary. Amidst this night of the soul, bright stars—far-distant fountains

of illumination—are wont to steal out, which shine not while the imagined Sun of reason is above the horizon! and it is in that night, as in the darkness of outward nature, that we gain our only true ideas of the illimitable dimensions of the universe, and of our true position in it.

Meanwhile we conclude that God has created “two great lights,”—the greater light to rule man’s busy day—and that is Reason; and the lesser to rule his contemplative night—and that is Faith.

But Faith itself shines only so long as she reflects some faint illumination from the brighter orb.

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From the New Monthly Magazine.

## BOYHOOD'S EARLY LAY.

[FROM THE GERMAN OF BUCKERT.]

BY LOUISA STUART COSTELLO.

Boyhood's early lay! Boyhood's early lay!  
 Ever methinks I hear the tone—  
 Oh! 'tis far away—Oh! 'tis far away,  
 Once all my own!

What the swallow sang—what the swallow sang—  
 She who autumn and spring brings round,  
 Till the village rang—till the village rang—  
 Still does it sound!

“When I bade adieu—when I bade adieu—  
 Scrip and wallet had ample store,  
 When I came anew—when I came anew—  
 All was no more!”

Oh thou childhood's tone—oh thou childhood's tone—  
 In unconscious wisdom glad,  
 That like Solomon—that like Solomon—  
 The birds' lore had!

Oh thou field of home—flow'ry field of home—  
 Where thy space all holy seems,  
 Let me once more roam—let me once more roam—  
 Tho' but in dreams.

When I bade adieu—when I bade adieu—  
 Then the world with promise shone,  
 When I came anew—when I came anew—  
 All was gone!

Back the swallows fly—back the swallows fly—  
 And the scrip renews its store,  
 But the heart's lost joy—but the heart's lost joy—  
 Comes no more!

Never swallow brings—never swallow brings—  
 Those whose loss thou weep'st so sore,  
 Tho' the village rings—tho' the village rings—  
 As of yore!

## MEMOIR OF MISS PARDOE.

## WITH A PORTRAIT.

THE lady whose portrait forms the illustration to our present number, is one who has largely ministered to the instruction, as well as the amusement of the age.

Miss Pardoe is the second daughter of Major Thomas Pardoe, of the Royal Wagon Train, an able and meritorious officer, who, after having partaken of the hardships and shared the glories of the Peninsular campaigns, concluded a brilliant military career on the field of Waterloo, and has not since been engaged in active service. It is but doing bare justice to this amiable and excellent man to say that he was as much beloved by the men whom he commanded, as he was popular among his fellow-officers, and his honorable retirement is still cheered by the regard and respect of all who have ever known him.

Miss Pardoe gave promise, at a very early age, of those talents which have since so greatly distinguished her. Her first work, a poetical production, was dedicated to her uncle, Captain William Pardoe, of the Royal Navy, but is not much known, and though exhibiting considerable merit, will hardly bear comparison with her more mature and finished productions. The earliest of her publications which attained much notice, was her "Traits and Traditions of Portugal," a book which was extensively read and admired. Written in early youth and amid all the brilliant scenes which she describes, there is a freshness and charm about it, which cannot fail to interest and delight the reader.

The good reception which this work met with, determined the fair author to court again the public favor, and she published several novels in succession—"Lord Morcar," "Hereward," "Speculation," and "The Mardyns and Daventrys." In these it is easy to trace a gradual progress, both in power and style, and the last-named especially is a work worthy of a better fate than the generality of novels. But we are now approaching an era in the life of Miss Pardoe. In the year 1836 she accompanied her father to Constantinople, and, struck by the gorgeous scenery and interesting manners of the East,

she embodied her impressions in one of the most popular works which have for many years issued from the press. "The City of the Sultan" at once raised her to the height of popularity. The vividness of the descriptions, their evident truthfulness, the ample opportunities she enjoyed of seeing the interior of Turkish life, all conspired to render her work universally known and as universally admired. This was speedily followed by "The Beauties of the Bosphorus," a work, like "The City of the Sultan," profusely and splendidly illustrated, and this again by "The Romance of the Harem."

Miss Pardoe's powers of description and habits of observation, appeared to point out to her her line of literature, as peculiarly that of recording the wonders of foreign lands, and a tour which the family made through the Austrian empire, enabled her to give the world the results of her observations on Hungary in that excellent work, "The City of the Magyar," a work now more than ever deserving of public notice—less gay and glittering than "The City of the Sultan," her work on Hungary exhibits deeper research; its statistics are peculiarly accurate; and it is on all hands admitted to be one of the best books of travel ever submitted to the public.

A very short time after the publication of this work, appeared "The Hungarian Castle," a collection of Hungarian legends in three volumes, interesting on all grounds, but especially as filling up a very little known page in the legendary history of Europe.

About this time, Miss Pardoe, finding her health suffering from the too great intensity of study and labor to which she had subjected herself, retired from the great metropolis, and has since resided with her parents in a pleasant part of the county of Kent. The first emanation from her retirement was a novel entitled "The Confessions of a Pretty Woman," a production which was eagerly read, and rapidly passed into a second edition. In due course of time this was followed by another—"The Rival Beauties." These tales are more able than pleasing; they are powerful pictures of the corruptions prevalent in

modern society, and bear too evident marks of being sketches from the life. We have placed "The Rival Beauties" out of its proper order, that we may conclude by a notice of those admirable historical works on which Miss Pardoe's fame will chiefly rest: her "Louis the Fourteenth," and "Francis the First." The extremely interesting character of their times admirably suited Miss Pardoe's powers as a writer, and she has in both cases executed her task with great spirit and equal accuracy. The amount of information displayed in these volumes is really stupendous, and the depth of research necessary to produce it, fully entitles Miss Pardoe to take a

very high rank among the writers of history.

Her style is easy, flowing, and spirited, and her delineations of character as vivid as they are just; nor would it be easy to find any historical work in which the *utile* is so mingled with the *dulce*, as in those of Miss Pardoe.

She is now, we hear with much pleasure, engaged on "A Life of Mary de Medici," a subject extremely suited to her pen.

Looking on her portrait, we may trust that she has half her life, or more, still in the future, and may reasonably look to her for many contributions to the delight and learning of ourselves and our posterity.

## THE PUBLISHING TRADE.

WE alluded, some time since, to the healthy condition of the London publishing trade, and of the state of the book market throughout the three kingdoms. What we observed then, has been more than confirmed by the result of Mr. Murray's great annual trade-sale at the Albion Tavern, in Aldersgate street, during the present month. Few of our readers are, perhaps, aware that it is the custom of the two great London houses, Murray's and Longman's, to put their books up to a kind of auction every year; that the sale is prefaced by a dinner, at which all the booksellers of "credit" in London are invited to be present,—and that, as soon as the cloth is removed, Mr. Hodgson, the auctioneer, of Fleet street, commences the business of the day by offering the books *seriatim*, as in the printed catalogue, to the attention of the guests. The practice is not, as at other auctions, to knock the lot down to the highest bidder, but to put the book up at a certain price below what is usually called "subscription-price,"—or, in other words, below the figure at which the book can be obtained on any other occasion. It is also the custom to put up books not ready for delivery, but only nearly so; and it is curious to watch the interest that is felt throughout the room when a book of name is offered for the first time. It is a matter of ancient and proper deference to the great houses to let "the Row" begin. Thus, with a popular work, Longman will start with 350,—Simkin with the same number,—Whittaker with 250,—Hamilton and Adams with the same number,—till at last it comes to "twenty-fives" and "fives,"—and at

times to only "one." Not less interesting is it to behold the eager way in which the numbers called out are placed promptly on paper by the several booksellers,—or the quick, tradesman-like manner in which they cast up the several totals, and look with mute astonishment one at another at the greatness of the demand. Sales of this description are limited to the two houses we have mentioned, and are always looked forward to with interest, as affording an index of the approaching season. Mr. Murray's last sale was the best he has had since his father's death,—he disposing of books on that day to the amount of £19,000. Nor will this be wondered at when the numbers sold are put together. For instance, the trade took, on that occasion, 2,000 of Lord Campbell's "Chief Justices," 5,000 volumes of "The Colonial Library," 1,400 of Layard's "Nineveh," 1,400 of Byron's Works in one volume, 1,300 copies of Mr. Borrow's new work "L'Avengro," 900 of the new edition of Mr. Cunningham's "Hand-book for London," 750 of Mr. Grote's "Greece," 750 of Mr. Curzon's "Levant," and 600 of M. Guizot's new work. School-books sold in still greater proportions: 5,000 Markham's "Histories," 4,000 "Little Arthur's History of England," 2,000 Wordsworth's "Latin Grammar," 1,200 Somerville's "Geography," and even Mrs. Rundell, though thought to be antiquated, maintained her reputation with her new dishes and in her new dress. Authors benefit as well as booksellers by a sale like this.—*Athenæum*.

From the North British Review.

## WHAT IS LIFE ASSURANCE?

*What is Life Assurance? Explained by Practical Illustrations of its Principles; with Observations on each description of Assurance, and on the Rates of Premium charged by the different Offices.* By JENKIN JONES, Actuary to the National Mercantile Life Assurance Society, Author of a "Series of Assurance Tables, calculated from a New Rate of Mortality," &c. &c. London, 1847.

THE question which forms the title of this Tract is one which a daily increasing number of persons are beginning to ask with interest. It is of some consequence that they should be supplied with a satisfactory answer. By many, perhaps by the majority of those who ask the question, the information afforded by the author will be held to be sufficient; on perusal they will thankfully follow the directions given by him, and, repairing to the Office to which they may be inclined on some accidental ground of preference, will effect, in due form, such a policy as meets their views. If thereafter they are not very profoundly acquainted with the principles of Life Assurance, they at least know its practical working in their own case, and having satisfied their sense of duty by providing in adequate measure against the consequences of their premature decease, they are no longer inclined to resume the general question, or to do more than probably take their share in the conventional gossip which may prevail regarding the comparative progress of their own, and other, and rival institutions. Another class of inquirers we are persuaded desiderate not only practical directions how to effect a Life Assurance, and information as to the official machinery and working of Assurance Institutions, all which Mr. Jenkin Jones' small volume sufficiently supplies, but also a fuller development of the nature and principles of Life Assurance as a system. Cordially recommending Mr. Jones' directory to all who have arrived at that ripened stage of conviction at which its information will be as useful as it is acceptable, we shall, in a more general manner than suited his purpose, endeavor to supply an answer to the question, "What is Life As-

surance?" In doing so, we shall have occasion to deal with several important matters of principle touching the constitution and rules of Assuring Associations, upon which it is eminently desirable that the general community, and the classes who avail themselves of assurance in particular, should be at least preparing to think for themselves, that when requisite they may act with intelligence and decision in the support and establishment of sound views.

Banks, Assurance Companies, and other Associations established for the purpose of preserving and accumulating the surplus wealth of individuals, will only take root under the shadow of just and long-established Governments. They will only flourish in communities where integrity and confidence alike prevail. Other conditions are necessary to their growth and prosperity. They must be based upon sound principles, conducted with intelligence and energy, and their whole affairs and interests arranged and adapted to the varying exigencies of their progress. We cannot in this country boast of entire freedom from either blundering or fraud; but, generally speaking, Life Assurance, in its origin and history in Britain, presents a pleasing example of the combined operation of these several elements of success.

In other countries, Life Assurance has been little practiced. France has been too careless and unstable, Holland has been too busy, Germany too impractical, and America too youthful and self-confident, to cultivate the frugal and forecasting arts of a wise economy, among the chief of which we may reckon Life Assurance. In Britain alone has there been found the intelligence to appre-

ciate, and the wisdom to secure, the full benefits of the system.

It would be an interesting and instructive exercise to trace minutely the origin and progress of Life Assurance in this country. To do so thoroughly, it would be necessary to take notice of the advances made at different times and places in collecting the facts regarding human life and mortality, which, while they form the basis of Life Assurance, have, at the same time, other important uses. It would be requisite also to show the progress made by successive writers in the development of the science of Life Probabilities, as deduced from these data; and, finally, to mark the growth of Life Assurance as a scheme of business gradually gaining acceptance with the community, and now covering the land with prosperous institutions, which are yearly dispensing their benefits among innumerable families. To furnish a detailed history of these several departments of the subject would more than exhaust our space. A cursory glance at its prominent features, under the several heads referred to, will suffice for our present purpose.

In regard to Mortality Bills and Mortuary Registers, the main fact which it is important to impress upon the mind of any one asking for the first time, What is Life Assurance? is, that such collections of facts have been made as to afford a satisfactory standard of the duration and value of human life. This, of course, forms the grand foundation of the system, and if any great error or fallacy had been retained in the hypotheses of mortality, the fortunes and well-being of innumerable families might be put in peril. No such disastrous result is possible from this cause, the basis of facts on which the system has been reared being deeply and securely laid. A brief enumeration of the principal Mortality Tables which have been constructed within the last century and a half will, perhaps better than a general assurance on our part, show how extensive and various are the facts from which the law of mortality can now be deduced.

A Record of the Births and Burials in the city of Breslau from 1687 to 1691; the Mortality Bills of London from 1728 to 1737; the Register of Assignable Annuities in Holland for 125 years before 1748; Lists of the Tontine Schemes in France and the Necrologes of Religious Houses; the Mortality of *Northampton* for 46 years prior to 1780; of *Norwich* for 30 years prior to 1769; of *Holycross* for 30 years prior to 1780; of *Warrington* for 9 years; of *Ches-*

*ter* for 10 years; of *Vienna*, *Berlin*, and *Brandenburgh* for long periods, and seven enumerations of the entire population of *Sweden*, with similar materials from the *Canton de Vaud*; a very carefully constructed Table of the Mortality of *Curliisle* for 8 years prior to 1787. To these have now been added Tables of the Experienced Mortality in the *London Equitable Office*; and, latterly, of seventeen different Offices, embracing assured lives to the number of 83,905. The mortality among the annuitants to whom the Government sold annuities has supplied a very valuable Table, in which male and female life is separately treated. To all those materials, which, with due allowance for the operation of those causes which might be expected to produce variation, may be said in their general results to confirm and corroborate each other, there has now been added the "English Life Table," constructed by the Registrar-General from the Records of *England and Wales*, established in 1839, and now in full operation, from which the value of life on an average of the whole community has been satisfactorily obtained.

We are warranted, therefore, in asserting, without qualification, that the law of mortality has been ascertained so accurately from sufficient data as to admit of the most confident reliance on its general operations.

These various materials have been from time to time rendered subservient to important uses and applications by those philosophers and writers who have devoted their attention to the study and development of the science of Life Probabilities. To *Dr. Halley* belongs the credit of first unfolding a general formula for calculating the value of annuities, whereby he supplied the germ of all subsequent developments of the science. *De Moivre* contributed greatly to advance the subject, although the hypothesis on which he proceeded was soon found to be incorrect. *Thomas Simpson* and *James Dodson*, in their several works, aided in extending the application of the facts and laws of mortality, as then ascertained, to many useful purposes, and especially in promoting the business of Life Assurance. The successful and patriotic labors of *Dr. Price*, in destroying the bubble schemes set afloat during the latter half of last century, are known to many, and deserve ever to be held in honorable remembrance. The publication of the fourth edition of his work on Annuities and Reversionary Payments, in 1783, with the valuable tables which enriched it, marked the commencement of a new era in the

business of Life Assurance. Mr. Morgan's labors, both in the business and authorship of Life Assurance, are still remembered in connection with the London Equitable Society.

Francis Baily, in 1810, published a work on Annuities, distinguished by scientific beauty, and calculated for daily use in the business of Life Assurance. A similar work, comprehending all that was valuable in previous writers, was produced in 1815 by Mr. Joshua Milne. The standard compilation of David Jones, published under the auspices of the Society for the Diffusion of Useful Knowledge, is now, perhaps more than any other work, in daily use by Assurance Companies. To a student of principles, however, we would recommend the simpler work of Baily.

It might be invidious, and it is not necessary, to notice and estimate in comparison the services of eminent actuaries of our own generation, such as Ansell, Finlaison, Davies, Neison, Edmond, and the Joneses, or to dwell on the contemporary authorship of such writers as Babbage and De Morgan, whose works will abundantly repay the careful perusal of any one desirous of fully understanding the theory of Life Assurance.

The first Life Assurance Society established in this country was the Amicable Corporation of London, founded during the reign of Queen Anne in the year 1706. Centuries before that time there existed in England ancient associations known as guilds, fraternities, mysteries, and brotherhoods. These possessed more of the character of friendly societies than of Life Assurance institutions; but they discover even in the early developments of society those prudent and benevolent tendencies of the English community, which have rendered it in later times so favorable a soil for the cultivation of Life Assurance.

Anterior to the bubble schemes exploded by Dr. Price, only five Life Assuring Associations had been established in England. These earlier societies began by charging an annual premium of £5 per cent. on every life assured, without reference to age—so rude were the first ideas of the risk undertaken in a policy of Life Assurance. Even when they discovered how very rough and inequitable this mode of regulating the contributions was, the first attempts to graduate rates to the age of the assured were made upon calculations of the probability of life greatly below its actual value, while the premiums were still further enhanced by the ignorant, but perhaps wholesome jealousy of Government, which refused to issue licenses,

(then much desired by the societies as a guarantee of their soundness,) because the rates were not considered sufficiently high.

From the publication of Dr. Price's work, before alluded to, until the end of the last century, there were instituted only two new Assurance Societies which survived any length of time.

Since the commencement of this century, companies and societies of all kinds have sprung up and flourished. From 1800 to 1810 inclusive, thirteen were established. For the next ten years till 1820, only four were set up. During the succeeding decennial period till 1830, twelve new companies attested the return of a fresh interest and impulse in the direction of Life Assurance. The next ten years, ending in 1840, were signalized by still more abundant evidences of the zealous cultivation of Life Assurance, no less than thirty-one associations having during that period effected a permanent establishment in the country. Since 1840 a still larger number have appeared. Altogether, the whole societies and companies now doing business in Life Assurance in the United Kingdom are about ninety-three. We say Companies and Societies; for under these generic designations may be classed all the proper Life Assurance Institutions. *Society* is the name appropriate to those associations which, composed exclusively of assuring members, depend on the contributions of those members alone for the fulfillment of their policies, and which retain, for the benefit of the members, all surplus funds arising from the excess of contributions. In short, the Society is constituted and worked on the principle of Mutual Assurance. The *Company*, in its pure, unmixed character, consists of an association of proprietors or shareholders subscribing, and partially paying up, an aggregate capital on which they trade with the public (at least the healthy portion of it) in assuring lives at certain specified rates,—thus affording to the assured the guarantee of a separate capital, but appropriating to the shareholders, in addition to the interest which that paid-up capital produces, the profit arising from their assuring trade. The Proprietary Companies now, however, with not more than one or two exceptions, offer to assurers the option of either paying merely the rate for which the Company is willing to insure the life, and so acquiring no after-benefit beyond the exact sum in the policy; or paying a somewhat larger rate, and thereby obtaining some participation in the profits of the business. Having



thus introduced into their original proprietary constitution the more popular principle of mutual Assurance, they may be said with more correctness to belong to a new and mixed genus, partaking in about equal proportions of the proprietary and mutual elements. In fact, Life Assurance Associations are generally and familiarly classified under the three heads of "Mutual," "Proprietary," and "Mixed."

We shall not attempt to analyze or comment upon the various institutions which offer the benefits of Life Assurance to the public. This has already been done with a free hand by such writers as Babbage and De Morgan and their several reviewers. Neither shall we at any length discuss the merits of those measures by which such associations as the London Equitable have been managed to the great profit of a privileged class. These proceedings have already been canvassed until something very like unanimity on the subject prevails. We shall merely give a general view of the principles of Life Assurance, and of the advantages peculiar to different classes of associations, leaving our readers to exercise their own judgment as to the plan which appears to them most advantageous. It is desirable, and it is, moreover, high time, that the public should for themselves acquire a knowledge of the elements of the subject. The pretensions of rival establishments would then in some measure be subjected to an independent test; and public patronage, guided by better lights than puffing advertisements, would quietly and steadily move in the right direction.

We have already glanced at the foundation of the system, and seen that the force of mortality in this country has been ascertained, and may be relied upon with all the confidence which mankind repose in the operation of a general law. While, however, we hold that the law of mortality has been so well ascertained as to relieve both assurer and assured of all apprehension of any serious and disastrous mistake in the tables on which Assurance is conducted, the subject is one to which continued attention should be earnestly and patiently directed, with the view of working out its minuter applications. There is still much to be done even in the best conducted institutions toward adjusting equitably the contributions of the several classes of their members. A vast advance has been made since the period when the youngest and most select lives were rated, without any distinction, with the old and infirm. But although the excessive and un-

equal charges of those early times of ignorance and over-caution have gradually given place to rates, generally speaking, graduated according to the ages of parties, there yet remains room for improvements in applying the facts of ascertained mortality, so as to do justice to the several ages of the assured; and, in the sale and purchase of annuities and reversions, to meet with more accuracy the different degrees of contingency.

Life Assurance is based on the principle, or rather on the fact, that human life, proverbially uncertain as it is in the individual, is in respect of a multitude of individuals governed by a fixed and well-ascertained law, in virtue of which it can be safely and accurately calculated how many of them shall die in each year, until the whole become extinct. Proceeding upon an ascertained or assumed rate of mortality, it is not difficult to find by calculation what single or annual payment by each of a multitude of individuals would provide a certain specified amount to be paid over on the death of each. Money, however, does not, in a commercial community, rest a single day unproductive, and the interest to be derived for the use of the money while it remains in the common fund, thus manifestly forms the other main element, along with the rate of mortality, in determining the scale of premiums on which Assurances are effected by any association.

When a body of individuals associate together with the view of assuring lives, either on the plan of a Proprietary Company or a Mutual Society, the first thing to be done is to fix the *rate of mortality* on which their tables shall be constructed. It may safely be asserted that the Northampton Table has been proved to be erroneous, and that the associations which retain it in any department of their business, however prosperous and extensive, are in so doing clinging to an antiquated hypothesis which must operate in producing inequitable results to large classes of their contributors. The true rate of mortality is one which runs somewhere within the limits of the Carlisle, the Government Annuity, and the English Life Table. These, along with information derived from experience in regard to assured lives, afford a correct and satisfactory basis on which to construct a table of mortality graduated so as to suit all ages; and were any parties proposing to found a new institution upon an assumed mortality differing materially from these tables, we should not only be disposed to challenge their intelligence, but to doubt their integrity.

The next thing to be settled is the *rate of interest* at which the aggregate funds of the concern may be expected to be improved on an average of their whole investments. On this point it is impossible to set up a standard so sure and well ascertained as that which now regulates the rate of mortality. Limits, however, may be assigned, and if past experience could be relied on with absolute confidence as indicating what may be calculated upon for the future, it would not be difficult to fix the average rate at which all the calculations should be made. We shall not here start the question as to the probability of interest being permanently maintained in this country. It is enough to state as facts, that hitherto the average of the investments of Assurance Companies have yielded a close approximation to five per cent., and that the calculations of most of them are based on an assumption of three per cent. It is obvious that unless some great and permanent depression of interest shall ensue, and supposing the funds to be farmed with a fair degree of skill and attention, three per cent. may be confidently taken as the basis of calculation. It is equally evident, that, apart from considerations of a more general kind, as losses arise on investments of the securest order, and the chances of loss increase as the per centage rises, the assumption of more than four per cent. as a constant aggregate rate would be speculative and hazardous, and sufficient of itself to warn away the confidence of the public from any associations adopting it.

These two matters of fact—the rate of mortality and the rate of interest being ascertained and assumed, the groundwork is laid for proceeding to the business of actual assurance, and to all transactions in which the pecuniary interest of individuals is dependent on the value of life.

In every office additions are, of course, made to the net calculations to provide against contingencies and for expenses of management.

Applying to the proper data the formulæ evolved by mathematicians, tables have been constructed showing the price of assurances at all ages, both by single and annual payments of premiums; single and joint lives are appreciated in all modes of combination, and there is no species of deferred, contingent, or reversionary interest or expectancy which cannot be measured and valued with accuracy, so as to form the subject of purchase and sale. The variety of transactions so arising is very great, and the benefits consequently accruing to many whose interests have thus

become tangible are very considerable. In the small volume named at the head of this article, tables are given and illustrations are supplied of a variety of the more ordinary transactions entered into by Life Assuring Associations.

It should now be easy to explain how what are called "Profits" arise, and to show how important it is that these should be divided upon sound and equitable principles. Profits are the surplus contributions of the assured above what is found to be necessary to meet the risks undertaken by the assuring office. In the case of a proprietary company these may correctly be denominated "profits," because the fund so arising is just the free balance on their books after fulfilling or providing for all their obligations; but in the case of a mutual society they are not, properly speaking, profits at all, but surplus capital, being proportional advances by the members more than the purposes of the society required from them. In both cases the fund must arise either because the mortality assumed in fixing the rate of contribution has proved higher than the actual deaths among the members, or the rate of interest obtained has been more than was calculated upon. In practice, as may be inferred from what has been already said, the hypothesis on which tables for practice are generally constructed is considerably within the line of actual probability in both these respects. Profits therefore arise because the mortality is not so great, and the per centage on investments is greater than was assumed in fixing the rates of contribution. If mortality could be measured and predicted with as much certainty (as to any thousand individuals, for example) as the setting of so many suns, and if interest could be meted and recorded in its flowing with accuracy as absolute as that which registers the progress of its concurrent stream of time, and were Assurance business done upon net calculations thence deduced, no profits would ever arise, the contributions being fixed at the precise sums necessary to meet the relative risks. Every separate assurer would from the first pay exactly what was just and needful, and no more. The scheme of business would work out its results like Babbage's famous machine, and thus all the contest and confusion which have attended "distribution of profits," and "declaration of bonuses," in so many associations, would be avoided. Every member would receive just what he was entitled to, and no more—there being no occasion or temptation, or even possibility, in a society so constituted and worked,

for one member getting more than he ought, because it would visibly be taken from another, who would in consequence receive less.

Such, however, is not the case. We have to deal in the matter not wholly with mathematical elements. Mortality may have its general laws ascertained, but can never be accurately predicted in its special operations within the limits of a comparatively small body of assurers. Interest may be assumed on an average based on the experience of the past, but can never be assigned with arithmetical precision in tables constructed as a guide for future operations. It is absolutely necessary, therefore, that both the rate of mortality and the rate of interest shall be assumed. The charges of management, and the chances of loss, have also to be taken into account upon a probable estimate. The business of Life Assurance must, therefore, in all cases, be conducted upon a hypothesis. Common sense and ordinary prudence at once dictate that the hypothesis shall be a safe one, and such as to cover all the fluctuations and uncertainties arising from the several elements of mortality, interest, expenses, and loss, which enter into and affect the actual business result.

Premiums for assurance are, therefore, charged, and prices for annuities are taken in all cases somewhat higher, and in some cases considerably higher, than the net sums required in the first calculation. In consequence of this excess of charge a surplus fund arises, which is called "profit."

If this account of the origin and nature of profits be carefully kept in view, it should serve to correct several crude and false notions which are apt to prevail on the subject. It shows at once that the surplus fund has properly been contributed by *all the members in proportion to the amount of their payments*, and therefore ought, as far as practicable, to be divided among all in a like proportion: That profit is not, and cannot be, the excess of the premiums paid over the sum assured; and that to give the *whole* of such profit to those who have so paid up is not to equalize life among the contributors, but to confer a bounty on long life, and, in as far as the surplus fund is concerned, to act on a principle the very opposite of that on which Life Assurance is founded.

If our readers experience any difficulty in understanding or assenting to what we are now laying down, we only ask them to exercise a little reflection on the subject. What is the special object of Life Assurance? What is that for which it and it alone provides?

Not the accumulation of savings merely—that may be secured by depositing in a bank, as well as by paying premiums to an assurance office. Manifestly and confessedly that which is peculiar to Assurance is, that it provides against premature death, and is intended to equalize life among all the contributors. In the very nature of the case some must pay more than they ever receive back, that others may receive back more than they pay. Let this fundamental fact be borne in mind, and it will at once be seen that what is called profit does not arise because *some* members pay more than they receive, but because *all the members* from the beginning have contributed on a scale higher than proves to be necessary. To talk of the members who die early causing a "loss," and to punish them by exclusion from all share in the surplus fund, is not only unjust, but absurd. The death of one who dies the day after he effects his policy, is no more a loss to the institution, in the true sense of loss, as used in an association for assuring lives, than that of the man who has paid premiums for half a century. Is it not the very pride and glory of the system that the one case is provided for as fully and ungrudgingly as the other? Even in the case of a party who dies after paying only one premium, is it not clear that he would have paid *less* than he actually did if the rates had been fixed with absolute accuracy according to the risk? Even he, in the single payment he has made, must have supplied a fractional contribution to the surplus fund. Loss does not arise because members die early, that having been contemplated from the first, and provided for in the calculation. Loss in the true sense would arise if the mortality was greater than was assumed, or if the interest realized was less, or if an investment should be lost, or if expenses of management proved excessive. In short, loss would appear if the rates were fixed on a scale insufficient to cover all contingencies. It follows, on the other hand, that "profit" arises because the rates have been fixed on a scale more than sufficient to cover all contingencies.

It further follows, that in proportion as the rates charged for Assurance are high, the surplus, or profit fund, will be swelled and aggrandized. In some of the Societies which are still pleased (or we should perhaps rather say, which are compelled by their constitution, which they have no power to alter) to use the Northampton Table of Mortality, the surplus arising annually is very great. In proportion to the amount of such

Surplus is the power of an office increased to give one class the advantage over another in the division, and by the declaration of large bonuses to dazzle the public with imaginary benefits. The amount of the bonuses periodically declared cannot form a true test of the prosperity of any institution. That amount may arise from using a false mortality table, and exacting large rates, as much as from getting good lives and fortunate investments.

The first question in any investigation with a view to a division, is the ascertainment of the amount of profit at any given period. This is a matter requiring very careful treatment. A mercantile firm, however extensive and varied may be their property and affairs, or a bank, however speculative may be a portion of its investments, proceed to a valuation of their assets upon rules and principles which ordinary intelligence and prudence suggest, and any considerable mistake will at once become apparent to those concerned; but a Life Assurance Society, from the peculiar nature both of its property and obligations, might readily fall into errors, which, while they were of a very serious kind, might not be even suspected to exist for a long series of years. On the one side of the balance-sheet stand as the property of the Society its realized funds and investments, with the present value of all the premiums due by the members; on the other side as debt stands the present value of all the sums assured. In these valuations very great fallacies may sometimes lurk. It is notorious, that a large and respectable Society in England, at two successive septennial periods, divided, as profit, the whole surplus fund which could arise on their policies during the entire period of their currency, thus anticipating twice over, on a great number of their policies, profits not then realized, and appropriating to one class, with real (though perhaps not intentional) injustice, what belonged to another.

It would be out of place to enter here upon a full exposition of the principle and methods of a correct valuation of premiums and policies. These are now well understood, and in general are honestly applied, although error and injustice still result in some offices from the use of the exploded mortality of Northampton as the criterion of value.

When the amount of the profit or surplus fund has, at the assigned period, been ascertained, the question next in order, and not inferior in importance, is, how is that fund to be divided? The question of amount is one

of scientific calculation—the question of distribution is one of equity. As might be supposed, the latter is emphatically the *questio verata* among assurers and assured, upon which every office professes to hold and apply the only true principle of division, and upon which it is, perhaps, impossible in practice to realize perfectly the full results of the most unexceptionable theory.

Although absolute and exact equity may be unattainable, the principle of division should be sound, and such as to afford in its application the nearest approximation to even-handed justice.

By special compact, the whole parties interested may be bound to a particular method of Division: as, for instance, by the deed of constitution, or the by-law of the association, it may be provided that the first 5000 policies shall alone participate in the surplus fund, or that none shall share in such surplus until they have paid premiums equivalent with interest to the sum assured. In such cases it may be admitted, that as all parties know the rule before they join the body so constituted, none of the members can fairly complain when they find the laws consistently carried out. Others, however, are entitled to maintain, in the name of sound principle, that by so agreeing to conduct business, the effect is to divide among a favored class what was contributed proportionally by all, and that to the extent of the surplus the principle applied is not that of equalizing life and providing against premature death,—the great and proper object of Life Assurance,—but of conferring a bonus and bounty upon long life, which is the gambling principle of the Tontine.

Farther, and without dwelling upon this subject, we may venture to say, that no little suspicion exists, that in several very prosperous and otherwise ably conducted institutions, the older lives engross the lion's share of the spoil. No competent defence has ever been made of the system by which the long lives reap their enlarging shares of benefit at successive periods of investigation, by profits being allotted to them in proportion to the amount both of their original assurance, and of additions made by previously declared bonuses. Still less can the system be upheld by which they draw profit at each successive period of division, according, not merely to the premiums paid subsequent to the date of the previous division, during which period the profit to be divided arose—but in proportion to all the premiums paid from the very commencement of the policy.

The long-standing and numerous policies of associations conducted upon these plans, so far from being attractive to new members, will probably, with increasing experience, be found to be the reverse. The oftener the periods of allocation recur, the greater the evil and the injustice under such a system of division. This accumulative system of bonus additions, if brought into action, every ten or every seven years, is bad enough; but when it is carried into effect every five years, our astonishment is, that it does not produce results more startling than any that have yet appeared in advertising type; and as it is impossible to invent a new mathematics, but quite a possible thing to cook a bonus, we are led to ask, whether in the offices to which we refer, arbitrary accommodations have not been resorted to already, to disguise and counteract the inevitable results of their own vaunted principle? In truth, it needs no prophet to predict, that if this accumulative plan of heaping up bonuses on the old policies were rigorously and permanently carried out, the discouragement to new entrants would become so great, that few would be attracted to such offices — that with a decreasing or even a stationary business, the fallacy would become more apparent than it does, or can do, so long as business is flowing in with an annually increasing volume; and that thus an accumulative process of decline would ensue, and the office would effectually wind itself up, and shut its own door.

Still, however, it must be admitted, that the offices which, within endurable limits, favor the old lives, will in all probability retain a strong hold on the support of many. Most men are apt to think well of their own prospects of longevity. The assured who dies after paying only a few premiums, is, from narrow views and a mistaken application of the ordinary mercantile analogy, regarded as causing a "loss" to the Society. The pure principle of Life Assurance is, it is thought, very well so far; but in the estimation of some, it is rendered all the more attractive by having superadded a bonus-lottery, in which the long lives draw the prizes.

We reassert as a demonstrable fact, that the profits have arisen out of the contributions of *all* the members. Each several policy-holder, therefore, from the youngest to the oldest, has a right to participate in what each has had a share in creating. The interest of each in the surplus fund is just the difference between the payments actually made, and those which would have been demanded, had the precise rate of interest, and

the precise rate of mortality been foreknown. That scheme of division, therefore, is certainly the most equitable and most in accordance with the strict principles of Life Assurance, which distributes the profits among all the policy-holders, without preference of classes, and so as to include the members who die early as well as those who live long. That means exist, and that computations are practicable for so dividing, is undoubted, and it is hoped they will be brought into more extensive use when true principle shall be thought a safer guide than false popularity, and when the interests of the long lives, always a powerful class, are postponed to the demands of enlightened equity.

The importance of the views we are now urging is much greater than may at first sight appear. The prevailing systems are, in reality, most unfavorable to the spread of Life Assurance among the general body of society. The grand object should be to promote its extension among all who can avail themselves of its benefits. Instead of doing this by offering Assurance at low but safe rates, these are kept so high as to deter many from attempting to assure, and to defeat many more who make the attempt, all in order to produce a surplus fund for the long lives. New entrants not only pay an adequate premium, but in addition what may be called a Tontine-tax, in the distribution of which they may never share; and thus Life Assurance, instead of being simplified, and cheapened, and popularized, as it might be, within the limits of perfect safety, is clogged and complicated, by the super-addition of an expensive system, the very opposite to Life Assurance in its nature and tendency.

We cannot escape noticing, however briefly, the question raised as to the comparative merits of the Improved Proprietary, or "Mixed" Company, and the Mutual Society. As usually happens in matters involving the pecuniary advantage of rival establishments, extreme views have been keenly maintained on both sides. To reach the truth, we may disregard equally the interested statements of proprietary partisans and the overstrained arguments of the mutually-assured. We cannot seriously believe, on the one hand, that there is any risk of a well-conducted mutual office making good at least the sum in the policy, or that the value of the guarantee against such risk is of the last consequence. Neither can we see, on the other hand, that capital is in all cases an encumbrance and mere absorbent of profit to the loss and detriment of the assured.

It is quite manifest, although it is often overlooked, that if a body of proprietors get only an average rate of interest on their paid-up capital, they do not thereby withdraw a single farthing of the surplus or profit fund arising on the payments of the assured. They merely receive the interest which their capital has itself yielded, and it is only in so far as they draw a higher rate of interest than the average of that borne by the company's investments, or make slump bonus additions to their paid-up stock, that they trench upon the Assurance profits, and so withdraw what in a mutual office is divided wholly among the assured themselves.

The Proprietary Companies were in the early times of Life Assurance in the habit of appropriating the whole profits, by which the shareholders were greatly enriched. The Mutual offices, more especially those instituted during the present century, have, by their vigorous competition for business, given a check to this monopolizing system. Too many of the Proprietary Companies still discover some remains of the old tendency, but, generally speaking, they are now alive to the necessity of offering to the public advantages bearing a comparison with those held out by the Mutual offices. What competition has forced them to adopt as a necessity, equity confirms and demands as a right; and any Proprietary Company which henceforth shall attempt to appropriate the profits, or a large part of them, to the shareholders, will, we doubt not, find, as they ought, that they are behind the market, and must either better their terms or shut their doors.

The Mutual Societies have thus established a strong claim on the gratitude of the community, their correction of the abuses of the Proprietary System having given them great acceptance with the public. Still the Proprietary System prevails in point of extent, and if liberally carried out, possesses great advantages. The allocation of large bonuses upon the capital stock is as indefensible in principle as it must henceforth be shortsighted in policy;—but supposing such practices to be finally abandoned, we should say that so far as the mere element of constitution is concerned, the Proprietary form is the best. Taking other circumstances into account, however—such as extent of business, good management, favorable investments, and the like, particular offices of a different constitution may surpass, both in success and security, one which may be framed on what we should regard as more

eligible principles. Our reasons for preferring the Proprietary constitution (apart from the guarantee afforded by the subscribed capital) are, that it possesses several advantages in the practical working of its affairs, which a Mutual Society cannot command. The Directors (representing the shareholders principally) are more likely to act impartially in the distribution of the surplus fund among the policy-holders than the Directors of a Mutual Society, who generally represent the old policy-holders, the powerful and ruling class in all such associations. A Proprietary Company can modify and vary the tables and rates according to advancing information, or their own experience or change of circumstances. A Mutual Society, on the other hand, cannot pass from an erroneous to a correct system of contribution. If they have begun upon a wrong table, they must persevere in the face of all reason and conviction. A large class of members come, at a certain point, to have a substantial and annually increasing interest in the maintenance of the erroneous hypothesis. Of course, their rights under the deed of constitution are indefeasible, and so the only remedy for the evil is the forlorn one of a *felo de se*. The society can get quit of its erroneous scale of contribution by winding up, and not otherwise.

Moreover, under the Proprietary form the non-participating rates may be most largely diminished. We doubt if the advantages which they possess in this respect are sufficiently appreciated either by themselves or the public. It will perhaps come more into view in succeeding years, as one of the methods of obviating in part the difficulties of meeting the premiums which recently have produced so very large an amount of surrendered and forfeited policies. It seems pretty clear that a set of proprietors can with more safety sell Assurance at a price which will barely remunerate them, than a society whose solvency depends on the calculations proving adequate, and which ought therefore in all cases to charge rates undoubtedly sufficient.

When we consider the vast amount of business now transacted by the Assurance Offices of this country, and the immense and still rapidly accumulating capital to which their operations give rise, it is scarcely possible to over-estimate the importance of their being soundly constituted and honestly conducted. It is computed that five millions sterling is paid annually into the whole Life Institutions of the kingdom, by which perhaps

£135,000,000 is secured to families and representatives at death.

The management and application of funds so large, and the effect of this comparatively recent accumulation upon the monetary interests and prospects of the community, might suggest several interesting questions and speculations, upon which, however, we forbear to enter. Looking at it merely in its direct bearings, Life Assurance presents one of the most pleasing features of modern society. The benefits of a system of provision so extended and admirable, adapt themselves to the various exigencies of life with peculiar effect. They have been felt in many a widowed chamber and orphan's home—in alleviating the anxieties of many a dying parent—in fostering the spirit of self-reliance—and, generally, in moderating the cares and mitigating the calamities of life. Indeed, we hesitate not to assign a very powerful influence to Life Assurance among the institutions and elements of that higher civilization which in later times has been evolved and enjoyed beyond all historical precedent among the upper and middle classes of this country. Among these classes the tendency is evidently to an increase of Assurance. With increasing business we may be allowed to express a hope that the offices of every kind now established may make the best use of their prosperity, and increasingly deserve it by improvements both in principle and practice, such as the new data of mortality and the better understood principles of equity warrant and demand; and that so doing, they have before them a career of honor and wide-spread social advantage which shall be coeval with that national prosperity which they contribute to promote and adorn.

Before closing these remarks, we shall advert to the prospects of the *extension* of Life Assurance in this country, and to some interesting views of the subject, which are beginning to occupy the attention of thinking and philanthropic men.

The benefits of which we have been speaking have hitherto been confined almost exclusively to the upper and middle ranks of society. The lower grades of the latter, and the whole body of the working-classes, have yet to learn that Life Assurance is adapted to them also; that under suitable modifications in its plan of working, it is calculated to diffuse its comforts and advantages throughout all the families in the land, however humble, and that its economic benefits and happy influences may be brought with-

in the reach and commended to the acceptance of all. The time seems to have fully come when, among all the other means of raising and ameliorating the condition of the working people of Britain, Life Assurance should be recognized and advocated in a manner befitting its undoubted importance.

It will serve to explain why in time past Life Assurance has done nothing for the lower classes, and at the same time indicate the line of future advancement in this respect, if we consider for a little one feature of Assurance as now almost universally practiced by the classes who avail themselves of it. Business is almost wholly done on the plan of annual or bi-annual premiums. Now, great as have been the benefits of this system, and prosperous as are the many institutions which practice upon it, it is certain that to some it has always been attended with disadvantage, and that it cannot be suited to the circumstances and capabilities of all. The persons for whom it is peculiarly adapted belong chiefly to the middle ranks of life,—persons of limited but certain income,—Clergymen, professional men, annuitants, and salaried employees of every grade; and generally all who, while not possessed of realized property, have the means by their incomes of paying annually the premiums necessary to secure the desired fund at their death. The laws of primogeniture and entail have also rendered Life Assurance on this plan a very valuable source of provision for the younger children of the landed aristocracy.

For the lower grade of the middle classes, the struggling and embarrassed among professional men and shopkeepers, and for the whole body of the working-classes, the system in its own nature is not suited, and never can be made to adapt itself. Through the activity and canvassing of rival establishments, it has already been carried into these latter classes farther than it can perhaps be permanently maintained. The point of incompatibility lies in this, that while it is absolutely essential to the safety and sound working of the whole system, that the premium should be paid punctually and without fail at every return of the periodical day of payment, under the penalty of forfeiting the Assurance altogether; the classes referred to are subject to fluctuations in their means and circumstances, which deprive them of the power of meeting the calls for premium, and so compel them on some unlucky day to forfeit the advantages to which they may have been directing the exertions and the hopes of many years. Relaxations may, and

ought, in equity, to be made in the stern and unsympathizing rules of the offices in regard to forfeited policies; and we are glad to observe that the highest of them are beginning to show some consideration in the matter; still, principle forbids their going beyond a fair allowance for surrender value; and the sad fact remains unmodified in its substantial truth, that under the premium system of Assurance, hundreds of policies are, each year, in every large office, surrendered or forfeited. The offices themselves, in their annual reports, do not assign much prominence to this fact. Their interest is to conceal it. It is our duty to bring it forth into the broadest light, not that we consider it in any respect a blot or a stigma on these institutions, but that the public are interested in observing and thoroughly understanding what Life Assurance, on the prevalent premium plan can do, and what it cannot do. Not that we grudge the happy contributors, whose steady flow of means never forsakes them when the inevitable premium day returns, their large policies and plethoric bonuses, and comfortable congratulations on the annual day; but that we feel it to be the part of both humanity and wisdom to cast an eye of careful regard toward the crowd of their less fortunate brethren, who, instead of sharing in the success, have been consigned to the lean limbo of defeat and disaster. It is a great and a growing evil. It may startle some to be told, that in the year 1848, and within the Edinburgh offices alone, policies assuring sums to the amount of *more than a million sterling were surrendered and forfeited!* This fact proves at once and conclusively that the poorer class of the assured avail themselves of the benefits of the present system under great risks and disadvantages; and surely no one can doubt the grave and serious consequences arising to parties so disappointed, and their families. Loss of heart,—disgust with all methods of provident accumulation,—and the encouragement of speculative tendencies, are among the moral evils which greatly outweigh the mere pecuniary loss incident to such forfeitures. It is high time that those who are competent to direct public opinion on this subject, and who wish well to Life Assurance as an important instrument of social benefit, should give earnest attention to what, if not met and mitigated, must become ere long a stumbling-block to thousands among the classes to whom we specially refer in the very threshold of the best institutions.

A remedy, partial, at least, and perhaps

as complete as any single specific could supply, is furnished by the Life Assurance system itself, upon a different plan of operation.

Persons whose policies have been forfeited or surrendered on account of their inability to continue paying the premiums, have, as the result shows, been attempting to secure benefits beyond their reach. Tempted by the desire to secure at once a considerable sum in the event of premature death, they have undertaken the equivalent obligation which they have not been able to fulfill. They have wagered their circumstances against their life, and the latter has gained to their own loss. The transaction has been too speculative in its character for them. In attempting to secure more than their means and circumstances rendered possible, they have lost all. Such a disadvantage as this, however, is by no means incident to Life Assurance under every form. It is inseparable from the premium plan, where the sum in the policy is equivalent to all the premiums which the assured is expected to pay, as on an average life; but it is entirely obviated on the plan of single payment, by which the full price of the Assurance is paid at once. By this method a much smaller sum in proportion to the payments actually made is secured at first; but to the extent of the payment, the full benefit of the equalization of life is secured, which is the essence of Life Assurance, while no risk of forfeiture can possibly defeat what has once been attained. To a large extent this system would supply the desideratum which is evidently felt among the classes most exposed to forfeiture. Dying *under* the average age, they would have secured a smaller sum than their single payments, paid as premiums, would have obtained for them. Living up to the average age, the benefits on both systems should be equal. Dying *beyond* the average age, the single-payment-depositor would have the advantage. For many purposes, such as securing or attempting to secure debts and provisions under marriage-contracts, and the like, this mode of Assurance would not be found suitable. Neither would it be possible, under any system, to obviate or prevent altogether the evils of forfeiture; but certainly it does appear that deposit or single payment Assurance would suit the views and circumstances of a very large and increasing class, who are now straining beyond their strength to share in the benefits of a more promising, but also to them more hazardous system.



To the working-classes, the plan to which we refer might, by extensive adoption, prove an invaluable boon. That the Savings' Bank does not meet all their wants, is proved by the existence of those numerous benefit and sickness societies which have been had recourse to by them. That they still need to be directed into the right method of applying their savings, so as best to meet future contingencies, is too sadly apparent by the all but universal confusion and disorder which have recently overtaken these societies. The exertions of Government to aid them in the reconstruction and right management of these societies are every way laudable; but it is evident that their limited numbers and small funds give them no chance of obtaining the

advantages of favorable investments, or a sufficient average of mortality among their members, while the element of self-government will always expose them to serious risks.

The plan of Deposit Assurance, carried out extensively among the saving and industrious classes of the community, would powerfully promote all the ends which benevolent and patriotic men most earnestly desire to accomplish. It would familiarize them with a plan of saving and accumulating in all respects the most easy, safe, and suitable for them which they have ever known, and in their own sphere and degree would make them partakers with their richer brethren in the comforts and dignity of independence.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## MY WINTER ROOM.

BY ALFRED B. STREET,

AUTHOR OF "FRONTENAC," ETC.

THE WINTER wind is roaring in the air,  
And crashing through the trees, upon the pines  
A dull sound tells the beating of the snow,  
And, now and then, a sharp quick tinkling where  
The hail is smiting. Hark, how bitterly  
The wild wind shrieks! and, as I glance from out  
My casement, nothing but the black sky o'er,  
And the pale ghastly snow beneath, I see.  
Within, how warm and cosy is my room!  
The broad bright blaze leaps, laughing, crackling up  
The rumbling chimney, shedding round my walls  
Its rosy radiance. Swarms of ruddy sparks,  
Like dancing fire-flies, hover now below  
The chimney's mouth, now stream up quietly  
Its sable throat, and now right at my face  
Dart swiftly, snapping out their teaty lives.  
The great swart andirons stand in bulky strength  
Amidst the glowing redness. Now and then  
A brand breaks up, and falls on either side,  
Attended by a merrier dance of sparks.  
And then the play of shadows. On the wall  
The tongue has cast a straddling shape, with knob  
Nodding so wisely, every chair has lined  
Its giant frame-work all around. The tall  
Quaint clock, which ticks with such industrious tongue,  
Chiming harmonious with the silver chirp  
Of the unceasing cricket, casts its high  
And reaching figure up the wall, with breast  
Bent to an angle, stretching half along  
The ceiling, wavering to each mirthful fit  
Of the glad firelight. How the cinder-blaze  
Flashes upon the letters of my books,  
Dances along the barrel of my gun  
(Remainder of sweet Indian summer days  
In the calm forest when the smoky air  
Rang with its voice), and glittering on the joints  
Of my long fishing-rod (awakener too  
Of cool, dark forest streams, and leaping trout,  
And dashing music, and of net-work gold  
Dropped by low branches), glancing in the dark,  
Smooth polish of my cane (that also tells

Of rambles in the fresh, green, pastoral hills  
To view the summer sunset—through the glens  
To while away the languid summer heat,  
And by broad waters where the harvest-moon  
Beheld its face reflected). Cheery nook,  
Sweet cheery nook! how precious is thy peace  
In my unquiet life! how gladly here  
My heart expands in pure beatitude,  
Feeling its storms all hushed in holy rest,  
All tumults soothed—at sweet peace with itself—  
In kindness with all kind. The mangling day,  
Care, disappointments, sorrows, may have brought,  
But all have vanished. All the bitter things  
Of being—unappreciated worth—  
Wounded affection—barred ambition like  
The Phoenix burning in the flames it fans  
With its own pinions: hopes that, like old Rome,  
Are strewn in wrecks, which tell how bright and grand  
Their pristine shapes; all these roll off like mists,  
And leave the crimsoned room a radiant shrine  
Of blest contentment. Here the fancy, too,  
Revels in its sweet dreaming, tracing things  
Grotesque and beautiful from out the coals,  
One glowing like a famished lion's eye,  
One cracking open like a maiden's lips  
(So soft and rich their velvet ruddiness),  
And melting one in ashes soft and gray,  
Like sunset's rim, what time the sun hath sunk  
Beneath it; and not only this, but lapped  
In poetry, which dances now in sweet  
And fairy music, as of harp and flute,  
And marching now in stately phalanx on  
To drum and trumpet. Glows the happy soul  
Responsive, till the hours on downy feet  
Have brought the time for slumber—then with prayer  
To God, my head upon its pillow sinks,  
And hearing, in the slow delicious creep  
Of slumber o'er the frame, the stormy wind  
And beating snow, I slide within the lead,  
The dim, mysterious, unknown land of dreams.

From Blackwood's Magazine.

## HOWARD.

*John Howard and the Prison-World of Europe.* From Original and Authentic Documents. By HEPWORTH DIXON.

To add another to the numerous eulogies which have been justly bestowed on the memory of Howard the philanthropist, is not our object. We are far from making the attempt: our aim is to contribute something to the more accurate and familiar knowledge of the man himself—his life, his character, his career, his services.

It not unfrequently happens that the great men of history, whom we have admired in our youth, sink grievously in our estimation, and lose their heroic port and proportions, when we survey them more nearly, and at a season of maturer judgment. They shrink into the bounds and limits of commonplace mortality. We venture even to administer reproof and castigation, where, perhaps, we had venerated almost to idolatry. Such is not the case with Howard. Poets have sung his praises, and his name has rounded many an eloquent period. Howard the philanthropist becomes very soon a name as familiar to us as those of the Kings and Queens who have sat upon our throne; but the vague admiration, thus early instilled into us, suffers no diminution when, at an after period, we become intimately acquainted with the character of the man. We may approach the idol here without danger to our faith. We may analyze the motive—we may “vex, probe, and criticise”—it is all sound. Take your stethoscope and listen—there is no hollow here—every pulse beats true.

The Howard that poets and orators had taught us to admire loses none of its greatness on a near approach. But it undergoes a remarkable *transformation*. The real Howard, who devoted his life to the jail and the lazaretto, was a very different person from that ideal of benevolence which the verse of Darwin, or the eloquence of Burke, had called up into our minds. Instead of this faint and classic ideal, we have the intensely and

somewhat sternly religious man, guided and sustained, every step of his way, not alone, nor principally, by the amiable but vacillating sentiment which passes under the name of philanthropy, but by an exalted, severe, imperative sense of duty. It is Howard the Christian, Howard the Puritan, that stands revealed before us. The form changes, but only to grow more distinct and intelligible. The features have no longer that classic outline we had attributed to them; but they bear henceforth the stamp of reality—of a man who, without doubt, had lived and moved amongst us.

Those who have rested content (and we think there are many such) with that impression of Howard which is derived from the panegyrics scattered through our polite literature, and who accordingly attribute to him, as the master-motive of his conduct, simply a wide benevolence—a sentiment of humanity exalted to a passion—must be conscious of a certain uneasy sense of doubt, an involuntary scepticism; must feel that there is something here unexplained, or singularly exaggerated. Their Howard, if they should scrutinize their impression, is a quite anomalous person. No philanthropist they have ever heard of—no mere lover of his kind, sustained only by the bland sentiment of humanity, not even supported by any new enthusiastic faith in the perfectibility of the species—ever lived the life of this man, or passed through a tithe of his voluntary toils and sufferings. Philanthropists are generally distinguished for their love of speculation; they prefer to think rather than to act; and their labors are chiefly bestowed on the composition of their books. Philanthropists have occasionally ruined themselves; but their rash schemes are more notorious for leading to the ruin of others. As a race, they are not distinguished for self-sacrifice, or for

practical and strenuous effort. There must, therefore, to the persons we are describing, be a certain doubt and obscurity hanging over the name of Howard the philanthropist. It must sound like a myth or fable; they must half suspect that, if some Niebuhr should look into the matter, their heroic figure would vanish into thin air.

Let them, however, proceed to the study of the veritable Howard, and all the mystery clears up. The philanthropist of the orator gives place to one who, in the essential elements of his character, may be ranked with Christian missionaries and Christian martyrs. Instead of the half-pagan ideal, or personification of benevolence, there rises before them a character which a rigorous analysis might justly class with those of St. Francis or Loyola, or whatever the Christian church has at any time exhibited of exalted piety and complete self-devotion. The same spirit which, in past times, has driven men into the desert, or shut them up in cells with the scourge and the crucifix; the same spirit which has impelled them to brave all the dangers of noxious climates and of savage passions, to extend the knowledge of religion amongst barbarous nations—was animating Howard when he journeyed incessantly from prison to prison, tracking human misery into all its hidden and most loathsome recesses. He who, in another century, would have been the founder of a new order of barefooted monks, became, in Protestant England, the great exemplar of philanthropic heroism. Perhaps he too, in one sense, may be said to have founded a new religious order, though it is not bound together by common rules, and each member of it follows, as he best may, the career of charitable enterprise that lies open before him. The mystery, we say, clears up. Benevolent our Howard was; undoubtedly, by nature, as by nature also he was somewhat imperious; but that which converted his benevolence into a ceaseless motive of strenuous action, of toil, and of sacrifice; that which *utilized* his natural love of authority, transforming it into that requisite firmness and predominance over others without which no man, at least no reformer, can be rigidly just, and, face to face, admonish, threaten, and reprove; that which constituted the mainspring and vital force of his character, was intense piety, and the all-prevailing sense of duty to his God. The craving of his soul was some great task-work, to be done in the eye of Heaven. Not the love of man, nor the praise of man, but con-

science, and to be a servant of the Most High, were his constant motive and desire.

Men of ardent piety generally apply themselves immediately to the reproduction in others of that piety which they feel to be of such incomparable importance. This becomes the predominant, often the sole object of their lives. It is natural it should be so. In such minds all the concerns of the present world sink into insignificance; and their fellow-men are nothing, except as they are, or are not, fellow-Christians. Howard was an exception to this rule. Owing to certain circumstances in his own life; to the manner of his education; to his deficiency in some intellectual qualifications, and his pre-eminence in others, he was led to take the domain of physical suffering—of earthly wretchedness—for the province in which to exert his zeal. For the preacher, or the writer, he was not formed, either by education or by natural endowment; but he was a man of shrewd observation, of great administrative talent, of untiring perseverance, and of an insatiable energy. The St. Francis of Protestant England did not, therefore, go forth as a missionary; nor did he become the founder of a new sect, distinguished by any doctrinal peculiarity; but he girded himself up to visit, round the world, the cell of the prisoner—to examine the food he ate, the air he breathed, to rid him of the jail-fever, to drive famine out of its secret haunts, and from its neglected prey. It was this peculiarity which led men to segregate Howard from the class to which, by the great elements of his character, he belongs. To relieve the common wants of our humanity was his object—to war against hunger and disease, and unjust cruelties inflicted by man on man, was his chosen task-work; therefore was it vaguely supposed that the sentiment of humanity was his great predominant motive, and that he was driven about the world by compassion and benevolence.

His remains lie buried in Russia. Dr. Clark, in his travels through that country, relates that "Count Vincent Potocki, a Polish nobleman of the highest taste and talents, whose magnificent library and museum would do honor to any country, through a mistaken design of testifying his respect for the memory of Howard, has signified his intention of taking up the body that it might be conveyed to his country seat, where a sumptuous monument has been prepared for its reception, upon a small island in the midst of a lake. His countess, being a romantic lady,

wishes to have an annual *fête* consecrated to benevolence ; at this the nymphs of the country are to attend, and strew the place with flowers." There are many, we suspect, of his own countrymen and countrywomen, who would be disposed to honor the memory of Howard in a similar manner. They would hang, or carve their wreaths of flowers upon a tomb where the emblems of Christian martyrdom would be more appropriate. We need hardly add that the design of the romantic countess was not put into execution.

The vague impression prevalent of this remarkable man has been perpetuated by another circumstance. Howard has been unfortunate in his biographers. Dr. Aikin, the earliest of these, writes like a gentleman and a scholar ; manifests throughout much good sense, a keen intelligence, and a high moral feeling ; but his account is brief, and is both defective and deceptive from his incapacity, or unwillingness, to portray the religious aspect of the character he had undertaken to develop. Dr. Aikin's little book may still be read with advantage for the general remarks it contains, but it is no biography. Neither was Dr. Aikin calculated for a biographer. He wanted both the highest and the lowest qualifications. Details, such as of dates and places, he had not the patience to examine ; and he wanted that rarer quality of mind by which the writer is enabled to throw himself into the character of a quite different man from himself, and almost feel by force of sympathy the motives which have actuated him. This the cultivated, tasteful, but, in spite of his verse, the quite didactic mind of Aikin was incapable of doing.

The Rev. Samuel Palmer, who had known Howard for thirty years, appended to a sermon, preached on the occasion of his death, some account of his life and career. But this, as well as several anonymous contributions to magazines, and a brief anonymous life which appeared at the same time, can be considered only in the light of materials for the future biographer.

The task lay still open, and Mr. Baldwin Brown, barrister-at-law, undertook to accomplish it. He appears to have had all the advantages a biographer could desire. He had conversed with the contemporaries and friends of Howard, and with his surviving domestics—an advantage which no subsequent writer could hope to profit by ; he was put in possession of the materials which the Rev. Mr. Smith and his family, intimate friends of Howard, had collected for the

very purpose of such a work as he was engaged on ; Dr. Brown, professor of theology at Aberdeen, another intimate friend of Howard, transcribed for him, from his commonplace book, the memoranda of conversations held with Howard, and committed to writing at the time ; and, above all, he was furnished with extracts and memoranda from diaries kept by Howard himself, and which fortunately had escaped the general conflagration to which the philanthropist, anticipating and disliking the curiosity of the biographer, had devoted his papers. Several influential men amongst the Dissenters interested themselves in obtaining information for him ; and the list of those to whom he expresses obligations of this kind, occupies two or three pages of his preface. Mr. Brown was himself a man of religious zeal—we presume, from his work, a Dissenter ; he could not fail to appreciate the religious aspect of Howard's character. As a lawyer, he was prepared to take an interest in the subject of his labors—the reformation of our prisons and our penal laws. Thus he brought to his task many peculiar advantages ; and the work he produced was laborious, conscientious, and very valuable. Unfortunately, Mr. Baldwin Brown was a dull writer, by which we here imply that he was also a dull thinker, and his book will be pronounced by the generality of readers to be as dull as it is useful. Notwithstanding the attractive title it bears, and the many interesting particulars contained in it, his biography never attained any popularity. It was probably read extensively amongst the Dissenters, to whose sympathies it more directly appeals than to those of any other class of readers ; but we think we are right in saying that it never had much circulation in the world at large.

More parsonic than the parsons, our lawyer-divine can resist no opportunity for sermonizing. The eloquence of a Dissenting pulpit, and that when it is but indifferently supplied—the tedious repetition, and the monotonous unmodulated periods of his legal textbooks—these combine, or alternate, through the pages of Mr. Brown. Yet those who persevere in the perusal of his book will be rewarded. He is judicious in the selection of his materials. He presents us with the means of forming an accurate conception of Howard ; though, in so doing, he seems to reveal to an attentive reader more than he had well understood himself.

Tedious or not, this is still the only biography of Howard. A Mr. Thomas Taylor

has written what appears to be an abridgment of the work. His book is more brief, but it is still more insipid. What notion Mr. T. Taylor has of biography may be judged of from this, that he thinks it necessary, in quoting Howard's own original letters, to amend and improve the *style*—preserving, as he says, the sense, but correcting the composition. He is apparently shocked at the idea that the philanthropist should express himself in indifferent English, even though in a hasty letter to a friend.

Very lately Mr. Hepworth Dixon, whose work has recalled us to this subject, has presented us with a life of Howard. It cannot be said of Mr. Dixon's book that it is either dull or insipid; it has some of the elements of popularity; but we cannot better describe it in a few words than by saying that it is a *caricature* of a popular biography. Its flippancy, its conceit, its egregious pretensions, its tawdry *novelistic* style, are past all sufferance. It is too bad to criticise. But as, in the dearth of any popular biography of Howard, it has assumed for a time a position it by no means merits, we cannot pass it by entirely without notice. For, besides that Mr. Dixon writes throughout with execrable taste, he has not dealt conscientiously with the materials before him. His notion of the duty of a biographer is this—that he is to collect every incident of the least piquancy, no matter by whom related, or on what authority, and color it himself as highly as he can. Evidently the most serious preparation he has made, for writing the life of Howard, has been a course of reading in French romances. It is with the spirit and manner of a Eugene Sue that he sits down to describe the grand and simple career of Howard.

Mr. Dixon has not added a single new fact to the biography of Howard, nor any novelty whatever, except such as he has drawn from his own imagination. Nor does he assist in sifting the narrative; on the contrary, whatever dust has the least sparkle in it, though it has been thrice thrown away, he assiduously collects. That he should have nothing new to relate is no matter of blame; it is probable that no future biographer will be able to do more than recast and reanimate the materials to be found in Brown and Aikin. But why this pretence of having written a life of Howard from "original documents?" We beg pardon: he does not absolutely say that he has written *the Life of Howard* from original documents—the original document, for there is but one, may apply to the "*prison-*

*world of Europe*," of which also he professes to write. This "earliest document of any value connected with the *penology of England*," which, with much parade, he prints for the first time, relates to the state of prisons before the labors of Howard. Impossible to suppose, therefore, that Mr. Hepworth Dixon meant his readers to infer that, by the aid of this document, he was about to give them an original Life of Howard.

Let us look at Mr. Dixon's preface—it is worth while. It thus commences:—

"Several reasons combined to induce the writer to undertake the work of making out for the reading world a new biography of Howard; the chief of them fell under two heads:—

"*It lay in his path.* Years ago now, circumstances, which do not require to be explained in this place, called his attention to the vast subject of the *prison-world*."

We must stop a moment to admire this favorite magniloquence of our author. Howard wrote a report on the state of prisons; Mr. Dixon writes on nothing less than the *prison-world of Europe*! He heads his chapters—"The Prison-world of the Continent," "The Prison-world of England." If Mr. Dixon, in his patriotic labors, should turn his attention to the nuisance of Smithfield market, he would certainly give us a treatise on "*The Butcher-world of Europe*," with chapters headed, with due logical gradation, "The Butcher-world of England," and "The Butcher-world of London."

"*It lay in his path*," was one reason why he wrote his biography. "It needed to be done," was the other. We agree in the last of these reasons, whatever demur we make to the first. A more popular biography than Mr. Brown's would certainly be a useful book. But what can Mr. Dixon mean by saying, that "although Howard was the father of prison-science, the story of his life has hitherto been made out without reference to that fact?" Messrs. Brown and Aikin were not, then, aware that the excitement of the public attention to the great subject of prison-discipline was the chief result, and the direct and ostensible aim of the labors of Howard!

But now we arrive at Mr. Dixon's statement of his own peculiar resources for writing the Life of Howard, and the valuable contributions he has made to our better knowledge of the man; in short, his claims upon our gratitude and confidence:—

"It has been the writer's study to render this

biographical history of Howard as worthy of its subject, and of the confidence of the reader, as the nature of the materials at his disposal would allow. He has carefully collated every document already printed—made, and caused to be made, numerous researches—conversed with persons who have preserved traditions and other memorials of this subject—traveled in his traces over a great number of prisons—examined parliamentary and other records for such new facts as they might afford—and, in conclusion, has consulted these several sources of information, and interpreted their answers by such light as his personal experience of the prison-world suggested to be needful. The result of this labor is, that some new matter of curious interest has turned up—amongst other things, a manuscript throwing light on the early history of prison reforms in this country, found in the archives of the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, and for which he is indebted to the courtesy of the Secretary, the Rev. T. B. Murray; and the writer is assured that no other papers exist in any known quarter. The material for Howard's life is therefore now fully collected; whether it is herein finally used, will entirely depend upon the verdict of the reader."

From all this mystification, the reader is at least to conclude that something very important has been done, and contributions very valuable have been made, for a final biography of Howard. Documents collated—researches made, and caused to be made—then a discovered manuscript, which now is, and now is not, appertaining to the subject—assurance "that no other papers exist in any known quarter!"—"materials now fully collected!" Oh, Admirable Crichton! Our author has done all this for us! Our author has read the memoirs of Baldwin Brown—and that not very attentively; if he has done more it is a pity, because there is not the least trace of it in his book. Our author has read the memoirs of Baldwin Brown, and travestied his narrative, and then writes this preface, as a travesty, we presume, of erudite prefaces in general. The book altogether does not belong to literature, but is a sort of parody on literature.

We may as well give our readers the benefit of the rest of the preface:—

"The mental and moral portraiture of Howard attempted in this volume is new." [Fortunately, and to the recommendation of the volume, it is not new, but a transcript of that which his predecessor had drawn.] "As the writer's method of inquiry and of treatment was different to that ordinarily adopted, so his result is different. His study of the character was earnest, and, he believes, faithful. After making himself master of all the facts of the case which have come down to us, biographically and traditionally, his

plan was to saturate himself with Howardian ideas, and then strive to reproduce them living, acting, and suffering, in the real world."

How the Howardian ideas suffered from this process, we can somewhat guess. The rest of the sentence is not so plain:—

"The writer lays down his pen, not without regret. Long accustomed to contemplate one of the most noble and beautiful characters in history, he has learnt to regard it with a human affection; and at parting with his theme—the mental companion of many hours, and the object of his constant thoughts—he feels somewhat like a father who gives away his favorite daughter in marriage. He does not lose his interest in his child; but she can be to him no longer what she has been. A touch of melancholy mingles with his joy. He still regards his offspring with a tender solicitude—but his monopoly of love is ended."

Oh, surely no!

We propose, as far as our limits will permit, to retrace the chief incidents in the biography of Howard. A brief sketch of his life and character may not be unacceptable to our readers. Such strictures as we have passed upon his latest biographer, Mr. Dixon, we shall have abundant opportunities to justify as we proceed.

The well-known monument in St. Paul's Cathedral, which, from the circumstance of the key held in the hand of the statue, has been sometimes taken by foreigners for the representation of the apostle St. Peter, bears inscribed on the pedestal that Howard "was born in Hackney, in the county of Middlesex, September 2, 1726." But both the place and the year of his birth have been differently stated by his biographers. The Rev. S. Palmer, who had known him long, writes that he was born at Clapton; Dr. Aikin, that he was born at Enfield. To the authority of the Doctor, on such a point as this, we attach no weight; it is plain to us that he gave himself little trouble to determine whether he was born at Clapton or Enfield. It was probably at Clapton; but Clapton is in the parish of Hackney, so that there is really no discrepancy between Mr. Palmer's statement and that on the monument. The year 1726 seems also to be generally received as the most probable date of his birth. After all the discussion, we may as well adhere to the inscription on the pedestal of the statue.

The father of Howard had acquired a considerable fortune in business as an upholsterer and carpet warehouse-man in Long Lane, Smithfield. He was a dissenter, of Calvinistic principles; and, it is presumed, an Inde-

pendent. The question has been raised, whether our Howard was descended from any branch of the noble family of that name; but his biographers generally agree in rejecting for him the honors of such a pedigree. Nor can any one be in the least degree solicitous to advance such a claim. The military achievements of a Norman ancestry would diffuse a very incongruous lustre over the name of our Christian philanthropist. Thus much, however, is evident, that at one time there existed some tradition, or belief, or pretence, in the family of the citizen Howard, that they were remotely connected with the noble family whose name they share. "The arms of the Duke of Norfolk, and of the Earls of Suffolk, Effingham, and Carlisle, are placed at the head of the tombstone which Howard created to the memory of his first wife, on the south side of Whitechapel churchyard." Such is the assertion of the anonymous biographer in the *Universal Magazine*, (vol. lxxvi.) who stands alone, we believe, in maintaining the validity of this claim. And Mr. Brown, after quoting these words, adds—"From actual inspection of the mouldering monument, I can assure those of my readers who may feel any curiosity on the subject, that this description of its armorial bearings is correct; and am further enabled to add, on the authority of his relative, Mr. Barnardiston, that the distinguished individual by whom that monument was erected, occasionally spoke of Lord Carlisle as his relative; thus claiming at least a traditional descent from the Howards, Earls of Suffolk." That such a man as Howard should have used these arms *once* is significant; that he should have used them only once, is equally so. He was one of the last men, if we have read his character correctly, who would have assumed what he did not, at the time, think himself entitled to; and one of the last who would shrink from claiming a right where his title was clear.

Mr. Dixon not only rejects the claim, but is highly indignant that it should ever have been suggested. "Howard sprang from a virgin and undistinguished soil;"—why the upholsterer's should be peculiarly a *virgin soil* we do not see. "Attempts, however, have not been wanting to *vulgarize* his origin—to rob its greatness of its most natural charm—by circling his brows with the *distant glitter* of a ducal crown; by finding in his simple lineaments the trace of noble lines, and in his veins the consecrated currents of patrician blood." Strange waste of eloquent indignation! But he does not keep quite

steady in his passion. "No," he exclaims, "let Howard stand alone. His reputation rests upon a basis already broad enough. *Why should we pile up Pelion on Olympus?*" There was, then, a Pelion to pile upon Olympus? We had thought not. Our author should have kept these red and purple patches at a greater distance: they do not harmonize.

Meanwhile the father of Howard had so little of what is commonly called aristocratic pride, that although he had retired from business, and had a good property—and property, too, in land—to leave to his son, he yet wished that son to tread in his own footsteps. He apprenticed him to a wholesale grocer in Watling Street.

The education of young Howard was such as is, or was, generally given to a lad of respectable parents intended for trade. He was at two schools. Of the first, Howard himself is reported to have said, that, having been there seven years, "he left it not fully taught in any one thing." He left it when a boy, and what boy ever left his school "fully taught in any one thing?" The remark is rather characteristic of the speaker than condemnatory of John Worsley, the schoolmaster in question. His second school was kept by a Mr. Eames, a man of acknowledged ability. But how long he remained there is not known. At this school he made the friendship of one Price, afterward that Dr. Price who remains, to all posterity, impaled in Burke's *Letter on the French Revolution*. The great orator thrust his spear through his thin texture, and pinned him to the board; and never, but in this rich museum, will any one behold or think of Dr. Price. Perhaps he deserved a better fate, but his case is hopeless now. Yet, if it can heal his memory to connect his name with one who was not a *revolutionary philanthropist*, let him have all the benefit of the association. Howard had never acquired the art of writing his own language with ease and correctness, and therefore it will be directly understood how valuable to him, in the preparation of his reports, was the help of a literary friend. That literary friend he found in Dr. Price. In a letter to him, Howard writes, "It is from your kind aid and assistance, my dear friend, that I derive so much of my character and influence. I exult in declaring it, and shall carry a grateful sense of it to the last hour of my existence."

After his father's death, Howard purchased his freedom from the wholesale grocer's in Watling Street, and traveled upon the Con-



minent. He was not without taste for the arts; and it was at this time, Mr. Brown supposes, that he brought with him from Italy those paintings with which he afterward embellished his favorite seat at Cardington.

On returning from this tour, he took lodgings at Stoke Newington, in the house of Mrs. Loidore, a widow, upward of fifty, of rather humble station in life, and a perpetual invalid. She, however, nursed him with so much care, through a severe illness, by which he was attacked while residing under her roof, that, on his recovery, he offered her marriage. "Against this unexpected proposal," says Mr. Brown, "the lady made many remonstrances, principally upon the ground of the great disparity in their ages; but Mr. Howard being firm to his purpose, the union took place, it is believed, in the year 1752, he being then in about the twenty-fifth year of his age, and his bride in her fifty-second. Upon this occasion, he behaved with a liberality which seems to have been inherent in his nature, by settling the whole of his wife's little independence upon her sister. The marriage, thus singularly contracted, was productive of mutual satisfaction to the parties who entered it. Mrs. Howard was a woman of excellent character, amiable in her disposition, sincere in her piety, endowed with a good mental capacity, and forward in exercising its powers in every good word and work."

Thus runs the sober narrative of Mr. Brown. Not so does Mr. Dixon let pass the opportunity for fine descriptive writing. Read and admire:—

"As he became convalescent, his plan ripened into form. When the danger had entirely passed away, his health was restored to its accustomed state; he offered her, as the only fitting reward of her services—a toy? an ornament? a purse? a house? an estate? or any of those munificent gifts with which wealthy and generous convalescents reward their favorite attendants? No. He offered her his hand, his name, his fortune! Of course, the good lady was astonished at the portentous shape of her patient's gratitude. She started objections, being older, and having more worldly prudence than her lover. It is even said that she seriously refused her consent to the match, urging the various arguments which might fairly be alleged against it,—the inequality in the years, fortune, social position of the parties, and so forth—but all to no purpose. Howard's mind was made up. During his slow recovery, he had weighed the matter carefully—had come to the conclusion that it was his duty to marry her, and nothing could now change his determination. The struggle between the two must have been extremely curious; the sense of duty on both sides, founded upon honest convictions, no doubt,—the

mutual respect without the consuming fire,—the cool and logical weighing of arguments, in place of the rapid pleading of triumphant passion; the young man without the ordinary inspirations of youth on the one hand; the widow, past her prime, yet simple, undesigning, unambitious, earnestly struggling to reject and put aside youth, wealth, protection, honor, social rank,—the very things for which women are taught to dress, to pose, to intrigue, almost to circumvent heaven, on the other;—form together a picture which has its romantic interest, in spite of the incongruity of the main idea. Humble life is not without its heroic acts. *Cæsar refusing the Roman crown*, even had he been really serious, and without afterthought in its rejection, is a paltry piece of magnanimity, compared with Mrs. Loidore's refusal of the hand of Howard. At length, however, her resistance was overcome by the indomitable will of her suitor. One of the contemporary biographers has thrown an air of romance over the scene of this domestic struggle, which, if the lady had been young and beautiful—that is, if the element of passion could be admitted into the arena—would have been truly charming. As it is, the reader may receive it with such modifications as he or she may deem necessary. 'On the very first opportunity,' says this grave but imaginative chronicler, 'Mr. Howard expressed his sentiments to her in the strongest terms of affection, assuring her that, if she rejected his proposal, he would become an exile for ever to his family and friends.' The lady was upward of forty [true enough! she was also upward of fifty, good master historian], and therefore urged the disagreement of their years, as well as their circumstances; but, after allowing her four-and-twenty hours for a final reply, his eloquence surmounted all her objections, and she consented to a union wherein gratitude was to supply the deficiencies of passion! Criticism would only spoil the pretty picture—so let it stand."

Criticism had already spoiled the picture, such as it is. But this matters not to Mr. Dixon. The quotation he has thought fit to embellish his pages with, is taken from an anonymous pamphlet published in 1790, under the title of *The Life of the late John Howard, Esquire, with a Review of his Travels*. Mr. Dixon, however, evidently extracts it second-hand from the note in Mr. Brown, where it is quoted, with some other passages from the same performance, for the express purpose of refutation and contradiction. This is what Mr. Dixon would call *artistic*—the picking up what had been discarded as worthless, and, with a gentle shade of doubt thrown over its authenticity, making use of it again.

A note of Mr. Brown's, in the same page of his memoirs (p. 634), will supply us with another instance of this ingenious procedure. That note runs thus:—



"We are informed in the memoirs of Mr. Howard, published in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, that, during the period of his residing as a lodger in the house of Mrs. Loidore, he used to ride out in the morning for a few miles with a book in his pocket, dismount, turn his horse to graze upon a common, and spend several hours in reading! 'On a very particular inquiry, however,' says the author of the *Life of Mr. Howard*, inserted in the *Universal Magazine*, 'of persons very intimate, and who had often rode out with him, we are assured that they never saw, nor ever heard of such a practice.'"

Mr. Dixon makes use of the first part of the note, ignoring the second.

"It is said," he writes, gravely suspending his judgment on the authenticity of the fact—"It is said, in a contemporary biographical notice, that he would frequently ride out a mile or two in the country, fasten his nag to a tree, or turn him loose to browse upon the way-side; and then, throwing himself upon the grass, under a friendly shade, would read and cogitate for hours. This statement, if true, would indicate more of a romantic and poetical temperament in Howard, than the generally calm and Christian stoicism of his manner would have led one to expect."

That Mr. Dixon never consulted the memoir itself in the *Gentleman's Magazine*, we shall by-and-by have an opportunity of showing. That memoir, worthless as an authority, has become notorious for the calumny it originated. But this collator of documents, this inquirer after traditions, this maker of unimagined researches, has never turned over the pages of the *Gentleman's Magazine* for that obituary which, owing to its slanderous attack, has excited so much controversy in all the biographies of Howard, his own included.

This wife, so singularly selected, died two or three years after her marriage. Howard is again free and solitary, and again betakes himself to travel. We are in the year 1755, and the great earthquake of Lisbon has laid that city in ruins. He goes to see the grand and terrific spectacle. Dr. Aikin calls it a sublime curiosity. We presume that no other motive than curiosity impelled him on this occasion; it would be certainly very difficult to suggest any other. No difficulties, however, daunt Mr. Dixon. According to him,—“Howard, attracted by reports of the unexampled sufferings of the survivors, no sooner found himself at his own disposal, than he determined to haste with all possible speed to their assistance!” Single-handed, he was to cope with the earthquake.

Lisbon, however, he was not fated to reach. The vessel he sailed in was taken by a French privateer, and he, with the rest of the passengers and crew, carried into Brest, and there retained prisoners of war. The calamities of imprisonment he here endured himself, and under no mild form; afterward, when other circumstances had drawn his attention to the condition of the prisoners, the remembrance of his own sufferings came in aid of his compassion for others. “Perhaps,” he says, in the preface to his first report, “what I suffered on this occasion increased my sympathy with the unhappy people, whose case is the subject of this book.”

Released upon parole, he returned to England, obtained his exchange, and then sat himself down on his estate at Cardington. Here he occupied himself in plans to ameliorate the condition of his tenantry. Scientific studies, and the study of medicine, to which, from time to time, he had applied himself, also engaged his attention. It was at this period he was elected a member of the Royal Society, not assuredly, as Mr. Thomas Taylor presumes, from the “value attached” to a few communications upon the state of the weather, but, as Dr Aikin sensibly tells us, “in conformity to the laudable practice of that society, of attaching gentlemen of fortune and leisure to the interests of knowledge, by incorporating them into that body.”

Howard now entered into matrimony a second time. On the 25th April, 1758, he married Henrietta Leeds, second daughter of Edward Leeds, Esq., of Croxton, in Cambridgeshire. This alliance is pronounced by all his biographers, to be in every respect suitable. Parity of age, harmony of sentiment, and, on the part of the lady, the charms of person and amiability of temper, everything contributed to a happy union. And it was so. Unfortunately, the happiness was as brief as it seems to have been perfect. His second wife also expired after a few years—“the only years,” Howard himself has said, “of true enjoyment he had known in life.”

On this occasion, Mr. Dixon, after infusing into Howard “the bland and insinuating witchery of a virgin passion,” proceeds to describe his Henrietta in the most approved language of the novelist: “Although her features were not cast in the choicest mould of Grecian beauty, she was very fair—had large impressive eyes, an ample brow, a mouth exquisitely cut,” &c. Shall we nev-

or again get the chisel out of the human face?

Connected with this second marriage of Howard, his biographers relate a trait of character which will be differently estimated by different minds—we relate it in the words of Mr. Dixon:—

“We must not omit an incident that occurred before the ceremony, which is very significant of Howard’s frankness and firmness at this epoch. Observing that many unpleasantnesses arise in families from circumstances trifling in themselves, in consequence of each individual wishing to have his own way in all things, he determined to avoid all these sources of domestic discord, by establishing his own paramount authority in the first instance. It is just conceivable that his former experience of the wedded life may have led him to insist upon this condition. At all events, he stipulated with Henrietta, *that, in all matters in which there should be a difference of opinion between them, his voice should rule.* This may sound very ungallant in terms, but it was found exceedingly useful in practice. Few men would have the moral honesty to suggest such an arrangement to their lady-loves, at such a season; though, at the same time, few would hesitate to make the largest mental reservations in their own behalf. It may also be, that few young belles would be disposed to treat such a proposition otherwise than with ridicule and anger, however conscious *they* might be, that as soon as the hymeneal pageantries were passed, their surest means of happiness would lie in the prompt adoption of the principles so laid down.

“Would that men and women would become sincerer with each other! The great social vice of this age is its untrustfulness.”

And Mr. Dixon thereupon launches into we know not what heroics upon etiquette, upon English law, morals, and the constitution, all *a propos* of Henrietta’s obedience! For our own part, we do not look with much respect upon this stipulation which calls forth the admiration of Mr. Dixon, and apparently meets with his cordial sympathy. Such a stipulation would probably be a mere nullity; with, or without it, the stronger will would predominate; but if we are to suppose it a really binding obligation, forming the basis of the conjugal union, it presents to us anything but an attractive aspect. It was the harsh feature in Howard’s character, or the mistaken principle that he had adopted—this love of an authority—this claim to a domestic absolutism—which was to give no reasons, and admit of no questioning.

In justice to the character of Howard, we must not leave this matter entirely in the hands of Mr. Dixon. Everything he draws is, more or less, a caricature. The authority

on which his narration is founded is the following statement of the Rev. S. Palmer, given in Brown, p. 55:—

“The truth is,” says Mr. Palmer, in his manuscript memoir of his distinguished friend, “he had a high idea (some of his friends may think, too high) of the authority of the head of a family. And he thought it right, because most convenient, to maintain it, for the sake of avoiding the unhappy consequences of domestic disputes. On this principle I have more than once heard him *pleasantly relate* the agreement he made with the last Mrs. Howard, previous to their marriage, that, *to prevent all altercation about those little matters* which he had observed to be the chief grounds of uneasiness in families, he should always decide. To this the amiable lady readily consented, and ever adhered. Nor did she ever regret the agreement, which she found to be attended with the happiest effects. Such was the opinion she entertained, both of his wisdom and his goodness, that she perfectly acquiesced in all that he did, and no lady ever appeared happier in the conjugal bonds.”

Here the matter has a much less repulsive aspect than in Mr. Dixon’s version, who has, in fact, exaggerated, in his zeal, a trait of Howard’s character, which his best friends seem always to have looked upon with more or less of regret and disapproval.

As the only other circumstance connected with Howard’s domestic life which we shall have space to mention, has also a peculiar reference to this trait in his character, we will depart from the chronological order of events, and allude to it here. His last wife left him one child, a son. This son grew up a dissolute youth; his ill-regulated life led to disease, and disease terminated in insanity. To this last malady, Mr. Brown tells us he is authorized to say that there was a hereditary predisposition—we presume he means upon the mother’s side.

Immediately on the death of Howard, there appeared, among the obituaries of the *Gentleman’s Magazine*, a memoir of the deceased, in which the miserable fate of the son is directly charged upon the severity of the father. The whole memoir is full of errors. For this, the extreme haste in which it was necessarily written forms an excuse. But no excuse can be given for the perverse and malignant spirit it betrays. The very next number of the magazine opens with four or five letters addressed to Mr. Urban, all remonstrating against, and refuting this baseless calumny; and every biographer has felt himself compelled to notice and repel the slander.

The fact is, that the writer or writers of

the memoir—for several were engaged in concocting this very hasty and wretched performance—were quite ignorant, both of the education the son had received, and of the profligate course, and the consequent derangement of his health into which he had fallen. They knew only that the son was in a lunatic asylum, and that the father was a severe disciplinarian: and they most unwarrantably combined the two together, in the relation of cause and effect. “All prospects,” they say, speaking of the youth, “were blasted by paternal severity, which reduced the young man to such an unhappy situation as to require his being placed where he now is, or lately was.”

The vindication of Howard from this slander is complete; the origin of the son's malady is clearly traced; his affection for his child is amply demonstrated, and his unceasing anxiety to train him to virtue and piety is made equally manifest. But his most intimate friends entertained the opinion that his conduct toward his son was not *judicious*, and that his method of training up the youth was by no means so wisely, as it was conscientiously adopted. This is the sole charge, if such it can be called, to which the father is obnoxious; nor, from this, do we pretend to acquit him.

“It is agreed, on all hands,” says Mr. Brown, “that Howard entertained the most exalted notions of the authority of the head of a family—notions derived rather from the Scriptural history of patriarchal times than from any of our modern codes of ethics, or systems of education.” Accordingly, we are told that he trained up his child from earliest infancy to an implicit obedience. Without once striking the child, but by manifesting a firmness of purpose which it was hopeless to think of shaking, he established such an authority over him that Howard himself, on one occasion, said, that “if he told the boy to put his finger in the fire, he believed he would do it.” When he was an infant, and cried from passion, the father took him, laid him quietly in his lap, neither spoke nor moved, but let him cry on till he was wearied. “This process, a few times repeated, had such an effect, that the child, if crying ever so violently, was rendered quiet the instant his father took him.” When he grew older, the severest punishment his father inflicted was to make him sit still in his presence, without speaking, for a time proportioned to the nature of the offence. But this impassive, statue-like firmness must have precluded all approach to companionship or confidence

on the part of the son. It was still the obedience only of fear. “His friends,” we quote from Mr. Brown, “and among the rest the most intimate of them, the Rev. Mr. Smith; thought that in the case of his son he carried those patriarchal ideas rather too far, and that by a lad of his temper (the son is described as of a lively disposition) he would have been more respected, and would have possessed more real authority over him, had he attempted to convince him of the reasonableness of his commands, instead of always enforcing obedience to them on his parental authority.” We therefore may be permitted to say, that we look upon this aspect of Howard's character as by no means estimable. As a husband he claimed an unjust prerogative, and as a parent he divorced authority from persuasion, nor allowed obedience to mingle and ally itself with filial affection.

Mr. Dixon does not, of course, omit his tribute of indignation against the calumny of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. We said that he had not given himself the trouble to look at the memoir itself which he denounces. Here is the proof:—

“The atrocious slander to which reference is made,” says Mr. Dixon, “was promulgated in the *Gentleman's Magazine* in an obituary notice of the philanthropist. The charge was made on the strength of one asserted fact—namely, that Howard had once locked up his son for several hours in a solitary place, put the key into his pocket, and gone off to Bedford, leaving him there till he returned at night. On the appearance of this article, the friends of the illustrious dead came forth publicly to dispute the fact, and to deny the inferences deduced from it. Meredith Townsend, one of Howard's most intimate friends, sifted the story to the bottom, and gave the following account of its origin.”

The charge was *not* made on the strength of this one asserted fact—nor on any fact whatever—it was made on the mere authority of the writer. The story alluded to is *not to be found* in the obituary of the *Gentleman's Magazine*. The writers of that obituary had never heard of the story, or we may be sure they would have made use of it. The friends of the illustrious dead could not, therefore, have come forward, in refutation of this article, to “dispute the fact and deny the inferences.” If Mr. Dixon had but read Brown's memoirs attentively he would not have fallen into this blunder, which shows how little else he can have read.

The story alluded to had been circulated during the life of Howard, and when he was

absent on one of his journeys. The Rev. Mr. Townsend, "many years Mr. Howard's pastor at Stoke Newington," took the first opportunity he had of mentioning it to Howard himself, who contradicted it, and related to him the incident which he supposed must have given rise to the report. On the death of Howard the story was again revived, where, or by whom, Mr. Brown does not tell us. The Rev. Mr. Palmer thereupon obtained from Mr. Townsend the explanation which he had received from Howard himself. The letter which the latter gentleman addressed to the Rev. Mr. Palmer is given at length in Brown (note, page 645). This letter the Rev. Mr. Palmer communicates to the *Editor of the Universal Magazine*, and mentions that extracts from it, unauthorized by him, had found their way into the *Gentleman's Magazine*.

The explanation of the story there given is briefly this: Howard was engaged one day with his child in the root-house, which served also as a summer-house, when the servant came in great haste, to say that a gentleman on horseback wished to speak to him immediately. Not to lose time, he told the little fellow to sit quiet, and he would soon come to him again. To keep him out of mischief, he locked the door. The gentleman kept him in conversation longer than he expected, and caused his forgetting the child. Upon the departure of the guest, recollecting where the child had been left, he flew to set him at liberty, and found him quietly sleeping on the matting of the floor.

It was on the 31st March, 1765, that Howard lost his second wife. After spending some time in the now melancholy retirement of Cardington, he again quits England for the Continent. Travel is still with him, as with so many others, the mere relief for unavailing sorrow, or for the wasting disease of unemployed energies. It is during this journey to Italy that we are able to trace, more distinctly than usual, the workings of Howard's mind. Some memoranda, and fragments of a diary which he kept, have given us this insight.

It was his design to proceed to the south of Italy. He stops at Turin. He is dissatisfied with himself. This life of sight-seeing, this vagrancy of the tourist, does not content him. He will go no further. But we must give the extract itself from his journal. We quote from the more faithful text of Mr. Brown—Mr. Dixon having the habit of omitting, here and there, a sentence if it does not

please his taste, and tricking the whole out with dashes and a novel punctuation.

"Turin, 1769, Nov. 30.—My return without seeing the southern part of Italy was on much deliberation, as I feared a misimprovement of a Talent spent for mere curiosity, at the loss of many Sabbaths, and as many donations must be suspended for my pleasure, which would have been as I hope contrary to the general conduct of my Life, and which on a retrospective view on a death Bed would cause pain as unbecoming a Disciple of Christ—whose mind should be formed in my soul. These thoughts, with distance from my dear boy, determine me to check my curiosity and be on the return. Oh, why should Vanity and Folly, Pictures and Baubles, or even the stupendous (sic) mountains, beautiful hills, or rich valleys, which ere long will all be consumed, engross the thoughts of a candidate for an eternal everlasting kingdom—a worm ever to crawl on Earth whom God has raised to the hope of Glory which ere long will be revealed to them which are washed and sanctified by Faith in the blood of the Divine Redeemer! Look forward, oh! my soul! how low, how mean, how little is everything but what has a view to that glorious World of Light, Life, and Love—the Preparation of the Heart is of God—Prepare the Heart, Oh! God! of thy unworthy Creature, and unto Thee be all the glory through the boundless ages of Eternity.

"Sign'd J. H.

"This night my trembling soul almost longs to take its flight to see and know the wonders of redeeming love—join the triumphant Choir—Sin and sorrow fled away—God my Redeemer all in all—Oh! happy Spirits that are safe in those mansions."

Accordingly he retraces his steps. He flies back to Holland. He is now at the Hague. It is Sunday evening, 11th February, 1770. Here is a portion of his self-communing. Many of these quotations we will not give; we know they look out of place, and produce a strange, and not an agreeable impression, when met with in the walks of polite literature. But, without some extracts, it is impossible to form a correct idea of the character of Howard.

"Oh! the wonders of redeeming love! Some faint hope, even I! through redeeming mercy in the perfect righteousness—the full atoning sacrifice shall, ere long, be made the instrument of the rich free grace and mercy of God, through the Divine Redeemer. Oh, shout my soul grace, grace—free, sovereign, rich, unbounded grace! Not I, not I, an ill-deserving, hell-deserving creature!—but where sin has abounded, I trust grace superabounds. \* \* \* \*

"Let not, my soul, the interests of a moment engross thy thoughts, or be preferred to my eternal interests. Look forward to that glory which will be revealed to those who are faithful to death. My soul, walk thou with God; be faithful, hold on, hold out, and then—what words can utter!—J. H."

But he could not rest in Holland. "Continuing in Holland," he writes, "or any place, lowers my spirits." He returns to Italy. He visits Genoa, Pisa, Florence, Rome, and extends his tour to Naples.

It was, and may still be, a custom with a certain class of religious people, to make, in writing, a solemn covenant with God, and sign it with their own hand. It is at Naples that Howard retires into his chamber, indites, and signs such a covenant. He appears afterward to have carried it with him. With the same sort of formality with which a person republishes a will, he "renews the covenant, Moscow, September 27, 1789."

Through the remainder of this journey we need not follow him. He returns to England, and we see what sort of man has landed on its shores.

Those who are acquainted with the religious world and the religious biographies, will bear us out when we say, that the language we have quoted from this journal, and the other extracts which may be read in Brown, would not, *of themselves*, manifest any extraordinary degree of piety or self-devotion. With a certain class of persons such language has become *habitual*; with others, it really expresses nothing but a very transitory state of excitement. Solemn self-denunciations—enthusiastic raptures—we have heard them both, from the lips of the most worldly, selfish, money-loving men we have ever known. It is the after life of Howard which proves that in him such language had its first, genuine, full meaning. These passages from his diary explain his life, and his life no less explains them.

On his return to Cardington, he occupied himself, as before, with plans to improve the condition of his tenantry; building for them better houses, and erecting a school. But at length an event occurred which supplied his self-consuming energy with the noble task it craved. Elected High Sheriff for the county of Bedford, the duties of his office led him to the interior of the prison. He witnessed the sufferings, the extortion, the injustice, the manifold cruelty, which the supineness of the legislature allowed to reign and roit there.

"The distress of prisoners," he tells us, in the preface to his first report, "came more immediately under my notice, when I was sheriff of the county of Bedford; and the circumstance which excited me to activity in their behalf was the seeing some, who, by the verdict of juries, were declared *not guilty*; some, on whom the grand jury did not find such an appearance of guilt as subjected them to trial; and some, whose prosecutors did

not appear against them; after having been confined for months, dragged back to jail, and locked up again, till they should pay *sundry fees* to the jailor, the clerk of assize, &c. In order to redress this hardship, I applied to the justices of the county for a salary to the jailor in lieu of his fees. The bench were properly affected with the grievance, and willing to grant the relief desired; but they wanted a precedent for charging the county with the expense. I, therefore, rode into several neighboring counties in search of a precedent; but I soon learned that the same injustice was practiced in them; and, looking into the prisons, I beheld scenes of calamity, which I grew daily more and more anxious to alleviate."

These oppressions, these calamities, he dragged to light. He may be said to have *discovered* them—so indifferent, at this time, was one class of the community to the misery of another. His official position gave him just that elevation requisite to make his voice heard. The attention of parliament was roused. He was examined before a committee of the whole House; he received the thanks of parliament; and a bill was passed to remunerate the jailor by a salary, instead of by fees—thus remedying one of the most extraordinary mal-practices that was surely ever endured in a civilized society.

Here, then, was a task to strain all his powers, and absorb all his benevolence. Here was misery to be alleviated, and injustice to be redressed, and a nation to be aroused from its culpable negligence. Benevolent, liberal, systematically and perseveringly charitable, not averse to the exercise of authority and censorship, of restless and untamable energy, and of singular constancy and firmness of purpose, the task employed all his virtues, and what in some position of life would have proved to be his failings. Even to his love of travel, his new occupation suited him. What wonder that, with all these aptitudes, the *religious man*, devoured by his desire to do some good and great work, should have devoted to it his life and his fortune, his days and his nights, and every faculty of his soul. He had now found his path. His foot was on it; and he trod it to his dying hour.

After inspecting the jails of England, Scotland, and Ireland, he, in 1775, took the first of those journeys on the Continent, which had, for their sole object, the inspection of prisons. And henceforward, in all his travels, he is so absorbed in this one object, that he pays attention to nothing else. Not the palace, rich with painting and sculpture; not the beautiful hills and valleys—only the prison and the lazaretto can retain him for a moment. Once he is tempted to hear some fine music—it

distracts his attention—he foregoes the music. The language of Burke, in his well-known panegyric, is true as it is eloquent.

“He has visited all Europe—not to survey the sumptuousness of palaces or the stateliness of temples—not to make accurate measurements of the remains of ancient grandeur, nor to form a scale of the curiosity of modern art—not to collect medals or collate manuscripts—but to dive into the depths of dungeons, to plunge into the infection of hospitals, to survey the mansions of sorrow and pain, to take the gauge and dimensions of misery, depression, and contempt, to remember the forgotten, to attend to the neglected, to visit the forsaken, and compare and collate the distresses of all men, in all countries. His plan is original, and it is full of genius as it is of humanity. It was a voyage of discovery, a circumnavigation of charity. Already the benefit of his labor is felt more or less in every country. I hope he will anticipate his final reward, by seeing all its effects fully realized in his own.”

But the boon—for a great task of this kind was a veritable boon to such a spirit as Howard's—was nearly missed. Before he went abroad on his first journey of philanthropy, he ran the risk of being imprisoned himself within the walls of the House of Commons, as member for the town of Bedford. The borough had formerly been under the control of the house of Russell. Responding to the cry of “Wilkes and Liberty!” the corporation had risen against their lord. To free themselves from his control, they had boldly created five hundred honorary freemen, coined, in short, five hundred votes, which were to be at their own disposal. The measure seems to have passed undisputed. They were, of course, victorious. Whom they elected, in the first glow of patriotism, we do not know; but after a few years, the corporation rewarded their own patriotic efforts by selling the borough to the highest bidder. Such, at least, was the accusation brought against them in the town of Bedford itself, where a strong party rose which made strenuous efforts to wrest the election out of their hands. By this party, Whitbread and Howard were put in nomination. The candidates of the corporation were Sir W. Wake and Mr. Sparrow. After a severe struggle on the hustings, and in the committee of the House of Commons, the election was decided in favor of Whitbread and Wake. Howard lost his election—happily, we think—by a majority only of four votes. On his return from the Continent, he published his first report on the state of prisons. We had designed to give some account of this, and the subsequent publications of Howard, but our

space absolutely forbids. Perhaps some other opportunity will occur, when we can review the history of our prisons, to which the volumes of Howard form the most valuable contribution. We must content ourselves with a few general remarks on his labors, and with the briefest possible account of this the great and eventful period of his life.

To lead our readers over the numerous, toilsome, and often perilous journeys which Howard now undertook, for this national and philanthropic object of improving our prisons and houses of correction, would be utterly impracticable. But, to give them at once some adequate idea of his incessant activity, we have thrown into a note a summary, taken from Dr. Aikin, of what may be considered as his public labors.\*

These long, incessant, and often repeated journeys—were they necessary, some will be tempted to ask, for the object he had in view? Surely a few instances, well reasoned on, would have been sufficient to put us on the right track for the reformation of our prisons. But it should be considered, in the first place, that Howard was teaching a people pre-eminently practical in

- \* 1773. High Sheriff of Bedfordshire—visited many county and town jails.
- 1774. Completed his survey of English jails. Stood candidate to represent the town of Bedford.
- 1775. Traveled to Scotland, Ireland, France, Holland, Flanders, and Germany.
- 1776. Repeated his visit to the above countries, and to Switzerland. During these two years revisited all the English jails.
- 1777. Printed his State of Prisons.
- 1778. Traveled through Holland, Flanders, Germany, Italy, Switzerland, and part of France.
- 1779. Revisited all the counties of England and Wales, and traveled into Scotland and Ireland. Acted as supervisor of the Penitentiary Houses.
- 1780. Printed his first Appendix.
- 1781. Traveled into Denmark, Sweden, Russia, Poland, Germany, and Holland.
- 1782. Again surveyed all the English prisons, and went into Scotland and Ireland.
- 1783. Visited Portugal, Spain, France, Flanders, and Holland; also Scotland and Ireland, and viewed several English prisons.
- 1784. Printed the second Appendix, and a new edition of the whole works.
- 1785. { From the close of the first of these years
- 1786. { to the beginning of the last, on his
- 1787. { tour through Holland, France, Italy, Malta, Turkey, and Germany. Afterward went to Scotland and Ireland.
- 1788. Revisited Ireland; and during this and the former year, traveled over all England.
- 1789. Printed his work on Lazarettos, &c. Traveled through Holland, Germany, Prussia, and Livonia, to Russia and Lesser Tartary.
- 1790. January 20. Died at Cherson.

their intellectual character, a people who require to be taught by example and precedent. The most philosophical reasoning, the most eloquent diatribe, would not have availed half so much to stir the public mind, as, on the one hand, these details which Howard threw before it, fact upon fact, unsparingly, repeatedly—details of cruelty and injustice perpetrated or permitted by our own laws; and, on the other hand, this plain statement brought from abroad, that in Ghent, that in Amsterdam, that even in Paris, many of the evils which we suffered to remain as incurable, *were* cured, or had never been allowed to exist. It was much to tell the citizen of London that in Flanders, and in Holland, there were prisons and bridewells that ought to put him to the blush.

And, in the second place, let it be considered, that Howard himself was pre-eminently a practical man. He neither wrote books of speculation, nor thought in a speculative manner. It was from detail to detail that his mind slowly advanced to principles and generalizations. These prisons, they were his books; these repeated circuits he made through the jails of Europe, they were his course of reading. He reperused each blotted page of human misery till he was satisfied that he had comprehended all it could teach. He was no Beccaria to enunciate a principle from the recesses of his library, (though it should be mentioned, in passing, that he had read Beccaria—that the man of speculative talent had stimulated the man of administrative talent, and the two were co-operating, all over Europe, on the same great subject of penal legislation;) his eye was ever upon practices, he got wisdom in the concrete, principle and instance indissolubly combined: he so learnt, and he so taught.

Again, in England itself, there was no system that equally regulated all the jails of the country; or, to speak more correctly, there was no uniformity in the abuses which existed amongst them. Arrangements were found in one, no trace of which might be discovered in another. All were bad, but the evils in each were different, or assumed different proportions. In some, there was no separation between the debtor and the criminal; in others, these were properly classified, but the criminal side might be more shamefully mismanaged than usual. In some, there was no attention paid to the sick; in others the infirmary might be the only part of the jail that was not utterly neglected. There might be a good supply of medicine, and no food. In some, the separation of the two sexes was decently

maintained; in others not. It was impossible to make any general statement that would not have called forth numerous contradictions. An accusation strictly just with regard to York, might be repelled with indignation by Bristol; whilst, on some other charge, Bristol might be the culprit, and York put on the show of injured innocence.

Some prisons were private property; they were rented to the jailor, and he was to extract the rent and his profit, by what extortion he could practice on his miserable captives. These were prisons belonging to liberties, manors, and petty courts, of the existence of which few people were aware. In some of these the prisoner lay forgotten by his creditor—lay there to starve, or live on the scanty and precarious charity of those who gave a few pence to "the starving debtor." In many cases the jailor—for all remuneration and perquisite—was allowed to *keep a tap*. Of course whatever was doled out to the prisoner by charity, was spent in drunkenness. The abuses were of all kinds, strange, and numberless. Howard tracked them out, one by one—recorded them—put them in his book—published them to the world.

Add to all this, that, after some time, he became invested with the character of *ensor* of the prisons. He looked through them to see that, when a good law *had* been made, it was obeyed. There was never a commissioner so universally respected. Men are not so bad but they all admired his great benevolence, and his justice equally great. No bribery, no compliments, and no threats, could avail anything. In vain the turnkey suggested to him, that the jail-fever was raging in the lower wards: the crafty official had so deterred many a visiting magistrate, who had thanked him politely for his warning, and retired. Howard entered, and found *no* jail-fever; but he found filth and famine, that had been shut up there for years from the eyes of all men. No danger deterred him. The infected cell, where the surgeon himself would not enter—from which he called out the sick man to examine him—was the very last he would have omitted to visit. This character of public censor he carried with him abroad, as well as at home. Foreign potentates courted his good opinion of their institutions—consulted him—shrank from his reproof—a reproof all Europe might hear. The Grand-duke of Tuscany, the Emperor of Germany, the Empress of Russia, were all anxious to see and hear him. He had no flattery for them; the report he gave was as faithful as a page out of his note-book.



As a popular misconception has prevailed upon the character of Howard, attributing benevolence to him as almost a sole motive, so a like popular misconception has prevailed, as to the nature and objects of that benevolence. He is sometimes spoken of as if to visit the sick and the captive, and relieve *them* individually, was the main object of his charitable journeys, and his unremitting inquiries. If, indeed, he had done nothing more than seek out those unhappy men, who, at the bottom of their infected dens, lay abandoned by all the world, he would have been entitled to our admiration, and to all the merits of a heroic charity. But he did more than this. He aimed at a permanent improvement of the condition of the prisoner. He aimed farther still. His object was the same which excites so much attention at the present moment: by a good system of imprisonment, both to punish and reform the criminal. "To make them better men," is a phrase often in his mouth, when speaking of prisoners, and he thought this might be effected by combining imprisonment with labor, with perfect abstinence from intoxicating drinks, and other good regulations. Those who will read his reports with attention, will be surprised to find how often he has anticipated the conclusions to which a wider experience has led the reflective men of our own age. There is a note of his upon Solitary Confinement which might be adopted as a summary of those views which enlightened men, after many trials of various systems, have rested in. No false sensibility accompanied the benevolence of Howard. In some respects he was a sterner disciplinarian than would be generally approved of.

Upon this aspect of his character there remains only one remark to add: his mind was never absorbed in the great objects of a public philanthropy to an oblivion of his *near duties* and his private charities; he was to the last the just, considerate, benevolent landlord, quite as much as he was Howard the philanthropist.

"During his absence in one of his tours," says Dr. Aikin, "a very respectable-looking elderly gentleman on horseback, with a servant, stopt at the inn nearest Mr. Howard's house at Cardington, and entered into conversation with the landlord, concerning him. He observed that characters often appeared very well at a distance, which could not bear close inspection; he had therefore come to Mr. Howard's residence in order to satisfy himself concerning him. The gentleman then, accompanied by the innkeeper, went to the house, and looked through it, with the offices and gardens, which he found in perfect order. He

next inquired into Mr. Howard's character as a landlord, which was justly represented; and several neat houses which he had built for his tenants, were shown him. The gentleman returned to his inn, declaring himself now satisfied with the truth of all he had heard about Howard. This respectable stranger was no other than Lord Monboddo; and Mr. Howard was much flattered with the visit, and praised his lordship's good sense in taking such a method of coming at the truth, since he thought it worth his trouble."

The traveler who undertook all these philanthropic journeys was a man of slight form, thin, and rather beneath the average height. Every feature, and every movement, proclaimed energy and determination. "An eye," says Dr. Aikin, "lively and penetrating, strong and prominent features, quick gait and animated gestures, gave promise of ardor in forming, and vivacity in executing his designs." "Withal there was a bland smile," says another of his biographers, "always ready to play upon his lips." "I have," continues Aikin, "equally seen the tear of sensibility start into his eyes, on recalling some of the distressful scenes to which he had been witness; and the spirit of indignation flash from them, on relating instances of harshness and oppression." In his dress and person he was remarkably neat, and in his ablutions, we are told, punctilious as a Mussulman;—far more so, we suspect. For the rest, he had reduced his wants to the lowest possible scale. Water and the simplest vegetables sufficed. Animal food, and all vinous and spirituous liquors, he had utterly discarded. Milk, tea, butter, and fruit were his luxuries; and he was equally sparing in the quantity of food, and indifferent as to the stated times of taking it.

From the prisoner, and the subject of prison-discipline, it is well known that the attention of Howard was directed to measures for arresting the plague. It was a grand idea this—that he would lead the way to some general scheme to be adopted throughout Europe, and the contiguous parts of Asia, for checking the incursions of, and perhaps finally exterminating the plague. For no object did he suffer so much, or expose himself to so great dangers; embarking purposely in a vessel with a foul bill of health, and undergoing the perilous confinement of the lazaretto, that every practice of the quarantine might be thoroughly known to him. Nowhere was his conduct more heroic. It cannot be said here, however, that his object was equally well chosen, or that his labors were attended with any good result. Whilst



it would be difficult to over-estimate the value of his service as inspector-general of the prisons of Europe, we can detect nothing in this latter scheme but an unfortunate waste of heroic benevolence. In dealing with jails and houses of correction, he was dealing with evils, the nature of which he, and all men, could well understand; but, in dealing with the pestilence, he was utterly in the dark as to the very nature of the calamity he was encountering. It is very probable that, had he realized his utmost wishes, and built a lazaretto on the most improved plan, combining every valuable regulation he had observed in every lazaretto of Europe, it would only have proved an additional nuisance.

This period of his life is more full of striking incidents than any other, but we must hurry rapidly over it.

"The point," says Mr. Brown, "at which he wished to commence his new investigations was Marseilles; but the extreme jealousy of the French government respecting their Levant trade, had long kept the lazaretto of that port carefully concealed from the eye of every foreigner; but, as Mr. Howard's object was such as ought to have awakened neither political nor commercial jealousy in any one, Lord Caermarthen, then secretary of state for foreign affairs, made an application to the French minister for permission for him to view this celebrated building. After waiting some time at the Hague, in expectation of its arrival, he went to Utrecht to visit his friend Dr. Brown, at whose house he received a letter from his lordship, informing him, not only that the request he preferred had been peremptorily refused, but that he must not think of entering France at all, as, if he did, he would run a risk of being committed to the Bastille. Howard, however, was not to be deterred. He started immediately for Paris. At Paris, having gone to bed, according to his usual custom, about ten o'clock, he was awaked between twelve and one, by a tremendous knocking at his room door, which, starting up, in somewhat of an alarm, he immediately opened; and, having returned to bed, he saw the chambermaid enter with a candle in each hand, followed by a man in a black coat, with a sword by his side, and his hands enveloped in an enormous muff. This singular personage immediately asked him if his name was not Howard. Vexed at this interruption, he hastily answered, 'Yes—and what of that?' He was again asked if he had not come to Paris in the Brussels diligence, in company with a man in a black wig? To this question he returned some such peevish answer, as that he paid no attention to such trifles; and his visitor immediately withdrew in silence. Not a little alarmed at this adventure, though losing none of his self-possession, and being unable to compose himself to sleep, Mr. Howard got up; and, having discharged his bill the night before, took his small trunk, and, removing from this house, at the regu-

lar hour of starting, took his seat in the diligence, and set off for Lyons."

Such is the narrative of Mr. Brown. It has been supposed that this midnight visitor was an officer of the police, and that, had Howard remained a few hours longer at his hotel, he would have been arrested. But some mystery still hangs over this adventure. Howard, in one of his letters, alluding to it, says that he had since learnt who his strange visitor was, and adds, that "he had had a narrow escape;" and his biographer, Mr. Brown, tells us that—

"He learned that the man in a black wig was a spy, sent with him to Paris, by the French Ambassador at the Hague, and that he himself would have been arrested then, (at Paris,) if Mr. Le Noir had not been at Versailles on the day of his arrival; and, several persons having recently been arrested on very false or frivolous grounds, he had left orders for no arrests being made before his return, which was not until late in the evening of the next day, when he was pursued, but not overtaken."

If it was this that Howard learnt, we think his informant must have deceived him. An air of great improbability hangs over this story. The French government is represented as being so anxious to arrest Howard, if he should enter France, that it sends a spy to travel with him from the Hague; if so, the identity of Howard was sufficiently known to the police on his arrival at Paris. Yet we are next told that an officer visits Howard at midnight, only to assure himself that it is Howard;—pays a visit, in short, that can have no other effect than to give the alarm to his intended captive. In addition to this, we are to suppose that this person, whom the French government is so anxious to arrest, pursues his journey unmolested, and spends five days at Marseilles, visiting the very lazaretto to which it was known he was bound, and the inspection of which that government was so solicitous to prevent.

As to the other motives by which Mr. Brown accounts for these hostile proceedings of the French government, we can attach no weight to them whatever. On a previous visit to Paris, Howard had been extremely desirous to survey the interior of the Bastille. Not being able to obtain permission, he had boldly knocked at the outer door, and, assuming an air of official authority, walked in. He had penetrated to some of the inner courts before this little *ruse* was detected. He was then, of course, conducted out. He

was obliged to content himself with an account of the Bastille written in French, and the publication of which had been forbidden by the government. He obtained a copy, and translated it into English. For this, and for another cause of offence of a far slighter character, it is difficult to suppose that Howard had excited the peculiar animosity of the French government.

Howard visited the lazaretto of Marseilles, however, under the full impression that the police were on the search for him. From Marseilles he went to Toulon, and inspected the arsenal and the condition of the galley-slaves. To obtain admission into the arsenal, he dressed himself, says Mr. Brown, "in the height of the French fashion," Englishmen being strictly prohibited from viewing it at all. We are told that this disguise was easy to him, "as he always had much the air and appearance of a foreigner, and spoke the French language with fluency and correctness." Mr. Dixon, faithful to his system of caricaturing all things, describes him as "dressed as an exquisite of the Faubourg St. Honoré!" We presume that it was the French gentleman of the period, and not the French dandy, that Howard imitated.

He next visited the several lazarettos of Italy—went to Malta—to Smyrna—to Constantinople, everywhere making perilous inquisitions into the plague. At Smyrna he is "fortunate enough" to meet with a vessel bound to Venice with a foul bill of health, and he embarks in it. On its way, the vessel is attacked by pirates. "The men," says Mr. Brown, "defended themselves for a considerable time with much bravery, but were at length reduced to the alternative of striking, or being butchered by the Moors, when, having one very large cannon on board, they loaded it with whatever missiles they could lay their hands upon, and, pointed by Mr. Howard himself, it was discharged amongst the corsair crew with such effect that a great number of them were killed, and the others thought it prudent to sheer off." Pointed by Mr. Howard himself! We can well understand it. The intrepid, energetic man, Fellow too of the Royal Society, would look at the elevation of the gun, and lend a helping hand to adjust it.

We throw into a note a parting specimen of the manner of Mr. Dixon. Not satisfied with the simple and probable picture which Mr. Brown presents to us, he makes Howard load the gun as well as point it—makes him sole gunner on board; and in order to improve his *tableau*, after having fought half

the battle through, recommences it, that he may discharge his gun with the more effect.\* Mr. Dixon advertises, as his next forthcoming work, a history of our prisons. We are sorry that so good a subject has fallen into such bad hands. Unless he should greatly improve, we shall have a book necessarily replete with much popular and interesting matter, in not one page of which will the narrative be strictly trustworthy.

At Venice he is conducted to the lazaretto, to undergo the quarantine. He is shut up in a close loathsome room, the very walls of which are reeking with foul and pestilential odors. Surely never was a valuable life so heroically ventured, for so futile a purpose. Whilst lying here, smitten with a low fever, he received—we quote from Mr. Brown—"intelligence from England of two circumstances which had transpired there, each of them an occasion of the deepest affliction to his mind. The first was the formation of a fund for the erection of a statue to his honor; the second the misconduct of his only son."

We can well believe they were *both* afflictions. Those who have entered into the character of Howard, will feel at once that the project of doing him any public honor would be, in his own language, "a punishment, and not a reward." It was mingling with his conduct and motives that very alloy of vanity, and consideration for men's opinion, which he was so anxious to keep them clear from. If a generous man has done a kind action for kindness' sake, how it spoils all if you *pay* him for it! You lower him at

\* "For a while the Venetian sailors defended themselves with desperate courage, for it was a question of victory or perpetual slavery with them; but their numbers were limited, their arms indifferent, and altogether the contest seemed too unequal to last long. It was the first actual fighting in which Howard had been present; but the imminency of the danger and the sight of conflict appealing to the strong combative instincts of his race, he fought on deck with the coolness of a Saxon, and the courage of a knight-templar. Indeed, it was his self-possession which proved the salvation of the crew. There was only one gun of large calibre on board, and of this he assumed the direction, though he had probably never fired even a rifle in his life; but, in the hour of peril, fighting seemed to come to him, as to most of his countrymen, by inspiration. *This gun he rammed almost to the muzzle with nails, spikes, and similar charge, and then, steadily waiting his opportunity, as the privateer bore down upon them with all her crew on deck, apparently expecting to see the Venetians strike their flag, he sent the contents in amongst them with such murderous effect, that, after a moment or two of consternation, the corsairs hoisted sail, and made off at their best speed.*"—(P. 356.)

once. He refuses your payment; he would deny, if he could, his previous action; he begs, at all events, it may be utterly forgotten. To pay Howard in praise was, to his mind, as great an incongruity. He shrank from the debasing coin. He would have denied his philanthropy: "Say it is my hobby, if you will," he is heard at one time to mutter. Dying, he says to his friend—"Lay me quietly in the earth, place a sun-dial over my grave, and let me be forgotten." Child of Time—was it not enough?

When he had escaped the lazaretto and returned to England, he wrote a letter to the gentlemen who had undertaken to collect subscriptions, requesting them to lay aside their project. The money collected was in part returned, a part was spent in liberating a certain number of poor debtors, and the residue was applied toward erecting, at his death, the statue of him in St. Paul's Cathedral.

His son he was compelled to consign to the care of a lunatic asylum. He now published the information he had obtained, at so much risk, upon lazarettos, and the mode of performing quarantine, together with additional observations upon prisons and hospitals at home and abroad. Connected with this publication, an incident is related, which shows the extraordinary value Howard had put on the materials he had collected, and also the singular perseverance and determination of the man. We give it in the words of Mr. Brown:—

"On his return from his Turkish tour, one of his boxes was stolen as he was getting into a hackney-coach in Bishopsgate Street, from the stage in which he had traveled from Dover. It contained a duplicate of his travels, twenty-five guineas, and a gold watch. The plan of the lazaretto of Marseilles, of which he possessed no duplicate, was, happily, in the other box. Had it not been so, he declared to his friend Dr. Lettsom, that, notwithstanding the risks he had run in pro-

curing that document, so important did he consider it, that he would a second time have exposed himself to the danger of a visit to France, to supply its place."

We believe he would.

This publication completed, and his son so unhappily disposed of, the veteran philanthropist quitted his country again, and for the last time. It was still against the plague that his enterprise was directed. He seems to have thought that successful barricades, by quarantine and other measures, might be erected against it. With the plague, as with the cholera, it is generally admitted there is some occult cause which science has not yet penetrated; but the predisposing, or rather the co-operating causes, are, in both cases, dirt and bad diet; and the quarantine which would attack *these* is the only measure which, in our present state of knowledge, is worthy of serious consideration. It was his purpose, this time, to travel through Russia into Turkey, and thence, perhaps, to extend his journey far into the East, to whatever city this grim enemy of mankind might have taken possession of.

He had reached as far as Cherson, on the eastern borders of Russia, visiting, according to his wont, prisons and hospitals on his way. Here he was seized by a fever which proved mortal, and which he is supposed to have caught in visiting, with his usual benevolence, a young lady, to whom also it proved fatal. He was buried in the grounds belonging to the villa of a French gentleman who had shown him much attention. A small brick pyramid, instead of the sun-dial he had suggested, was placed over his grave. The little pyramid or obelisk still stands, we are told—stands alone, "on a bleak, desolate plain." But Protestant England has a monument in that little pyramid, which will do her as much honor as any colony or empire she has planted or subdued.

LORD CAMPBELL AND THE PILGRIM'S PROGRESS.—"Little do we know what is for our permanent good," remarks Lord Campbell. "Had Bunyan been discharged and allowed to enjoy liberty, he no doubt would have returned to his trade, filling up his intervals of leisure with field preaching; his name would not have survived his own generation, and he could have done little for the religious improvement of mankind. The prison doors were shut upon him for twelve years. Being

cut off from the external world, he communed with his own soul; and inspired by Him who touched Isaiah's hallowed lips with fire, he composed the noblest of allegories, the merit of which was first discovered by the lowly, but which is now lauded by the most refined critics; and which has done more to awaken piety, and to enforce the precepts of Christian morality, than all the sermons that have been published by all the prelates of the Anglican Church."

From the Dublin University Magazine.

## ROMANCE OF THE PEERAGE.

*The Romance of the Peerage; or, Curiosities of Family History.* By GEORGE LILLIE CRAIK. Vols. 1 to 3. London: Chapman and Hall. 1849.

WE are not sure that the title of this book adequately expresses its nature or purpose. The word "Romance" will, to a large class of readers, be not unlikely to suggest that the author claims the privileges of a writer of fiction, and that, though the *dramatis personæ* are found in the recorded history of the country, he has yet the same power over their movements as the Greek tragic poet asserted over his Agamemnons and Helens, or as Scott and Bulwer have, in our day, over the obedient shadows of mighty chiefs and gorgeous dames and damosels, whom, having evoked, they compel into their service, not to react the scenes of their former life, but to appear as actors under such other circumstances as imagination may suggest. Mr. CRAIK's is a different purpose—one presenting, perhaps, greater difficulties. His is to exhibit the persons, whom he undertakes to describe, as they actually were; and his power over the character of his story is limited by what he finds recorded in authentic documents. "The Romance of the Peerage" is a title that, interpreted by the book, would tell us, that the principle of selection to which any particular narrative owes its place in his work, is its being of that class to which, speaking of realities, we should give the epithet of romantic; and that it is taken from that debateable ground between public and private history which may be described as occupied by the Peerage. "It is with facts alone," says Mr. Craik, "that the present work professes to deal—it aspires in nowise to the airy splendors of fiction. The romance of the Peerage which it undertakes to detail is only the romantic portion of the history of the peerage."

The subject is happily chosen. Society in England—nay, everywhere—is essentially aristocratic, and the *family*, not the *individual*, is the first humanizing thought—is that which, were it, could it be, absent, man would be as the beasts of the field or of the forest. The peerage, in the abstract, is but

this thought exhibited in the only form in which it can be easily shown. We have no especial veneration for the individuals of which any class is composed; but yet we think, in our day, that the members of the peerage are at least equal to those whom popular suffrage has raised to the rank of legislators. The debates in the Lords are, for the most part, superior to those in the Commons; but it is a mistake to think of the peerage in England as separating men into classes. Truly considered, it is one of the many ways in which the aristocratic element in the constitution becomes practically mitigated. There is scarcely a family in the land, however humble, that, through some or other of its branches, is not connected with the peerage. The instances are numerous of persons who, from the very lowest situations of life, have succeeded in establishing their rights as peers of the realm in virtue of the hereditary principle. Our laws, that know nothing of the de-humanizing, left-handed marriages of the German nobility, give to the wife of a peer, no matter what the rank of her parents may be, all the rights which his wife, from whatever rank taken, could possess. To distinguished ability in every one of the recognized professions of civil life, the avenue to the House of Lords is scarcely less open than that of the House of Commons. But we must not be betrayed into a discussion that would lead us far from Mr. Craik's work, and compel an examination of the very principles on which society in England is founded. Were such a discussion possible for us at the moment, we know no writer who has done so much to assist us as Mr. Craik, both in the illustrations which the volumes before us afford, and yet more by the justness of the views which everywhere inspire and animate his work, and of which we find in the third volume a formal exposition. We now advert to the way in which this privileged order is connected with all other classes, for the single purpose of saying

that in the choice of his subject Mr. Craik has been fortunate, having selected one which can scarcely be without considerable interest to almost every one in the community :—

“The family history of the Peerage has the recommendation for the present purpose of having been much more largely recorded than any other family history ; such a limitation, besides, gives distinctness and managableness to what would otherwise be a boundless subject. Nor is there any danger that our survey, by being thus circumscribed, will be confined to a single class of the community, and that the smallest ; there is no one of our ennobled families the history of which can be long pursued without conducting us over the whole field of English society. All of them have been mixed up in every possible way with every rank of the people. In some instances, the oldest and highest of them have gradually sunk, or been suddenly thrown down, to the humblest social position ; in other cases, the stream of descent has flowed for ages in the obscurest channel, and the heir to a coronet has been found in the descendant of generations of peasants or mechanics. Every ancient genealogical tree among us has projected itself over the land, by branch or offshoot, in all directions. Thousands of persons now hidden in the common crowd of the population, are the not remote connections of the most distinguished houses, or the remnants of lineages that once were among the most honored in the realm. The romance of the peerage, in this way, often descends to both the middle and the working classes.”

To the peerage itself the work, from its very nature, must be rather injurious in diminishing the kind of *prestige* with which the institution is regarded. The history with which we are occupied is the history of individuals, and it is not possible to think of romance in a life without at the same time remembering, that romance implies a deviation from established order and arrangement. The quiet performance of unostentatious but most important duties is the true distinction of the English nobleman ; but this will not do for romance, and so the selection must be of persons distinguished, and distinguished for anything rather than the unassuming yet self-asserting good conduct which is the proper attribute of the best specimens of the class which gives its title to the work. The most orthodox historian of the Church will find his heroes in the greatest heretics ; royal societies will listen to full accounts of meteors and unusual phenomena, whom no one would think of enlightening by any statement of the laws of the planetary system ; and in the same way, we should remember that in any such work as that before us, the more irregular, and capricious, and self-willed the course of any man or wo-

man whom Mr. Craik meets in his travels through Peerage-land, far and away, the better for his purpose.

Mr. Craik's work touches upon almost every incident of public interest for a period of about three centuries. Though there is no actual interruption of continuity at any one period of our annals, separating, as by a boundary, our ancestors from ourselves—though the changes of manners at any one period so insensibly blend with that which it precedes, and that which it follows—yet it is certainly true that for all practical purposes we scarce think of a period anterior to that of Elizabeth ; and with that period the first narratives in the volumes before us commence. With the history of a maternal relative of Queen Elizabeth is our first concern ; and she, fortunately for the dramatic unities of Mr. Craik's plot, lived to the age of ninety-five, which may thus be regarded as a fixed moment of time. She had married three times ; and when a woman gives to the world what Southey calls a Harleian miscellany of children by several authors, we have a certain unity of action and of subject, as the three families become, as it were, one, from the fact of their being so as her family. Though there is some shifting of the scenes, the unity of place is, on the whole, pretty well observed : for the old lady is for some forty-five years, and through two, at least, of her marriages, resident on the same estate ; and that estate, the property of her second husband, and purchased by her third, passed finally to the grandson of her first. That place is not without associations that connect it with our own times ; for it is no other than the manor then and now known by the name of Drayton. Who has not heard of Drayton Manor ?

And who is this “sorceress of the silver locks,” and what is the magic by which she has rendered Time powerless ? Through that life of about a century strange things have been done by those with whom she was connected, and strange things were often said in which her name was mingled. Those strange things, as far as they are injurious to her, we do not believe ; and our reasons for disbelief will appear in the course of this article ; but the magic which enabled her to endure so much of marriage, and so much of widowhood—which kept her alive so long, and preserved within her an elastic spirit that rose above every calamity and affliction—was radiant good-temper. Nothing can be more beautiful—nothing that we have ever read exhibits the female character in a truer or

more amiable light—than her letters to her son, from which we find in these volumes frequent extracts. But who is this sorceress, unchanged while all things are changing round her? Let Mr. Craik answer:—

“To the generality of my readers the very name of Lettice Knollys will probably be new. Yet she was one of Queen Elizabeth’s nearest relations—as near as Mary Stuart, one degree nearer than Mary’s son, who inherited Elizabeth’s crown. She was the eldest daughter of Sir Francis Knollys, by his wife, originally Catherine Carey, whose mother was the elder sister of Anne Boleyn. Lettice was therefore first cousin once removed to her Majesty. Elizabeth, when she ascended the throne, at the age of five-and-twenty, in 1558, had neither father nor mother, brother nor sister, uncle nor aunt, alive; more than one of these nearest branches the axe had lopt off; the only individuals in existence more nearly related to her than Lettice Knollys, were Lettice’s mother and that lady’s brother, Henry Carey, soon after created Lord Hunsdon, who were her full cousins by the mother’s side; and the Countess of Lennox and Duchess of Suffolk, the daughters of her father’s sisters, Margaret and Mary. But these two latter ladies both speedily fell into disgrace, or under suspicion; their blood was too royal, or too red, as the phrase ran; so that her cousins of the Boleyn stock, the Careys and the Knollyses, had all the sunshine of the royal relationship to themselves.

“Sir Francis Knollys, besides being married to her first-cousin, had another claim upon her Majesty’s consideration. He was one of the staunchest Protestants she had about her. Not that Protestantism was by any means one of Elizabeth’s strongest passions. But in the circumstances it was necessary that she should be as much a Protestant as she could, and also that she should seek or accept the service and support of better Protestants than herself. She had, as it were, married Protestantism, and taken its name. Most of the Court Protestantism of that day, however, was of a somewhat damaged character. Even Cecil had conformed in the preceding reign; and most of the other courtiers and ministers of the new Queen, however zealous professors they had become since her accession, or had previously been in the days of her brother, had, in like manner, deemed it better in those of her sister to go to mass than either to the stake or into exile. But Knollys, who had been in office under Edward, had resigned everything, and, shaking the dust of his native land from off his shoes, had betaken him to where the Gospel light shone full and free in its native land of Germany, whence he had returned, when the darkness passed away at home, a fiercer Protestant than ever. Indeed, like most of the refugees whom this change brought back to England, he was now probably ready for a second Reformation, if such a thing should come in his way. Elizabeth held what had been already done to be quite enough; but there was no danger in the more extreme principles of her cousin Knollys, who was very well contented to

accommodate himself to the established order of things for the present. She never employed him in any high capacity; but he was much in her confidence so long as he lived; and, besides giving him the Household appointment, first of Vice Chamberlain, afterward of Treasurer, she gratified the vanity, or rewarded the fidelity, of the worthy Puritan by making him a Knight of Garter.

“No account of her that has fallen in my way has mentioned when his eldest daughter was born; but a notice of her age in a letter written in her lifetime, to be afterward cited, shows it to have been in 1539 or 1540. Questionless the little Lettice would be duly nurtured upon the sour milk of the paternal faith; and, notwithstanding sundry startling or puzzling indications, a soul of Puritanism may have lived in her to the end of her days. The light is not always gone out when it is not to be seen. But, whatever may have been her condition as to one-kind of grace, we cannot reasonably doubt that she was amply endowed with another kind—that she was ‘in outward show elaborate,’ even if she might be ‘of inward less exact.’ Her history would seem sufficiently to prove that ‘the fatal gift of beauty’ had not been withheld from her.”

During the life of her father, Lettice became the wife of Walter Devereux, the first Earl of Essex of that name. Mr. Craik’s plan renders it necessary for him to state, with more particularity than, for any purposes of our paper, it is an object to follow, the ancestry of Walter Devereux. His father had married the daughter of the first Earl of Huntingdon, and Walter Devereux was their son. A few weeks before Elizabeth’s accession he had succeeded his grandfather as second Viscount of Hereford. At this time he was but seventeen years of age.

His marriage with Lettice Knollys was, we are told, some time between 1560 and 1565. He was recommended to the notice of Cecil by Sir Henry Sidney, in 1568, and soon afterward employed by the persons to whom the custody of Mary Queen of Scots had been assigned. He was accused of aiding in the project of marrying Mary to the Duke of Norfolk by Lesley, Bishop of Ross. We have his reply: the offended tone in which he replied to an offensive imputation probably displeased Cecil—“That which the Bishop of Ross hath reported of me is most untrue. For any unfit speech which past from mee, either of the Duke of Norfolk or of the Earl of Leicester, I desire but to have it justified to my face when time shall serve. I have spoken nothing which I will not say again; and yet, that have I not said which might give either of them cause of offence.” This was not a tone which Leice-

ter could endure; and the reply of Elizabeth to the Earl of Huntingdon, Mary's jailer, says, "We see no cause that our cousin of Hereford should remain there at Sutbury, but to be in readiness at his own house for our service, if any of you should have need thereof."

We next find Hereford under circumstances which prove he had little sympathy with Mary or her partisans. The dangerous insurrection which was known by the name of the Rising in the North, gave him the opportunity of doing good service, which was acknowledged and rewarded by the Queen. Hereford was the lineal representative of the Bouchiers, and on the death of William Parr, Marquis of Northampton, without issue, the earldom of Essex became extinct, and the manor of Braintree, in Essex, reverted to the crown. The Queen bestowed the manor on Hereford, and soon after revived in his person the title of Earl of Essex, which had been borne by the Bouchiers. At the ceremony of his creation, the Queen herself, leaning over him as he bent before her, placed the sword-belt across his shoulder, and the cap and coronet upon his head. Soon after he received the Garter. In the month of January following, he was one of the peers who sat in judgment on the Duke of Norfolk.

We next meet Essex in Ireland. He proposed the reduction of Ulster on condition of being given half the lands which he should rescue from the rebels; and, for the purpose of obtaining money for the adventure, he mortgaged to the Queen, for ten thousand pounds, the lands she had lately given him in Essex. Fuller tells us that he was encouraged in this enterprise by one "that loved his nearest relative better than himself," and that, in pursuing it, Essex "was sensible that his room was more welcome than his company at court." In this way Fuller hints at the scandal which already, it appears, made free with the names of Leicester and our heroine, Lettice.

The Irish adventure could not well have been more unprosperous. Fuller amuses himself at Essex's expense: "He mortgaged his fine estate, and afterward sold it outright for money to buy a bear's skin, but when he came to take the bear, he found greater difficulties than he expected." This purchase and sale of bears' skins was common enough in Elizabeth's day, and at later periods of Irish history, and it has never had the slightest success. Essex's plans for the pacification of the country, as far as we can under-

stand from his letters preserved in the "Sidney Papers," were judicious, and might have been successful if he and the Lord Deputy—who seems to have regarded his own power as abridged by Essex's appointment as governor of Ulster—were not engaged in a game of cross-purposes, which defeated everything that Essex attempted. It was in vain that Essex succeeded in the field—he was allowed to reap no fruits of the victory. It was in vain that he sought to effect some good by negotiation. He complains of conduct on the part of the Lord Deputy and the council that compromised the honor of the Queen, and made Essex appear to have broken his word with the parties with whom he dealt:—"My lords," he says, writing to the council in Dublin, "I humbly desire you to consider well of this matter. It is somewhat to me (though little to others) that my house should be overthrown with suffering me to run myself out of breath with expenses. It is more, that in the word of the Queen I have, as it were, undone, abused, and bewitched with fair promises, O'Donnell, Mac Mahon, and all others that pretended to be good subjects in Ulster. It is most, that the Queen's Majesty shall adventure this estate [run the risk of losing this kingdom of Ireland], or else subdue rebellion with tolerable charge.

Let my life here be examined by the strictest commissioners that may be sent, I trust that in examining my faults they will allege this for the chief, that I have unseasonably told a plain, probable, honorable, and effectual way how to do the country good.

"For, of the rest, they can say nothing of me but witness my misery by plague, famine, sickness, continual toil, and continual wants of men, money, carriages, victuals, and all things meet for great attempts. And, if any of these have grown by my default, then condemn me in the whole. I pray you, my lords, pardon my earnestness; I think I have reason, that am thus amazed with an over sudden warning, that must take a discharge before I am made acquainted with the matter."

In Essex's letters there is the manliness and directness of purpose that compels our hearts to go with him, and we concur in the feeling which bursts involuntarily from our author, when dealing with this part of his subject:—

"Noble Essex! gentle as brave, and wise as eloquent, one might almost believe that, if thou hadst lived and been allowed to work out thy own will in thy own way, thou mightest have made something even of Ireland and the Irish, and the



half-dozen re-conquests of the country, or thereby, that have had to be effected since thy time, with little satisfactory result after all, might have been rendered unnecessary."

There is a letter from Sir Nicholas White, Master of the Rolls in Ireland, which we wish Mr. Craik had seen, in which he speaks of the mischief certain to arise from revoking Essex's commission, and of the course then pursued in the management of Ireland—"There are two things that seem strange to us here, if true—the one the letting of the realm to farm, wherein so many hearts may be alienated from the landlord to the farmer—and the other is the casting up of the earl's enterprise between the fallow and the seed, which will make Ulster desperate, and all the rest doubtful; and truly, if the look not back where the began, and review both the man and the matter, the shall puff up the Irish into incorrigible pride, and pull down the hearts of all good English subjects to a perpetual diffidence of any settled government in this realm. There cannot go out of this land a man with greater fame of honor, nor can come in whose bounty hath deserved more; and if that noble mind, desirous of honor, and so careless of gain, were employed with the association of grave council, I believe God hath ordained him to do great things."

It would seem that after his public employment had ceased, Essex remained for more than a year in Ireland. Craik tells us that he made no effort to rejoin his family; causes for domestic jealousy had not improbably arisen. On his reappearance in England, he had an interview with the Queen, and Ireland was under the government of another Lord Deputy. As Sir Henry Sidney was now the governor, and as Sidney was Essex's first patron, we might expect such an understanding between him and Essex as would have been of good augury for the tranquillity of Ireland. It would not appear, however, that much immediate good resulted. Sidney was married to the sister of Leicester. Were Leicester's plans and Essex's incompatible in these public matters; or had the jealousies which interrupted the happiness of Essex's private life extended to everything in which he was concerned? We know not, but Walsingham seems to have had his misgivings, for, in a letter of instructions to Sidney, adverting to Essex's position, who was now sent to Ireland with the title of "Earl Marshal of Ireland," he tells him:—

"And therefore, good my lord, let your ears be closed against tale-bearers, who make their profit of dissension. That nation [the Irish], as I learn, is cunning in that profession; and, therefore, it behoveth your lordships both to be very circumspect in that behalf. I pray God that pestilent humor receive no nourishment from hence. When I fall into consideration of the soundness of both your judgments, then I shake off all fear; but, when I call to mind the cursed destiny of that island, I cannot put off all dread. I hope your own wisdoms, the calling on any of your friends here, and the good ministers about you there, will prevent the malice of such as shall seek any way to slander you."

"He returned to Ireland in the spring of 1576. There he soon found his position worse than ever. He bore up against everything for some months; but at last, having been suddenly taken ill at his own house in Ulster, on the night of Thursday, the 30th of August, he rapidly grew worse; and, having two days after come to Dublin Castle, he lay there till he expired, about eleven o'clock on the morning of Saturday, the 22d of September."

Mr. Craik discusses at more length than was necessary, if the mere object were to dispose of the fact, a question which at the time excited much inquiry. It was surmised that Essex's death was the effect of poison; it occurred at a time so convenient to Leicester, who soon after married his widow, that the report received easy credence—the belief of every one being that Leicester took this mode of removing obstacles of a kind insuperable to ordinary men. The evidence, however, is decisively against the supposition, though it was one which it would appear, during some period of his illness, Essex himself entertained, and which, not to disturb the dying man, some of the persons about him countenanced. He wrote on his death-bed an affecting letter to Elizabeth, making requests for his son, with which she complied. Mr. Craik has painted the delicacy of thought and feeling exhibited in this letter. He shrinks from alluding to his wife, whose conduct probably had given strong reasons for the scandal that connected her name with Leicester's:—

"The whole letter is beautiful and affecting in the highest degree; but especially admirable and noble is the delicacy with which one unhappy subject is touched upon. God hath made his poor children fatherless; and, therefore, he makes his humble suit that it will please her Majesty to be as a mother unto them. It is spoken so meekly and tenderly, with such freedom from all bitterness, as to express no reproach, but rather only pity, for her who ought to have been a mother to them. Afterward, where the mention of the cir-



cumstance is necessary to explain the true state of his affairs, he speaks with the same composure of the dower that will have to be paid to his widow out of his son's scanty inheritance. And again, in another passage, he does not hesitate to remind her Majesty that his poor son is her kinsman, although the relationship was through the boy's mother. This is the reality of that Christian forgiveness, the parade of which, even from dying lips, is often no better than a form."

Essex was a man thoroughly honest, but it was not an age in which honesty seems to have been appreciated. In his funeral sermon, preached by a bishop of the day, the preacher finds nothing to tell us of but the nobility of his countenance, "planted by the especial gift of God, even from his mother's womb. . . . I have yet further to speak of his lordship, that I believe there be very few noblemen in England more expert and ready in chronicles, histories, genealogies, and *petigrues* [so the right rev. Welshman writes the word], of noble men and noble houses, not only within the realm, but also in foreign realms, than this noble earl was in his time. He excelled in descrying and blazoning of arms, and all skill pertaining thereto; and, to be short, his understanding and capacity was so lively and effectual, that it reached to all kind of matters that a perfect nobleman shall have to deal withal in this world." Well done, Bishop Davies, with thy worthy notions of a perfect nobleman! Hereafter we shall have it proved, on thy authority, by some antiquarian of the days to come, that friend Pettigru's *Dublin Directory* had its commencement in Essex's days. This funeral sermon ought to be quoted in all his advertisements.

Essex's widow—our heroic heroine—soon after married the Earl of Leicester; the rumors of the period had, before Essex's death, represented her as having borne a child to Leicester during her husband's absence in Ireland; a private marriage, immediately after Essex's death, sanctioned the continuance of their intercourse. Lettice's father, however, when he came to learn how matters were, had them publicly married. At this time Leicester was in the highest favor with the Queen; but there were dark reports to which the most incredulous gave some attention. Entire disbelief of the crimes attributed to him does not appear to have been the state of feeling with any one, nor perhaps was there any one who gave them entire credence. The sudden deaths, and often under circumstances of the strongest suspicion, of persons, whose continuance in life was incon-

venient to him, gave rise to a phrase of the day, which denominated sudden death by the name of a *Leicester cold*.

Among the higher ranks, "In great Eliza's golden time," to die in one's bed, or by any of the usual forms of disease, would scarcely have seemed a natural death. There is not a family mentioned in Mr. Craik's first volume, of which the greater number of persons at all known to history did not lay down their lives on the scaffold. The relentlessness with which, when a verdict or an attainder by act of parliament, gave the life of an obnoxious individual to some opposing faction, the sentence was executed, rendered the thought of violent death familiar. Of the Queen's own nearest relatives, many had thus perished. Of many branches of the Howards with whom our author has to deal, the axe had made wide havoc. Leicester's grandfather, father, and brother, had been executed. Death in its more peaceful aspects could scarcely in those days have been the daily thought it has since become; and when any circumstances creating the slightest suspicion of foul play arose, the vilest reports were at once believed and circulated. Leicester was married in 1550 to Amy, daughter of Sir John Robsart—the date is mentioned in a memorandum of King Edward the Sixth, who adds, that after the marriages there were certain gentlemen that did strive who should take away a goose's head, which was hanged alive on two cross posts.\* In 1560 the death of Amy Robsart occurred.

"The reader perceives already that the real circumstances of this marriage of Dudley with Amy Robsart were altogether different from those out of which the great modern romancist has woven his exciting fiction. Nor was the bride's father an obscure Devonshire knight, as Scott makes him, but the head of a most distinguished family seated in the county of Norfolk. He seems to have been dead when his daughter's marriage took place; and to have died, moreover, in circumstances which forfeited his estate to the crown. Possibly, Northumberland had the recovery of these estates in view when he married his son to Robsart's daughter; and in 1557, in the reign of Philip and Mary, the Lord Robert Dudley had a grant for life of what appears to have been the principal one, called Sediastern, of which,

\* In Grose's Dictionary, we have the word *goose-riding* thus explained:—"A goose whose neck is greased, being suspended by the legs to a cord tied to two trees, or high posts, a number of men on horseback, riding full speed, attempt to pull off the head, which, if they effect, the goose is their prize. This has been practiced in Derbyshire within the memory of persons now living—1811."

accordingly, he retained possession till his death. It then went to the cousin and heir of Amy Robsart, John Walpole, Esquire, of Houghton, from whom it descended to his great-great-grandson, Sir Robert Walpole, the prime minister. Sir Robert Walpole and Amy Robsart! Such are the fantastic conjunctions which family history is continually disclosing. The minister was actually the representative of the heroine of romance, being her first cousin only five times removed."

In the court of Elizabeth, Leicester appears to have been all successful, and yet the dark suspicions occasioned by the death of his wife at a time that he was supposed to be playing for the hand of Elizabeth or of the French Queen, as Mary of Scots was then called, still clung to him. They are alluded to in a letter of Cecil's, the guarded and designedly ambiguous language of which is scarcely consistent with any other interpretation. They are distinctly mentioned in the correspondence of Sir Nicholas Throckmorton, the English Ambassador in France. They are formally stated in a curious document drawn up by Cecil in 1666, as among his reasons against Elizabeth's marriage with Leicester:—

"1. Nothing is increased by marriage of him either in riches, estimation, power; 2. It will be thought that the slanderous speeches of the Queen with the Earl have been true; 3. He shall study nothing but to enhance his own particular friends to wealth, to offices, to lands, and to offend others; 4. *He is infamed by death of his wife*; 5. He is far in debt; 6. He is like to prove unkind, or jealous of the Queen's Majesty."

Leicester was the best abused of mankind and the most unlucky if that abuse had no real foundation in his own crimes; the French Cardinal, Chatillon, after having thwarted some of Leicester's intrigues, is about to embark for the continent—he falls sick at Canterbury, and dies, and straightway he is described as poisoned by Leicester. Throckmorton is on a visit at Leicester's house. "His lungs," says Leicester, "were perished, but a sudden cold he had taken was the cause of his speedy death." Other accounts were, that "he had been poisoned by a salad he had eaten at dinner."

There was another case which affected Leicester's character yet more deeply. Our heroine, Lettice Knollys, had a cousin, Douglas Howard, daughter of William, the first Lord Howard of Effingham, and cousin-german to Anne Bullen; and also to Henry the Eighth's fifth wife. She was married to John Sheffield, the second Lord Sheffield; but in one of Elizabeth's royal progresses she had

the misfortune of meeting Leicester at the Earl of Rutland's; Leicester's triumph over the lady was speedy; and if he was also at the time wooing the Queen, he seems to have been a singularly active fellow at winning ladies' hearts. The royal visit to Belvoir Castle lasted but a few days, but in those few days the conquest was effected. "There is small hope," says Gervais Hollis, "that she who has once permitted a siege, can hold out." The paramours plotted the murder of Sheffield, and a letter of Leicester's dropped accidentally by the lady, and found by the sister of Sheffield, revealed the intention. When Sheffield learned the project, he made his way to London, seeking revenge for the injuries sustained and meditated; but Leicester has already made more work of it before they can meet—"he bribes an Italian physician (whose name I have forgot), in whom Lord Sheffield had great confidence, to poison him; which was immediately effected after his arrival in London."\*

How much or how little of this is true we have no means of conjecturing. That Sheffield died, and died unexpectedly, seems certain. It is equally certain that his widow was soon after the mistress or the wife of Leicester—most probably the mistress—

"She calls it marriage; with that specious name  
She veils the sin, and sanctifies the shame;"—

but if marriage, it was certainly clandestine; and Leicester, during the existence of this relation with her, found time to pay attentions to her sister, Frances Howard, and to continue his courtship of Queen Elizabeth. In 1578, Gilbert Talbot, writing to his father, tells us—"Leicester is very much with her Majesty; she shows the same great affection to him that she was wont; of late he has endeavored to please her more than heretofore. Two sisters now in the court are very far in love with him, as they have been long—my Lady Sheffield and Frances Howard. They, alike striving who shall love him better, are at great wars together; and the Queen thinketh not well of them, and not the better of him; by this means there are spies over him." Frances Howard was then but nineteen. In due time she married, and died, and was buried in Westminster Abbey; and the inviolable affection of Edward Earl of Hertford, for the many graces, both of mind and body, of this the second of his

\* "Collins' Historical Collections," Vol. LXX.

wives, is recorded in the inscription on a sumptuous monument. Douglas, at the time Talbot was writing, had already borne a son to Leicester. Leicester denied any marriage with her, but acknowledged his paternity. Her narrative, after Leicester's death, was, that having insisted on her marriage with him, and having resisted some arrangements of his to dispose of her in marriage to another, she found her health declining. Her hair and nails beginning to fall off, were symptoms to her imagination that her food had been drugged, and that her life would probably be the sacrifice, if she any longer opposed Leicester's plans. To save herself in the only way which was open to her, from the subtle poisons which, she made no doubt, Leicester had been already administering, she became the wife of Sir Edward Stafford.

The widow of Essex was probably the attraction that separated Leicester from Douglas Howard. But Leicester seems to have had a stronger passion than love—inordinate ambition. The language of the mystical theologian is often scarcely distinguishable from that which expresses the hopes and the raptures of human passion. Leicester lived in a day in which, however ill-regulated the conduct of men might be, none doubted the realities of religion; and we see no reason to distrust Leicester's professions, strangely as they may appear contrasted with his practice. Whatever might be his conduct, or whatever the deceptions he practiced on his own mind or the mind of others, there is no doubt that at this period Leicester was regarded as the leading man of the Puritan party; and he did all he could to cultivate what Mr. Craik happily calls "the rhetorical part of religion." What a strange thing is the human heart!—how impossible to detect its hidden springs of action! Was this courting of the Puritans, then a party rising into power, but hypocrisy? We should fear to answer in the affirmative. And yet we are told, that when Leicester and Walsingham abandoned the Puritans, "they did absolutely renounce any further intercession for them, professing that they had been horribly abused with their hypocrisy." If this be Leicester's language, and not Heylin's own, from whom we have it, is his accusation of his brother Puritans of hypocrisy a proof of his own sincerity, when he was to be reckoned as "walking with them?" There is a striking passage in Mr. Craik's book, which well describes the state of society at this time, and the bearing of men's minds on these religious questions with a

fervor which, in our peaceful day, can scarcely be brought before us, even with the strongest exercise of imagination:—

"It was a strange, self-contradictory time, difficult to be understood or imagined in our day, when the violent agencies then in operation have long spent their force, and all things have subsided into comparative consistency and decorum. Religion was a mighty power, was indeed universally confessed, and in general undoubtingly believed, to be the thing that was entitled to carry it over all other things. Men, almost without exception, looked upon the truths of religion much in the light in which we now look upon the laws of nature, as evident necessities, escape from which was wholly out of the question. A person would have been held a fool or a lunatic who had appeared to think otherwise. This explains not merely the universal profession of religion, by persons of whatever character or manner of life, but the generally manifest sincerity of the profession. The blight of unbelief had scarcely yet touched men's minds. The common faith, Protestant or Catholic, was as much the sustenance of all alike, as the common air. It was in this respect almost as in the palmy days of ancient Paganism, as in Greece in the time of Homer, or, indeed, for ages afterward, when he who did not discern and acknowledge a present deity in any one of certain common natural occurrences, would have been deemed not to see or hear aright, not to have the proper use of his senses.

"If this had been all, one might envy a time when the earth, thus gorgeously illumined by imagination, and hung with splendors not its own, might be thought to lie so near to the gate, so close under the crystal battlements, of heaven; and when men, unsubdued by sense, walked so much in the light of the spiritual and invisible, and were exalted and upheld by so much that has now for ever passed away. But the actual effect was considerably different from what a lively fancy might picture it. It would almost seem as if religion had lost, instead of gained, in practical power and efficacy, by being thus universally received and submitted to as a matter of course. In accepting its doctrines with the same dead acquiescence, as we may call it, with which the mind surrenders itself to the propositions of the mathematics, or to any simple physical truth, the less scrupulous spirits of the first age of the Reformation seem many of them hardly to have connected more of sentiment or affection with their religious belief than with their belief in the law of nature, according to which a stone dropt from the hand falls to the ground. They even appear to have considered themselves entitled to treat the religious truth and the physical truth on many occasions in the same way; and, as they could arrest the action of the law of gravitation at any time by the application of some opposing force, in like manner by some analogous contrivance to suspend and neutralize any principle or precept of religion whenever they chose. The principle, indeed, was not to be overturned, or for a moment gainsayed or questioned; but still it was to be kept

under management and control, just as if it were a principle of mechanics or chemistry. The fierce and all-absorbing contest between the two rival forms of Christianity had hushed all dispute, had stopped all doubt, all reflection, all investigation about Christianity itself; had made that on all hands be simply taken for granted; and this was the result.

"Above all, there was the mixed and imperfect character of the yet recent civilization, only showing its green summits here and there from amid the waste. It was a wild confusion of civilization and barbarism. A century of convulsion and violent change, first a sanguinary and desolating civil war, then a more bitter religious strife, although it may have given an impulse to the social progress of the country at some points, could not but have retarded or paralyzed it at others. Nor could a generation which had sprung out of such a time grow up without retaining much of its half-savage spirit. Even the external and material civilization of this age was the most startling display of incongruities and incompleteness—the most curious patchwork of cloth of gold and frieze. And that was but a type or emblem of its mental and moral civilization, which in like manner everywhere betrays its volcanic origin by such intermixtures and combinations as seem to us in the present day all but incredible, unintelligible, and impossible.

Leicester, though married, never actually abandoned the hope of the Queen's hand. There appears to have been always some mystification as to the fact of his marriage. In a letter to Burghley we find him alluding to it, and evading any distinct acknowledgment—"Her Majesty, I see, is grown into a very strange humor, all things considered, toward me, however it were true or false, as she is informed, the state whereof I will not dispute. Albeit I cannot confess a greater bondage in these cases than my duty of allegiance oweth. . . . As I carried myself almost more than a bondman many a year together, so long as one drop of comfort was left of any hope, as you yourself, my lord, doth well know; if being acquitted and delivered of that hope, and by both open and private prohibitions and declarations discharged, methinks it is more than hard to take such an occasion to bear so great a displeasure for. . . . I have lost both youth, liberty, and all my fortune reposed in her."

"Surely these expressions can bear only one interpretation. Can the hope in which Leicester here speaks of having worn away his life, till he had been wholly acquitted, delivered, and discharged of it, be any other than the hope of marrying Elizabeth? The matter of which her Majesty had been informed, and with regard to

which he will not dispute whether what she had heard be true or false, is, of course, his marriage with Lady Essex."

The fortunes of Penelope Devereux, the daughter of our heroine Lettice, by Essex, and for whom her father had, on his death-bed, expressed the hope that she might become the wife of Sir Philip Sidney, next engage Mr. Craik's attention; but the history of that lady makes a good story in itself, which, as we shall tell it at some other time, must not now interrupt us. We almost wish that Mr. Craik had made it a distinct narrative; as it is not always easy to see our way clearly through the varied episodes, among which, without the utmost watchfulness, we are likely to be misled from the true path. Our eye must fix itself on the old motionless sphynx, while Time circles round her. Lettice Knollys alone unchanged—husbands and children, and husbands' children and grandchildren, nay, great-grandchildren, playing their social parts in life—marrying clandestinely, and escaping the bonds of marriage publicly—still fading rapidly from the observer's eye—one fixed point it is well to have; and this our heroine very conveniently furnishes.

We have said that Leicester did not at any time quite abandon the hope of becoming Elizabeth's husband. For this purpose, no doubt, were the festivities at Kenilworth devised, which are well described by writers of Elizabeth's day, and which all our readers know through Sir Walter's romance. With the story of Leicester's first wife Sir Walter has connected, in the exercise of the undisputed rights of fiction, many incidents of Leicester's latter days. The true story is well told by Mr. Halpin, in his very interesting and very beautiful examination of a passage in the *Midsummer Night's Dream*, which he thinks was suggested to Shakspeare by his having been an eyewitness of the splendid pageants exhibited on the occasion. We have the scene clouded, and "the princely pleasures" cut short, by some transient fit of ill-temper on the part of the Queen; who, however, soon resumed her wonted cordiality toward him. It is scarce possible to think that Elizabeth regarded Leicester with anything of the feeling that is called love. We are not sure that Gregorio Leti has not hit the mark, when he makes Elizabeth confess to the ladies of her court, "that she had not loved the Earl of Arundel but for motives of religion; nor the Earl of Leicester, but on account of the obligations she owed him; nor

the Earl of Somerset, but on principles of policy; and to be better served by a number of favorites, and making use of their reciprocal jealousies to attach them all the more firmly to her service; but that she had never truly loved any except the Earls of Devonshire and Essex." When Leicester was spoken of as aspiring to her hand, she answered in a passion—"Dost thou think me so unlike myself, and so unmindful of my royal majesty, that I would prefer my servant, whom I have myself raised, before the greatest prince in Christendom, in choosing of a husband?"\*

Elizabeth's vexation, when she discovered Leicester's marriage, was but temporary. It was not greater than she was in the habit of exhibiting whenever any marriage took place in the court circle. A burst of fretful impatience—a strong expression of anger and indignation at the fact of a marriage, which, in any way in which it can be viewed, was most disgraceful to the parties contracting it, was all that exhibited Elizabeth's feeling; and warmth of temper is rather to be inferred from her conduct, than warmth of affection. In a few days he stood as high in the royal favor as ever; and, as Mr. Craik observes, his reputation continued unaltered with the general public. Radcliff, Earl of Sussex, died early in 1583. He was no friend of Leicester's; and on his death-bed he bade his friends "beware of the gipsy—he will be too hard for you; you know not the beast as I do." What can Sussex mean by giving the name of gipsy to Leicester? It was at the time interpreted into Leicester's employing the secret arts of witchcraft or medicated potions, in which a degraded and dreaded tribe were supposed to deal; and the old story of Leicester's employing poison to rid himself of an enemy was generally believed. It is strange with what pertinacity this impression of Leicester's character seized on the universal public mind. If there were anything like reasonable grounds for the imputation, the evidence has not come down to our times. In the case of Mary Queen of Scots, there can be no doubt that Walsingham wrote officially to Sir Amyas Poulet and Sir Drew Drury, in whose custody Mary was, that Elizabeth regarded it as "a lack of zeal in her service that they did not find some way to shorten the life of that queen, considering the great peril she is in hourly, so long as that queen should live." It is equally certain, that though the letters have been pre-

served, anxiety was expressed by Walsingham that they should be destroyed. When the Babington conspiracy was first detected, Leicester was in the Low Countries; but is stated to have written from thence advising that Mary's life should be silently taken away by poison, and to have sent a divine to satisfy Walsingham of the carefulness of such a course. On Leicester's return, he was understood to have continued to give the same advice. Walsingham, on the pretence of illness, absented himself from the deliberations in which her execution was determined on, and Leicester was also absent. They both endeavored to satisfy James that they were not parties to the act. So did Elizabeth. It was sought to throw the whole responsibility of the act on the Secretary of Council. But Walsingham's communications with Mary's jailers were made at the very time of his pretended sickness. The letters were first printed by Hearne, in the notes to his "Robert of Gloucester," and are to be found in Kippis's *Biographia Britannica*, article DAVISON.

We wish that the writer of an article such as this, in a popular magazine, could adopt the convenient division of his subject into chapters, and thus avoid the effect of abruptness; as before dismissing Leicester from the scene, it would be desirable to introduce to our readers a person with whom they must become acquainted, if they follow the future fortunes of Lettice Knollys. Christopher Blount, destined to be the last of the husbands of this polyandrian lady, had, in early life, been the pupil of Cardinal Allen. He had served in the Low Countries under Leicester, and after Leicester's final return to England, Blount had been knighted by Lord Willoughby, who succeeded Leicester as Captain-General of the English forces; but there was a stage of Blount's life that followed at a long interval his residence with Allen at Louvain, and interrupted his military service in the Netherlands, which his friends and his enemies were alike willing to pass over in silence, and which Mr. Craik tells us has escaped every writer who has hitherto dealt with his biography.

Blount had been mixed up in the Babington conspiracy, whether as an associate in their plans with the party who were endeavoring to rescue Mary, or a spy of Walsingham, which seems the more probable motive of his conduct, and that of the government, who kept his name studiously concealed. Mary's agent, Morgan, in writing to her, speaks highly of Blount—as "a tall gentle-

\* Camden's "Elizabeth."



man, and valiant . . . of an ancient house." He describes him as "of kin to Leicester. Blount and his brother being both Catholics, are forced to fawn upon Leicester, to see if thereby they can live quiet." Morgan makes arrangements for a correspondence in cypher being carried on between Mary and Blount. It does not, however, appear by any means certain that such ever took place. Morgan's letters did not reach Mary for many months after they were written. She appears to have been distrustful. She speaks to Morgan of a letter that she says seemed to have been intended to be sent her by means of Blount; but "the letter being an unknown hand, without subscription of the name thereto, I am not assured whence it came, Blount himself being now with Leicester." Of these letters, through some treachery of her agents, or some system of espionage not perfectly explained, Walsingham obtained copies, and every one of them were deciphered before they were allowed to fall into Mary's hands. Blount seems, from everything we know of him, to have been a restless, intriguing character. At what time, or under what circumstances, he first became acquainted with the wife of Leicester, we have no means of knowing; but from a passage in Camden's "Elizabeth," there can be little doubt that Leicester's jealousy had been awakened, and that he "had sent a person into Holland to murder him."\*

The fluctuations of Elizabeth's power toward Leicester were such as to baffle all calculation. That Leicester played for the crown of England, and that his first thought was to obtain it through a marriage with Elizabeth, scarcely admits of a doubt. That he had long given up that precise means of obtaining the object, is, we think, equally certain. His marriage was acknowledged; and though we know little of his domestic life, he not only observed the ordinary courtesy due to his wife, but was described as affectionate in his conduct and bearing to her. As far as a clue can be discovered to his purposes, it would seem that he contemplated destroying, if he could, the claim of the Stuarts to the crown after the death of Elizabeth; and the circumstances in which he found himself rendered this hope by no means one improbable of attainment. Elizabeth's contract of marriage with the Duke of Anjou was signed in July, 1581. The Netherlands had thrown off the Spanish yoke, and elected Anjou their sovereign, be-

lieving that they were electing the husband of the Queen of England. Anjou, after a successful campaign in the Netherlands, returned to England. The Queen placed a ring on his finger in presence of the whole court—this looked like being in earnest. All England was convulsed at the thought of the bright accidental star thus shooting from its sphere. What was to become of the hope of the Reformation? Was Elizabeth to wed a Popish prince? Was England to become the slave of France? Maids of honor wept, and told Elizabeth of Philip and Mary, and how an English queen abjectly lost all authority in her own realm, and sacrificed the love of her subjects, and died of a broken heart. Was this cruel scene to be again repeated? The marriage was delayed and delayed. The Queen accompanied him to Canterbury—besought him to return speedily—"and the business slept." On arriving in the Netherlands, Anjou found that all real power was in the Prince of Orange—that his was but a nominal sovereignty, having no basis whatever but the belief, now fading away, of his being to become the husband of Elizabeth. While they were engaged with discussions arising from this strange state of facts, the Prince of Orange was assassinated, and Anjou was suspected of the murder. Papers found in the assassin's pocket disproved the imputation; but Anjou endeavored to seize the principal places of strength in the Netherlands, and garrison them with French soldiers. The Flemings discovering his attempt, deprived him of the sovereignty. His death soon after followed. The Netherlands offered their crown to Elizabeth. She refused, but sent Leicester with six thousand men to their aid. He was made Governor-General of the Netherlands, with absolute power. This was done, no doubt, with the purpose of gratifying Elizabeth; she was, however, displeased at a proceeding, the effect of which was likely to render her subject independent of herself. Both in military and civil matters, Leicester was a most inefficient governor. The difficulties in which Elizabeth was placed by the case of Mary Queen of Scots, caused Leicester to be summoned home. On his return to the Netherlands, he found the Spaniards in possession of the fortresses which he had placed in the hands of Stanley and York, and which they had betrayed. When Leicester was finally recalled to England, he felt the prudence of first procuring from the Queen a general pardon for all things done in the Netherlands.

\* Camden's "Elizabeth," 632. Craik, vol. i. p. 189.

The Dutch writers say that but for Elizabeth's attention being engaged by preparations against the Armada, Leicester would have been brought to trial. Whether, in his efforts to obtain an independent sovereignty in the Netherlands, he may not have done something inconsistent with his allegiance to England, or become liable to be plausibly accused of so doing, we have no means of determining. English writers describe him as seeking to make himself an independent prince, for the purpose of removing one of the objections to his marriage with Elizabeth. His existing wife seems not to have been taken into account as an obstacle that could be of any long continuance. Our own impression is, that he had long abandoned all thoughts of becoming king consort of England; but we think it by no means unlikely that he contemplated, with the aid of the Protestant party, of whom he was regarded as the acknowledged leader, the total exclusion of the Scottish family from the crown, and that either as regent, or possibly as king, under some testamentary appointment of Elizabeth, he might become practically sovereign. The disturbance introduced into all men's minds on the subject of hereditary right by the anomalies of Henry the Eighth's marriages, was enough to encourage such hopes, after all, scarcely more wild than those of his father, when he sought to place the crown on the head of Lady Jane Grey. Whatever might be the ultimate object of Leicester's ambition, no subject ever stood so high in the favor of his sovereign as he now did. It would seem that his presence was at any time enough to dispel whatever clouds disturbed his august mistress's serenity. She now appointed him her lieutenant-general. "He shall," said she, "be in my stead, than whom never prince commanded a more noble or more worthy subject."\*

"So infatuated was she that, soon after this, at his own request, she agreed to create him her Lieutenant-General for England and Ireland, thus in fact putting the entire government of the kingdom into his hands; but here, according to Camden, Burleigh and the Lord Chancellor Hatton interfered with the strongest representations against such an appointment at such a crisis, and the letters-patent, which had been already drawn out, were stopped. On this Leicester left the court for Kenilworth; but stopping on the journey at a house which he had at Cornbury, in Oxfordshire, he died there after a short illness, on the 4th of September—within seven or eight miles of where Amy Robsart had met her death almost

\* Speech at Tilbury.

that very day eight-and-twenty years before. If the commonly received date of his birth may be relied upon, he had just doubled his years since then.

"What if the wife of his youth was avenged by the hand of the wife of his age? It has been averred that so it was."

Leicester's will divided as equally as he could, such property as he could dispose of, between his wife and his son, by Douglas Howard. To Lettice Knollys the gift could have been of little value, for Leicester died encumbered with debt; but there seem to have been reasons which compelled her to immediate act. She administered to his will two days after his death, and she married Christopher Blount in her first year of widowhood. This precipitate marriage gave occasion to attributing to her and Blount the removal of Leicester. The report that he died by poison was so general, that the privy council examined into the matter. At the time of their investigation, suspicion fell on other people, and the inquiry came to nothing. In "Drummond's Conversations with Ben Jonson," the countess is mentioned in connection with the matter, but without the imputation of guilt:—"The Earl of Leicester gave a bottle of liquor to his lady, which he willed her to use in any faintness; while she, after his return from court, not knowing it was poison, gave him, and so he died."\* This falls in with Naunton's account. Another statement, found in Bliss's edition of "*Athenæ Oxonienses*," describes Blount as her favored lover before Leicester's death; tells of Leicester's jealousy having been excited, and that Blount and the Countess, finding Leicester plotting against the life of Blount, resolved to get rid of him. "The countess"—Bliss quotes from a manuscript by some unknown author, written in the sixteenth century—"provided a cordial, which she had no fit opportunity to offer him, till he came to Cornbury Hall, in Oxfordshire, where the Earl, after his gluttonous manner, surfeiting with excessive eating and drinking, fell so ill, that he was forced to stay there. Then the deadly cordial was propounded unto him by the Countess. As Mr. William Haynes, some time the Earl's page, and then a gentle-

\* In the Hawthornden manuscripts is the following epitaph "of the Earl of Leicester," probably communicated to Drummond by Ben Jonson:—

"Here lies a valiant warrior, who never drew a sword—  
Here lies a noble courtier, who never kept his word—  
Here lies the Earl of Leicester, who governed the estates,  
Whom the earth could never living love, and the just heaven  
now hates."—DAVID LAING.

man of his chamber, told me, who protested he saw her give that fatal cup to the Earl, which was his last draught, and an end of his plot against the Countess, and his end of his journey and of himself."

At the period of Leicester's death, our heroine's eldest son, Robert Devereux, the second Earl of Essex of that name, was about twenty years of age. Essex had been educated in Cambridge, by Archbishop Whitgift. On leaving it, he lived for some time in retirement in South Wales, and was with difficulty won to leave his retreat. From the time of his coming to court he was received into favor by the Queen. In 1585 he accompanied Leicester to Holland, and distinguished himself in the siege of Zutphen, where Sir Philip Sidney lost his life. On his return, when a Spanish invasion was threatened, Essex was made Governor of the Horse, and received the Garter. The distinctions which he obtained during Leicester's life were, probably, owing to him. We are told of jealousies, and that the dark suspicions connected with his father's death were not without some effect on the son; but that such existed is scarcely consistent with the known facts of the case—with Leicester's early and anxious care of his stepson's interests—with the kindly mention of him in his will, and with the exceedingly affectionate terms on which, through life, Essex and his brother lived. In the year after Leicester's death, Essex married the daughter of Walsingham, Sidney's widow; and we have the Queen enraged—as Mr. Craik, in telling of her fury on this or some such occasion, says, "everybody's marriage seemed to vex her"—but she soon recovered her temper, and bore with equanimity what could not be helped. We cannot follow Essex in those parts of his story that more properly belong to the general history of the country; but that Elizabeth's affection was of a very capricious character, may appear from the fact, that in some discussion on the subject of Ireland, she, provoked by his turning his back on her, gave him a box on the ear, and bade him go and be hanged. He clapped his hand on his sword, and swore a great oath that he neither could nor would put up with an affront of that nature, nor would have taken it at the hands of Henry VIII. himself. Saying this, he left the court. The scene was one which Camden has described—would that we had it from some more graphic hand; still Camden was a cautious writer, and his information is generally from the best sources. The Lord High Admiral interposed—Essex's

wrath but boiled the higher. The Lord Keeper, in a letter (which letter exists to our day), quoted Seneca, and showed how much pleasanter it ought to be to receive chastisement when innocent than if guilty—that, in either case, submission was necessary: the guilty submits to Justice, the innocent to Fortune. Essex was not, as when he abode in his solitudes of South Wales, a pensive Cambridge student: he had been to courts of kings, and thought little of Seneca for many a year. Every placulum suggested by the Lord Keeper but seemed to irritate the sore and aggravate the disease. He ask a pardon! as the Lord Keeper implored of him—he *stoop to her anger for the present!* which was the Lord Keeper's phrase. "No—no; there is no tempest," said Essex, "so boisterous as the resentment of an angry prince. The Queen is of a flinty temper. He well knew what was due to him as a subject, an earl, and Grand Marshal of England; but he did not understand the duties of a drudge, or a porter. To own himself a criminal would be to outrage truth, and the author of Truth." Such was his raving letter; but it did not stop here. The box which his Queen gave him was, if Camden be right, with the palm of her hand, on the ear, his back being turned to her at the time. That he did sustain some personal injury from the Queen is certain, from his letter, for he says his "body suffered in every part of it from the blow given him by his Prince, and that it would be a crime in him to continue in the service of a Queen who had given him so great an affront. Did not Solomon say, that 'he is a fool who laughs when he is stricken?'" Essex, however, suffered himself to be persuaded to ask the Queen's pardon. It was granted; but from that day, those who watch the smiles and frowns of Kings, and describe themselves as knowing human nature, date the ruin of Essex. The evidence of facts is, we think, against them; and, little as such insults can be forgiven by minds of ordinary cast, we think that there was that both in Elizabeth and Essex which renders it probable that, when the storm blew over, there was no remaining element of mischief in either mind, lurking there, and watching its opportunity to do mischief. The scene is almost that of an overgrown schoolboy rebelling against his Queen and governess.

Their squabble was about Ireland, the government of which has been, at all times, the perplexity of England. Elizabeth had wished to send Sir William Knollys, Essex's uncle, to govern that strange country. Essex rec-



commended Sir George Carew. He probably wished to keep his uncle in England, and get rid of Carew.\* The termination of the dispute was one that no one could expect—Essex himself went there. Instead of telling of his difficulties, which it would not be possible to explain without going into the case at greater length than either the time we can now command, or the nature of the book we are reviewing would justify, we shall quote a few lines of Essex in a letter to the Queen:—

"From a mind delighting in sorrow—from spirits wasted with passion—from a heart torn in pieces with care, grief, and travel—from a man that hateth himself and all things that keep him alive, what service can your Majesty expect, since my service past deserves no more than banishment and proscription to the cursedest of all islands. It is your rebel's pride and succession must give me leave to ransom myself out of this hateful prison—out of my loathed body—which, if it happen to, your Majesty shall have no cause to mislike the fashion of my death, since the course of my life could never please you.

"Happy if he could finish forth his fate  
In some unhaunted desert, most obscure  
From all society—from love and hate  
Of worldly folk; then should he sleep secure;  
Then wake again, and yield God ever praise—  
Content with hips, and haws, and bramble-berry;  
In contemplation passing out his days,  
And change of holy thoughts, to make him merry;

Who, when he dies, his tomb may be a bush,  
Where harmless Robin dwells with gentle Thrush.

"Your Majesty's exiled servant,  
"ROBERT ESSEX."†

This letter was written before Essex had actually set out for his government. In March, 1598–9, his commission as Lord Lieutenant passed the Great Seal. The annalists of the period tell us, that when he was leaving the city, the weather was fair, but before he reached Islington there was a heavy storm of rain, with thunder and lightning.

\* Since writing the above, we have met a confirmation of our views of Essex's motives on this occasion:—"Note here how much will a man benefit his enemy provided he doth put him out of his own way. My Lord of Essex did lately want Sir George Carew to be Lord Lieutenant of Ireland, rather than his own uncle, Sir William Knollys, because he had given him some cause of offence; and by thus thrusting him into high office, he would remove him from court."—*Extracts from Sir John Harrington's Papers, printed in Nicholls' Progresses of Elizabeth*, vol. iii. p. 260.

† Kippis, B. B., who quotes the letter from the Harleian Manuscripts.

At sea, too, the weather was bad, and those who looked for signs in the heavens, when they ought to have looked to the earth to see why the English government of Ireland was not successful, read nothing but disaster in the frowning sky. Essex was not more fortunate in Ireland than his father had been. His men were not seasoned to the climate. The Queen would have him attack Ulster, where Tyrone had sought to throw off the English yoke. The Irish Council insisted that he should first quell some disturbances in Munster; and as this gave Essex a good opportunity of exercising his troops in what he thought a less dangerous service, he adopted this course. The Queen was displeased, and peremptory orders came from England that he should march into Ulster. Before these orders could be obeyed—before, indeed, they arrived—Essex had learned that his raw troops, commanded by Sir Henry Harrington, had been routed by the O'Briens. What the circumstances were we cannot precisely learn; but the fury of Essex was unbounded, and he caused the remains of these troops to be decimated. This relentless course, we think, disproves the accusation which his enemies at the time were circulating against Essex—that his object was not to make war on the Irish enemies, but to be at the head of an army which would enable him to command England. Such a course as he adopted must have made him most unpopular with the army. That he intended, however, to return to England with a portion of his army, and was with difficulty dissuaded from it by his friends, appears certain; and to his having this purpose in his mind is attributed his having made a truce with Tyrone, instead of actively prosecuting the war against him. We ought to say that Essex, like most unsuccessful agents, wrote exceedingly good letters; and that if the Irish have not to this day been well governed, it is not for want of admirable state-papers saying how the thing may be easily done. A sharp letter from the Queen irritated Essex, and he left his Irish government at sixes and sevens, and hurried to England. His arrival was wholly unexpected. We must give the scene, as Mr. Craik has done, from the narrative of Rowland White:—"On Michaelmas Eve, about ten o'clock in the morning, my Lord of Essex lighted at Court-gate in post, and made all haste up to the presence, and so to the privy-chamber, and stayed not till he came to the Queen's bedchamber; there he found the Queen newly up, the hair about her face; he kneeled, kissed her hand, and

had some private speech with her, which seemed to give him great contentment; for, coming from her Majesty to go shift himself in his chamber, he was very pleasant, and thanked God, though he had suffered much trouble and storms abroad, he found such a sweet calm at home." White, who was in the palace at the time, expresses surprise at Essex's boldness in thus making his way to her, "she not being ready, and he so full of dirt and mire, that his very face was full of it." He left her and returned in an hour, and was again graciously received. In the afternoon he again went up to the Queen; but then all was changed, "for she began to question him for his return, and his leaving all things at a great hazard." On the evening of the same day he was placed under arrest, and within a few days committed to the custody of the Lord Keeper. The Lord Lieutenant's flight from Ireland was followed by a cloud of the obscene birds of prey, fugitives from the devoted island. His sudden return from Ireland, says White, "brings all sorts of knights, captains, officers, and soldiers away from thence. The town is full of them. Most part of these gallants have quitted their commands, places, and companies, not willing to stay there after him, to the great discontentment of her Majesty. The disorder seems to be greater than stands with the safety of that service." The offence was one which was not easily forgiven. Essex remained for eleven months a prisoner—for a considerable part of the time in the Lord Keeper's house, and afterward in his own. We have in Mr. Craik's book an account of the various efforts made in his favor by the members of his own family:—"My Lady of Essex is a most sorrowful creature for her husband's captivity; she wears all black, of the meanest price." She comes to the court all in black, "her dress not being altogether of the value of five pounds," and the Queen refuses to see her. A splendid New-year's gift is sent by her to Elizabeth; no answer is returned. Essex's mother tries the Queen's heart by a similar bribe—her "New-year's gift is very well taken." His sister, Lady Rich, writes letters to the Queen, and is rash enough to allow copies of the letters to be circulated. She is commanded to keep her house. He at last receives his liberty.

All this is told in most interesting detail by Mr. Craik. There is a passage in Sir John Harrington's papers, which Mr. Craik has not adverted to, that would serve to prove that at the time Essex's conduct was attri-

buted to actual madness—and this, and this alone, would furnish an explanation of his subsequent course. Essex had entreated Harrington to express to Elizabeth his sorrow and contrition for the offences he had committed. "I thought," says Harrington, "that charitie should begin at home, and sail with a fair wind, as it was not likely to be a prosperous voyage. I had nearly been wrecked on the Essex coast, as I told the Queen. I had heard much on both sides, but the wiser he who repeateth nothing hereof. Did either know what I know either to have said, it would not work much to contentment or good liking. It resteth with me in opinion, that contrition thwarted in its career doth speedily lead on to madness. Herein I am strengthened by what I learn in my Lord of Essex, who shifteth from sorrow, and repentance to rage and rebellion as suddenly as well proveth him devoid of good reason or right mind. In my last discourse [with him] he uttered strange words, bordering on such strange designs, that made me hasten forth and leave his presence. Thank heaven! I am safe at home; and if I go in such troubles again, I deserve the gallows for a meddling fool. His speeches of the Queen become no one who hath *mens sana in corpore sano*. He hath ill-advisers, and much evil hath sprung from this source. The Queene well knoweth how to humble the haughty spirit—the haughty spirit knoweth not how to yield; and the man's soul seemeth tossed to and fro like the waves of a troubled sea."

If Harrington wished to describe actual insanity, what stronger language could he use? It is impossible to resolve his words into metaphor. He thought Essex mad; the return from Ireland could not be regarded as the act of a sane man; the wild purposes indicated in conversation were regarded by Harrington as outbursts of a disordered mind. It would have been well for Essex that the salutary restraint which deprived him of liberty had been longer continued. That restraint was removed at the close of August; and in the following February "he threw himself," says Mr. Craik, "into the mouth of open-jawed destruction, by the most frantic attempt recorded in history." On Sunday, the 8th of February, he rushed, at the head of a few partisans—Blount, his stepfather, being of the number—through the city of London, shouting out "For the Queen, for the Queen!" The citizens did not know what to make of it: they thought Essex and she were at last friends, and that this strange scene was some

proclamation enacted by her wish. The object was an attack on the Queen's palace, with the intention, on his part, of becoming possessed of her person. The rebellion commenced and ended on the same day. Before a month was at an end Essex was tried and executed.

Essex, when dying, seemed to be strongly under the influence of religion. His repentance of his treason seemed to be, and no doubt was, sincere; but the strange confessions he made, implicating in his treason persons of all ranks, and most opposite politics, could scarcely have been true. We believe him to have been living, for three or four of the latter years of his life, under delusions of so strange a kind as—though it would be impossible to contend that the insanity was such as not to leave him a responsible agent—to deprive his testimony against others of any value whatever. He denied, and we believe with truth, that he had any design against the Queen's life. His own he thought in danger from the plots of some of the leading persons about the court; and to this fear he referred his attempt. His stepfather, Blount, who was executed a few days after Essex, describes himself as having dissuaded Essex from some wild plots a few years before, but denied all knowledge of the objects of the wild movement in which he yet participated. He was summoned, he said, by the Earl, to London, on matters connected with the Earl's property, the management of parts of which was in his hands. His request, that he should be executed by decapitation, was complied with, in recognition of the military rank he had borne, when he had served under Essex in Ireland.

Lettice Knollys survived her husband and her son for many a long year. She lived to witness much of the eventful life of her grandson, the third Earl of Essex, of the name of Devereux. In one of Rowland White's letters we find the marriage of that grandson mentioned. He married the last Lady Frances Howard, one of Lord Suffolk's daughters, to the great contentment of Lady Leicester. How little do men see the future! It was scarce possible that a marriage should have been celebrated under circumstances more auspicious than those which augured happiness to the boy of fourteen and the girl of thirteen, who then were giving themselves away. The festivities at court, where the marriage was held, were of unusual brilliancy. They are minutely described by Ben Jonson, who, in a most elaborate, yet most graceful drama, *The Masque of Hymen*, lavished his

richest poetry in announcing the blessings which all after ages were to derive from the union. Alas for human hopes and for prophecies of the poets! The young Earl went to finish his education abroad; the lady remained in the court, where her father was chamberlain. Her position was not without danger; and when the Earl returned, after a few years, to claim his wife, he found that her affections were fixed on Robert Carr, Viscount Rochester. The hope of escape from the conjugal yoke was suggested to the lady by her husband's being, soon after his arrival, attacked by a malignant small-pox. He recovered; and she tried the effect of sorcery—her magic failed. Then came an invocation of more potent fiends, the rulers of the ecclesiastical courts; and, in violation of every principle on which such cases are determined, and to the disgrace of every one connected with the matter, the marriage was pronounced null and void. The sentence of nullity was had on the 16th September; and on the 26th she was married to Carr. "She was married in her hair," as it was expressed, "that is, with her hair flowing in ringlets on her shoulders, the customary attire of a maiden bride."

The old countess lived to see her grandson, at the age of thirty-seven, again venture into the matrimonial noose, with scarcely a more prosperous event. But we cannot, at present, follow Mr. Craik through any further chapters of his romantic history. The old lady died on Christmas day, 1634. For the last forty-five years of her life she had lived at Drayton Bassett.

"She and Blount seem to have taken up their residence here upon their marriage; and here she died forty-five years after. Drayton Bassett, lying about a couple of miles to the south of Tamworth, had been in ancient times the domain of the Lords Bassett, but had latterly fallen to the crown, by which a long lease of it had been granted in the reign of Henry the Eighth; this lease Leicester had acquired, and left, as appears by his will, to his wife; and Sir Christopher Blount is supposed to have afterward purchased the fee. The old manor-house which he and the Countess had inhabited, and in which she continued to reside throughout her third widowhood, was still standing toward the end of the last century. There is a view of it in Shaw's *Staffordshire* from a sketch taken in 1791. The mansion, Shaw remarks, was at this time 'a curious specimen of the occasional simplicity of our ancient nobility in their houses . . . . It was principally of wood and plaster, with a rude old hall, hung round with portraits, stags' heads, &c.; and quadrangular, with several side staircases, like an old college, and the rooms mostly small.' It

seems to have consisted only of a ground floor, with a low attic, and has the appearance of a farm-house or cottage rather than a manor-house. On the death of the Countess of Leicester, Drayton Bassett descended to her grandson, the Earl of Essex; and on his death it was inherited by his elder sister, Frances, Marchioness of Hertford. She devised it to her grand-daughter, the Lady Frances Finch, wife of Sir Thomas Thynne, afterward created Viscount Weymouth; from him it descended to the first Marquis of Bath, by whom it was sold to Messrs. Peel and Wilkes, about 60 years ago; and the spot, so long the residence of the old Countess, is now the property and the well-known seat of the Right Hon. Sir Robert Peel, baronet."

We have said little through this article of the delight which we have received from many parts of Mr. Craik's work. The style is, throughout, pure and unaffected—often rising into dignity, and always earnest and

eloquent when sympathy is awakened by anything generous in sentiment or act. The evidence for every statement in the volume is examined with the most scrupulous care. Indeed, Mr. Craik has impressed us with so strong a conviction of the entire good faith in which his investigations are conducted, and of his disregard of mere hearsay, that we shall feel more gratified if, in the future portions of the work, he gives us the results of his inquiries, without exhibiting his authorities in as great detail as he is in the habit of giving them. The work is one which will add greatly to the interest with which history—properly so called—is read, as rendering us personally acquainted with the actors in its principal scenes. Mr. Craik's book deserves the high praise of being most accurate, most instructive, most truthful.

A.

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE HERMIT HEART.

Oh! there are sacred sorrows, and the hermit heart  
Divulgement disinclineth, yielding ne'er a sign;  
Lone communings it hath, nor findeth any part  
Of present strength or aid save in the light Divine.

The hermit heart still turneth much to God in prayer,  
Amid the world's vast desert sojourning alone;  
Yet solitary prisonment would breed despair,  
Were the vex'd soul forbid to seek the mercy throne.

The hermit heart deep converse holdeth from above,  
Its sins bewailing with repentant humble sighs,  
Yet confidently trusting in the pitying love,  
That comprehendeth largely our infirmities.

The garnered memories which we hold so dear,  
Chequered with sweet and bitter, sun and shade,  
No sympathetic mind regardeth mirror'd clear,  
For who to other hath each inmost thought display'd!

Then friends beloved be comforted, all sorrow  
Pour forth to Him who ever proves our truest friend;  
The lightest hearts are sure to find a cloudy merrow,  
But take no heed of clouds, so prayers may still ascend!

C. A. M. W.

From the Athenæum.

## A CHILD'S GRAVE AT FLORENCE.

A. A. E. C., BORN JULY, 1848; DIED NOVEMBER, 1849.

BY ELIZABETH BARRETT BROWNING.

Of English blood—of Tuscan birth,  
What country should we give her?  
Instead of any on the earth,  
The civic heavens receive her.

And here among the English tombs,  
In Tuscan ground we lay her,  
While the blue Tuscan sky endows  
Our English words of prayer.

A little child—how long she lived,  
By months, not years, is reckoned:  
Born one July—she survived  
Alone to see a second.

Bright featured as the July sun  
Her little face still played in—  
And splendors, with her birth begun,  
Had had no time for fading.

So, LILY—from those July hours—  
No wonder we should call her;  
She looked such kinship to the flowers—  
Was but a little taller.

A Tuscan lily—only white;  
As Dante, in abhorrence  
Of red corruption, wished, aright,  
The lilies of his Florence.

We could not wish her whiter:—her  
Who perfumed with pure blossom  
The house!—a lovely thing to wear  
Upon a mother's bosom!

This July creature thought perhaps  
Our speech not worth assuming;  
She sat upon her parents' laps,  
And mimicked the gnat's humming.

Said—"Father, Mother:"—then, left off—  
For tongues celestial, fitter!  
Her hair had grown just long enough  
To catch Heaven's jasper-glitter.

Babes!—Love could always hear and see  
Behind the cloud that hid them:—  
"Let little children come to me,  
And do not thou forbid them."

So, unforbidding, have we met,  
And gently here have laid her;  
Though Winter is no time to get  
The flowers that should o'erspread her.

We should bring pansies, quick with Spring,  
Roses, violet, daffodilly—  
And also, above everything,  
White lilies for our LILY.

Nay, more than flowers this grave exacts—  
Glad, grateful attestations  
Of her sweet eyes and pretty acts—  
With calm renunciations.

Her very mother, with light feet,  
Should leave the place too earthy,  
Saying—"The angels have thee, sweet,  
Because we are not worthy!"

But winter kills the orange-buds—  
The gardens in the front are;  
And all the heart dissolves in floods,  
Remembering we have lost her.

Poor earth—poor heart!—too weak, too weak  
To miss the July shining;  
Poor heart!—what bitter words we speak—  
When God speaks of resigning!

Sustain that heart in us that faints,  
Thou God, the Self-Existent!

We catch up wild at parting saints,  
And feel thy Heaven too distant.

The wind that swept them out of sin,  
Has ruffled all our vesture:  
On the shut door that let them in  
We beat with frantic gesture.

To us—us also open straight!—  
The outer life is chilly.  
Are we, too, like the earth, to wait  
Till next year for our LILY?

O, my own baby on my knees,  
My leaping, dimpled treasure—  
At every word I write like these,  
Clasped close with stronger pressure!

Too well my own heart understands—  
At every word, beats fuller—  
My little feet, my little hands,  
And hair of LILY's color!

But God gives patience—Love learns strength:  
And Faith remembers promise—  
And Hope itself can smile at length  
On other hopes gone from us.

Love, strong as Death, can conquer Death,  
Through struggle made more glorious:  
This mother stills her sobbing breath,  
Renouncing, yet victorious.

Arms empty of her child she lifts—  
With spirit unbeseeven:  
"God will not all take back his gifts,  
My LILY's mine in Heaven.

"Still mine—material rights serene  
Not given to another!"  
The crystal bars shine faint between  
The souls of child and mother.

"Meanwhile," the mother cries, "content!  
Our love was well divided:  
Its sweetness following where she went,  
Its anguish stayed where I did.

"Well done of God, to halve the lot,  
And give her all the sweetness!  
To us—the empty room and cot;  
To her—the Heaven's completeness.

"To us—the grave; to her—the rows,  
The mystic palm-trees spring in;  
To us the silence in the house;  
To her—the choral singing!

"For her—to gladden in God's view;  
For us—to hope and bear on:  
Grow, LILY, in thy garden new,  
Beside the Rose of Sharon!

"Grow fast in Heaven, sweet LILY clipped,  
In love more calm than this is:  
And may the angels dewy lipped  
Remind thee of our kisses!

"While none shall tell thee of our tears—  
These human tears now falling;  
Till, after a few patient years,  
One Home shall take us all in:

"Child, father, mother—who, left out?  
Not mother, and not father!—  
And when, their dying couch about  
The natural mists shall gather,

"Some smiling angel close shall stand,  
In old Correggio's fashion,  
Bearing a LILY in his hand  
For Death's ANNUNCIATION."

From the North British Review.

## HUMBOLDT'S ASPECTS OF NATURE IN DIFFERENT LANDS.

*Aspects of Nature, in Different Lands and Different Climates, with Scientific Elucidations.* By ALEXANDER VON HUMBOLDT. Translated by MRS. SABINE. In 2 vols. 12mo. Pp. 650.\*

WHEN we contemplate the natural world in our own fatherland, as seen from different stations on its surface, and at different seasons of the revolving year, it presents to us but a single aspect, however diversified be its forms, and however varied its phenomena. Like the race which occupies it, the scenery within each horizon has its family likeness, and the landscape from each spot its individual features, while the general picture of hill and dale, and heath and forest, have their similitude in the character and costume of the people. During the daily and annual revolutions of our globe, the sun sheds his varying lights and hues over the more permanent and solid forms of nature, and carries in his train those disturbing elements which give an interest to each passing hour, and invest the seasons with all the variety which characterizes them. The external world may thus lose for a while its normal aspect—what is fixed may for an instant be displaced, and what is stable subverted; but amid all the new and returning conditions of the year, whether the god of day gives or withdraws his light—whether the firmament smiles in azure or frowns in gloom—whether the lightning plays in its summer gleams, or rages in its fiery course—whether vegetation dazzles with its youthful green, or charms with its tint of age, or droops under the hoary covering of winter—under all these expressive phases of its life, nature presents to us but one aspect characteristic of the latitude under which we live, and the climate to which we belong.

The inhabitant of so limited a domain, even if he has surveyed it in all its relations, has no adequate idea of the new and striking aspects in which nature shows herself in other lands, and under other climates. Even

in the regions of civilization, where her forms have, to a certain extent, been modified by art, and her creations placed in contrast with those of man, she still wears a new aspect, often startling by its novelty, and overpowering by its grandeur. To the fur-clad dweller among ice and snow, the aspects of nature in the temperate and torrid zones must be signally pleasing. The rich and luxurious productions of a genial and fervid climate, and the gay coloring of its spring and its autumn, must form a striking contrast with the scanty supplies of a frozen soil, and the sober tints of a stunted vegetation; and the serf or the savage who has prostrated himself before a petty tyrant, in his hall of wood or of clay; or the worshiper who has knelt on the sea-shore, or offered incense in the cavern or in the bush, must stand appalled before the magnificent temples of Christian or of Pagan opulence, and amidst the "cloud-capped towers and gorgeous palaces" of civilization. Nor is the aspect of the arctic zone less curious and interesting to the southern eye. On her regions of eternal snow, which the summer sun is unable even to thaw, the tracts of commerce and the footprints of travel are unseen. The shadow of man and of beast alone variegates the winding-sheet of vegetable life; mountains of fire, and plains of sulphur, stand in curious juxtaposition to precipices of ice and accumulations of snow, and from the glacier margin of the ocean are detached the gigantic icebergs, which, drifting to the southern seas, and raising only their heads above the waves, often threaten the tempest-driven mariner with destruction. To these singular aspects of arctic nature we may add one still more singular—the one long day of light, and the one long night of darkness, which alternately cheer and depress its short-lived and apparently miserable population.

\* [The authorship of this erudite and instructive article may be safely assigned to Sir DAVID BREWSTER.—Ed.]

The inhabitants, both of the old and new world, who occupy populous cultivated plains, are no less startled with nature's aspect, when they enter the lofty regions of the Himalaya and the Andes, or cast their eye over the trackless deserts of Africa, or the elevated plateaus of Central Asia and America, or the Patagonian desert of shingle, or the grassy Llanos of Orinoco and Venezuela, or the endless forests of the Amazons. The phases of the material world are there altogether new. Even the European, whose horizon is a circle, and the shepherd of the Landes, who is elevated on stilts in order to watch his flocks, would stand aghast in the boundless desert of Sahara, which no foliage colors, and no moisture bedews; and the crystal or the chamois hunter of the Alps, who has paced the flanks of Mont Blanc, or the peasant who slumbers at its base, would view with mute admiration the peaks of Dwalaghiri or Pinchincha; while the naturalist, who had been amused with the eruptions of Vesuvius and of *Ætna*, would stand unnerved beside the outbursts of *Catopaxi* or *Hirouæa*.

Nor are these striking aspects of nature confined to the structure of the inorganic world; they are displayed to us with no inferior interest in the diversified phenomena of animal and of vegetable existence. Although organic life is universally distributed throughout the earth, the ocean, and the air, yet under different latitudes it exhibits very opposite aspects. The vital functions are nearly suspended in the gelid regions of the poles, where man is almost driven into hybernation like the brutes; while in the zones of the tropics we recognize the high pulse and the florid plethora of a rank and luxuriant existence. Within the vessels that heat has expanded, the sap of life flows with a more genial current, and the noble forms of mammiferous life bound with a light and elastic step over the thick carpet of flowers which nature annually weaves under a tropical sun and a cloudless sky.

But it is not merely on the surface of the earth, and within the aqueous and aerial oceans which cover it, that nature displays her most interesting phases. Everything that we see around us—the soil and its productions—the jungle and its denizens—the ocean and its life, are all of modern origin. Man himself, as the representative of his race, is but an upstart in the chronicle of time. The primæval antiquities of our planet, and the records of its ancient life, lie buried in the crypts beneath us. Its history

is engraven on walls of stone, in characters which long baffled his ingenuity; but the geologist and the naturalist have at last deciphered them. He whose power is infinite could have called the earth into being in the very instant which preceded the creation of man; but that power has been exercised through other agencies, and in conformity with material laws; and long cycles of years have thus been required to prepare the earth for the reception of beings intellectual and immortal. To read that history, to study these antiquities, and to contemplate with wonder and awe the subterranean aspects of nature, is a privilege which none who understand it will renounce, and a duty which none who enter upon it will decline.

The aspects of nature around us, and above us, and beneath us, while they are a never-ending source of instruction and enjoyment, cannot fail to prepare the mind for nobler studies, and for higher destinies.

There is, doubtless, no living philosopher who could conduct us, with the same safety and interest as Baron Humboldt,\* over these wonderful fields of the material world. With his own eye he has seen the grand phenomena which he records. He has trodden the deserts and the Llanos of the far west; he has climbed its volcanic cones, and breathed the vapors which they exhale; he has swept over its cataracts, and threaded its forests; and with the profound knowledge of a naturalist and a philosopher, he has described what he saw with all the precision of truth, and with all the eloquence of poetry.

In the work which we have placed at the head of this article, its author "has sought to indicate the unfailing influence of external nature on the feelings, the moral dispositions, and the destinies of man," and viewing the "soothing influence of the contemplation of nature, as peculiarly precious to those who are oppressed with the cares or the sorrows of life," he dedicates his work more especially to them, and invites them, while "escaping from the stormy waves of life," "to follow him in spirit to the recesses of the primæval forests, over the boundless surface of the steppe, and to the higher ridges of the Andes." Enjoying, "in his eightieth year, the satisfaction of completing a third edition of his work, and remoulding

\* See our reviews of his *Kosmos*, in No. vii., and of his *Researches in Central Asia*, in No. xi. of this work.

it entirely afresh, to meet the requirements of the present time," he "hopes that these volumes may tend to inspire and cherish a love for the study of nature, by bringing together, in a small space, the results of careful observation, on the most varied subjects, by showing the importance of exact numerical data, and the use to be made of them by well-considered arrangement and comparison, and by opposing the dogmatic half-knowledge and arrogant scepticism, which have long too much prevailed in what are called the higher circles of society."\*

In the *first* volume of his work, Baron Humboldt treats of the *steppes and deserts* of the earth—of the *cataracts of the Orinoco*, and of the *nocturnal life in animals in the primeval forests*; and in the *second*, he discusses the *physiognomy of plants*, describes the *structure and mode of action of volcanoes in different parts of the globe*, treats of the *vital force*, and concludes with a description of the *plateau of Cazamarca*, the *ancient capital of the Incá Atahualpa*, and the *first view of the Pacific Ocean from the crest of the Andes*. These different treatises, as we may call them, are concise and popular, for the perusal of the general reader, and are followed by copious annotations and additions, for the use of those who wish to investigate more profoundly and extensively the subjects to which they relate.

The widely extended, and apparently interminable plains, which have received the name of steppes, deserts, Llanos, pampas, prairies, and barrens, present themselves to the traveler under all the zones into which our globe has been divided; but in each they have a peculiar physiognomy, depending on diversity of soil, of climate, and of elevation above the sea. The heaths in the north of Europe, with their purple blossoms, rich in honey, extending from the point of Jutland to the mouth of the Scheldt, are regarded by our author as true steppes, though their extent is small, when compared with the Llanos or pampas of South America, or the prairies of the Missouri, or the barrens of the Coppermine river, on which the shaggy buffalo and the musk ox range in countless herds.†

The desert plains in the interior of Africa are parts of a sea of sand, separating fertile regions, or enclosing them like islands. On

these desolate plains neither dew nor rain descends; and except in the Oases, to which malefactors were sent in the later times of the Cæsars, vegetable life is wholly extinct. Herds of antelopes, and swift-footed ostriches, roam through these vast regions; and though the verdant shores of the watered Oases are frequented by nomadic tribes, the African desert must be regarded as uninhabitable by man. Bordering nations cross it periodically, by routes which have been unchanged for thousands of years, and by the aid of the camel, the *ship of the desert*, the adventurous merchant is enabled to cross it from Tafilet to Timbuctoo, and from Moor-zouk to Bornou. The extent of these vast plains, lying partly within, and partly in the vicinity, of the tropics, is three times as great as that of the Mediterranean Sea.

The most extensive, if not the loftiest steppes, on the surface of the globe, occur in the temperate zone, on the plateau of Central Asia, which lies between the gold mountains of the Altai and the Kuenlun. They extend from the Chinese wall to beyond the celestial mountains, and toward the sea of Aral, through a length of many thousand miles. About thirty years after his journey to South America, our author visited an extent of 2800 miles of these Asiatic steppes. Sometimes hilly, and sometimes interrupted by dispersed groups of pine forests, they exhibit a far more varied vegetation than those of the new world. The finest parts of these plains, inhabited by pastoral tribes, are adorned with flowering herbaceous plants of great height; and while the traveler is driving in his Tartar carriage over their pathless surface, the thickly crowded plants bend before the wheels, and such is their height, that he is obliged to rise up and look around him, to see the direction in which to move. "Some of the Asiatic steppes are grassy plains; others are covered with succulent evergreen articulated soda plants; and many glisten from a distance with flakes of exuded salt, which cover the clayey soil, not unlike in appearance to fresh fallen snow."

Dividing the very ancient civilization of Thibet and Hindostan from the rude nations of Northern Asia, these Mongolian and Tartarian steppes have, in various ways, exercised an important influence on the changeful destinies of man. "Compressing the population toward the South, they have tended, more than the Himalaya, or the snowy mountains of Sirinagur and Ghorka, to impede the intercourse of nations, and to place permanent limits to the extension of milder manners, and

\* This observation is entirely inapplicable to the "higher circles of society" in England.

† The Indians sometimes kill from 600 to 700 buffaloes in a few days, by driving the wild herds into artificial enclosures.



of artistic and intellectual cultivation in Northern Asia."

"But in the history of the past," says our author, "it is not alone as an opposing barrier that we must regard the plains of Central Asia. More than once they have proved the source from which devastation has spread over distant lands. The pastoral nations of these steppes—Moguls, Getae, Alani, and Usuni—have shaken the world. As in the course of past ages, early intellectual culture has come, like the cheering light of the sun, from the East, so at a later period, from the same direction, barbaric rudeness has threatened to overspread and involve Europe in darkness. A brown pastoral race, of Tukiish or Turkish descent—the Hiongnu, dwelling in tents of skins, inhabited the elevated steppes of Gobi. Long terrible to the Chinese power, a part of this tribe was driven back into Central Asia. The shock or impulse thus given passed from nation to nation, until it reached the ancient land of the Finns, near the Ural mountains. From thence Huns, Avari, Ghazares, and various admixtures of Asiatic races, broke forth. Armies of Huns appeared successively on the Volga, in Pannonia, on the Marne, and on the Po, desolating those fair and fertile fields, which, since the time of Antenor, civilized man had adorned with successive monuments. Thus went forth from Mongolian deserts a deadly blast, which withered, on Cisalpine ground, the tender, long-cherished flower of art!" —Vol. i. p. 6.

The great steppe of South America displays itself to the traveler's eye when he looks southward, on quitting the mountain valleys of Caraccas. It occupies a space of 256,000 English square miles, stretching from the coast chain of the Caraccas to the forests of Guiana, and from the snowy mountains of Merida to the great Delta at the mouth of the Orinoco. To the south-west a branch is prolonged to the unvisited sources of the Guaviare, and the lonely mountains to which the excited fancy of the Spanish soldiery gave the name of Paramo de la Suma Paz—the seat of perfect peace. The Pampas of Buenos Ayres are of such extent, "that while their northern margin is bordered by palm trees, their southern extremity is almost continually covered with ice. In these grassy plains, troops of dogs, descended from those introduced by the colonists, have become completely wild. They live socially, inhabiting subterranean hollows, in which they hide their young, and often attacking man with a blood-thirsty rage. When the society becomes too numerous, some families migrate and form new colonies."

The absence of human inhabitants from the South American steppes has given free scope for the development of the most varied forms

of animal life; "a development limited only by their mutual pressure, and similar to that of vegetable life in the forests of the Orinoco, where the Hymenæa and the gigantic laurel are never exposed to the destructive hand of man, but only to the pressure of the luxuriant climbers which twine around their massive trunks. Agoutis, small spotted antelopes, cuirassed armadilloes, which, like rats, startle the hare in its subterranean holes, herds of lazy chiguires, beautifully striped viverræ, which poison the air with their odor, the large maneless lion, spotted jaguars (often called tigers), strong enough to drag away a young bull after killing him;—these, and many other forms of animal life, wander through the treeless plains."

"Thus, almost exclusively inhabited by these wild animals, the steppe would offer little attraction or means of subsistence to those nomadic native hordes, who, like the Asiatics of Hindostan, prefer vegetable nutriment, if it were not for the occasional presence of single individuals of the fan palm, the mauritia. The benefits of this life-supporting tree are widely celebrated; it alone, from the mouth of the Orinoco to north of the Sierra de Imataca, feeds the unsubdued natives of the Guaranis. When this people were more numerous, and lived in closer contiguity, not only did they support their huts on the cut trunks of palm trees, as pillars, on which rested a scaffolding forming the floor, but they also, it is said, twined from the leaf-stalks of the mauritia cords and mats, which, skillfully interwoven and suspended from stem to stem, enabled them in the rainy season, when the Delta is overflowed, to live in the trees like the apes. The floor of these raised cottages is partly covered with a coating of damp clay, on which the women make fires for household purposes, the flames appearing at night to be suspended high in air. The Guaranis still owe the preservation of their physical, and perhaps also their moral independence, to the half-submerged marshy soil, over which they move with a light and rapid step, and to their elevated dwellings in the trees—a habitation never likely to be chosen from motives of religious enthusiasm by an American Stylites. But the mauritia affords to the Guaranis not merely a secure dwelling-place, but also various kinds of food. Before the flower of the rich palm tree breaks through its tender sheath, and only at that period of vegetable metamorphosis, the pith of the stem of the tree contains a meal resembling sago, which, like the farina of the jatropha root, is dried in thin bread-like slices. The fermented juice of the tree forms the sweet, intoxicating palm wine of the Guaranis. The scaly fruits, which resemble in their appearance reddish fir cones, afford, like the plaintain and almost all tropical fruits, a different kind of nutriment according as they are eaten, after their saccharine substance is fully developed, or in their earlier or more farinaceous state. Thus, in the lowest stage of man's intellectual

development, we find the existence of an entire people bound up with that of a single tree, like the insect which lives exclusively on a single part of a particular flower."—Vol. i. pp. 15-17.

Since the discovery of America, the Llanos have become habitable, and towns have been built here and there on the banks of the streams which water them. Huts formed of reeds bound by thongs, and covered with skins, have been placed at the distance of a day's journey from each other; and innumerable herds of oxen, horses, and mules, estimated at a million and a half thirty-five years ago, roam over the plains, exposed to numberless dangers. Under a vertical and never-clouded sun, the carbonized turf cracks and pulverizes; and when the dust and sand are raised by opposing winds in the electrically charged centre of the revolving current, they have the form of inverted cones, like the waterspouts of the ocean.

"The lowering sky sheds a dim, almost straw-colored light on the desolate plain. The horizon draws suddenly nearer; the Steppe seems to contract, and with it the heart of the wanderer. The hot, dusty particles which fill the air, increase its suffocating heat; and the east wind blowing over the long-heated soil, brings with it no refreshment, but rather a still more burning glow. The pools, which the yellow fading branches of the fan palm had protected from evaporation, now gradually disappear. As in the icy north, the animals become torpid with cold, so here, under the influence of the parching droughts, the crocodile and the boa become motionless, and fall asleep deeply buried in the dry mud. Everywhere the death-threatening drought prevails; and yet by the play of the refracted rays of light producing the phenomenon of the mirage, the thirsty traveler is everywhere pursued by the illusive image of a cool, rippling, watery mirror. . . . Half concealed by the dark clouds of dust, restless with the pain of thirst and hunger, the horses and cattle roam around, the cattle lowing dismally, and the horses stretching out their long necks and snuffing the wind, if haply a moister current may betray the neighborhood of a not wholly dried-up pool. More sagacious and cunning, the mule seeks a different mode of alleviating his thirst. The ribbed and spherical melon-cactus conceals under its prickly envelope a watery pith. The mule first strikes the prickles aside with his fore feet, and then ventures warily to approach his lips to the plant, and drink the cool juice. But resort to this vegetable fountain is not always without danger, and one sees many animals that have been lamed by the prickles of the cactus. When the heat of the burning day is followed by the coolness of the night, even then the horses and cattle cannot enjoy repose. Enormous bats suck their blood like vampires during their sleep, or attach themselves to their backs, causing festering wounds, in which

mosquitoes, hippoboscuses, and a host of stinging insects, niche themselves."—Vol. i. pp. 17, 18.

When the rainy season arrives, the aspect of the Llano is entirely changed. Sweet odors are exhaled from its previously barren surface. Grasses in great variety spring up around; the mimosas unfold their drooping leaves, and the water plants open their blossoms to the sun. Mud volcanoes burst out from the moistened clay, and a gigantic water-snake or crocodile often issues from the spot. In describing the phenomena of the rainy season, our author has introduced some very brief notices of the attacks made upon brood mares and their foals in the swollen streams, and of the battles which take place between the electrical eels and the wild horses; but as we have already given a full account of these and other interesting phenomena in a review of his *Kosmos*, we must refer our readers to that article. Cruel though they be, we read with pleasure the details of battles, when Nature has supplied the combatants with the weapons of destruction, and with the ferocious instinct to use them; but we turn with pain from those scenes of blood, in which man is the hero and the victim.

"As in the Steppes tigers and crocodiles fight with horses and cattle, so in the forests on its borders, in the wildernesses of Guiana, man is ever armed against man. Some tribes drink with unnatural thirst the blood of their enemies; others apparently weaponless, and yet prepared for murder, kill with a poisoned thumb-nail. The weaker hordes, when they have to pass along the sandy margins of the rivers, carefully efface with their hands the traces of their timid footsteps. Thus man in the lowest stage of almost animal rudeness, as well as amidst the apparent brilliancy of our higher cultivation, prepares for himself and his fellow-men increased toil and danger. The traveler wandering over the wide globe by sea and land, as well as the historic inquirer searching the records of past ages, finds everywhere the uniform and saddening spectacle of man at variance with man. He, therefore, who amid the unreconciled discord of nations seeks for intellectual calm, gladly turns to contemplate the silent life of vegetation, and the hidden activity of forces and powers operating in the sanctuaries of Nature, or obedient to the inborn impulse which for thousands of years has glowed in the human breast, gazes upward in meditative contemplation on those celestial orbs which are ever pursuing in undisturbed harmony their ancient and unchanging course."—Pp. 25, 26.

In his section on the Cataracts of Orinoco, Baron Humboldt proposes to describe "in

particular two scenes of nature in the wilderness of Guiana,—the celebrated cataracts of the Orinoco, the Atures and Maypures," which few Europeans had seen previous to his visit. At the mouth of the Orinoco, where its milk-white waters bedim the bright blue of the Atlantic, its width is less than that of the River Plate or the Amazons. Its length is only 1120 geographical miles; but at the distance of 560 miles from its mouth, its breadth, when full, is 17,265 English feet, or nearly  $3\frac{1}{2}$  miles; and the height to which it here rises above its lowest level is from 30 to 36 feet. After pursuing a westerly and then a northerly course, it runs again to the east, so that its mouth is nearly in the same meridian as its source! Near the mouths of the Sodomoni and the Guapo stands the grand and picturesque mountain of Duida, and among the cocoa groves to the east of it are found trees of the *Bertholletia excelsa*, the most vigorous and gigantic of the productions of the tropical world. From this region the Indians obtain the materials for the long blow-pipes out of which they discharge their arrows. The plant, from which they obtain tubes above 18 feet long, from knot to knot, is a grass, a species of the *arundinaria*, which grows to the height of 30 or 40 feet, though its thickness is scarcely half an inch in diameter.

Between the third and fourth degrees of latitude Humboldt observed in the Atabapo, the Temi, the Tuamini, and the Guainia, the "enigmatical phenomenon of the so-called *black-water*." The color of these rivers is a coffee-brown, which, in the shade of the palm groves, passes into *ink-black*, though in transparent vessels the water has a golden yellow color. This black color of the water is ascribed by our author to its holding in solution carburetted hydrogen, "to the luxuriance of the tropical vegetation, and to the quantity of plants and herbs upon the ground over which the rivers flow." The *ink-blackness* mentioned by Humboldt, arises, as he states, from the groves of palm when reflected from the aqueous surface, a phenomenon which we have frequently seen even under a more remarkable aspect in the lakes which exist in the Grampian range near the banks of the Spey. When these lakes, seen from above, reflect from their unruffled surface only the purple flanks of the hills covered with heath or with pine, the light which reaches the eye is exceedingly faint, and almost inappreciable, not only from the darkness of its tint, but from the smallness of its angle of incidence upon the reflecting surface. Under these

circumstances, the lake literally is as black as *ink*; but if the slightest breeze forms a ripple on a portion of its surface, the inclined faces of the tiny waves reflect the light of the sky or of the clouds, and the portion of the lake thus disturbed has the appearance of *milk*, so that the sheet of water seems to be formed of ink and of milk in immiscible proximity. The slight coffee-brown color of some of our own streams is obviously occasioned by the peaty soil over which they flow.

The phenomenon exhibited on the banks of this remarkable river (the Orinoco) cannot fail to command the admiration of the traveler. Near the mouth of the Guaviare and Atabapo grows the noblest of the palms, "the *Piriguao*," whose smooth and polished trunk, about 65 feet high, is adorned with the most delicate flag-like foliage, and bears large and beautiful fruit like peaches, which, when prepared in a variety of ways, affords a nutritious and farinaceous food to the natives. At the junction of the Meta, there rises from the middle of a mighty whirlpool an isolated cliff, called the *Rock of Patience*, as voyagers sometimes require two days to pass it; and opposite the Indian mission of Carichano, the eye of the traveler is riveted on an abrupt rock, *El Mogote de Cocuyza*, a cube with vertically precipitous sides, above 200 feet high, and carrying on its surface forests of trees of rich and varied foliage. Like a Cyclopean monument in its simple grandeur, this central mass rises high above the tops of the surrounding palms, marking the deep azure of the sky, with its sharp and rugged outlines, and uplifting "its summit high in air, a forest above the forest." In the lower parts of the river near the sea, great natural rafts, consisting of trees torn from the banks by the swelling of the river, are encountered by the boatmen, whose canoes are often wrecked by striking against them in the dark. These rafts, which are covered like meadows with flowering water plants, remind the traveler of the floating gardens of the Mexican lakes.

As the Orinoco imparts a black color to the reddish white granite which it has washed for a thousand years, the existence of similar black hollows at heights of nearly 200 feet above the present bed of the river, indicates the fact, "that the streams whose magnitude now excites our astonishment, are only the feeble remains of the immense masses of water that belonged to an earlier age of the world." The very natives of Guiana called the attention of our author to the traces

of the former height of the waters. On a grassy plain, near Uruana, stands an isolated granite rock, upon which are engraven, at a height of more than 80 feet, figures of the Sun and Moon, and of many animals, particularly crocodiles and boas, arranged almost in rows or lines. The natives believe that these figures were carved when their fathers' boats were only a little lower than the drawings.

The cataracts, or Raudal of Maypures, are not, like the falls of Niagara, formed by the descent of a mass of water through a great height, nor are they narrow gorges through which the river rushes with accelerated velocity. They consist of a countless number of little cascades, succeeding each other like steps, sometimes extending across the entire bed of the river, and sometimes, in a river 8500 feet wide, leaving only an open channel of twenty feet. When the steps are but two or three feet high, the natives can descend the falls remaining in the canoe. When the steps are high, and stretch across the stream, the boat is landed and dragged along the bank by branches of trees placed under it as rollers.

In descending from the village of Maypures to the Rock of Manimi in the bed of the river, a wonderful prospect opens to the traveler's view :—

"A foaming surface, four miles in length, presents itself at once to the eye. Iron-black masses of rocks, resembling ruins and battlemented towers, rise frowning from the waters. Rocks and islands are adorned with the luxuriant vegetation of the tropical forest; a perpetual mist hovers over the waters, and the summit of the lofty palms pierce through the cloud of spray and vapor. When the rays of the glowing evening sun are refracted in these humid exhalations, a magic optical effect begins. Colored bows shine, vanish, and reappear; and the ethereal image is swayed to and fro by the breath of the sportive breeze. During the long rainy season the streaming waters bring down islands of vegetable mould, and thus the naked rocks are studded with bright flower-beds, adorned with melastomas and droseras, and with small silver-leaved mimosas and ferns. These spots recall to the recollection of the European those blocks of granite decked with flowers which rise solitary amid the glaciers of Savoy, and are called by the dwellers in the Alps 'jardins' or 'coursils.' In the blue distance the eye rests on the mountain chain of Cunavami, a long extended ridge, which terminates abruptly in a truncated cone. We saw the latter glowing at sunset as if in roseate flames. This appearance returns daily. No one has ever been near the mountain to detect the precise cause of this brightness, which may perhaps proceed from a reflecting surface produced by the decomposition of talc or mica slate."—Vol. i. pp. 224, 225.

The Raudal of Atures is, like that of Maypures, a cluster of islands, between which the river forces its way for ten or twelve thousand yards, a forest of palms rising from the middle of its foaming waters. Near the southern entrance of this cataract, and on the right bank of the river, stands the celebrated *Cave of Atarupe*. It consists of a cavity or vaulted roof, formed by "a far overhanging cliff," and is the vault or cemetery of an extinct nation :—

"We counted," says our author, "about 600 well-preserved skeletons, placed in as many baskets, woven from the stalks of palm leaves. These baskets, which the Indians call *mapires*, are shaped like square sacks, differing in size according to the age of the deceased. Even new-born children had each its own *mapire*. The skeletons are so perfect, that not a bone or a joint is wanting. The bones had been prepared in three different ways; some bleached, some colored red with *onoto*, the pigment of the *bixa orellana*, and some like mummies, closely enveloped in sweet-smelling resin and plantain leaves. The Indians assured us that the custom had been to bury the fresh corpses for some months in damp earth, which gradually consumed the flesh; they were then dug up, and any remaining flesh scraped away with sharp stones. This the Indians said was still the practice of several tribes in Guiana. Besides the *mapires* or baskets we found urns of half-burnt clay, which appeared to contain the bones of entire families. The larger of these urns were about three feet high, and nearly six feet long, of a pleasing oval form, and greenish color, having handles shaped like snakes and crocodiles, and meandering or labyrinthine ornaments round the upper margin. These ornaments are quite similar to those which cover the walls of the Mexican palace at Mitla. They are found in all countries and climates, and in the most different stages of human cultivation—among the Greeks and Romans, as well as on the shields of some of the natives at Tahiti and other islands of the South Sea—wherever the eye is gratified by the rhythmical recurrence of regular forms. Our interpreters could give us no certain information as to the age of these vessels; that of the skeletons appeared for the most part not to exceed a century. It is reported among the Guareca Indians, that the brave Atures being pressed upon by the cannibal Caribs, withdrew to the rocks of the cataracts—a melancholy refuge and dwelling-place, in which the distressed tribe finally perished, and with them their language. In the most inaccessible parts of the Raudal there are cavities and recesses which have served, like the Cave of Atarupe, as burying-places. It is even probable that the last family of the Atures may not have been long deceased; for (a singular fact) there is still in Maypures an old parrot, of whom the natives affirm that he is not understood because he speaks the Ature language."—Vol. i. pp. 229, 230.

Leaving this interesting cave at nightfall, and carrying along with him several skulls, and an entire skeleton, our author could not avoid tracing a melancholy contrast between the extinct race, whose mouldering relics he bore, with the ever new life which springs from the bosom of the earth :—

“Countless insects poured their red phosphoric light on the herb-covered ground, which glowed with living fire, as if the starry canopy of heaven had sunk down upon the turf. Climbing bignonia, fragrant vanillas, and yellow flowering banisterias adorned the entrance of the cave, and the summits of the palms rustled above the graves. Thus perish the generations of men! Thus do the name and the traces of nations fade and disappear! Yet when one blossom of man's intellect withers—when in the storms of time the memorials of his art moulder and decay—an ever new life springs forth from the bosom of the earth; maternal nature unfolds unceasingly her germs, her flowers, and her fruits; regardless though man, with his passions and his crimes, treads under foot her ripening harvests.”—Vol. i. p. 231.

The third aspect of nature to which Baron Humboldt directs our attention is the *Nocturnal Life of Animals in the Primæval Forest*. The wooded region which lies between 8° of north and 19° of south latitude is one connected forest, having an area twelve times greater than that of Germany. This vast surface is watered by systems of rivers, whose tributaries sometimes exceed in the abundance of their waters the Rhine or the Danube; and it is to the combination of great moisture with a tropical heat that these forests owe the luxuriant growth of their trees. So rank, indeed, is their vegetation, that particular parts of the forest are impenetrable; and the large American tigers, or panther-like jaguars, often lose themselves in their dense and impenetrable recesses. Being thus unable to hunt on the ground, they actually live on the trees, and become the terror of the families of monkeys, and of the prehensile-tailed viverræ.

On the sandy bank of the Rio Apure, closely bordering upon the impenetrable forest, our author and his party bivouacked, as usual, under the open sky, surrounded by fires to keep off prowling jaguars. Their hammocks were suspended on the oars of their boat, driven vertically into the ground, and the deep stillness which prevailed was broken only from time to time by the blowing of the fresh-water dolphins. Soon af-

ter eleven o'clock, however, such a disturbance began to be heard in the adjoining forest that sleep became impossible during the rest of the night.

“The wild cries of animals appeared to rage throughout the forest. Among the many voices which resounded together, the Indians could only recognize those which, after short pauses in the general uproar, were first heard singly. There was the monotonous howling of the alouates, (the howling monkeys,) the plaintive, soft, and almost flute-like tones of the small sapajous, the snarling grumbings of the striped nocturnal monkey, (the *nictipithicus trivirgatus*, which I was the first to describe,) the interrupted cries of the great tiger, the cuguar, or maneless American lion, the peccary, the sloth, and a host of parrots, parraquas, and other pheasant-like birds. When the tigers came near the edge of the forest, our dog, which had before barked incessantly, came howling to seek refuge under our hammocks. Sometimes the cry of the tiger was heard to proceed from amidst the high branches of a tree, and was then always accompanied by the plaintive piping of the monkeys who were seeking to escape from the unwonted pursuit. If we ask the Indians why this incessant noise and disturbance takes place on particular nights, they answer with a smile, that ‘the animals are rejoicing in the bright moonlight, and keeping the feast of the full moon.’ To me it appeared that the scene had originated in some accidental combat, that the disturbance had spread to other animals, and that the noise was thus more and more increased. The jaguar pursues the peccaries and tapirs, and these pressing against each other in their flight, break through the interwoven tree-like shrubs which impede their escape; the apes on the tops of the trees, frightened by the crash, join their cries to those of the larger animals; the tribes of birds who build their nests in communities are aroused, and thus the whole animal world is thrown into a state of commotion. Longer experience taught us that it is not always the celebration of the brightness of the moon which breaks the repose of the woods. We witnessed the same occurrence repeatedly, and found that the voices were loudest during violent falls of rain, or when the flashing lightning, accompanied with loud peals of thunder, illuminated the deep recesses of the forest.”—Vol. i. pp. 270, 271.

Scenes like these form a striking contrast with the death-like stillness which prevails within the tropics “during the noontide hours of a day of more than usual heat.” At the remarkable “Narrows” of Baraguan, where the Orinoco forces itself through a pass 5690 feet wide, our author had occasion to spend a day, when the thermometer in the shade was so high as 122° of



Fahrenheit. There was not a breath of air to stir the fine dust-like sand, and under the influence of the mirage the outlines of every distant object had wave-like undulations.

"The sun was in the zenith, and the flood of light which he poured down upon the river, and which flashed sparkling back, owing to a slight rippling movement of the waters, rendered still more sensible the red haze which veiled the distance. All the naked rocks and boulders around were covered with a countless number of large thick-scaled iguanas, gecko-lizards, and variously spotted salamanders. Motionless, with uplifted heads and open mouths, they appeared to inhale the burning air with ecstasy. At such times the larger animals seek shelter in the recesses of the forest, and the birds hide themselves under the thick foliage of the trees, or in the clefts of the rocks; but if under this apparent entire stillness of nature we listen for the faintest tones which an attentive ear can seize, we shall perceive an all-pervading rustling sound, a humming and fluttering of insects close to the ground and in the lower strata of the atmosphere. Everything announces a world of organic activity and life. In every bush—in the cracked bark of the trees—in the earth, undermined by hymenopterous insects, life stirs audibly. It is, as it were, one of the many voices of nature, heard only by the sensitive and reverent ear of her true votaries."—Vol. i. p. 272.

The second volume of the "Aspects of Nature" commences with an instructive section "On the Physiognomy of Plants," which our author prefaces with some highly interesting observations on the universal profusion with which life is everywhere distributed. The information which is here conveyed to us has a high value at all times, but a very peculiar one at present, when a great degree of probability attaches to the opinion that organic atoms floating in our atmosphere are the cause of that dreadful pestilence which is now ravaging our land. In the dense and lower strata of our atmosphere we are accustomed to observe the general prevalence of life, and travelers inform us that even on the Polar ice the air is resonant with the cries and songs of birds and with the hum of insect life. In the upper and more ethereal regions, 18,000 feet above the sea, Humboldt and Bonpland found butterflies and other winged insects, which were involuntarily carried upward by ascending currents of air; and the same creatures are carried by storms from the land to great distances at sea. M. Boussingault, when ascending the Silla of Caraccas, saw whitish shining bodies rise from the val-

ley to the summit of the Silla, 5755 feet high, and then sink down to the neighboring sea-coast. This phenomenon continued for an hour, and the white bodies, though considered at first to have been small birds, turned out to be agglomerations of straws or blades of grass, belonging to the genus *vilfa tenacissima*, which abounds in the Caraccas and Cumana. Creatures still more wonderful are detected in the atmosphere by the aid of the microscope—minute animalculæ, (the *rotifera* and *Brachione*,) motionless and apparently dead, lifted up by the winds in multitudes from the surface of evaporating waters, and carried about by atmospheric currents till the descending dews restore them to the earth, "dissolving the film or envelope which incloses their transparent rotating bodies, and probably by means of the oxygen which all water contains, breathing new irritability into their dormant organs."\*

The celebrated Prussian naturalist, M. Ehrenberg, has discovered, by microscopic observations, that the dust or yellow sand which falls like rain on the Atlantic, near the Cape de Verde Islands, and is sometimes transported to Italy, and even the middle of Europe, consists of a multitude of silicious shelled microscopic animals. "Perhaps," says Humboldt, "many of them float for years in the upper strata of the atmosphere, until they are brought down by vertical currents, or in accompaniment with the superior current of the trade-winds, still susceptible of revivification, and multiplying their species by spontaneous division, in conformity with the particular laws of their organization."

"But besides creatures fully formed," continues Humboldt, "the atmosphere contains innumerable germs of future life, such as the eggs of insects and the seeds of plants; the latter provided with light hairy and feathery appendages, by means of which they are wafted through the air during long autumnal wanderings. Even the fertilizing dust or pollen from the anthers of the

\* By means of a drop of water Fontana revived a rotifera which had been two years dried and motionless. Baker resuscitated paste eels which Needham had given him in 1744. Doyere has recently shown by experiment that rotifera come to life, or pass from a motionless state to a state of motion, after having been exposed to temperatures of from 11° to 118° of Fabr. Payen has shown that the sporules of a minute fungus, (*oidium aurantiacum*,) which deposits a ruddy feathery coating on a crumb of bread, are not deprived of their power of germination by an exposure of half an hour to a temperature of from 183° to 207° of Fabr. before being strewed on fresh and perfectly unspoiled dough.

male flowers, in spaces in which the sexes are separated, is carried over land and sea by winds and by the agency of winged insects to the solitary female plant on other shores. Thus, wherever the glance of the inquirer into nature penetrates, he sees the continual dissemination of life either fully formed or in the germ. . . .

We do not yet know where life is most abundant, —whether on continents or in the unfathomed depths of the ocean. Through the excellent work of Ehrenberg, we have seen the sphere of organic life extend, and its horizon widen before our eyes, both in the tropical parts of the ocean, and in the fixed or floating masses of ice of the Antarctic seas. Silicious shelled polygastrica, and even coccinodiscæ with their green ovaries, have been found alive, enveloped in masses of ice only twelve degrees from the Pole; the small black glacier flea and Podurellæ inhabit the narrow tubular holes examined by Agassiz, in the Swiss glaciers. Ehrenberg has shown that on several microscopic infusoria others live as parasites; and that in the Gallionellæ, such is their prodigious power of development, or capability of division, that in the space of four days an animalcule invisible to the naked eye, can form two cubic feet of the Bilin polishing slate! In the sea, gelatinous worms, living or dead, shine like stars, and by their phosphoric light change the surface of the wide ocean into a sea of fire. Ineffaceable is the impression made on my mind by the calm nights of the torrid zone on the waters of the Pacific. I still see the dark azure of the firmament, the constellation of the ship near the zenith, and that of the cross declining toward the horizon, shedding through the perfumed air their soft and planetary lustre; while bright furrows of flashing light marked the track of the dolphins through the midst of the foaming waves. Not only the ocean, but also the waters of our marshes, hide from us an innumerable multitude of strange forms. The naked eye can with difficulty distinguish the Cyclidias, the Euglenæ, and the host of Naiads, divisible by branches like the Lemna or Duckweed, of which they seek the shade. Other creatures inhabit receptacles where the light cannot penetrate, and an atmosphere variously composed, but differing from that which we breathe: such are the spotted ascaris which lives beneath the skin of the earth-worm, the Leucoptera, of a bright silvery color, in the interior of the shore Naiad, and a Pentastoma which inhabits the large pulmonary cells of the rattlesnake of the tropics. There are animalculæ in the blood of frogs and of salmon; and even, according to Nordmann, in the fluids of the eyes of fishes, and in the gills of the bleak.”—Vol. ii. pp. 5-7.

It is impossible to peruse this interesting extract without noticing its connection with the remarkable discovery recently made by Dr. Brittan, that, in the discharges from cholera patients, there are found minute cellular bodies, having the aspect and character of fungi; that the same bodies exist in the air and water of infected districts; and that

they are never found in persons or places where the pestilence does not prevail. These bodies vary from the five-hundredth to the ten-thousandth of an inch in diameter; the smallest occurring in the air, the larger in the vomit, and the largest in the dejections of the patient. Admitting what yet requires a more extensive induction to prove it, that these bodies are always found in cholera localities and never elsewhere, it still remains to be proved that they are the cause of cholera. Various facts, however, have been long known, which render such an opinion highly probable. The *Ergot*, the *Spermoedia Clavus*,\* for example, a fungus which is found abundantly in rye, is a poison which exercises a peculiar action in contracting the uterus. When it composes a considerable portion of rye bread, it produces one of the most terrific diseases to which man is subject. The ergot is produced within the seeds of various grasses, such as *Secale Agrostis*, *Dactylis*, *Festuca*, *Elymus*, &c.; and is rather supposed to be a diseased condition of the grasses than a distinct fungus. But, however this may be, its effects upon the human frame are terrible. Nausea and vomiting are followed by numbness in the extremities, which, after being wasted with excruciating pains, eventually fall off at the joints, withering and becoming black and hard, as if they were charred. This disease, called the Dry Gangrene, has been at different periods epidemic in Sologne, a tract of wet clayey land lying between the Loire and Cher. The fingers, or toes, or legs, or even the thighs, drop off at the joints. According to Duhamel, it destroyed nineteen out of twenty of the persons infected; and, strange to say, the sufferer in one case survived, though his thighs fell off at the hips! But it is not merely in rye that this poison is generated. When wheat, rice, or any other grain is prematurely cut down, or has become mouldy or musty from age, or from the place where it has been stored,—or when it has been mixed with the seeds of poisonous plants, such as the *Raphanus Raphanistrum*, and the *Lolium temulentum*, the most excruciating diseases have been occasioned by its use.

But the most remarkable case on record of the frightful effects of damaged grain, poisoned no doubt by some deleterious fungus, is recorded in the Philosophical Transactions, for 1762,† by Dr. Charlton Wollaston,

\* The *Sphacelia segetum* of Klotzsch, and the *Farinaria Poæ* of Sowerby. It is called Ergot, from its resemblance to a cock's spur.

† Vol. lli. Part ii. pp. 523, 524.

and by the Reverend Mr. Bones, minister of the parish. John Downing, a poor laboring man, who lived at Wattisham, near Stowmarket, in Suffolk, had fed his family, a wife and six children, on what is called clog wheat, or *laid* wheat, which had been gathered and thrashed separately. The pickle was *discolored*, and smaller than that of the sound wheat. On Sunday morning, the 10th of January, the eldest girl complained of a violent pain in the calf of her left leg. In the evening, another girl felt the same pain. On Monday, the mother and another child; and on Tuesday, all the rest, except the father, were similarly affected. The sufferers shrieked with pain. In a few days, the legs turned black and mortified. The mortified parts separated from the sound part, in most of them, two inches below the knee; in some, lower, and in one child, at the ankle. Three lost both legs; and one child both feet. The following was the state of their legs on the 13th April:—

"Mary, the mother, aged 40, the right foot off at the ankle; the left leg mortified; a mere bone, but not off.

"Mary, aged 15, one leg off below the knee; the other perfectly sphacelated, but not yet off.

"Elizabeth, aged 13, both legs off below the knees.

"Sarah, aged 10, one foot off at the ankle.

"Robert, aged 8, both legs off below the knees.

"Edward, aged 4, both feet off at the ankle.

"An infant, 4 months old, dead.

"The father was attacked about a fortnight after the rest of the family, and in a slighter degree, the pain being confined to the two fingers of his right hand, which turned blackish, and were withered for some time, but are now better; and he has, in some degree, recovered the use of them."

During this calamity, the family were in other respects in good health. They ate heartily, and slept well, and were free from fever. "One poor boy, in particular, looked as healthy and florid as possible, and was sitting on the bed quite jolly, drumming with his stumps!"

"I have always been used," says Dr. Wollaston, in concluding his extraordinary narrative, "to read Lucan's description of the effects of the bite of the little serpent *Seps* as fabulous, or at least greatly exaggerated. But I have now been an eye-witness to almost the whole scene of horror, so finely painted in the following lines:—

'Plagæ proxima circum  
Fugit rapta cutis, pallentiaque ossa retexit:  
Membra notant sanie: Suræ fluxere: sine ullo  
Tegmine poples erat; femorum quoque musculus  
omnis  
Liquitur, et nigra distillant inguina tæbe.'  
Phars., Lib. ix. v. 767."

An effect equally strange has been observed in America, on men and animals, when fed on maize that has been overrun with parasitic fungi. Deer, dogs, apes, and parrots were intoxicated by it. Fowls laid eggs without shells. Swine cast their bristles, while in man it occasioned only baldness and loosening of the teeth.

In the passage which we have quoted from Humboldt, we see the process by which deleterious elements of a microscopic kind, and even those of a large size, are raised in the atmosphere and distributed over the globe, by currents in the lower and upper regions of the air;—but these and other elements equally deleterious may be lifted up, or even torn from the surface of the earth, by processes not generally referred to. When electricity passes from one body to another, it carries off the matter of the first body in an extreme state of subdivision, and deposits it upon the other; and when, in the ascending stroke, lightning passes from the earth into the atmosphere, it carries up into the air the imponderable elements of the metalliferous rocks and ground from which it issued. Iron, sulphur, and carbon, have been actually transported by lightning, and deposited on the surfaces which were struck by it; and when we consider the prevalence of electricity at every season and in every clime, and its constant transmission from the crust of the earth into the superincumbent atmosphere, we can see no difficulty in understanding how the elements of all metallic bodies may be diffused through the air, and distributed, according to laws of which we know nothing, by the magnetic or other currents which surround the earth. Inorganic matter, too, in a minute state of subdivision, is thrown off from the hardest bodies by friction, by changes of temperature, and by ordinary combustion, as well as in volcanic action, so that there are powerful causes constantly at work, the tendency of which is to pollute the air we breathe, and the water we drink, with ingredients, that, when accumulated and combined by particular causes, may prove injurious to health, and be destructive of animal and vegetable life.

Although the characteristic physiognomy of different parts of the earth's surface de-



pend on a great variety of external phenomena, yet our author is justly of opinion that the principal impression made upon the traveler is by the magnitude and constant presence of vegetable forms. Animals, from their smaller size, and their repeated absence from the eye, form but a small part of a landscape; while trees, from their greater size, and their occurrence in extended groups, fill the eye with a living mass of vegetation. Their great age, too, combined with their magnitude, influences the imagination, and gives them a monumental character, equally interesting to the antiquarian and the naturalist. The colossal Dragon tree at Oratava, in Teneriffe, is 79 feet round at its root, and 48 as measured by Humboldt farther up. Mass is reported to have been said at a small altar erected in its hollow trunk, in the 15th century. Trees, 32 feet in diameter, have been observed at the mouth of the Senegal River; and Golberry found, in the valley of the two Gaguacks, trunks which were 32 English feet in diameter near the roots, with a height of only 64 feet. Adanson and Perrottet assign an age from 5150 to 6000 years to the *Adansonia* which they measured, but calculations made from the number of annual rings, give shorter periods. According to Decandolle, the yew (*Taxus baccata*) of Braborne, in Kent, is 3000 years old; the Scotch yew of Fortingal, from 2500 to 2600 years; those of Crowhurst, in Surrey, 1450 years old; and those of Ripon, in Yorkshire, 1200. Endlicken observes, that a yew tree in the churchyard of Grasford, in North Wales, which is 52 feet in circuit below the branches, is 1400 years old, and that another in Derbyshire has the age of 2096 years. In Lithuania, lime trees have been cut down with 815 annual rings, and 87 feet in circuit; and Humboldt states, that in the southern temperate zone, some species of *Eucalyptus* attain the enormous height of 245 feet. The largest oak tree in Europe is near Saintes, in Lower Charente. It is 64 feet high, 29½ in circuit near the ground, and 23 feet five feet higher up. "In the dead part of the trunk, a little chamber has been arranged from 10 feet 8 inches to 12 feet 9 inches wide, and 9 feet 8 inches high, with a semicircular bench cut out of the fresh wood. A window gives light to the interior, so that the sides of the chamber, which is closed with a door, are clothed with ferns and lichens, giving it a pleasing appearance. Judging by the size of a small piece of wood which has been cut out above the door, and in which the marks of 200 annual rings have been counted, the oak of

Saintes would be between 1800 and 2000 years old."

It has been found from ancient and trustworthy documents of the 11th century, that the root of the wild rose tree at the crypt of the Cathedral of Hildesheim, is 1000 years old, and its stem 800. After the cathedral had been burnt down, Bishop Hezilo inclosed the roots of this rose tree in a vault which still exists, and he trained the branches of it upon the walls of the crypt built above the vault, and reconsecrated in 1061. The stem, which is now living, is 26½ feet high, and 2 inches thick. The most remarkable example of vegetable development is exhibited in the *Fucus gigantea*, a submarine plant, which attains a length of from 400 to 430 feet, surpassing the loftiest coniferæ, such as the *Sequoia gigantea*, and the *Taxodium sempervirens*.

The aspect or physiognomy of Nature is, according to Humboldt, determined by about sixteen or nineteen different forms of vegetation, of which he proceeds to give very interesting descriptions from observations made during his travels both in the New and Old continents, in regions between the 60th degree of north, and the 10th degree of south latitude. These forms, which decrease and increase from the Equator to the Poles, according to fixed laws, he thus enumerates:—

Palms.	Lianes or Twining Rope
Plantains or Bananas.	Plants.
Malvaceæ and Bombaceæ.	Aloe form.
Mimosæ.	Graminæ.
Ericæ or Heath form.	Ferns.
Cactus form.	Liliaceæ.
Orchidæ.	Willow Form.
Casuarinæ.	Myrtaceæ.
Needle Trees.	Melastomacæ.
Pothos and Aroidiæ.	Laurel Form.

The *Palms* have been universally regarded as the loftiest, noblest, and most beautiful of all vegetable forms. Their gigantic, slender, ringed, and occasionally prickly stems, sometimes 192 feet high, terminate in an aspiring and shining foliage, either fan-like or pinnated, with leaves frequently curled like some of the grasses. In receding from the Equator they diminish in height and beauty. The true climate of palms is under a mean annual temperature of from 78° to 81½°. The date variety lives, but does not thrive, in a mean temperature of from 59° to 62½°. In some species of the flower, sheath opens suddenly with an audible sound.

The *Palms* are everywhere accompanied

by *Plantains* or *Ebanas*, groves of which form the ornaments of moist localities in the regions of the Equator. Their stems are low, succulent, and almost herbaceous, and are surmounted by long and bright green silky leaves, of a texture thin and loose. Noble and beautiful in shape, they adorn the habitation of man, while they form the principal article of his subsistence under the torrid zone.

The *Malvaceæ* and *Bombaceæ* have trunks enormously thick;—leaves large, soft, and woolly, and superb flowers often of a purple or crimson color. The Buobab, or monkey bread tree, belongs to this group. It is 32 feet in diameter, but moderately high, and it is probably the largest and most ancient organic monument on our planet. The Mexican hand tree (*cheirostemus platanoides*), with its long curved anthers projecting beyond the fine purple blossom, causing it to resemble a hand or claw, belongs to this group. Throughout the Mexican States, this one highly ancient tree is the only existing individual of this extraordinary race, and is supposed to be a stranger planted about five centuries ago by the kings of Toluca.

The *Mimosa*, including the acacia, *desmanthus*, *gleditschia*, *porleria*, *tamarindus*, &c., are never found in the temperate zone of the Old World, though they occur in the United States. They frequently exhibit that umbrella-like arrangement of the branches which is seen in the Italian stone-pine. The deep blue of the tropic sky seen through their finely-divided foliage, has an extremely picturesque effect. The irritability of the African sensitive plant is mentioned by Theophrastus and Pliny. The most excitable is the *Mimosa pudica*, and next to it the *Doriniens*, the *somniens* and the *somniculosa*.

The *Ericæ* or *Heaths* appear to be limited to only one side of our planet, covering large tracts from the plains of Germany, France, and Britain, to the extremity of Norway. They adorn Italy, and are luxuriant on the declivity of the Peak of Teneriffe; but the most varied assemblage of species occurs in the south of Africa. They are entirely wanting in Australia, and of the 300 known species, only one has been discovered across the whole of America, from Pennsylvania and Labrador to Nootka and Alashka.

The *Cactus* form is almost wholly American, and Humboldt observes, that "there is hardly anything in vegetable physiognomy which makes so singular and ineffaceable an impression on a newly arrived person as the sight of an arid plain thickly covered like

those of Cremonia, New Barcelona, with columnar and candelabra-like elevated cactus stems." The forms of the cactus are sometimes spherical, sometimes pointed, and sometimes they are shaped like tall polygonal columns, resembling the pipes of an organ. In the arid plains of South America, the melon cactus supplies a refreshing juice to the animal tribes, though the plant is half-buried in the sand, and encased with prickles. The columnar cactus carries its stems to the height of 30 or 32 feet, dividing into candelabra-like branches like the African Euphorbias. The cactus wood is incorruptible, and well fitted for oars.

The *Orchideæ* are remarkable for their bright green succulent leaves, and for the colors and shape of their flowers, sometimes resembling insects, and sometimes birds. The taste for this superbly flowering group of plants became so general, that the brothers Loddiges had in 1848 cultivated 2360 species, and at the end of 1848, Klotzsch reckoned the number of species to be 3545.

The *Casuarineæ* form, leafless and gloomy, with their string-like branches, embrace trees with branches, like the stalks of an equisetaceous plant. It occurs only in India and in the Pacific.

The *Needle Trees*, or *Conifera*, including pines, thuias, and cypresses, are rare in the tropics, and inhabit chiefly the regions of the north. There are 312 species of coniferae now living, and 178 fossil species found in the coal measures, the bunter sandstone, the Keupfer, and the Jurassic formations. Of the 114 species of the genus *Pinus* which are at present known, not one belongs to the southern hemisphere. The following are the heights of some of the plants of this tree:—

	Feet.
<i>Pinus Grandis</i> , in New California, . . .	224
<i>Pinus Fremontiana</i> , do. . .	224
<i>Dacrydium cupressinum</i> , N. Zealand, . . .	213
<i>Araucaria excelsa</i> , Norfolk Island, . . .	234
— <i>imbricata</i> , Chili, . . .	224-260
<i>Pinus Lambertiana</i> , . . .	224-233
<i>Pinus Douglassii</i> ,* . . .	245
<i>Pinus Trigona</i> , . . .	200
<i>Pinus Strobus</i> , New Hampshire, . . .	200-225
<i>Sequoia Gigantea</i> , New California, . . .	300

As a contrast to these lofty trees, Humboldt mentions the small willow tree (*Salix arctica*), as being only two inches high. The *Tristicha hypnoides* is only  $\frac{27}{100}$ , or less than  $\frac{1}{10}$  of an inch, and yet provided with sexual

\* At three feet above the ground a stem of this tree was 57½ feet in girth.

organs, like our oaks and most gigantic trees. The needles of some of the pine trees vary from five inches to a foot in length. The roots of the *Taxodium distichum*, which is sometimes 128 feet in height and 39 in girth, presents the curious phenomenon of woody excrescences, conical and rounded, and sometimes tabular, which project from 3 to 4½ feet from the ground, and when they are very numerous they have been likened by travelers to the grave-tablets in a Jewish burying-ground. The stumps of white pines exhibit a very singular degree of vitality in their roots. After they have been cut down, they continue for several years to produce fresh layers of wood, and to increase in thickness, without putting forth new shoots, leaves, or branches.

The *Pothos* forms, or *Aroidiæ*, belong to the tropics. These plants clothe parasitically the trunks of aged and decaying forest trees. Their stalks are succulent and herbaceous, and support large leaves. The flowers of the aroidiæ are cased in hooded sheaths, and some of them during the development of the flower exhibit a very considerable increase of vital heat, about 40° above that of the atmosphere, the increase being, in some, greater in the male than in the female plant. The vital heat which Dutrochet observed to a small extent in other plants, and even among funguses, disappeared at night. Leaves of great size, suspended on long fleshy leaf-stalks, are found in the *Nymphæacæ* and *Nelumboneæ*. The round leaves of the magnificent water plant, the *Victoria Regina*, discovered in 1837, by Sir Robert Schomburgh, in the river Berbice, are six feet in diameter, and are surrounded by turned-up margins from three to five inches high, their inside being light green, and their outside a bright crimson. The flowers, which have an agreeable perfume, are white and rose-colored, and fifteen inches in diameter, with many hundred petals. About 20 or 30 blossoms may be seen at the same time, within a very small space. According to Poppig, the *Euryale Amazonica*, which he found near Tefe, had leaves six feet in diameter. The largest known flowers, however, belong to a parasitical plant, the *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, discovered in 1818, by Dr. Arnold, in Sumatra. It has a stemless flower, three English feet in diameter, surrounded by large leaf-like scales. "The flower weighs above 14 pounds, and, what is very remarkable, has the smell of beef, like some of the fungi." The largest flowers in the world, says our author, apart from compositæ, (in

the Mexican *Helianthus Annuus*), belong to *Rafflesia Arnoldi*, *Aristolochia*, *Dutura*, *Barringtonia*, *Gustavia*, *Carolinea*, *Lecythis*, *Nymphæa*, *Nelumbium*, *Victoria Regina*, *Magnolia*, *Cactus*, and the *Orchideous* and *Liliaceous* plants.

The *Lianes*, or tropical twining rope plant, correspond with the twining hops and grapevines in the temperate latitudes. In the tropical regions of the south these climbers render the forests so impenetrable to man, accessible to and habitable by the monkey tribe, and by the cercoleptes and small tigers, who mount them and descend by them with wonderful agility, and pass by their help from tree to tree. In this manner whole herds of gregarious monkeys often cross streams which would otherwise be impassable. On the Orinoco, the leafless branches of the *Bauhinias*, often 40 or 50 feet long, hang down perpendicularly from the lofty top of the *Swietenia*, and they sometimes stretch themselves in oblique directions, like the cordage of a ship. Among the twining plants we may mention the *Passifloras*, with their beautiful and many colored blossoms, and the *aristolochia cordata*, which has a crimson-colored flower seventeen inches in diameter. In South America, on the banks of the river Magdalena, there is found a climbing *aristolochia*, with flowers four feet in circumference, which the young Indians draw over their heads in sport, and wear as hats or helmets. Many of the twining plants have a very peculiar aspect, occasioned by the square shape of their stems, by flattenings not produced by external pressure, and by ribband-like wavings. Adrian Jussieu has exhibited, in very beautiful drawings, the cruciform and Mosaic figures seen in cross sections of the *Bignonias* and *Banisterias*, arising from the mutual pressure and penetration of the circumtwining stems.

Regarding the form of *Gramineæ* as "an expression of cheerfulness and of airy grace, and tremulous lightness, combined with lofty stature," our author considers the *Aloe* form "as characterized by an almost mournful repose and immobility." The groves of bamboo, both in the East and West Indies, form avenues and walks, shaded and overarching. "The smooth, polished, and often lightly waving and bending stems of these singular grasses, are frequently taller than our alders and oaks. Their glassy polish is owing to the quantity of silex in their bark, which, by a species of extravasation, as in the gouty secretions of the human frame, form that singular substance called *tabasheer*, which

may be heard rattling within the joints of the bamboo, when the plant has been cut down. We have ourselves frequently opened these joints, and taken out this beautiful opalescent and dichroitic mineral, which is blue by reflected, and yellow by transmitted light. We have been informed, on high authority, that in severe storms, forests of bamboo in India have been set on fire, by the mutual friction or collision of their flinty stems.\* The genus *Bambusa* is entirely wanting in the new continent, where it is replaced, as it were, by the *guadua*, about 60 feet high, discovered by Humboldt and Bonpland. The *Bambusa* flowers so abundantly, that in Mysore and Orissa the seeds are mixed with honey, and eaten like rice. Dr. Joseph Hooker mentions it as a rare property of one of the *gramineæ*—the *trisetum subspicatum*—that it is the only arctic species he knows which is equally an inhabitant of the opposite Polar regions.

The form of *Ferns*, like that of grasses, is "ennobled in the northern parts of the globe." The number of species amounts to 3250.

"Arborescent ferns, when they reach a height of above forty feet, have something of a palm-like appearance, but their stems are less slender, shorter, and more rough and scaly, than those of palms. Their foliage is more delicate, of a thinner and more translucent texture, and the minutely indented margins of the fronds are finely and sharply cut. Tree ferns belong almost entirely to the tropical zone, but in that zone they seek by preference the more tempered heat of a moderate elevation above the level of the sea, and mountains two or three thousand feet high, may be regarded as their principal seat. In South America the arborescent ferns are usually found associated with the tree which has conferred such benefits on mankind by its fever-healing bark. Both indicate by their presence the happy regions where reigns a soft perpetual spring."—Vol. ii. p. 28.

The *Liliaceous* plants, which have their principal seat in Africa, are distinguished by their flag-like leaves, and superb blossoms. They are represented by the genera *Amaryllis*, *Ixia*, *Gladiolus*, and *Pancratium*. In Africa they are assembled into masses, and determine the aspect and character of the country; whereas in the new world, the superb *alstromeriæ* and species of *pancratium*,

\* Our author has forgotten, for he is well acquainted with the subject, to notice these singular facts concerning *Tabasheer*, and the silicious character of the bamboo. Our readers will find ample details respecting the optical and physical properties of *Tabasheer*, in a paper, by the author of this article, in the *Phil. Trans.* for 1819, p. 233.

*Hæmanthus* and *crinum* are dispersed, and are less social than the *Irideæ* of Europe.

The plants of the *Willow* form, represented generally by the willow itself, and on the elevated plains of Quito, and in so far only as the shape of the leaves and the ramifications are concerned, by the *Schinus molle*. There are 150 different species spread over the northern hemisphere, from the Equator to Lapland. There is a greater similarity in the physiognomy of this tribe in different climates than even in the *Coniferæ*. From the catkins of the male flower of some Egyptian species, a medicine called willow water (*aqua salicis*) is distilled, and much used. On the banks of the Orange river in Africa, the leaves and young shoots of the *S. hirsuta* and *mucronata* form the food of the *hippopotamus*.

The *Myrtaceæ*, with their elegant forms, and their stiff, shining, small leaves, studded with transparent spots, give a peculiar character to the Mediterranean islands, the continent of New Holland, and the inter-tropical region of the Andes, partly low, and partly about 10,000 feet high. Trees belonging to the group of *Myrtaceæ*, "produce partially, either where the leaves are replaced by leaf-stalk leaves, or by the peculiar disposition or direction of the leaves relatively to the unswollen leaf-stalk, a distribution of stripes of light and shade, unknown in our forests of round-leaved trees." This optical effect surprised the earlier botanical travellers, but our distinguished countryman, Mr. Robert Brown, showed that it was owing to the leaf-stalks of the *Acacia longifolia*, and *A. suaveolens*, being expanded in a vertical direction, and from the circumstance that the light, instead of falling on horizontal surfaces, falls on, and passes between vertical ones.

The other forms to which our author attaches importance, in reference to the physiognomic study of plants, are the *Melastomaceæ*, comprising "the genera *melastoma* (*Fothergilla* and *Tococco* Aubl.) and *Rhexia*, (*Meriana* and *osbeckia*)," which have been superbly illustrated by Bonpland; and the *Lauræ* form group, embracing "the genera of *Laurus* and *Persea*, the *ocotæ*, so numerous in South America, and (on account of physiognomic resemblance) *Calophyllum*, and the superb aspiring *Mammea* from among the *Guttifera*."

This interesting chapter of the "Aspects of Nature" is closed with some of those general views which our author never fails to clothe with the richest drapery of language and sentiment. After suggesting as an en-

terprise, worthy of a great artist, to study the aspect and character of all these vegetable forms, not only in hot-houses,\* and in botanical descriptions, but in their native grandeur in the tropics, and pointing out the value to the landscape painter, of "a work which should present to the eye, first separately, and then in combination and contrast, the leading forms which have been here enumerated," he concludes the subject in the following manner :—

"It is the artist's privilege, having studied these groups, to analyze them, and thus in his hands, the grand and beautiful form of nature which he would portray, resolves itself, (if I may venture on the expression), like the other works of men, into a few simple elements.

"It is under the burning rays of a tropical sun that vegetation displays its most majestic forms. In the cold north the bark of trees is covered with lichens and mosses, whilst between the tropics the Cymbidium and fragrant vanilla enliven the trunks of the Anacardias, and of the gigantic fig-trees. The fresh verdure of the Pothos leaves, and of the Dracontias, contrasts with the many colored flowers of the Orchidæ. Climbing Bauhinias, Passifloras, and yellow flowering Banisterias, twine round the trunks of the forest trees. Delicate blossoms spring from the roots of the Theobroma, and form the thick and rough bark of the Crescentias and the Gustavia.

"In the tropics vegetation is generally of a fresher verdure, more luxuriant and succulent, and adorned with larger and more shining leaves than in our northern climates. The 'social' plants, which often impart so uniform and monotonous a character to European countries, are almost entirely absent in the equatorial regions. Trees almost as lofty as our oaks, are

adorned with flowers as large and as beautiful as our lilies.

"The great elevation attained in several tropical countries, not only by single mountains, but even by extensive districts, enables the inhabitants of the torrid zone—surrounded by palms, bananas, and the other beautiful forms proper to these latitudes—to behold also those vegetable forms which, demanding a cooler temperature, would seem to belong to other zones. Elevation above the level of the sea gives this cooler temperature, even in the hottest parts of the earth; and Cyresses, Pines, Oaks, Berberries and Alders, (nearly allied to our own), cover the mountainous districts, and elevated plains of Southern Mexico, and the chain of the Andes at the Equator. Thus it is given to man in those regions to behold, without quitting his native land, all the forms of vegetation dispersed over the globe, and all the shining worlds which stud the heavenly vault from pole to pole.

"These, and many other of the enjoyments which nature affords, are wanting to the nations of the North. Many constellations, and many vegetable forms—and of the latter those which are most beautiful, (palm-tree ferns, plantains, arborescent grasses and the finely divided feathery foliage of the mimosas), remain for ever unknown to them. Individual plants, languishing in our hot-houses, can give but a very faint idea of the majestic vegetation of the tropical zone. But the high cultivation of our languages, the glowing fancy of the poet, and the imitative art of the painter, open to us sources whence flow abundant compensations, and from whence our imagination can derive the living images of that more vigorous nature which other climes display. In the frigid north, in the midst of the barren heath, the solitary student can appreciate mentally, all that has been discovered in the most distant regions, and can create within himself a world, free and imperishable, as the spirit by which it is conceived."

—Pp. 29–31.

\* Would it not be an enterprise worthy of the wealth and liberality of our public-spirited nobility and country gentlemen, to fill their hot-houses and green-houses, not with the rare plants, which all their neighbors have, but with groups of plants from particular zones, or regions of the globe, or belonging to different natural families or classes? Forest trees, and arborescent plants, which have been acclimated in our island, might in like manner be gathered into local groups, and in the private collections of a single county, botanists, landscape painters, artists, gardeners, and amateurs, might study the whole flora of the globe. A subdivision of labor has now become necessary in every department of intellectual culture. Omniscience in philosophy or science is knowledge in a state of extreme dilution, useless to the world, and gratifying only to the vanity of its possessor. The piles upon which rest the temple of science, could never have been driven had they been endowed with many heads: he that has driven one to the rock beneath, may rest from his labor, and be sure that his works will follow him. A subdivision of toil in the collection of objects of natural history, of antiquities, and of art, would do much to promote the advancement of these important branches of secular knowledge.

The chapter which closes with the preceding passage is followed by a dissertation of much interest, "on the structure and mode of action of Volcanoes in different parts of the globe." Although the multiplication of voyages and travels has exercised a greater influence on the study of organic nature, viz., of botany and zoology, than upon the study of the inorganic bodies which compose the crust of the earth, yet each zone of the earth derives a peculiar physiognomy from the living forms, which are either fixed or movable upon its surface: But we find on either hemisphere, from the Equator to the Poles, the same kind of rocks associated in groups, and the traveler "often recognizes with joy the argillaceous schists of his birthplace, and the rocks which were familiar to his eye in his native land." Geological science, however, has derived great advantages from its study under different climates. Although



in any single and extensive system of mountains we find, more or less distinctly represented, all the inorganic materials which form the solid carpentry of the globe, yet observations in distant regions are necessary in studying the composition the relative age, and the origin of rocks. Our knowledge of the structure and form of volcanoes was, till the end of the last century, drawn principally from Vesuvius and *Ætna*, though the basin of the Mediterranean afforded better means of studying the nature and action of these fiery cones. Among the Sporades trachytic rocks have been upraised, at three different times, in three centuries. Near Methone, in the Peloponnesus, "a monte nuovo," seen by Strabo and by Dodwell, is higher than the new volcano of Jorullo in Mexico, and Humboldt found it "surrounded with several thousand small basaltic cones, protruded from the earth, and still smoking." Volcanic fires also break out at Ischia, on the Monte Epomeo; and according to ancient relations, lavas have flowed from fissures, suddenly opened, in the Lelantine plain, near Chalcis. On the shores of the Mediterranean, too, on several parts of the mainland of Greece, in Asia Minor, and in Auvergne, and round the plain of Lombardy, there are numerous examples of volcanic action. From these facts our author has drawn the conclusion, "that the basin of the Mediterranean, with its series of islands, might have offered to an attentive observer much that has been recently discovered, under various forms, in South America, Teneriffe, and the Aleutian Islands, near the polar circle." "The objects to be observed," he continues, "were assembled within a moderate distance; yet distant voyages, and the comparison of extensive regions, in and out of Europe, have been required for the clear perception and recognition of the resemblance between volcanic phenomena and their dependence on each other."

In different parts of the globe we find assemblages of volcanoes in various rounded groups, or in double lines, and we have thus the most conclusive evidence that their cause is deeply seated in the earth. All the American volcanoes are on the western coast opposite to Asia, nearly in a meridional direction, and extending 7200 geographical miles. Humboldt regards the whole plateau of Quito, whose summits are the volcanoes of Pinchincha, Cotapaxi, and Tunguragua, as *a single volcanic furnace*. The internal fire rushes out sometimes by one and sometimes

by another vent; and in proof of the fact that there are subterranean communications between "fire emitting openings," at great distances from each other, he mentions the circumstance, that in 1797, the volcano of Pasto emitted a lofty column of smoke for three months continuously, and that it disappeared at the very instant, when, at the distance of 240 miles, "the great earthquake of Riobamba, and the immense eruption of mud called 'Moya' took place, causing the death of between thirty and forty thousand persons." In proof of the same fact, he adduces the sudden emergence from the sea near the Azores of the island of Sabrina, on the 30th of January, 1811, which was followed by those terrible internal commotions which, from May, 1811, to June, 1813, shook almost incessantly the West India islands, the plains of the Ohio and Mississippi, and the opposite coast of Venezuela or Caraccas. In the course of a month after this, the principal city of that province was destroyed. On the 30th April, 1811, the slumbering volcano of the island of St. Vincent broke forth, and at the very moment the explosion took place, a loud subterranean noise, like that of great pieces of ordnance, which spread terror over an area of 35,000 square miles, was heard at the distance of 628 miles from St. Vincent. The phenomena which accompanied the celebrated earthquake at Lisbon, on the 1st November, 1755, lead to the same conclusion. At the very time it took place, the Lakes of Switzerland, and the sea upon the Swedish coast, were violently agitated; and at Martinique, Antigua, and Barbadoes, where the tide never exceeds thirty inches, the sea suddenly rose upward of *twenty feet*.

In the remaining portion of this interesting chapter, our author directs our attention chiefly to the phenomena which accompanied the last great eruption of Vesuvius, on the night of the 22nd October, 1822. It had been supposed by several writers that the crater of Vesuvius had undergone an entire change from preceding eruptions; but our author has shown that this is not the case, and that the error had arisen from the observers having confounded "the outlines of the margin of the crater with those of the cones of eruption, accidentally formed in the middle of the crater, on its floor or bottom, which has been upheaved by vapors." During the period from 1816-1818, such a cone had gradually risen above the south-eastern margin of the crater, and the eruption of February, 1822, had raised it about 112 feet

above the north-west margin. This singular cone, which from Naples appeared to be the true summit of the mountain, fell in with a dreadful noise on the eruption of the 22d October, 1822, "so that the floor of the crater, which had been constantly accessible since 1811, is now almost 800 feet lower than the northern, and 218 lower than the southern edge of the volcano."

"In the last eruption, on the night of the 23d to the 24th October, 1822, twenty-four hours after the falling in of the great cone of scoria, which has been mentioned, and when the small but numerous currents of lava had already flowed off, the fiery eruption of ashes and rapilli commenced; it continued without intermission for twelve days, but was greatest in the first four days. During this period the detonations in the interior of the volcano were so violent, that the mere concussion of the air (for no earthquake movement was perceived) rent the ceilings of the rooms in the palace of Portici. In the neighboring villages of Resina, Torre del Greco, Torre del Annunziata, and Bosche tre Case, a remarkable phenomenon was witnessed. Throughout the whole of that part of the country the air was so filled with ashes as to cause in the middle of the day profound darkness, lasting for several hours: lanterns were carried in the streets, as had often been done in Quito during the eruptions of Pinchincha. The flight of the inhabitants had never been more general. Lava currents are regarded by those who dwell near Vesuvius with less dread than an eruption of ashes, a phenomenon which had never been known to such a degree in modern times; and the obscure tradition of the manner in which the destruction of Herculaneum, Pompeii, and Stabiae, took place, filled the imaginations of men with appalling images.\* The hot aqueous vapors which rose from the crater during the eruption, and spread themselves in the atmosphere, formed, in cooling, a dense cloud, surrounding the column of fire and ashes which rose to a height of between nine and ten thousand feet. . . . . Flashes of forked lightning issuing from the columns of ashes darted in every direction, and the rolling thunders were distinctly heard, and distinguished from the sounds which proceeded from the interior of the volcano. In no other eruption had the play of the electric forces formed so striking a feature.

"On the morning of the 26th October, a surprising rumor prevailed that a torrent of boiling water was gushing from the crater, and pouring down the slope of the cone of ashes. Monticelli soon discovered that this was an optical illusion. It was in reality a flow of dry ashes, which, being

loose and movable as shifting sand, issued in large quantities from a crevice in the upper margin of the crater."—Pp. 229, 230.

Owing to the thunderstorm noticed in this extract, an abundant and violent fall of rain took place, and as the rain is heaviest above the cone of ashes, torrents of mud descend from it in every direction; and when the summit of the volcano is in the region of perpetual snow, the melting of the snow produces very disastrous inundations. At the foot of volcanoes, too, and on their flanks, there are frequently vast cavities, which, having a communication by many channels with mountain torrents, become subterranean lakes or reservoirs of water. When earthquakes, as happens in the Andes, shake the entire mass of the volcano, these reservoirs are opened, discharging water, fishes, and mud. On the 19th feet high, fell in, an area of nearly thirty June, 1698, when the Carguairazo, to the north of Chimborazo, and upward of 19,000 square miles was covered with mud and fishes!

Vesuvius, and other similar volcanoes, have permanent communications by means of their craters with the interior of the earth. They alternately break forth and slumber, and often "end by becoming solfataras, emitting aqueous vapors, gases, and acids." There is, however, another and a rarer class, which are closely connected with the earliest revolutions of our planet. Trachytic mountains open suddenly, emit lava and ashes, and close again perhaps for ever. The gigantic mountain of Antisana on the Andes, and Monte Epomeo in Ischia, in 1802, are examples of that phenomenon. Eruptions of this kind sometimes takes place in the plains, as happened in Quito, in Iceland, at a distance from Hecla, and in Eubœa in the Lelantine fields. Many of the islands upheaved from the sea belong to the same class. The communication of the external opening with the interior of the earth is not permanent, and as soon as the cleft or opening closes, the volcanic action wholly ceases. Humboldt is of opinion that "veins or dykes of basalt, dolerite, and porphyry, which traverse almost all formations, and that masses of syenite, augitic porphyry, and amygdaloid, which characterize the recent transition and oldest sedimentary rocks,—have probably been formed in a similar manner."

That the earth is a melted mass at no very great depth below its surface, is placed beyond a doubt, not only by the preceding facts, but by a great mass of observations

\* The thickness of the bed of ashes which fell during the twelve days was little above three feet on the slope of the cones, and only about eighteen inches on the planes. This is the greatest fall of ashes since the eruption of Vesuvius, which occasioned the death of the elder Pliny.

collected by Humboldt and Arago, on the increase of temperature as we descend into the bowels of the earth. "The primitive cause of this subterranean heat is, as in all planets, the process of formation itself, the separation of the spherically condensing mass from a cosmical gaseous fluid, and the cooling of the terrestrial strata at different depths by the loss of heat parted with by radiation. . . . Elastic vapors press the molten oxydizing substances upward through deep fissures. Volcanoes might thus be termed intermitting springs or fountains of earthy substances; that is, of the fluid mixture of metals, alkalis, and earths, which solidify into lava currents, and flow softly and tranquilly, when being upheaved they find a passage by which to escape."

Our author concludes this instructive section with a speculation which he himself characterizes as bold; the object of which is to explain, by means of the internal heat of our globe, the existence, in a fossil state, of the tropical forms of animals and plants in the cold regions of the globe. This hitherto unexplained fact has been ascribed to various causes,—to a change in the obliquity of the ecliptic by the approach of a comet, and to a change in the intensity of the sun's light and heat. We have been led to suppose that, as the two poles of maximum cold are nearly coincident with the magnetic poles, they may partake in their revolution, and thus make the warm and the cold meridians which are now proved to exist, occupy in succession every position on the earth's surface; and that variations in the forces or causes by which that cold is produced, may produce a still farther variation of temperature.\*

"Everywhere," says our author, "the ancient world shows a distribution of organic forms at variance with our present climate. . . . It may be that, in the ancient world, exhalations of heat issuing forth from the many openings of the deeply-fissured crust of the globe, may have favored, perhaps, for centuries, the growth of palms and tree-ferns, and the existence of animals requiring a high temperature, over entire countries where now a very different climate prevails. According to this view of things, the temperature of volcanoes would be that of the interior of the Earth; and the same cause, which, operating through volcanic eruptions, now produces devastating effects, might, in primeval ages, have clothed the deeply-fissured rocks of the newly oxydized Earth, in every zone, with the most luxuriant vegetation.

"If, in order to explain the distribution of tropical forms, whose remains are now buried in north-

ern regions, it should be assumed that the long-haired species of elephant now found enclosed in ice, was originally indigenous in cold climates, and that forms resembling the same leading type may, as in the case of lions and lynxes, have been able to live in wholly different climates; still this solution of the difficulty presented by fossil remains cannot be extended so as to apply to vegetable productions. From reasons with which the study of physiology makes us acquainted, palms, musaceæ, and arborescent monocotyledones, are incapable of supporting the deprivation of their appendicular organs, which would be caused by the present temperature of our northern regions; and in the geological problem which we have to examine, it appears to me difficult to separate vegetable and animal remains from each other. The same mode of explanation ought to comprehend both."—Vol. ii. pp. 239, 241.

The next chapter of the "Aspects of Nature" is one of seven pages, entitled, "The Vital Force, or the Rhodian Genius." It was first printed in Schiller's *Hora* for 1795, and contains "the development of a physiological idea in a semi-mythical garb." In an earlier work, our author had defined the vital force as "the unknown cause which prevents the elements from following their original affinities;" and he endeavors to illustrate this position by the following story:—A picture, called the Rhodian Genius, was brought to Syracuse from Greece, and was supposed to be the work of the same artist who cast the Colossus of Rhodes. It was placed in the Gallery of Paintings and Sculpture, and excited much difference of opinion, both respecting its author and its object. On the foreground were youths and maidens, handsome and graceful, but unclothed, and expressing in their features and movements, only the desires and sorrows of an earthly habitation. Their arms outstretched to each other, indicated "their desire of union;" but they turned their troubled looks toward a halo-encircled Genius who stood in the midst of them. On his shoulder was a butterfly, and in his hand a lighted torch. Though childlike in his form and aspect, a celestial fire animated his glance, and he gazed as with the eye of a master upon the gay throng at his feet. The object of the picture became a problem, which philosophers and connoisseurs strove to solve. "Some regarded the Genius as the personification of Spiritual Love forbidding the enjoyment of sensual pleasure: others said, that it was the assertion of the Empire of Reason over Desire." A collection of pictures having arrived from Rhodes, there was found among them the companion or pendant of the Rhodian Genius.

\* Edinburgh Transactions, vol. ix. pp. 211, 212.



The Genius was still the central figure; but his head was now drooping. The butterfly was no longer on his shoulder; and his torch was inverted and extinguished. "The youths and maidens pressing around him had met and embraced. Their glance, no longer sad and subdued, announced, on the contrary, emancipation from restraint, and the fulfillment of long-cherished desires."

The companion picture afforded no clue to the solution of the problem; and in this crisis of baffled ingenuity and disappointed curiosity, Dionysius ordered the picture, along with a faithful copy of the Rhodian Genius, to be carried to the house of Epicharmus, a Pythagorean philosopher, who fixed his eyes upon the picture, and thus addressed his disciples:—

"As living beings are compelled by natural desires to salutary and fruitful union, so the raw materials of inorganic matter are moved by similar impulses. . . . Thus the fire of Heaven follows metal,—iron obeys the attraction of the loadstone,—amber rubbed takes up light substances,—earth mixes with earth,—salt collects together from the water of the sea,—and the acid moisture of the *Strypteria*, as well as the flocculent salt of *Trichitis*, love the clay of Melos. In inanimate nature, all things hasten to unite with each other, according to their particular laws. Hence no terrestrial element is to be found anywhere in its pure and primitive state. Each as soon as formed tends to enter into new combinations, and the art of man is needed to disjoin and present in a separated state substances which you would seek in vain in the interior of the Earth, and in the fluid ocean of air and water. In dead inorganic matter, entire inactivity and repose reign, so long as the bands of affinity continue undissolved, so long as no third substance comes to join itself to the others; but even then the action and disturbance produced are soon again succeeded by unfruitful repose.

"It is otherwise, however, when the same substances are brought together in the bodies of plants and animals. In these the vital force of power reigns supreme, and regardless of the mutual amity or enmity of the atoms recognized by Democritus, commands the union of substances which, in inanimate nature, shun each other, and separates those which are ever seeking to enter into combination.

"Now come nearer to me, my friends; look with me on the first of the pictures before us, and recognize in the Rhodian Genius, in the expression of youthful energy, in the butterfly on his shoulder, and in the commanding glance of his eye, the symbol of vital force animating each individual germ of the organic creation. At the feet are the earthy elements desiring to mix and unite conformably to their particular tendencies. The Genius, holding aloft his lighted torch with commanding gesture, controls and constrains

them, without regard to their ancient rights, to obey his laws.

"Now view with me the new picture which the Tyrant has sent to me for explanation; turn your eyes from the image of life to that of death. The butterfly has left its former place and soars upward, the extinguished torch is reversed, the head of the youth has sunk, the spirit has fled to other spheres, and the vital force is dead. Now the youths and maidens joyfully join hands, the earthy substances resume their ancient rights; they are free from the chains that bound them, and follow impetuously after long restraint, the impulse to union. Thus inert matter, animated awhile by vital force, passes through an innumerable diversity of forms, and perhaps in the same substance which once enshrined the spirit of Pythagoras, a poor worm may have enjoyed a momentary existence."—Vol. ii. pp. 255–257.

The closing chapter of Baron Humboldt's work contains an account of the Plateau of Caxamarca, the ancient capital of the Inca Atahualpa, and describes the first view of the Pacific Ocean as seen from the crest of the Andes. After mentioning the Quina (or fever-bark)\* producing forests in the valleys of Loxa, and the alpine vegetation and mountain wildernesses of the Paramos, our author describes the gigantic remains of the ancient artificial roads of the Incas of Peru, which formed a line of communication through all the provinces of the empire, extending more than a thousand English miles. The road itself is 21 feet wide, and above a deep understructure was paved with well cut blocks of blackish trap porphyry. Station-houses, of hewn stone, are built at nearly equal distances, forming a kind of caravanserai. In the pass called the Paramo del Assuay, the road rises to the height of 15,526 feet, almost equal to that of Mon Blanc. Across the wide and arid plains between the Pacific and the Andes, and also over the ridges of the Cordilleras, these two great Peruvian roads, or systems of roads, are covered with flat stones, or "sometimes even with cemented gravel, (Macadamized.)" The roads crossed the rivers and ravines by three kinds of bridges, "viz., those of stone, wood, and rope, and there were also aqueducts for bringing water to the caravanserais and to the fortresses." As wheel-carriages were not then used upon roads, they were occasionally interrupted by long flights of steps, provided with resting-places at suitable

\* *The Cinchona Condaminia (officinalis)*. This beautiful tree, though only six inches in diameter, often attains a height of sixty feet. The bark was introduced into Europe in 1632 or 1640.

intervals. Along with their grand artificial paths, the Peruvians possessed a highly improved postal system. These splendid remains of the Incas, however, have been wantonly destroyed, and Humboldt mentions that in one day's journey they were obliged to wade through the Rio de Guancabamba twenty-seven times, while they continually saw near them the remains of the high built roads, with their caravanserais. In the lower part of the same river, which, with its many falls and rapids, runs into the Amazons, our author was amused with the singular contrivance of a "Swimming Post," for the conveyance of correspondence with the coast of the Pacific. A young Indian, who usually discharges this important duty, swims in two days from Pomahuaco to Tomependa, carrying the few letters from Truxillo, which are intended for the province of Jaen de Bracamora. The letters are carefully placed in a large cotton handkerchief, which he winds round his head in the manner of a turban. He then descends the Rio de Chamaya (the lower part of the Guancabamba), and then the Amazons. When he reaches waterfalls, he quits the river and makes a circuit through the woods. In this fatiguing voyage, the Indian sometimes throws one arm round a piece of a very light kind of wood, and he has sometimes the advantage of a swimming companion. They carry no provision, as they are always sure of a hospitable reception in any of the scattered huts surrounded with fruit trees, which abound in the beautiful Huertas de Pucara and Cavico. Letters thus carried are seldom either wetted or lost; and Humboldt mentions, that soon after his return from Mexico to Europe, he received letters from Tomependa, which had been bound on the brow of the swimming post. The "Correo que nada," as he is called, returns by land by the difficult route of the Paramo del Paredon. Several tribes of wild Indians, who reside on the banks of the Upper Amazons, are accustomed to travel "by swimming down the stream sociably in parties." Humboldt had an "opportunity of seeing in this manner in the bed of the river the heads of 30 or 40 persons (men, women, and children), of the tribe of the Xibaros, on their arrival at Tomependa."

When the travelers approached the hot climate of the basin of the Amazons, they were delighted with the splendid orange trees, sweet and bitter, of the Huertas de Pucara. "Laden with many thousands of their golden fruit, they attain a height of from 60 to 64 feet, and instead of rounded

tops or crowns, they have aspiring branches like a laurel or bay tree."

"Not far from hence," says Humboldt, "near the Ford of Cavico, we were surprised by a very unexpected sight. We saw a grove of small trees, only about 18 or 19 feet high, which, instead of green, had apparently perfectly red or rose-colored leaves. It was a new species of *Bougainvillaea*, a genus first established by the elder Jussieu from a Brazilian specimen in Commerson's herbarium. The trees were almost entirely without true leaves, as what we took for leaves at a distance proved to be thickly crowded bracteas. The appearance was altogether different in the purity and freshness of the color from the autumnal tints which, in many of our forest trees, adorn the woods of the temperate zone at the season of the fall of the leaf."

We often found here the *Portiera hygrometrica*, which, by the closing of the leaflets of its finely pinnated foliage, foretells an impending change of weather, and especially the approach of rain, much better than any of the *Mimosaceae*. It very rarely deceived us."—Vol. ii. pp. 279, 280.

As night was closing upon our travelers, when they were ascending the eastern declivity of the Cordilleras, they arrived at an elevated plain where the argentiferous mountains of Gualgayoc, the chief locality of the celebrated Silver Mines of Chota, afforded them a remarkable spectacle. The cerro of Gualgayoc, an isolated mass of silicious rock, stands like an enchanted castle, separated by a deep ravine from the limestone mountains of Cormolatsche. It is traversed by innumerable veins of silver, and terminated on the N. W. by a nearly perpendicular precipice. "Besides being perforated to its summit by many hundred galleries driven in every direction, this mountain presents also natural openings in the mass of the silicious rock, through which the intensely dark blue sky of those elevated regions is visible to a spectator standing at the foot of the mountain. These openings are popularly called windows," and "similar ones were pointed out to us in the trachytic walls of the volcano of Pinchincha."

On their way to the ancient city of Caxamarca, Humboldt and his companions had to cross a succession of Paramos at the height of about 10,000 feet above the sea, before they reached the Paramo de Yanaguanga, from which they looked down upon the fertile valley of Caxamarca, containing in its oval area about 112 English square miles. The town stands almost as high as the city of Quito, but being encircled by mountains, it enjoys a far milder climate. The fort and palace of Atahualpa exist only in a few ru-

ins. The warm baths of Pultamarca, at which the Inca spent a part of the year, have a temperature of 156° Fahrenheit, and are seen in the distance. The town is adorned with a few churches, a state prison, and a municipal building, erected upon part of the ruins of the palace. On the porphyritic rock upon which the palace stood, a shaft has been sunk which formerly led into subterranean chambers, and to a gallery said to extend to the other porphyritic dome of Santa Polonia. The room is yet shown where Atahualpa was imprisoned for nine months from November, 1532, and the mark on the wall is still pointed out to show the height to which he offered to fill the room with gold in bars, plates, and vessels, if set free. In order to avoid being burnt alive, the Inca consented to be baptized by his fanatical persecutor, the Dominican monk, Vincente de Valverde. He was strangled publicly in the open air, and at the mass for the dead the brothers Pizarro were present in mourning habits.\* The population of Caxamarca did not, at the time of our author's visit, exceed seven or eight thousand inhabitants.

After leaving the sea, the travelers ascended a height about 10,000 feet high, and were "struck with the sight of two grotesquely shaped porphyritic summits, Aroma and Cuturcaga, which consisted of five, six, or seven solid columns, some of them jointed and from thirty-seven to forty-two feet high." Owing to the distribution of the often converging series of columns of the Cerro Aroma placed one above another, "it resembles a two-storied building, which, moreover, is surmounted by a dome or cupola of non-columnar rock."

It had been the earliest wish of our author to obtain a view of the Pacific from the crest of the Andes. He had listened as a boy to the adventurous expedition of Vasco Nunez de Balboa, the first European who beheld the eastern part of the Pacific Ocean, and he was now about to gratify this longing

\* It is with some reluctance that, in imitation of Humboldt, we throw into the obscurity of a note, a specimen of court etiquette at the palace of the Incas. "In conformity," says our author, "with a highly ancient court ceremonial, Atahualpa spat, not on the ground, but into the hand of one of the principal ladies present;"—"all," says Garcilaso, "on account of his majesty."—Vol. ii. p. 814. When the possessors of a little brief authority thus degrade their office and their race, we feel that they have withdrawn themselves from the sphere of human sympathies, and we almost forget the cruelties of the Spaniards when we find them perpetrated against bipeds like Atahualpa.

desire of his youth. When they had reached the highest part of the mountain by the Alto de Guangamarca, the heavens suddenly became clear, and the western declivity of the Cordilleras, covered with quartz blocks fourteen feet high, and the plains as far as the sea-shore near Truxillo, "lay beneath their eyes in astonishing apparent proximity. We saw for the first time the Pacific Ocean itself, and we saw it clearly. . . . The joy it inspired was vividly shared by my companions, Bonpland and Carlos Montufar," . . . and the sight "was peculiarly impressive to one who, like myself, owed a part of the formation of his mind and character, and many of the directions which his wishes had assumed, to intercourse with (George Forster) one of the companions of Cook."

In the preceding analysis of the "Aspects of Nature," we have found it very difficult to do justice either to the author or to ourselves as Reviewers. Owing to the great length of the "annotations and additions," which extend to more than twice the length of the original chapters which form the text, we have been under the necessity of incorporating the information contained in both, partly in our own language and partly in that of the author, and have therefore found it impossible to give such copious and continuous extracts as the reader might have desired. This difficulty, too, has been greatly increased by the admixture of scientific with popular details, and by the use of technical terms which the general reader will sometimes find it difficult to interpret. Regarding the work, however, as one of great value from its science, and great interest from its subject, and as possessing that peculiar charm of language and of sentiment which we look for in vain in similar productions, we cannot withhold the expression of our anxiety that the popular matter in the "annotations and additions" should be incorporated with the original text, and the technical and parenthetic references in the text, either converted into foot-notes, or transferred to the "annotations." We should thus have a work truly popular, without losing any of its scientific accuracy.

The translation by Mrs. Sabine is, like her translation of *Kosmos*, admirably executed. We are never offended with the harshness of a foreign idiom, and we never discover that the author and the translator are different persons.

We have thus endeavored to give our readers some account of a work full of wis-

dom and knowledge, written by one of the most distinguished writers and philosophers of the present day, and well fitted to draw our attention to a subject with which every person ought to be familiar. To live upon a world so wonderfully made, without desiring to know its form, its structure, and its purpose—to eat the ambrosia of its gardens, and drink the nectar of its vineyards, without inquiring where, or how, or why they grow—to toil for its gold and its silver, and to appropriate its coal and its iron, without studying their nature and their origin—to tremble under its earthquakes, and stand aghast before its volcanoes, in ignorance of their locality, of their powers, and of their origin—to see and handle the gigantic remains of vegetable and animal life, without understanding when and why they perished—to tread the mountain range, unconscious that it is sometimes composed wholly of the indestructible flinty relics of living creatures, which it requires the most powerful microscope to perceive,—to neglect such pursuits as these, would indicate a mind destitute of the intellectual faculty, and unworthy of the

life and reason with which we have been endowed. It is only the irreligious man that can blindly gaze upon the loveliness of material nature, without seeking to understand its phenomena and its laws. It is only the ignorant man that can depreciate the value of that true knowledge which is within the grasp of his divine reason; and it is only the presumptuous man who can prefer those speculative studies, before which the strongest intellect quails, and the weakest triumphs. "In wisdom hast Thou made them all," can be the language only of the wise; and it is to the wise only that the heavens can declare the glory of God, and that the firmament can show forth his handiwork. It is the geologist alone who has explored them, that can call upon the "depths of the earth to praise the Lord;" and he "who breaketh the cedars of Lebanon," who "shaketh the wilderness," who "divideth the flames of fire," who "causeth the hinds to calve," and "maketh bare the forest," has imperatively required it from his worshipers, "that in his temple every one should speak of his glory."

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From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE SUN-DIAL AND THE FLOWER:—BORROWED IMPORTANCE.

BY ALFRED CROWQUILL

A DIAL stood of model chaste,  
With every proper sign,  
To point to all the time of day  
A moral in each line;  
Indeed, for strict propriety,  
'Twas famous in its way,  
And told much better than the clocks  
The proper time of day.

Vain of its pow'r, its face of brass  
Look'd boldly at the sun,  
Not thinking that the better part  
Was by its brightness done.  
Its head was full of other's lore,  
Which it believed its own,  
And thought the world's full gratitude  
Was due to it alone.

A flower of tendril fairy fine  
Had climb'd around its base,  
Then creeping on by slow degrees,  
Reclined upon its face.  
"Begone, vile weed!" the dial cried,  
"Base child of earth, away!  
Your puny shadow puts me out,  
I lose the time of day."

"Oh, oh! my friend," the flower cried,  
"I now perceive the truth,  
That all your boasted mightiness  
Is not your own, forsooth;  
That you are but a bit of brass,  
With wisdom in your face,  
Not worth a thought, when yonder sun  
Deserts your resting-place."

From the Patriot.

## A HUNDRED YEARS AGO.

THE year upon which we have now entered, will complete the first half of the Nineteenth Century, the most eventful since the Apostolic age; and the present seems a fitting moment for casting back a hasty glance at the corresponding point in the preceding century, in order to gain some notion of the magnitude of the changes that have taken place in the intervening years, and of the accelerated rate of the social movement. How did we stand as a country, a nation, in relation to Christendom and the world, a hundred years ago?

In the year 1750, the British Throne was filled by the second Monarch of the House of Hanover. Four years before, the battle of Culloden had given the death-blow to the cause and hopes of the PRETENDER. The other reigning European Sovereigns were, LOUIS XV., the Emperor FRANCIS I., and MARIA THERESA, Pope BENEDICT XIV., PHILIP V., of Spain, ELIZABETH, Empress of Russia, and FREDERICK THE GREAT. These names will, however, scarcely recall the relative positions of the several Powers of Europe. The Treaty of Aix-la-Chapelle (1748) had introduced a hollow and precarious peace and temporary settlement, which soon gave way before the ambitious projects and military successes of FREDERICK THE GREAT. England was then but a second-rate power, too feeble to cope with the great potentates of the Continent. A hundred years ago, the King of Great Britain could not number above twelve or thirteen millions of subjects, including the population of all the colonies and settlements in the Western Hemisphere. The American Colonies contained not more than three million; and the French, then masters of Canada and Louisiana, laid claim to the valley of the Mississippi, and projected the expulsion of the British Colonists from the Continent. In India, too, they appeared virtual masters of the Decan, and threatened the destruction of the British settlements in Bengal. When, in 1757, the great Earl of CHATHAM was called to the helm of an almost foundering State, the critical position of our national affairs had thrown a deep gloom over the public mind. At one time, England and Prussia had to withstand the powerful con-

federacy of France, Austria, Russia, Sweden, and Saxony on the Continent, while the maritime powers of Holland and Portugal were our formidable commercial rivals; Spain still enjoyed the rich monopoly of her nine vice-royalties in the new world of Columbus, and Portugal held Brazil. But France was the ascendant power. Paris was the literary metropolis of Europe, and Rome the recognized centre of Christendom. The English language was scarcely spoken or understood by any but natives of the British isles and their American descendants. Nothing would at that time have appeared more improbable, than that the power of this insulated nation should, within a century, become politically and morally paramount; that its chain of colonies should girdle the globe, that its merchants should be inheritors of the Mogul empire, lords of the Indies and of Guinea; and that the Anglo-Saxon race and language, naturalized in the Western Hemisphere, should spread from the Atlantic to the Pacific, and displace alike the French on the North, and the Spanish in the basin of the Gulf of Mexico! In territorial extent, the British Empire, inferior only to that of Russia, is almost three times as vast as that of Imperial Rome; while, adding that giant Republic which has grown up out of its American Colonists within the last seventy years, we have an area of more than seven millions of square miles, with an aggregate population of at least a hundred and eighty millions of souls, under the dominant influence, not indeed of one Government, but of one nation, originally confined to a small island in the German Ocean, and which was scarcely able to maintain a footing in India, in America, in Africa, or on the European Continent itself, a hundred years ago.

A hundred years ago, the state of our geographical knowledge was as limited as our political influence. Cook had not then navigated the South Seas; Polynesia and Australia were names unknown to geography; no HUMBOLDT had then climbed the Andes; the valley of the Mississippi had not been explored; no European traveler had ascended the Nile beyond the first cataract; the Niger was wholly veiled in mystery; and the Brah-

mapootra was unknown, even by name, among the rivers of India. The languages and dialects of the Eastern world were as little known as the physical aspect and phenomena of the countries. No Sir WILLIAM JONES had arisen to set the example of Oriental scholarship as a polite accomplishment; the Sanscrit had as yet attracted no attention from western philologists; the Holy Scriptures had been translated into few vernacular dialects, except those of Western Europe; no CAREY or MORRISON, no MARTYN or JUDSON, had girded themselves to the task of mastering those languages which had hitherto defied, like an impenetrable rampart, all attempts to gain access to the mind of India and China. A hundred years ago, there were neither Protestant Missionary Societies nor Protestant Missions, save only those which had been formed for the propagation of the Gospel in the American Colonies, the Danish missions in Southern India, and the Moravian missions in Greenland and South Africa. In fact, the obstacles to success in almost every part of the world, arising from the ascendancy and intolerance of the Papal, Mohammedan, and Pagan powers, added to the deficiency of our knowledge and the poverty of our resources, would have proved little short of insurmountable.

A hundred years ago, the moral aspect of society was as dark and discouraging, both at home and abroad, as the political prospect was gloomy. The state of courtly and clerical morals is betrayed in the too accurate portraiture of manners in the contemporary writings of FIELDING, SMOLLETT, and RICHARDSON. The prevalence of popular ignorance and irreligion of the grossest kind, is shown by the reception given to the early labors of WESLEY and WHITFIELD. In the eloquent language of ROBERT HALL, "the creed established by law had no sort of influence in forming the sentiments of the people; the pulpit had completely vanquished the desk; piety and puritanism were confounded in one common reproach; an almost pagan darkness in the concerns of salvation prevailed; and the English people became the most irreligious upon earth. Such was the state of things when WHITFIELD and WESLEY made their appearance." The first Methodist society was formed in 1739. Twenty-eight years afterward, the number of preachers in England, (according to the Minutes of Conference) was only 76; and of Members, 22,642. In 1750, therefore, the Methodists must have formed a very inconsiderable body. The state of the Noncon-

formist Churches at that time, presented little to relieve the dreariness of the picture. At the beginning of the century, according to NEAL, there were 1,354 Churches of the Three Denominations in England: of these, the majority were Presbyterian. Sixty years afterward, they were computed at 1,509. Meantime, the Arianism of WHISTON and EMLYN had begun to infect the pulpits and academies of the Presbyterian body, and a death-like formalism had spread over the community. Dr. DODDRIDGE died in 1750; and in the following year, Dr. JOHN TAYLOR openly broached the Socinian tenets in his "Scripture Doctrine of the Atonement." The want of an earnest, Evangelical ministry among the orthodox Dissenters, is the subject of lamentation and complaint in the publications of the day. It would not be easy to fix upon a period since the Reformation, when the religious life of the country was reduced to a lower ebb than about the middle of the last century. Deism—the Deism of HUME—was extending itself among the learned and professional classes, and practical infidelity was everywhere prevalent among the lower orders. Yet, we sometimes hear the present age spoken of as peculiarly an age of abounding infidelity! "Say not thou, What is the cause that the former days were better than these; for thou dost not inquire wisely concerning this."

But we must hasten to conclude this retrospect with a few miscellaneous references. In February and March, 1750, two slight shocks of an earthquake were felt in London; and the apprehensions which they excited, were further increased by the prediction of a fanatic, a soldier, that another ~~shock~~ would speedily ensue, which would lay all London and Westminster in ruins. Great numbers fled to the fields in consternation, and could hardly be persuaded to return, when the time fixed for the accomplishment of the prediction was past. At that time, the total population of the metropolitan parishes within the Bills of Mortality was but 674,356. The population of England and Wales was under six millions and a half. That of all Lancashire was under 300,000. In 1750, the National debt was but seventy millions. Yet, it may be questioned, whether the burden of taxation did not press as heavily then as now, and whether the vast increase of the Debt has not been compensated by the prodigious augmentation of the wealth and resources of the country. What would have been thought, a hundred years ago, of sinking a capital of hundreds of millions in the construction of Railways? . 61

In 1750, Westminster Bridge, commenced in 1738, was first opened; prior to which, old London Bridge retained its undisputed honors. Years later, barges ascended the Fleet river with the tide to Holborn Bridge: Blackfriars Bridge was not begun till 1760, and was finished in 1770. At that time, Cheapside itself was not paved with flagstones, and the foot-way was defended by posts, while almost every shop had its projecting sign. It would be easy to multiply similar curious indications of the very different aspect which the Metropolis itself presented a hundred years ago.

Since then, what prodigious events have rapidly succeeded each other! The American Revolution followed at no distant interval, by the French of 1789; thirty years of European wars; the rise and fall of the French Empire; the European Revolution of 1830; the conquest of India; the colonization of Australia and New Zealand; the

formation of the Bible Society and the several Missionary Societies; the extraordinary progress in geographical discovery; the development of the wonderful powers of steam; the discoveries in chemistry which have rendered it almost a new science;—but, above all, the prodigious expansion of the wealth and monetary power, the commercial enterprise and manufacturing industry, the territorial empire, and moral supremacy; the religious institutions and voluntary munificence and zeal, of Protestant England;—in a word, the glorious phenomenon of the British Empire. It is not in the spirit of vain-glorious boasting that we use this language, but with a devout sense of the high national responsibility attaching to both rulers and people. God “hath not so dealt with any other nation” that now exists; and it must be for the accomplishment of mightier purposes than come within the purview and calculation of secular politicians.

## CATALANI.

AMONG the admirers of Madame Catalani at the French Opera House was the Emperor Napoleon, who, although destitute of any taste for music, wished to fix the admired cantatrice in his capital, partly from an ambitious desire to see himself surrounded by great artists, and partly with the view of diverting the thoughts of the Parisians from graver and more dangerous topics. Accordingly he commanded her attendance at the Tuileries. The poor woman had never been brought before into contact with this terrible virtuoso of war, who at that time filled all Europe with the fame of his *foriture*; she trembled from head to foot on entering his presence. “Where are you going, Madame?” inquired the master, with his abrupt tone and imperial voice. “To London, sire.”—“You must remain in Paris, where you shall be well paid, and where your talents will be better appreciated. You shall have a hundred thousand francs a year, and two months’ vacation: that is settled. Adieu, madame!” And the cantatrice retired more dead than alive, without having dared to inform her brusque interrogator that it was impossible for her to break an engagement which she had formed with the English Ambassador at Portugal. If Napoleon had been acquainted with this circumstance, he would undoubtedly have laid an embargo on the fair singer, whom he would have considered a rich capture from his enemies. Madame Catalani

was not the less obliged to make her escape from France without a passport. She embarked secretly at Morlaix on board a vessel which had been sent for the exchange of prisoners, and to whose captain she paid £150 for his services. This interview with the Emperor Napoleon made so deep an impression on Madame Catalani, that she was wont to speak of it as the most agitating moment of her life. A few days before her death, while she was sitting in her saloon, without any presentiment of her approaching end, she received a visit from an unknown lady, who declined giving her name to the servant. On being ushered into her presence, the stranger bowed before her with a graceful yet lowly reverence, saying, “I am come to offer my homage to the most celebrated cantatrice of our time, as well as to the most noble of women; bless me, madame, I am Jenny Lind!” Madame Catalani, moved even to tears, pressed the Swedish nightingale to her heart. After a prolonged interview they parted, each to pursue her own appointed path,—the one to close her eyes, with unexpected haste, upon earth, with all its shifting hopes and fears,—the other to enjoy fresh triumphs, the more pure and happy, as they are the fruit not only of her bewitching talent, but also of that excellence which wins for her in every place the heartfelt homage of esteem and love.



From Tait's Magazine.

## LIFE OF THE LATE DR. CHALMERS.

MANY years must have passed since the death of any man in Scotland excited that sad sensation caused by the demise of Dr. Chalmers, and many years must pass again before death can produce a similar result by a single stroke; for we have no man with a character yet earned or formed, so high in general estimation as that his removal would be felt in the same extent to be a national calamity. The circumstances attendant on the death of Dr. Chalmers were well calculated to increase its effect. The body with whom he was immediately associated had passed toward the close of its annual assembly, when death came to him noiselessly, and without a warning. He literally fell asleep; for, left at night in health, he was found at morn in death. No premonitory symptoms of bodily or mental weakness had prepared his friends for the loss that they were to sustain. His pallid features bore no vestige of a struggle with the last enemy; and death, in this instance, was very like "translation." All men were saddened by this change; for even those who were uninfluenced by religious considerations, felt still that a man great in science, wielding an immense influence by the weight of personal character alone, of undoubted benevolence and pure motives, had passed away, and left a place that would not be soon occupied. It was curious and instructive to mark the haste with which death smoothed down feuds, and healed animosities, amongst various religious bodies. Few men had ever mingled more than Dr. Chalmers in polemical and semi-political discussions. His opposition to any cause had been long deemed a serious hindrance to its success. No party felt themselves safe before his marked disapproval, and many whom he opposed were irritated under his arguments. At some period of his long and active career, he had been led into opposition, nearly to all the various denominations, except that with which he was at his death connected. Yet the general benevolence of his character had always soon effaced these breaches; and even his rebukes breathed a spirit of love and truth. The posthu-

mous publication of several works, and especially of his short commentaries, has increased the esteem in which he was long regarded in religious circles. We mention these circumstances as calculated to increase the responsibility of his biographer.

It was some time since announced that his life would be written by his son-in-law, Dr. Hanna, and he has several qualifications of a special kind for this work. He was in terms of the most perfect intimacy with Dr. Chalmers, and he has the most complete access, not merely to all his papers, but to those of his opinions on public questions, that, though unwritten, must live in the recollection of the members of his family. Dr. Hanna is a native of Belfast; and although he was, previous to the disruption, a parochial minister in the Scotch Established Church, yet his freedom from early prejudices and feelings may, on many topics connected with Scotland, which will necessarily come under his notice in the second and subsequent volumes, enable him to adhere closely to the part of a fair and candid historian. Dr. Chalmers' life is intimately woven into the history of all national movements, from the day when he aided to form a small Bible Society at Kilmany, to his last evidence on the site question, before a committee of the House of Commons. His biographer must have been, from his earliest years, acquainted with Scotch ecclesiastical movements; the son of a minister who was long justly considered the leader of the evangelical party amongst the Irish Presbyterians, and who retains, in extreme old age, no small influence amongst that body; Dr. Hanna must have grown up familiar with ecclesiastical proceedings and questions of interest in Scotch affairs, yet in a manner not so likely to warp the judgment as might be fairly expected, and must be cautiously watched, in one who has lived amongst the actors in party movements from infancy, and gradually imbibed strong opinions regarding them, even before his reason can have made an intelligent decision on their merits. Dr. Hanna is a particularly unobtrusive man, but his literary abilities will



enable him to use fully and well the rich materials in his power. As editor of the *North British Review*, to which Dr. Chalmers regularly contributed, he had the best means of ascertaining his relative's impressions regarding the current of events toward the close of his life; and the last volume of the work is likely to be the most interesting.

It may be considered a curious chain of events that has given the narration of this life—that of Scotland's greatest son, in the first part of our century—to an Irish gentleman. It seems to accord completely with one of those objects that we know to have been very near to Dr. Chalmers' heart in his lifetime, the strengthening of the link that once, more obviously even than now, bound Ulster to Scotland, and Scotland to her earliest and greatest colony. Historians allege that the Scots were originally a colony from Ireland, who settled in the western division of Scotland; and that before their name was given to this country, it had belonged to Ireland. No doubt exists respecting the original connection, although its nature may not now be altogether intelligible. The intercourse between countries separated at one point by a channel of twenty, and at another point of ten miles, must have always been considerable, and we meet its consequences in many pages of Scotch and Irish history. Still is shown, on the borders of Ulster, the spot where the rash but chivalric Edward Bruce fell, in his attempt to drive the English out of Ireland. When, at a long posterior period, James the First of England determined to colonize part of Ulster, from England and Scotland, a large body of the undertakers, and their tenants and retainers, came from Scotland; and their descendants now occupy a great part of the north-eastern counties, forming the majority of the population. At subsequent periods, when persecution reddened its sword and erected its gallows in the West of Scotland, men fled in great numbers, with the love of truth and freedom as their heritage, from the western counties to Ulster. To these circumstances, and the probability that the tenets of the Culdees were never entirely forgotten and obliterated in the North of Ireland, may be ascribed the formation of the Irish Presbyterian Church, which has its centre in Antrim, Down, and Derry; and the general prevalence of Protestantism in Ulster. Dr. Chalmers was intimately conversant with the history of that body, and sincerely desirous for their prosperity. He found them closely associated with the doctrinal history of the

Church of Scotland; and was, probably, gratified by their adherence to the Free Church at the period of the disruption. Six years ago, Dr. Chalmers visited Ireland, we believe, for the last time, and resided for a considerable period at the beautiful village of Rostrevor. He had previously experienced weakness, arising, not improbably, from the excitement of the period. His residence at Rostrevor, and the air of the Mourne Mountains, had contributed to restore his strength. We met him one day, when on his way homeward, in a curious position for an invalid: the top of one of the range of high mountains that environ Belfast on the north-west, and seem to have been cast up between it and Lough Neagh. The summit of the Cave hill commands a sweep of great extent on every side; and, on a summer afternoon, when the sun's rays sparkle on the distant waters of Lough Neagh, Lough Strangford, and the Channel, yields one of the most superb views in our islands. The busy town beneath, with its fine river, covered with ships of many flags, and every form, gradually widening into Belfast Lough, and the latter losing itself between the Copeland and the Maiden Islands in the Channel, with the Scottish hills in Galloway, for a background to the east; or the same river, winding its course up the fertile valley to Lisburn, now lost for a long distance, to be again revealed between corn-fields or through trees in a narrow line of silvery brightness, and its densely peopled banks, away from the ocean to its source, studded with little towns and numerous villas, catching the eye amid its many cottages, sometimes clustered round a tall chimney, or gathered together at the corner of bleaching fields, that seem, even in July, to have a covering of snow; or over the Castlereagh hills, on the south-east to Lough Strangford, with its many islands chequering its wide expanse of water, surrounded by many pleasant villages, so hidden and out of the way of the world as scarcely to be known; or the sharp and distant summits of the Mourne Mountains, raised by their Maker like a barrier between the dark South and the black North; or the corner of the wide Lough Neagh and the Ban River, carrying away its waters to the north, and the Derry Mountains closing up the scene to the west; or the vast expanse of bleak country, broken apparently here and there by streaks of green and yellow, seeming like crevices, only because we cannot look into the wide, and sometimes fertile, but always densely peopled vales of Antrim, and

Slieve Doough to the north-east, rising cone-shaped like a sugar-loaf, lonely and alone in its pride: any one of all the prospects from the Cave Hill, when the sky is blue, and the summer day nearly done, is worth the stiff journey upward twice repeated; and all of them together form a scene that, as a whole, cannot often be excelled, and in which there are points that scarcely can be rivaled. Dr. Chalmers loved eminently the works of God. Few men have ever enjoyed them more. A scene like that was to him a rich festival. His mind acquired more than its wonted exuberance amidst the beautiful or the sublime in the works of Creation.

Very few disciples of Christianity ever grasped more completely the idea, "My Father hath made them all." But looking over this wide scene in the best part of Ireland, he could not fail to remember the misery and sufferings that occupied a large part in the history, and the moral aspect, of a land singularly rich in natural resources, and lamentably poor in their application. No shadow of the coming famine, fever, and sorrows of 1845, and the subsequent years, then darkened the island; yet in many districts, plenty and want, heartlessness and suffering, dwelt together. He was no sectarian in the narrow and objectionable meaning of the title, but he held warmly his own tenets, because he could not yield a cold and frigid assent to any principle of faith; and, remembering his own country, and the changes accomplished there in a single century, ascribing them in a great degree to the religious principles that prevail in Scotland, he believed that the same creed might form similar minds to work out the same results in Ireland. No Irishman, of whatever creed, could love the man less that the warm wishes of his heart were concentrated in one of those expressive and fervent ejaculatory prayers, containing in ten words the force and strength of a hundred, with which his journals and Sabbath readings have rendered the public familiar.

Dr. Chalmers, it may be remembered, suffered reproach in advocating the Roman Catholic Emancipation Bill. He prized the friendships he had formed in society, but while valuing them warmly, they were never permitted to sway his mind from the path that seemed to him the way of duty. The Disruption of the Scottish Church was not the only or the first example where he set aside the claims of friendship for the paramount demands of principle. In advocating

the claims of the Roman Catholics, he undoubtedly alienated for a time the affection and esteem of many of his former admirers. He could not, therefore, be charged with entertaining an unjust preference for the Presbyterian Church, in believing it likely to become a powerful instrumentality for the emancipation of Ireland from many evils not less injurious than political restrictions. He had supported Roman Catholic emancipation; he had assisted the Episcopal Church in various difficulties; he had attended in St. Andrew's at an Independent Church, while an ordained minister of the Establishment; he lived in terms of intimacy with the leaders of the English Wesleyan Methodists, and acting on just principles to those with whom he could not maintain religious communion, he was also a man of the most catholic spirit; yet he loved not less on that account the broad features of Protestant faith, or the distinctive lines of his own communion. Many rugged points in Irish history catch the eye, but to those who read it well, there is a soft and sombre sadness over the story, that deeply interests the feelings, and leaves the reader anxious that peace at last and prosperity would not be only visitors and wayfarers in the land. Dr. Chalmers possessed this kind of interest in Ireland, and one rising still higher, from other and nobler sources; and seeking its permanent improvement next, probably, to that of Scotland; he expressed his conviction that Scotland and England would not long be prosperous while Ireland was depressed.

These remarks have, however, diverged from the general subject, and arose merely from the preparation of Dr. Chalmers' life being committed to a gentleman so closely connected with Ireland as Dr. Hanna—who has accomplished that part of his great task, now before the public, in a manner calculated to afford the best idea that can be obtained of the subject. We want not merely a naked narrative of events, chained together in chronological order; but the history of a great mind. If that want is supplied from the man's thoughts, written as time passed away, with its changes; and illustrated with the light which a skillful biographer can throw over them—we have obtained the most desirable result. This first volume is prepared with that object steadily in view. Dr. Chalmers still speaks in a great number of its pages. The biographer keeps himself entirely unseen. We know that he moves the panorama which is to pass before us; that he searches out, puts in order, and joins the

various material, but we see nothing of him—he is hidden in his subject, who is kept continually before the reader. We meet frequently with beautiful passages, belonging, evidently, to the historian; but it has been remarked, and we think correctly, that there exists a similarity between Dr. Chalmers' style and Dr. Hanna's mode of writing, that permits the reader to glide out of the one into the other, without perceiving a marked change, or being startled by an abrupt alteration in the complexion and construction of sentences. Perhaps it might be more accurate to say that there exists a similarity of sentiment, and a devotedness of the historian to his subject, that, more than any mere similarity of style, accounts for the circumstance we have noticed. A similarity of spirit goes far to accomplish the end mentioned; and Dr. Hanna, holding the same principles as Dr. Chalmers, living with him long on terms of the closest intimacy and relationship, and almost daily employed, since his death, amongst his journals, in preparing them for the press, would probably imbibe some part of his spirit, and even gradually fall into his style.

Dr. Hanna has sincerely devoted himself to the preparation of Dr. Chalmers' posthumous works, and his life. We know that, two years since, a desire was expressed for his presence and professional assistance in a quarter that he must have felt difficulty to resist, under circumstances that almost rendered it a matter of duty to accept; that would have conferred on him great personal influence, and insured a status in temporal matters equivalent to the highest hopes that can be formed in his connection. The latter inducement may have possessed comparatively little weight; but a strong current of moral and religious interests, and even of personal associations, must have inclined him strongly toward the acceptance of the cordial invitations warmly pressed on him. A deep feeling of duty alone toward the great work that had fallen into his hands, and which he could best discharge, must have weighed much in dictating a refusal that in scarcely any other circumstances could have been given with a consistent and strict regard to duty, and to those high and immortal interests that he had promised always to promote. We may, appropriately, at this stage, notice the energetic manner in which the publisher of this important series of works has supported the literary efforts to render them what the public would desire, and have some right to expect. They are substantial books.

The typography is excellent, the paper good, and the style adopted, renders the volumes remarkably easy to read. The outlay on publications of this description is immense. The sale requires to be correspondingly extensive, but that, we believe, has been obtained; and the volumes are standard works that will be current for centuries in the market of literature. With the greater part of that time the publisher and printer, who has hazarded a fortune in this work, or the author's family, have no interest. Dr. Chalmers might have devoted his powerful mental faculties to the collection of money. He would have made an excellent banker or merchant. He might have formed a large fortune, and bought and entailed an estate in his family while his descendants continued. He followed another course, and one still more useful to mankind. Therefore, the property reared by him only belongs to his family for a limited period. He did not belong to party, it is said, but to mankind; and, therefore, mankind agree to appropriate the pecuniary proceeds of his labors, after a given period. So runs the law.

Dr. Chalmers was born in Anstruther, a little burgh on the shores of the Frith of Forth, near by the East Neuk of Fife. Passing over the introduction, the first chapter opens with a brief description of the past, and now almost forgotten, greatness of Anstruther. The family of Dr. Chalmers appear to have been connected with Fife for a considerable period:—

“With the county of Fife Dr. Chalmers' family had for some generations been connected. His great-grandfather, Mr. James Chalmers, son of John Chalmers, laird of Pitmedden, was ordained as minister of the parish of Elie, in the year 1710. In the following year he married Agnes Merchiston, daughter of the Episcopal clergyman of Kirkpatrick, who had been ejected from his living at the period of the Revolution. Undistinguished by any superiority of talent, the simple kindness of Mr. Chalmers' disposition endeared him to his parishioners, and there still lingers in the neighborhood a remembrance of the familiar and affectionate intercourse which was carried on between minister and people. What the minister himself wanted in energy was amply made up by the vigorous activity of his wife. Brought up in the school of adversity, she had learned the lesson of a most thrifty economy. The estate of Radernie, purchased by her savings, out of a slender income, which had to bear the burden of twelve children's education, still remains in the possession of one of her descendants; while, in the after history of more than one member of her family, the care with which she had watched over their infancy and education brought

forth its pleasant fruits. Her eldest daughter married Mr. Thomas Kay, minister of Kilrenny, a parish immediately adjoining to Anstruther. With the family at Kilrenny manse, the family of Dr. Chalmers' father continued to maintain the closest intimacy. It was to Mrs. Kay's son-in-law, Dr. Adamson, of St. Andrews, that Dr. Chalmers was himself indebted for his presentation to the living of Kilmany.

"Mr. Chalmers' eldest son, the Rev. John Chalmers, D.D., succeeded his father as minister at Elie, but was afterward translated to the parish of Kilconquhar. He inherited his mother's talent, and in his day was distinguished both as an eloquent preacher, and an able and zealous advocate of that policy which then predominated within the Church of Scotland. Mr. Chalmers' second son, Mr. James Chalmers, having married Barbara Anderson, of Easter Anstruther, settled in that town as a dyer, shipowner, and general merchant. He was succeeded in a prosperous business by his second son, Mr. John Chalmers, who, in 1771, married Elizabeth Hall, the daughter of a wine merchant at Craill. They had a very numerous family—nine sons and five daughters—of whom only one died in childhood. The following table is extracted from Mr. Chalmers' family record:—

"John Chalmers and Elizabeth Hall were married on the 20th August, 1771.

CHILDREN BY SAID MARRIAGE.

	BORN.	BAPTIZED.
1. James, . .	June 11, 1772	June 14
2. Lucy, . .	Nov. 9, 1773	Nov. 14
3. Barbara, . .	June 21, 1775	June 25
4. George, . .	April 1, 1777	April 6
5. William, . .	Aug. 31, 1778	Sept. 6
6. Thomas, . .	Mar. 17, 1780	Mar. 19
7. Isabel, . .	Dec. 13, 1781	Dec. 16
8. David, . .	May 31, 1783	June 1
9. John, . .	May 19, 1785	May 22
10. Helen, . .	Aug. 31, 1786	Sept. 8
11. Jean, . .	June 29, 1788	June 29
12. Patrick, . .	June 16, 1790	June 20
13. Charles, . .	Jan. 16, 1792	Jan. 22
14. Alexander, .	April 9, 1794	April 13'

"Dr. Chalmers, the sixth child and fourth son in this crowded household, was born at Anstruther, on Friday, the 17th March, 1780."

Unlike many other crowded families, this one was not early thinned; and one of the disadvantages attending a numerous flock of rivals to a mother's care was, that the nurse had the management of Thomas at an early age; and a bad nurse she appears to have been, since the victim of her anger never entirely forgot the treatment he received. Many young persons derive their first impressions in life from a bad nurse, like the girl who fixed her character indelibly on the mind of Thomas Chalmers. It is a great mistake to place the most inexperienced servant in the nursery, if she be to rule there

in the "vice-maternal" chair, although it is a common error, from which the world has derived many of the crooked and perverse minds by whom it has been vexed, and made worse than it might have been, if that practice had been avoided. The boy in this instance ran away from the nursery to the school, in the hope of escaping from calamities which daily annoyed him at home. He was not sent, but he fled to the school, when three years of age. Infant schools were then unknown, and so he must have been regarded as a remarkably young scholar; but the teacher, Mr. Bryce, was old, and so nearly blind, that when he attempted to strike offending scholars with his "rod," the blows meant for them generally fell on his own table. He had an assistant, who abandoned his principal's system of discipline; but was unfortunate in his career, although a man of considerable parts:—

"Though he continued for many years afterward to preside, Mr. Bryce had furnished himself with an assistant, Mr. Daniel Ramsay, afterward parochial schoolmaster at Corstorphine, to whose care all the younger children were in the first instance consigned. The assistant was as easy as his superior was harsh. As teachers, they were about equally inefficient. Mr. Ramsay sought distinction in his profession by becoming the author of a treatise on "Mixed Schools." His work won for him but little reputation; and an unfortunate act, in which, perhaps, there was more imprudence than guilt, lost him his situation, and plunged him in poverty. For many years Dr. Chalmers contributed regularly for his support. His latter days were spent in Gillespie's Hospital, where he died about five years ago. The Rev. Dr. Steven, who visited him frequently while upon his death-bed, in a letter with which I have been favored, says:—"On one occasion he spoke to me, in a very feeling manner indeed, of Dr. Chalmers, and the impression made upon my mind was such that I have not yet forgotten the words he employed: "No man," exclaimed he, "knows the amount of kindness which I have received from my old pupil. He has often done me good, both as respects my soul and my body; many a pithy sentence he uttered when he threw himself in my way—many a pound note has the Doctor given me, and he always did the thing as if he were afraid that somebody should see him. May God reward him!" The feeble old man was quite overpowered, and wept like a child when he gave utterance to these words."

"There had been a dash of eccentricity about Ramsay. Some years ago, when the whole powers of the empire lodged for a short time in the single hand of the Duke of Wellington, he wrote to his Grace, in the true dominie spirit, but with almost as much wisdom as wit—that he could tell him how to do the most difficult thing he had in hand, namely, to cure the ills of Ireland. He

should just take, he told him, 'the taws in tae hand, and the Testament in the tither.' Engrossed as he was, the Duke sent an acknowledgment signed by himself; and for some time it was difficult to say which of the two Daniel Ramsay was proudest of—having taught Dr. Chalmers, and so laid, as he was always accustomed to boast, the foundation of his fame—or having instructed the Duke of Wellington as to the best way of governing Ireland, and having got an answer from the Duke himself."

The letter to the Duke does not bear out Ramsay's character for dealing easily with his scholars. Teachers most probably become inured to "the taws" as they increase in years; but Ramsay's distribution of the governing powers is bad. The Testament should always be tried before "the taws," in managing Ireland and governing schools; and if the precepts of the Testament had been more consistently applied to Ireland than has been done, we might have found less use for "the taws" in conducting its affairs. Dr. Chalmers' good nature was more apparent than his genius at Anster parish school. The exercises there failed to inspire in him any love of learning. He went there not to find instruction, but a refuge; and he appears to have been often unsuccessful in his object. Few of our greatest men have been precocious students. We have grave doubts respecting the propriety of taxing the intellect greatly at an early age. Parents who expect children to be little men and women seldom get much good out of them. It will hardly do, we fear, to try and blot out infancy, boyhood, and girlhood from life. Art is strong, and training powerful; but nature will keep its own against both, or avenge the theft at a subsequent period. Still the boy contains the germs of the man. Great changes may be produced by the agency of many circumstances, by the force of experience, or, finally, as Scott has it, by the force of truth; but through them all the influences of infancy and youth retain their places, sometimes scarcely perceptible, but always real, and not seldom powerful. The schoolboy character of Dr. Chalmers is clearly marked in the following passages:—

"By those of his schoolfellows, few now in number, who survive, Dr. Chalmers is remembered as one of the idlest, strongest, merriest, and most generous-hearted boys in Anstruther school. Little time or attention would have been required for him to prepare his daily lessons, so as to meet the ordinary demands of the school-room; for when he did set himself to learn, not one of all his schoolfellows could do it at once so quickly and so well. When the time came, however, for

saying them, the lessons were often found scarcely half-learned—sometimes not learned at all. The punishment inflicted in such cases was to send the culprit into the coalhole, to remain there in solitude till the neglected duty was discharged. If many of the boys could boast over Thomas Chalmers that they were seldomer in the place of punishment, none could say that they got more quickly out of it. Joyous, vigorous, and humorous, he took his part in all the games of the playground, ever ready to lead or to follow, when schoolboy expeditions were planned and executed; and, wherever for fun or for frolic any little group of the merry-hearted was gathered, his full, rich laugh, might be heard rising amid their shouts of glee. But he was altogether unmischievous in his mirth. He could not bear that either falsehood or blasphemy should mingle with it. His own greater strength he always used to defend the weak or the injured, who looked to him as their natural protector; and whenever, in its heated overflow, play passed into passion, he hastened from the ungenial region, rushing once into a neighboring house, when a whole storm of mussel shells was flying to and fro, which the angry little hands that flung them meant to do all the mischief that they could; and exclaiming, as he sheltered himself in his retreat, 'I'm no' for powder and ball,' a saying which the good old woman, beside whose ingle he found a refuge, was wont in these later years to quote in his favor, when less friendly neighbors were charging him with being a man of strife, too fond of war."

During his school days, Thomas Chalmers was caught preaching to a single auditor, from the appropriate text, "Let brotherly love continue." The circumstance is not of much importance, because, as we remember once to have previously noticed, most boys preach at some period of their career; for the same reason that they teach schools and play at "soldiery," without much more probability of becoming "dominies," or following a warlike career, than that of "the Queen of May" to change her crown of roses for one of diamonds and gold.

Thomas Chalmers left school early, and entered St. Andrews College:—

"In November, 1791, whilst not yet twelve years of age, accompanied by his eldest brother, William, he enrolled himself as a student in the United College of St. Andrews. He had but one contemporary there, who had entered college at an earlier age, John, Lord Campbell; and the two youngest students became each, in future life, the most distinguished in his separate sphere. However it may have been in Lord Campbell's case, in Dr. Chalmers', extreme youth was not compensated by any prematurity, or superiority of preparation. A letter written to his eldest brother, James, during the summer which succeeded his first session at college, is still preserved—the earliest extant specimen of his writing. It abounds

in errors, both in orthography and grammar, and abundantly proves that the work of learning to write his own tongue with ordinary correctness had still to be begun. His knowledge of the Latin language was equally defective, unfitting him, during his first two sessions, to profit as he might otherwise have done from the prelections of that distinguished philosophical grammarian, Dr. James Hunter, who was then the chief ornament of St. Andrews University."

At St. Andrews College, a number of the professors were "Ultra-Whigs," keen Reformers, and what would now be called "Radicals." They were also men of exceptional opinions and views in religious matters, which is not a necessary, not often in Scotland—a usual accompaniment of keen reforming opinions. Radicals, as they are called, get no authority for their politics so good as they may find in the Bible, if they carefully read its injunctions. Their opinions influenced the young student. His father was, like many laymen in his day, of more evangelical sentiments than the majority of the ministers; but he was also a Town Councillor of Anstruther, and the official influence he possessed in the burgh, for a councillor stood in no dread then of November, made him a Tory. His son deviated from his father's ecclesiastical and political opinions; and while the latter were recovered in a short period, many years passed before he was restored to the former. Mathematics was his favorite study; but he read the popular political works of the day, and felt a warm interest in political discussions:—

"Other subjects, however, besides those of his favorite science, were pressed upon his notice, not so much by the pretensions of the class-room, as by the conversation of Dr. Brown and his accomplished friends. Ethics and politics engaged much of their attention. Yielding to the impulses thus imparted, Dr. Chalmers, at the close of his philosophical studies, became deeply engaged with the study of 'Godwin's Political Justice,' a work for which he entertained at that time a profound, and, as he afterward felt and acknowledged, a misplaced admiration. His father was a strict, unbending Tory, as well as a strict, and, as he in his childhood fancied, a severe religionist. By the men among whom he was now thrown, and to whom he owed the first kindlings of his intellectual sympathies, Calvinism and Toryism were not only repudiated, but despised. 'St. Andrews' (we have his own testimony for it) 'was at this time overrun with Moderatism, under the chilling influences of which we inhaled, not a distaste only, but a positive contempt for all that is properly and peculiarly Gospel, inasmuch that our confidence was nearly as entire in the sufficiency of natural theology as in the sufficiency of na- u-

ral science.' It was not unnatural that, recoiling from the uncompromising and unelastic political principle with which he had been familiar at Anstruther, and unfortified by a strong individual faith in the Christian salvation, he should have felt the power of that charm which the high talent of Leslie, and Brown, and Milne, threw around the religious and political principles which they so sincerely and enthusiastically espoused; that his youthful spirit should have kindled into generous emotion at the glowing prospects which they cherished as to the future progress of our species, springing out of political emancipation; and that he should have admitted the idea that the religion of his early home was a religion of confinement and intolerance, unworthy of entertainment by a mind enlightened and enlarged by liberal studies. From the political deviation into which he was thus temporarily seduced, he soon retreated; from the religious, it needed many years, and other than human influences, to recall him.

"In November, 1795, he was enrolled as a student of Divinity. Theology, however, occupied but little of his thoughts. During the preceding autumn he had learned enough of the French language to enable him to read fluently and intelligently the authorship in that tongue upon the higher branches of Mathematics. His favorite study he prosecuted with undiminished ardor."

St. Andrews, we suspect, has never changed nominally in some respects. Moderatism has always prevailed there, although occasionally a chair has been filled by men like Dr. Chalmers or Sir David Brewster. The politics of Moderatism have changed, and even the religious peculiarity in some respects. The Professors of St. Andrews for many past years must be acquitted of holding "Ultra-Whig or keen reforming views." We deem it more probable that they generally incline to the *jus divinum*, and oppose reform as unnecessary until it be accomplished; and then adopt some measure that they have resisted with the power given to them, as a final measure to be conserved with care. The religious element of Moderatism has also changed. It professes now to be evangelical in religious doctrine; then it professed to be very near Socinianism or Arianism.

Although Dr. Chalmers, when a student, kept journals, corresponded largely, and had abundant practice in English composition, yet he seems to have been long defective in that department. Dr. Hanna insists that his earliest compositions were deficient in the imaginative and sentimental qualities. The sermons composed when he was still very young, and recently published, warrant one half of the opinion. They contain no flights of the imagination; but they exhibit a mixture of what might be called sentimentalism



—occasionally in undue proportions. We subjoin part of Dr. Hanna's criticism on this subject:—

"His third session at the university, which had witnessed his first well-sustained intellectual efforts, had witnessed also his earliest attempts in English composition. Here he had to begin at the very beginning. Letters written by him, even after his second year at college, exhibit a glaring deficiency in the first and simplest elements of correct writing. And he had to become very much his own instructor, guiding himself by such models as the prelections of Dr. Hunter and Dr. Brown, and the writings of Godwin or other favorite authors, presented. A few of his first efforts in this way have been preserved. They exhibit little that is remarkable in style. The earliest compositions of those who have afterward become distinguished as poets, or orators, or eloquent writers, have generally displayed a profuse excess of the rhetorical or the imaginative, which it took time and labor to reduce to becoming proportions. In the college exercises of Dr. Chalmers this order is reversed. The earliest of them are the simplest and plainest, with scarcely a gleam of fancy or sentiment ever rising to play over the page. They give token of a very vigorous youthful intellect disciplining itself at once in exact thinking and correct perspicuous expression; never allowing itself to travel beyond the bounds of the analysis or argument which it is engaged in prosecuting; never wandering away to pluck a single flower out of the garden of the imagination, by which illustration or adornment might be supplied. Those who, as the result of their analysis, have concluded that in Dr. Chalmers' mental constitution the purely intellectual largely predominated—that fancy was comparatively feeble, and that imagination, potent as she was, was but a minister of other and higher powers, might find historic verification of their analyses in the earliest of his college compositions."

His college life commenced in 1793; and in 1807, while Dr. Chalmers was on a visit to London, we find some memoranda of this same John Campbell, who has lived to be one of the first English lawyers—the representative first of Dudley, and next of Edinburgh, in the House of Commons—the Attorney-General of England—the Chancellor of Ireland—the great legal historian of the day—a member of the House of Peers—and now promises to succeed Lord Denman in the Court of Queen's Bench:—

"Tuesday, May 12.—Breakfasted with the Miss Hunters, and took three of them to the Royal Academy, and had great satisfaction in observing the increasing celebrity of Mr. Wilkie's picture. In going along to Somerset House I met John Campbell. [Now Lord Campbell.]

"Wednesday, May 13.—Breakfasted with John

Campbell. Much franker and more manly than in the first years of my acquaintance with him."

His collegiate career was diversified by a tutorship, which, from his correspondence, was evidently distasteful to him, and he retired from the family early in 1799, to be licensed as a preacher:—

"Soon after his return, he applied to the Presbytery of St. Andrews to be admitted to his examination, preparatory to his obtaining a license as a preacher of the Gospel. Some difficulties were raised against its being received. He had not completed his nineteenth year, whereas Presbyteries were not wont to take students upon probationary trials until they had attained the age of twenty-one. It happily occurred that one of his friends in the Presbytery fell upon the old statute of the Church, which ordains, 'that none be admitted to the Ministry before they be twenty-five years of age, except such as for rare and singular qualities shall be judged by the General and Provincial Assembly to be meet and worthy thereof.'

"Under cover of the last clause of the statute, and translating its more dignified phraseology into terms of common use, his friend pleaded for Mr. Chalmers' reception as 'a lad o' pregnant pairs.' The plea was admitted; and, after the usual formalities, he was licensed as a preacher of the Gospel on the 31st July, 1799. It was one of the tales of his earlier life which he was in the habit in later years of playfully repeating, that such a title had been so early given to him, and such a dispensation as to age had been granted."

Some time elapsed before Mr. Chalmers made any use of his license. He proceeded to visit a brother at Liverpool, and first conducted public worship in the Scotch Church, in Chapel Lane, Wigan, on Sabbath, the 25th August, 1799. He preached on the following Sabbath in Mr. Kirkpatrick's church, Liverpool. His brother, writing from Liverpool, said—"It is impossible for me to form an opinion of Thomas as yet; but the sermon he gave us in Liverpool, which was the same as we had in Wigan, was in general well liked." . . . His brother thought the discourse rather more practical than doctrinal, and he complained of the preacher's awkward appearance and dress; adding, that "his mathematical studies seem to occupy more of his time than the religious." Mr. Chalmers returned to Scotland, and in 1800 he was studying in Edinburgh, while we hear very little more of his preaching until the middle of 1801, when the circumstance occurred that first introduced him into a course of regular professional service:—

"While Dr. Chalmers was imbibing wholesome

lessons from Dr. Robison, his friend, Mr. Shaw, was acting as assistant to the Rev. Mr. Elliot, minister of Cavers—a parish in Roxburghshire, lying along the southern banks of the Teviot, a few miles below Hawick. Having the prospect of removal, by the promise of a presentation to the neighboring parish of Roberton, Mr. Shaw thought of his college friend as his successor, and endeavored to interest in his favor Mr. Douglas, the chief resident landholder in, and patron of, the parish of Cavers. 'It seems,' says Mr. Chalmers, in a letter to Mr. Shaw, dated at Edinburgh, June 1st, 1801; 'it seems that you had mentioned me to Mr. Douglas. He asked Leyden about me, who carried me to his house on Thursday last, where I dined. Not a single word, however, passed upon the subject, and I am quite uncertain as to his intentions. You must now see, my dear sir, the impropriety of my taking any step without the knowledge of Mr. Douglas; and that my business at present is to remain passive till something more transpire upon the subject. I have left my direction with Mr. Leyden, and wait for any proposals from Mr. Douglas that may occur.'

"This letter was grounded as a misapprehension. It had not been to Mr. Douglas, as patron of the parish, that Mr. Shaw had applied: the assistantship in this case did not involve the succession; it was by the minister that the appointment was to be made, and it was from him only that any proposal could emanate. Mr. Shaw suggested that Mr. Chalmers should come without delay and preach at Cavers, that by his becoming favorably known to the parishioners, Mr. Elliot might be induced to appoint him as his assistant."

Mr. Chalmers had apparently mistaken the nature of the appointment, and taken a mere assistantship for the better appointment of assistant and successor. The worst position of the two was not, at the time, unacceptable to a young man who desired to be independent, and was, to some extent, burdensome on his family. After several negotiations, he arrived at the determination to regard this southern parish as an intermediate place, having first secured something better in Fifeshire. The parish of Kilmany had become vacant while the negotiations regarding Cavers were in progress. This vacancy was caused by the death of Dr. Wilson, the Professor of Ecclesiastical History in the University of St. Andrews. The presentation was in the gift of the Professors; and they, to spare themselves from discussion, had agreed to exercise the right of presentation to parishes in the gift of the body, alternately. The fortunate Professor at the time was Dr. Adamson, who had the Civil History Chair, and was a distant relative of Mr. Chalmers, for whose benefit he determined to exercise his privilege. Some time elapses often between a vacancy and a new presentation in

Scotch parishes; and Mr. Chalmers believed that he might occupy this time advantageously at Cavers, but he was unwilling to incur the expense of taking up house, and therefore accepted Mr. Shaw's proposal to reside with him at the manse of Roberton; thus commencing his career as a non-resident. Some objections were made to the arrangement, but it was ultimately completed; and at pages 54, 55, we meet the following piece of worldly wisdom:—

"Having secured a majority of votes among the Professors at St. Andrews in favor of his presentation to Kilmany, Mr. Chalmers joined Mr. Shaw at Roberton.

"Roberton, January 13, 1802.

"Dear Father,—The people in this country are kind and hospitable in the extreme. You cannot conceive the kindness both Mr. Shaw and myself have experienced from the farmers around, in sending us peats, hay, straw, &c. Parochial examinations are quite common in this country. I begin that duty on Monday fortnight, and, as the parish is extensive, it will take me upward of a fortnight to accomplish it. The mode is to divide the parish into a number of small districts, in each of which you are accommodated with lodgings, &c., in one or other of the farmer's houses. I am now quite free from sore throat, and the people in Cavers have not lost a Sunday since my arrival. They are quite satisfied with my non-residence.—I am yours affectionately."

It should be mentioned that Kilmany became vacant in consequence of Dr. Wilson's death, only by the translation of Mr. Cook to the Chair of Church History; and thus the interval to be filled up was longer than usual.

In the autumn of 1802, Mr. Chalmers left Cavers, and spent the winter as a mathematical teacher in St. Andrews. The session did not pass without some bickerings between him and the Professors, and it closed in a storm. Their opinions and practice did not correspond exactly with those of the indefatigable teacher, who, whatever might have been his views regarding religion, was at least a most industrious and zealous—even a highflying—mathematician. After the close of the session his ordination to Kilmany was fixed, and his father urged him to devote some time for reflection on the serious nature of the responsibilities that he was to assume; but Mr. Chalmers objected to this course, arguing that if he had not his mind in a right condition before that time, it was "vain to think that the extraordinary effort of a few days will very essentially contribute to pre-



paration or to improvement." Dr. Hanna says correctly, "The truth was, that in the greatest and most affecting of all subjects, the ground of a common understanding did not as yet exist between father and son;" but of the former, he adds, "it but remained for him, in faith and with prayer, to await the time (and he lived to see it, and was glad) when he should not only become intelligible, but secure the completest and profoundest sympathy." The ordination at Kilmany occurred on the 12th of May, 1803. The parish is small; the population were few, and occupied in agricultural affairs; the situation was retired, and the manse was in bad order. The minister had calculated on retaining his "mathematical assistantship;" and when disappointed in that respect, he established private classes next winter in St. Andrews, and had another season's bickering with the Professors, from causes in which he seems to have been wrong and they were right, even if they were right from a bad motive. In course of the college season he became much absorbed in the business of his class; and, not satisfied with mathematics, he added chemistry also to the information which the young parish minister of Kilmany was prepared to give to the students of St. Andrews. A rebellious spirit at the time—rebellious at least to the Professors—actuated the minister of Kilmany; and it is remarkable that his Presbytery determined to bring his conduct under their review, with an intention of censuring his proceedings, "although for years his predecessor had been permitted unchecked and uncensured to do the very thing for which he was to be condemned." The members of Presbytery who brought forward the case were right in this instance, however long they may have been wrong before; but the affair was quashed after a discussion, long and exciting for those times, and in which Mr. Chalmers appeared as the strenuous defender of pluralities. When, subsequently, he renewed his chemical lectures at St. Andrews, the Presbytery agreed to insert on their minutes an opinion of Dr. Martin's, that the practice is improper, and ought to be discontinued. He became a candidate for the Chair of Natural Philosophy in St. Andrews, and was unsuccessful. Subsequently, he was a candidate for the Professorship of Mathematics in Edinburgh, and was defeated. This contest, however, drew from him his first publication, written for the purpose of proving that a Scotch parochial minister had, "after the satisfactory discharge of his par-

ish duties, five days in the week of uninterrupted leisure for the prosecution of any science in which his taste may dispose him to engage." It was well for himself, for his church, and his country, that Mr. Chalmers was defeated both in chemistry and mathematics. In 1805 he became a volunteer in the Fifeshire corps, and succeeded in acquiring an intense distaste for the French revolution, and the aggrandizing schemes of Napoleon Bonaparte.

Toward the end of December, 1806, his brother George, who had been an officer in a British privateer, died. The sailor's faith and principles were more in accordance with his father's than the minister's; but the death of the naval brother had some influence on the clerical, and other bereavements that followed rapidly, passed not without effecting a change in his character. Of this first death for many years in the Anstruther family, Dr. Hanna says—"It was the first death of a near relation which Thomas had witnessed, and the deep impression which it made was the first step toward his own true and thorough conversion unto God."

Dr. Chalmers made his first visit to London in the spring of 1807. He desired to form a connection with the publishing circles of the metropolis, in which his name was destined to be better known than he could then have even anticipated. He traveled by Liverpool, and kept an interesting journal by the way. In Liverpool, where he had many friends and relatives, and with which he was previously acquainted, he stopped for some time, and performed some official duty. The allusion, at the close of the following extract to his lady critic, is amusing:—

"April 19th.—Left Lancaster at seven in the morning, and arrived in Liverpool at six in the evening.

"April 20th.—Went with a party from Mr. MacCorquodale's to the Botanic Garden. . . . I christened his daughter at three o'clock, and we sat down to dinner at four. Mr. Yates, and a son of Dr. Currie's, were of the party. The former assailed me with an application to preach for him, which I have had the simplicity to consent to, a circumstance which I dislike exceedingly, from the extreme awkwardness of my provincial dialect. Mr. Currie is a merchant of this place, combines liberalism and fashion, is an admirer of the Edinburgh school, and carries in his manner a great deal of the chastened amenity of a cultivated temper. They are both warm admirers of Mr. Stewart, a circumstance in which I took the liberty of differing from them. I lament the provincialisms of my tone and conversation, but must study to get over it by a proper union of confidence and humility.

"Tuesday, April 21st.—Accompanied a party to a pottery about a mile and half up the river. Was delighted with the elegance and simplicity of the process [which is most minutely and graphically described]. . . . Went to the School for the Blind, a truly admirable institution. . . . They have an hour for music—the effect was in the highest degree interesting, and the allusion to their own situation most pathetic. Dined in Mr. MacCorquodale's. The only gentleman was a Mr. Duncan MacCorquodale, a military gentleman, of an appearance rather unfashionable, but accompanied with a most interesting modesty. To such as these I feel attached by an impulse the most kindly and benevolent, and cannot but spurn at the heartless formality of those who could triumph in the timidity of the inexperienced. Oh, how I like the untrained originality of nature! Oh, how I dislike the trammels of a cold, lifeless, and insipid formality!

"Friday, April 24th.—I spent the forenoon with Dr. Traill, a chemical lecturer and practitioner, with a great deal of ardor and philosophic simplicity. He showed me his chemical apparatus. The most interesting was—1. An apparatus for decomposing water [minutely described and diagrammed]; 2. A glass apparatus for decomposing water by galvanism [the form of two vessels drawn, and the manner of using them detailed].

"Saturday, April 25th.—Walked to the Botanic Garden, and spent two hours in it. Found it of this form and dimension. [Here follow plan and measurements, with notices of its rarest plants.]

"Sunday, April 26th.—Preached in the forenoon for Mr. Kirkpatrick, on the comforts of religion, and in the afternoon on drunkenness, the former with far more effect and impression than the latter. In the afternoon we met at three o'clock, after dinner, which has the effect of making both a drowsy preacher and a drowsy audience. Mrs. H. evidently reluctant in her testimony of approbation—disposed to overrate the deficiencies of manner and pronunciation; and asleep in the afternoon."

He visited all the lions of Liverpool, and the last was the "Union Guineaman," a vessel going out of dock to the African trade, as the name would imply. In his journal he says:—

"We had the music of benevolence to drown all the relentings of nature, and ladies waved their handkerchiefs from the shore to sanctify what was infamous, and deck the splendid villany of the trade."

The period is not long since the people of this country bought and carried slaves on their own account, and they should not now be very uncharitable toward their neighbors whose conversion has been doomed to occur some half century after their own change. Mr. Chalmers' "notes by the way," through the heart of England, at any time of his life,

would have been instructive. Some of them are inserted in this volume, and we confess that if more of them exist we should like them all. Blenheim is a thoroughly public place. It is almost public property, so connected is it with some of the brightest of military achievements in our history. Mr. Chalmers being then a clerical soldier—a volunteer of Fife—was drawn by a kindred spirit to Blenheim; and the house built by the nation, like the estate bought for the great Marlborough, delighted him much:—

"Thursday, April 30.—Left Birmingham for Woodstock, at seven in the morning, where I arrived at four in the afternoon. There was only another passenger in the coach, and he was inside—a sensible, discreet, cultivated man, whom I afterward learned to be a Fellow of Oxford, and who had evidently a little of the rust and embarrassment of a learned profession. I parted with him at Woodstock. I was immediately conducted by a person from the inn to the gate of Blenheim. For a particular account see *Guide*, which seems to be written with great taste and power of description. The pleasure I felt was heightened by a variety of circumstances which supplied associations of grandeur. In addition to the stateliness of actual display, I had the recollection of its origin, the immortality of its first owner, the proud monument of national glory, the prospect not of a house or scene, or a neighborhood, but the memorial of those events which had figured on the high theatre of war and of politics, and given a turn to the history of the world. The statue of Louis XIV., placed upon the south front, and taken from the walls of Tournay, gives an air of magnificence far beyond the mere power of form or of magnitude. It is great not as a visible object, but great as a trophy, great as it serves to illustrate the glory of England, and the prowess of the first of warriors. I spent two hours in the garden. Never spot more lovely—never scene so fair and captivating. I lost myself in an Elysium of delight, and wept with perfect rapture. My favorite view was down the river, from the ground above the fountain. The setting sun gleamed on the gilded orbs of Blenheim; through the dark verdure of trees were seen peeps of water, and spots of grassy sunshine; the murmurs of the waterfall beneath soothed every anxiety within me; the bell of the village clock sent its music across the lake on my left. I sat motionless, and my mind slumbered in a rev-ery of enchantment."

From Woodstock Mr. Chalmers walked to Oxford, on May Day of 1807; and an old journal belonging to an old gentleman of the present day, places the chances of forty years most palpably before the men of the current year. Ministers do not walk long journeys now; but some time previously Mr. Chalmers had walked from Edinburgh to Liverpool.

The idea of Dr. Chalmers walking up to Liverpool would have amused, if it had not startled, the younger class of his admirers in recent times. Men do not now walk, and they do not, therefore, know the country so well as their traveling ancestors; but the advantage is now, that more people travel than in 1807.

Another extract shows the contrast in traveling :—

“ May 3.—Left Oxford at seven in the morning, . . . and landed in Ludgate Hill about seven in the evening.”

Some parts of Mr. Chalmers' life in London present singular contrasts with his subsequent principles. His great purpose is served by their disclosure. His life illustrated two different modes of thought and action, and he wished the illustrations to be known and read. We take, in the first place, the work of two or three Sabbaths from his journal. They mark the progress of society in opinion and thought on the observance question :—

“ Sunday, Nov. 3.—Walked on London Bridge, round the Tower, along Cornhill and Cheapside to St. Paul's, where I heard service. After dinner, we sallied out to Westminster Bridge, St. James's Park, Hyde Park, Kensington Gardens, and returned by Oxford Street and Blackfriars Bridge. Astonished at the display; the dress, the carriages, and company, gave a high idea of the wealth and extravagance of London.”

We need not say that London has now a finer display of wealth than in 1807; but we doubt whether the Sunday exhibitions of that period were not greater than at the present day.

From the next extract, we do not learn that the Scotch parish minister considered attendance on public worship necessary, unless in an incidental way, while in London :—

“ Sunday, May 10th.—The badness of the day prevented us from prosecuting any of our schemes. Walked out before dinner to Dulwich village, where we had the full view of the country, enriched and adorned by the neighborhood of the metropolis. After dinner, a round by Oxford-street. We returned by Blackfriars, when, *en passant*, we had an opportunity of hearing the delightful music in Rowland Hill's, and the roaring enthusiasm of another preacher, whose sect was founded by a female mystic—Joanna Southcote.”

On the following Sunday he did, indeed, attend chapel, probably with some desire to see the king :—

“ Sunday, May 17.—Went to the King's pri-

vate chapel, where, at half-past eight, I was gratified with the entrance of their Majesties and the Princess Elizabeth. His manner is devotional and unaffected. I heard them all repeat the service most distinctly; and was much pleased with their frank, easy, and benevolent appearance. The view of Twickenham was most charming. Pope's house was among the delightful residences that we gazed on with rapture from the opposite side. The river was enshrined with pleasure-boats, and the gay London parties walking and drinking tea on both sides gave cheerfulness and animation to the prospect. The idea, however, of vicinity to the metropolis, pollutes all our rural impressions of this fascinating scene—takes off all the pure interest which the idea of simplicity confers, and mingles with original nature the vices, profligacy, and corruptions of civilized life. We ascended Richmond Hill; eyed with rapture the country before us; saw in the rich scene that presented itself the wealth of the first city in the world, spreading its embellishments over the neighborhood. Took a boat to Kew, when we passed Hlesworth, and had a charming sail down the river. From Kew, we coached it to town, and reached Walworth by eleven in the evening.”

These pictures of London in the olden time, as forty years are long ago, have a strange interest now to those who remember that London has, in the direction indicated, trebled or quadrupled all the signs of wealth and magnificence since 1807.

On his return to Scotland, the minister of Kilmany walked a part of the way, and we subjoin his account of another Sabbath-day's journey :—

“ May 31.—Started at seven, and walked to Bishopwearmouth. The country possesses no great decisive features. The bridge over the Wear is an astonishing piece of workmanship. I got under it in a boat, and made my observations [a minute description of the bridge is given]. Falling in with a man who drove a post-office gig, rode to South Shields. Crossed over to North Shields for twopence, in a sculler. From North Shields I proceeded to Tynemouth, with which I was delighted; the east fragment of the Abbey is particularly beautiful. Sailed up the river to Newcastle.”

We have allowed our remarks to extend too far on the early portion of this volume; but it is that part of Dr. Chalmers' life with which the public are least acquainted. At Kilmany, his theological opinions underwent a complete change. He entered the parish as a moderate minister of the old school, and was, we may charitably hope, an unfavorable specimen of his class. At his ordination, although described by an old minister as “a lad o' pregnant pairs,” he did not consider any special preparation for his charge neces-

sary. After he had been for some time minister of the parish, he was ashamed to engage in the duty of family prayer when any of his parishioners spent an evening at the manse. His first winter as parochial minister was passed in teaching chemistry and mathematics, at a distance of eight to ten miles from his church. His first speech in an ecclesiastical court was in defence of his own pluralities and non-residence. His first publication was written to prove that a parish minister has five days of leisure weekly after the satisfactory discharge of his official duties. His first visit to London was attended by a course of what he afterward regarded as apparent Sabbath-breaking. His first efforts to get into the universities were directed to the secular Chairs of Chemistry and Mathematics. His first address to the General Assembly was a clever pleading for augmented stipends. His first struggle with the law courts was for one chauldron more.

We cannot wonder that Kilmany, its quiet manse, and humble population, were endeared to this great man. There a revolution most complete was accomplished in the purposes for which he lived. There he adopted new principles, learned to weigh all things as he had never done before, and, in the emphatic language that he would have used, "was born again." The domestic bereavements that contributed to this great change occurred at Kilmany. He formed there other domestic relations that endured until his death. He came to the parish a clever, worldly, scheming scholar; and he left it with a nobler mind, better stored with knowledge, matured by experience, rich in spiritual wisdom, and with all its powers devoted to the work which he did not comprehend when he undertook its performance. The first volume closes with the negotiations for his removal to Glasgow, and his election by the Town Council as minister of the Tron parish. The transfer to Glasgow was not particularly advantageous, in a pecuniary view, and he had long ceased to consider emolument a matter of chief moment in such transactions. His election, by the Glasgow Town Council in 1814, was effected only after a severe struggle. The Evangelical party were beginning to acquire influence in the Church at the time; but they were very generally spoken against. Society had not pronounced in their favor, and the brands of extravagance and fanaticism rested upon them. Mr. Chalmers had preached a funeral sermon in his own neighborhood, and some gentlemen belonging to Glasgow attended the service.

They were anxious that he should be brought to occupy the Tron Church, then vacant. His character and his talents were then partially known; and the election created much excitement in Glasgow, and considerable interest in all parts of the country. The surviving member of the family, through whose agency chiefly Mr. Chalmers was proposed for this vacancy, informed us that, subsequent to his appointment, and when the genius of the great orator was acknowledged and appreciated, some of his Glasgow friends, anxious that he might not be drawn to Edinburgh, proposed to erect a suitable house, and convey it to him as his personal property. He thanked them for the kindness of the intention, and requested a few days to consider their proposal. At the end of the specified time, he informed them that he could not accept the house they proposed to build, because none of his co-presbyters had glebe houses, and he feared that the distinction might impair his usefulness amongst them. Even at that time he contemplated the acceptance of a professional chair, and urged that he would be more useful at the fountain-head than working in the stream. He was translated from the Tron to St. John's parish in Glasgow, but he never accepted a parochial appointment out of that city. He became Professor of Moral Philosophy in St. Andrews, and ultimately attained his great sphere of usefulness as Theological Professor in Edinburgh.

The first volume closes with 1814—the presentation to the Tron parish, and the commencement of Dr. Chalmers' busy life. All his great literary and theological works date subsequent to that year. At Kilmany, he had been prepared and armed for the conflict he was doomed to sustain, and the work he was purposed to do; he left it to enter on a life of anxiety, excitement, and labor, destined never to close on earth—he left it to commence a career of great and almost unrivaled moral influence and power. The revolution accomplished in his mind at Kilmany was designed to extend over Scotland. The small Fifeshire parish is therefore classic ground in Scotch literature and theology. In it the leader in that 30 years' war of moral and religious principles was schooled and trained to his task. His biographer skillfully lays out before us, from journals and letters, the gradual process of change accomplished there. No violent emotions marked that period. The convictions regarding faith and practice that grew up in his mind formed a gradual, and not a rapid, conversion. Dr. Hanna has

exercised great care in bringing all these points prominently forward in his narrative. The first volume is thus one of the most interesting that can occur in the series; but the subsequent volumes will necessarily be composed of more exciting material; and, judging from the present, and from other circumstances, we infer that the completed work will form a biographical narrative of great utility and extreme interest.

We experience great difficulty in persuading people that the world is not becoming worse; and we are confident that it is getting better. Mr. Chalmers, when first in London, would not have opposed the free and full delivery of letters and Newspapers on "Sunday." While traveling to Newcastle, as he took the post-office gig, the sculler and the boat, he would not have refused the railway. A great change has occurred in society on these matters.

In London, he attended some political meetings, and was displeased with the cookery:—

"Saturday, May 23d.— . . . Repaired to the Albany, and dined with Mr. Sheridan and 150 of his admirers. The dinner was wretched—too little of it—and the worst conducted I ever saw. Great tumult and confusion among the company. I was disappointed in all the speeches, and much shocked with the extreme incorrectness of feeling discovered by several of the company."

In addition to John Campbell, he met another Fife man, equally famous in his own department:—

"Thursday, May 21st.—Called on Wilkie; took Russell square in my road, and think it the finest in London. Mr. Wilkie is a man of genius and excellent sense, with all the simplicity which accompanies talent, and firmness to resist corruptions and flattery. After leaving him, I took a

round among the streets and squares to the north of Oxford-street."

The opera had few charms for the mathematician and the minister:—

"Friday, May 15.—The India House—Deptford—the Docks—We proceeded to Drury Lane Theatre, where we heard the comic opera of 'The Duenna,' 'High Life Below Stairs,' and the pantomimic ballet 'Don Juan.' I am not fond of operas, because I have no taste for that music the merit of which appears to me to lie entirely in the execution. The squalling exertion of the performers is painful to me, and not a word of the song can be collected. Indeed, such is the extent of Drury Lane Theatre, that in many parts of the house the most audible and distinct enunciation must be lost upon the hearers. The house was quite full, more decorous than the circus, and exceeds anything I have seen in the splendor of its boxes, and rich, expensive scenery. None of the performers appeared to me first-rate. The pantomime I did not enter into. We returned to Walworth in the morning."

And if the public had generally the honesty of this critic, we are not sure that the opera would meet the encouragement it receives; for nine-tenths of the audience know nothing of foreign languages when sung, and are not naturally fond of foreign music. The central pages of this volume, and by far the greater part of it, are occupied with correspondence and extracts of a most instructive and useful character. Better reading scarcely could be conceived. Anything more striking than the gradual uprising and purification of this great mind has not recently been published, and we remember no other work that is so obviously the history of a mind in its passage from listlessness to anxiety, and from earnest seeking for, to the practical enjoyment of, cheerful and confident piety.

JENNY LIND.—Since this lady left England, she has enjoyed the repose she has so much needed, amid the beautiful scenery of Switzerland and the Tyrol, her health having been previously re-established by the baths at Ems. Her voice is more powerful and flexible than ever. Russia and England are both wooing her return to the exercise of her profession, and the King of Sweden has sent a special messenger to entreat her presence in her native city, when she was able to undertake the journey. It will be a matter of deep regret if she does not visit England next season; she is well known to cherish

the warmest affection for this country, where she has a nation's admiration, and many devoted friends. The death of the lamented Bishop of Norwich was almost as great a trial to the fair songstress as the death of her friend Mendelssohn had been; in one of her latest letters, she entreated the friend to whom she wrote to place a chaplet of ivy, which she enclosed, upon the grave of Dr. Stanley, "as her tears!" This simple offering is in accordance with one of the customs of her country. Miss Lind is now at Lubeck, but will soon proceed thence to Berlin.—*Art Journal.*

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## THE ARCTIC VOYAGES:

WITHOUT doubt the most wondrous of all voyages made for geographical purposes since the discovery of the New World, have been the expeditions in search of a north-west passage. They are wondrous for the zeal, the endurance, and the perseverance with which they have been carried out. They are still more wondrous for the misplaced and perverted direction in which such qualities, and the material necessary to give them effect, have been brought to bear. It is like a boy who first climbs a hillock, and then a tree, and then a cliff. His ardent spirit is never satisfied but with new triumphs. The youth climbs the same tree for a nest, or a cliff for some cave, or other object in view. Maturer age is supposed to weigh still more astutely the *quid pro quo*, and the probable return for sacrifice of time, money, material, and life. It is easy to understand the spirit of adventure and love of enterprise that carries one or more individuals across pathless forests, or over arid deserts, into mountain fastnesses or savage lands; but it is difficult to imagine a government or a nation seized with the same impulse, or communicating it to the crews of so many doomed ships. It is impossible not to feel a service ennobled by first opening to navigation and commerce the great rivers and olden thoroughfares of the earth; penetrating into unknown lands by the fevered delta of unexplored streams, surveying and mapping coasts torn and rift into islands like those of Southern America, so dangerous to seamen; or circumnavigating the globe; discovering new lands; bringing civilization into contact with remote populations; and bearing "glad tidings" on wings of canvas—for all these things there is a feeling and sympathy; but who has ever entertained a serious hope of working a passage through the ices of the Arctic region, or of opening even a summer way to China by the Polar Seas?

The efforts made, not to grapple with the difficulties of the case, but to beat Nature in her sternest aspect,—to sweep away the ice-floe, and to shoulder out the berg from their own realms,—will, indeed, ever be narrated

as a miracle of misdirected energy and enterprise. It seems as if the most adventurous nation in the world had grown tired of all commonplace explorations, or had deemed that nothing remained to be done on this small planet of ours—that large populations did not remain to be detected on the Nile—that an interior highland country, with the resources of a territory so favored, did not actually lie within the grasp almost of an outstretched hand upon the tropical coasts of Africa—that the interior of the great continent of Australasia was not still a blank—that the Isthmus of Panama did not still remain to be cut through—and that, in disgust at nothing more remaining to be done, it betook itself to the hopeless task of battling with the perpetual frost of the Arctic regions, and opening a passage through its ice-locked seas.

From the time of Queen Elizabeth, when the idea of a north-west passage first found favor in this country, to the present day, there have been upward of thirty attempts made by British ships to effect this difficult object. This alone ought to satisfy all reasonable minds—such as have faith in the skill and courage of English navigators—of the inutility of renewed struggles. One of the very first attempts made was of most ominous import. The gallant Sir Hugh Willoughby took his departure from Radcliffe, on his fatal voyage to discover a north-east passage, on the 20th of May, 1553. He sailed with great pomp by Greenwich, where the court then resided. Mutual honors were paid on both sides. The council and courtiers appeared at the windows, and the people covered the shores. The young king, Edward VI., alone lost the noble and novel sight; for he then lay on his death-bed: so that the principal object of the parade was disappointed.

Sir Hugh led the expedition, in the *Bona Esperanza*, of 120 tons. There was also a second ship, called the *Edward Bonaventura*; and a third smaller vessel, called the *Bona Confidentia*, of ninety tons, commanded by Captain Durfoorth. The *Bonaventura* parted company, during a storm, on their

way out ; the two other vessels with their unfortunate crews were found frozen to death in the harbor of Arzina Recca, in Lapland. As no one survived to tell the history of their sufferings, it is impossible to say whether they wanted fuel or whether scurvy was the cause of their melancholy end. It is, however, a remarkable circumstance that they had an abundance of provisions. The tradition of their fate informs us that they were frozen to death, and that in this state they were found the following year by some Russians. It is impossible to conceive a more melancholy doom. They were well provided with everything which the science of the time could suggest to guard them against the accidents of the sea ; and their ships were entire, and in harbor. Under all these circumstances, the deplorable end of Sir Hugh Willoughby has been handed down to posterity among the most lamentable and melancholy which the nautical annals of the world record.

Gaspard Cortesius, or Cortereal, and his brother Michael, had before perished in the same research. So the Venetian, Sebastian Cabot, employed by Henry VII., had been cast back, by an impenetrable barrier of ice, in 1506. John Varascenus sailed in 1524, under the auspices of Francis I., King of France, and he and his crew are reported to have been devoured by the savages. Sebastian Gomesius, a Spaniard, took the same route in 1525, and all the honor he acquired was to bring away some Esquimaux. In 1576, the bold navigator, Sir Martin Frobisher, discovered, as has been only lately shown, Hudson's Strait ; and between Warwick Island and that great land, which, strange to say, has not yet received a name, a strait which still bears his name. In 1585, John Davis made the equally important discovery of the opening into Baffin's Bay, which likewise bears his name. Davis sailed again in 1586, and again reached what he graphically calls "The Land of Desolation," but was driven back by stress of weather. Notwithstanding that the west country and London merchants grew tired of the expense of these frequent expeditions, Davis was so sanguine of success that he got up a third, in which, as in the preceding, he discovered more coasts and islands, but failed in the main object. The veteran navigator appears to have been somewhat of a controversialist in political theology, as well as a bold explorer, for in a letter addressed to Mr. Secretary Walsingham, on his return from his third voyage, he tells him that he found that

many ignorant and malicious people had a very mean opinion of what he had done, because his voyages had not answered the expense ; but he persuaded himself that so wise and honorable a statesman would think in a manner different from the vulgar, and esteem his services capable of producing great advantages to the nation, even supposing that no such passage as he expected should be found, in support of which he laid down five points, the first of which was to the following effect :—

"That it would redound very much to the honor of the queen and her subjects if the people in these northern regions were converted to the Christian faith, in which pious work many of those busy and fiery spirits might be profitably employed, that by their factious stirrings at home served only to create confusion in church and state." It is impossible not to admit that this is a very wise suggestion ; nothing could be more appropriate for "fiery spirits" than regions of icy coldness, or for those employed in "factious stirrings" than a "land of desolation."

Notwithstanding the failure of all who had attempted to reach 77 deg. 45 min. north latitude, or to push through the icy barrier which obstructed a further progress, the Dutch, who in the sixteenth century were the most enterprising maritime people in Europe, sent out several expeditions in the vain hope of trading by the north-east with China. They, however, like their predecessors, found the ice too pertinacious even for Dutch perseverance. Although these expeditions took a direction opposite to the one generally attempted by the English, that of 1596, which was piloted by Wm. Barentz, derives great interest at the present moment, from the trials and sufferings of the crew when frozen in at Nova Zembla, and the possible similar position of our brave countrymen. The supply of bears and foxes appeared to be sufficient to support a crew that had even little else to depend upon. The bears, it is true, disappeared when the sun went below the horizon, but the foxes fortunately remained in plenty. A single bear furnished a hundred weight of grease for their lamp. It is needless, however, to say that their sufferings were great. On the sixth of December they found the cold so intense, they had no expectation of surviving it. They could scarcely keep up the circulation by any resources at their command. It pleased the Almighty, however, to relieve them from this forlorn state, and the greater number returned in safety to their country.



A first expedition, fitted out in 1606, by what was then called the "Muscovy Company," was brought to an abrupt termination by the murder of Captain Knight, his brother, and one of the crew, by the natives of Labrador. A second expedition was fitted out by the same company the ensuing year, and the command was given to the distinguished navigator Hudson, who subsequently discovered that immense bay which will carry his name and unfortunate end to the latest times. Hudson succeeded in his first expedition in pushing north as far as latitude  $81\frac{1}{2}$  deg., and he returned home, after coasting Spitzbergen, with the conviction, which modern experience has not impugned, that a further navigation was completely barred out by the ice in that direction. In 1608 the same bold navigator sailed in search of a north-east passage, at that time as favorite a chimera with the maritime countries of Europe as the north-west passage has since been. Hudson pushed on in the parallels of 74 deg. and 75 deg., till he made the coast of Nova Zembla, which he did in a more southerly latitude (72 deg 25 min.); but finding a farther course impracticable, he returned with the conviction that there was no hope of a north-east passage—a decision which has not as yet been proved to be incorrect. Yet that which appertains to a north-east obtains equally with regard to a north-west passage. There is no passage to the westward, that is, south of North Cape, except the straits of the Fury and Hecla, and that only leads into an inlet trending further to the north. The perpetuation of ice is not, however, it may be observed here, a mere question of latitude. Nova Zembla, for example, which lies between the parallels of  $68^{\circ}$  and  $77^{\circ}$  N., is far more desert and inclement than Spitzbergen, which is so much farther to the N. It is a land of frost and ice, a howling waste, a region of utter desolation, where intense cold holds the sceptre over a lifeless domain.

In 1610, Hudson set sail in the *Discovery* on his last voyage. He perished in the very heart of his noblest discovery, neither by storm nor by iceberg, but the victim of treachery; and the mystery of his fate causes his name to be pronounced, even now, with pity, while his skill and courage make the man an object of our admiration, even in these times, when a northern navigation and wintering are not considered such extraordinary perils by the navigator.

Notwithstanding the calamitous issue of this voyage, the discovery thereby made of a great sea in the west excited new hopes of a

passage being accomplished. To determine this fact, Captain, afterward Sir, Thomas Button, was dispatched the ensuing year (1612); and this officer, who seems to have been active as well as resolute, soon made his way through the straits, and, pushing directly across the sea that opened to the westward, came in view of the southern point of Southampton Island, and nothing else breaking the apparent continuity of the ocean, he was cherishing the most sanguine hopes of success when land was announced, and there appeared before him an immense range of coast stretching north and south, and barring all further progress. After wintering in Hudson's Bay, Sir Thomas steered the next summer through the broad bay which separates Southampton Island from the continent, since called Roe's Welcome, but finding that the channel became narrower and narrower, he gave up the attempt. Thus it was, that gradually after the discovery of Davis's Straits, Baffin's Bay, and Hudson's Bay, the coast of America was found to keep trending to the northward; and to the main continent was found to succeed a vast archipelago of ice-clad islands. Whenever a new bay was discovered, it turned out to be an inlet, or a land and ice-locked gulf; when a new channel was explored, it led only to new lands interminable in their succession, and whose intricacy is a thousand-fold increased by the difficulty in determining where land ended and ice and snow succeeded. Thus it has been that, by undaunted courage and wondrous perseverance, a great icy archipelago has been eliminated from out of what was supposed to be the Polar Seas; and the narrowness of the channels by which this archipelago, which is closed in by Greenland and its ices on the one hand, and the continent of America on the other, can alone be reached, constitutes the truly great and formidable obstacle that presents itself to the permanent opening of a north-west passage. A narrow sea, however strong the current, must be always more exposed to an accumulation of ice than an open sea, still more so when that channel is one of a few outlets to perpetually frozen coasts and seas; and hence it is that passages, circumstanced as Barrow's Straits and those of the Fury and Hecla are, can never be available for anything beyond a brief summer's navigation.

The fate that awaited the next expedition sent out to discover a north-west passage, without being in any way disastrous, was fully as instructive as any that preceded or followed it. A Captain Gibbons, said to be



an officer of reputation, set forth boldly with two vessels, in 1614, to effect that which so many had already failed in accomplishing. No sooner, however, was he off the coast of Labrador than he allowed himself to get entangled in the ice and frozen into a bay, where he remained all summer, and from which he was no sooner extricated than he very wisely took his way back as fast as he could. The spot where this Polar exhibition met with so ignoble a termination was designated at the time as "Gibbons his Hole."

The Merchant Adventurers, undismayed by this signal failure, sent out another expedition the ensuing summer. Entering Hudson's Bay at a higher latitude, this expedition sailed up the broad expanse, afterward called Fox's Channel; but foiled by the coast of Southampton Island, which seemed to preclude any prospect of an opening to the westward, the commander, Bylot, returned home, to be sent out again the following year in the company of Baffin, with orders to push northward by Davis's Straits. This new direction given to the exploration was so far successful, in a geographical point of view, as to have led to the discovery of Baffin's Bay, and the exploration of a considerable portion of the coast of Western Greenland, as well as of the opposite shores.

In 1619, Jans Munk, sent out on a voyage of discovery by Christian IV. of Denmark, reached Hudson's Bay, and was frozen with his crew in Chesterfield Inlet, and which might, with more propriety, be denominated Munk's. Although the expedition fell in at this point with abundance of game, bears, foxes, hares, partridges, ducks, and other wild fowl, famine and disease carried off numbers before the winter was over. By the next spring, indeed, only Munk and two of his crew remained alive among the dead bodies of forty-nine comrades, who lay unburied around! The three survivors succeeded in reaching home after dreadful hardships and sufferings; but the fate of that expedition, and the horrible scene enacted in that fatal inlet, has never been equaled in even the fearful catalogue of calamity which the annals of the early northern navigation present to the pitying reader. In 1630, eight British seamen wrecked on the coast of Spitzbergen, and left without any resources but those which were supplied by their own ingenuity, survived to be restored to their friends and country the ensuing summer; while in 1633, seven Dutch sailors left in Mayen's Island, provided with a hut and most things they required, perished of cold.

The history of the first case—one of the most extraordinary instances of preservation on record—is highly instructive, and especially interesting in its bearing upon the possible fate of the crews of the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

In the year 1631 another expedition was fitted out under Captains Fox and James. Captain Fox explored the seas that bathe Southampton Island to the east and west, and he called the eastern channel after himself, whereas it ought more properly be called Bylot's, having, as before seen, been first navigated by that officer. As to James, entangled in the southern extremity of Hudson's Bay, he spent a winter under the most extreme suffering from cold, and returned next summer to England.

The Hudson's Bay Company having obtained chartered possessions in the territories adjacent to that bay in 1668, they were bound by that charter to make strenuous exertions for the discovery of a north-western passage; but it was not till 1719 that they fitted out an expedition under Knight and Barlow. These officers not returning, a vessel was sent out next season under Captain Scroggs, but without being able to learn any tidings of them; and it was not till FIFTY YEARS afterward that the wrecks of their armament were found on Marble Island.

In 1741, an expedition under Captain Middleton explored the coast westward of Roe's Welcome, and after being disappointed at Repulse Bay of a passage westward, he was finally repelled at Frozen Straits. Captains Moor and Smith followed in 1746 upon the same tract, without adding to the discoveries of their predecessor. In 1776 the armed brig *Lion* was sent under Lieutenant Pickersgill, with the view of co-operating with Captain Cook, who, it was hoped, might make his way from Behring's Straits into the Atlantic, but it only reached a latitude of 68 deg. The same vessel was sent out again the next year under Lieutenant Young, but with little better success, having reached a latitude of 72 deg.

The land journeys of Hearne and Mackenzie to the northern extremity of America assisted in keeping alive curiosity. The former succeeded in reaching the mouth of the Coppermine River and the shores of the Northern Sea, and the latter also reached the same sea in nearly the same latitude, and about 20 deg. to the westward of the mouth of Hearne's River. It appeared almost certain from these discoveries, as has since been determined by Franklin, Richardson, Simpson, and others, that an ocean extended from

beyond the icy archipelago along the whole of the north coast of America.

The appointment of Sir John Barrow, personally distinguished by his geographical researches, to a high official situation in the Admiralty, opened a new era in the researches for a north-west passage. Sir John applied to this important question the whole powers of an undoubtedly vigorous and penetrating judgment; and although often, nay, always baffled, he still returned to the charge with an indomitable perseverance, which, even if ill-directed, still claims our respect. It was well known that the great sea which bore Baffin's name had been very superficially explored, and there was every reason to believe that there were communications between that sea and the Greenland Sea on the one side, and the Northern Sea on the other. A first expedition was accordingly fitted out in 1818 by the Admiralty, to solve this interesting problem. Captain, now Sir John Ross, and Lieutenant, now Sir Edward Parry, were employed on this arduous service, nor was this first of the recent expeditions void of peril or interest. Already at Cape Farewell, the southernmost point of Greenland, the expedition came in view of those numerous and lofty icebergs which appear to be ever floating round that formidable headland. Proceeding up the bay, they were first stopped near Waygat Island by a great barrier of ice; but making themselves fast to a berg, they waited till the barrier broke up, which it did to the eastward, and they were thus enabled to move forward slowly along the coast, laboring through narrow and intricate channels, every now and then a gale of wind springing up and driving the ice against the vessels, threatening them with instant destruction.

We have been so far particular in this first instance of more recent Polar voyages in order that we might give at the onset a clear idea of what the difficulties of navigation are in the higher parts of Baffin's Bay at the best season of the year, and how far such a sea can be considered as available for the purposes of a north-west passage. Yet all discovery tends to establish that it is only by Lancaster Sound, at nearly the north-western extremity of this bay or sea, that a passage can be effected. After a superficial examination of the more spacious sounds that are to be met with at the northern extremity of Baffin's Bay, and more especially of that designated as Sir Thomas Smith's, the most promising of all, but which Sir John Ross satisfied himself to be completely enclosed

by land, the expedition came, on the 30th of August, to a most magnificent inlet, bordered by lofty mountains of peculiar grandeur, while the water, being clear and free from ice, presented a most tempting appearance. This proved to be Lancaster Sound, the inlet to Barrow's Straits; but, by some strange mischance, Sir John Ross fancied that he saw stretching across the inlet a chain of mountains, and after penetrating a distance of thirty miles, he steered out of the channel, and returned home early in October.

Sir Edward Parry and several other of the officers having differed (at least on their return to England) in opinion with Sir John Ross, as to the real character of Lancaster Sound, a second expedition was sent out in 1819, under the first-mentioned distinguished navigator. This expedition was composed of the *Hecla* and *Griper*, and these two vessels were, like their predecessors, obliged to sail up the eastern side of Baffin's Bay, along the border of the great icy field, till they could turn westward to Lancaster Sound, which they reached on the 30th of July. The expedition entered the sound with an adverse wind, but open waters and a heavy sea filled the minds of all with hope and suspense. On the 3rd of August a change of wind enabled them to push forward, and raised these feelings to the highest. The masts were crowded with officers and men, and the successive reports brought down from the crow's nest were eagerly listened to on deck. The wind, freshening more and more, carried them rapidly forward, till at midnight they found themselves in longitude 83 deg. 12 min., nearly 150 miles from the mouth of the sound, and having sailed over Capt. Sir J. Ross's chain of high mountains.

The lengthened swell which still rolled in from the north and west combined, with the oceanic color of the waters, to inspire the flattering persuasion that they had passed the regions of straits and inlets, and that they had entered into the wide expanse of the Northern Sea. A compact and impenetrable body of floe ice, however, soon drove them to the southward, where they discovered that great sea called Prince Regent's Inlet, which subsequent discovery has shown to connect Baffin's Bay with Hudson's Bay by the Hecla and Fury Straits, as also to have its own opening to the Northern Sea. Returning hence, a happy change of weather enabled the ships to proceed westward by the channel, to which Sir Edward Parry gave the well-merited name of Barrow's Straits, dis-

covering and naming on their way Wellington Inlet, Cornwallis Island, Bathurst Island, and other fragments of the great icy archipelago, which, with Melville and Sabine Islands and Banks' Land, the distinguished discoverer grouped together under the name of North Georgian Islands. On the 4th of September, Sir Edward Parry was enabled to announce to his joyful crew, that, having reached the longitude of 110 deg. west, they were become entitled to the reward of £5000, promised by Parliament to the first ship's company who should attain that meridian. Unfortunately, in regions where summer is of such brief duration, on the 20th of September, being arrested by an impenetrable barrier of ice, young ice began to form with such rapidity as to oblige them to retrace their steps to Melville Island, where they had to cut their way through the ice into a winter station.

Not only may this expedition be considered as by far the most effective ever undertaken, as far as yet known, in search of a north-west passage; but the circumstances and the position of the ships' crews wintering in such a parallel has few cases that will compare with it. In these high latitudes and remote icy lands, the dreariness and desolation of winter exceeded any thing ever before beheld even in the Arctic world. All animal life, with the exception of a pack of wolves and one white fox that was captured, appear to have taken themselves off to the neighboring continent early in the winter. The manner in which the crews sought amusement and exercise during this long frosty night of six months' duration, the running to the tune of a barrel organ, the gazette edited by Captain, now Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine, and the theatrical performances carried on when man's breath was frozen at a few yards' distance from a fire, are too well known to require being referred to here. It was not till the 2nd of August, that is to say, till summer was nearly gone by (and this is a most important fact to notice, for it would intimate that the North Georgian Seas are only open to navigation for about six weeks of the year), that the ice broke up, and the ships were enabled to resume their way to the westward. On arriving, however, a little beyond the same point where their progress had been arrested the previous year, they found the frozen surface of the ocean presenting a more compact and impenetrable aspect than had ever before been witnessed. They had now, on the one hand, the western extremity of Melville Island, on the other,

the bold coast of what was called Banks' Land, and as even a brisk gale from the east did not produce the slightest movement on the glassy face of the deep, they were led to believe, that, on the other side, there must be a large body of land, by which it was held in a fixed state. The further progress of this most remarkable expedition ceased therefore at this point, leaving one fact tolerably evident, that, after passing Barrow's Straits, it must be by a more southerly parallel than Banks' Land that a north-west passage remained to be sought for.

Notwithstanding this important fact, the next expedition, that of the *Fury* and *Hecla* under Sir Edward Parry and Captain Lyon, was unfortunately sent to Hudson's Bay. At the onset of this expedition Chesterfield Inlet and Repulse Bay were explored in vain for a passage westward. Several other inlets, among which Gore Inlet, Lyon's Inlet, and Hoppner's Inlet, were discovered and explored with similar results, till, winter coming on, the expedition was obliged to take up quarters for the season on what has ever since been called Winter Island. On the 2d of July the ships were enabled to resume their voyage, and proceeding up the coast of Melville Peninsula, they discovered the straits called the *Fury* and *Hecla*, but they were so blocked up with ice, that, notwithstanding the most persevering endeavors, they were unable to effect their way, and had to return to pass a second winter in the Polar regions at the Island of Igloodik. The summer that followed was unusually late, and still more adverse to exploration, and scurvy having broken out, the commander of the expedition was, much against his will, obliged to wend his way back to his native shores.

The failure of this expedition brought back attention to Barrow's Straits, but unluckily Prince Regent's Inlet was considered to hold out hopes which even the discovery of Dease and Simpson's Strait scarcely warrant. The *Hecla* under Sir Edward Parry, and the *Fury* under Captain Hoppner, were sent out in this direction in 1824, and they passed their first winter at Port Bowen in Lancaster Sound. The next summer an entrance into Prince Regent's Inlet was effected, but in latitude 72 deg. 42 min., longitude 91 deg. 50 min., the *Fury* received such severe damage from the ice, as to be obliged to be abandoned, and the expedition was glad to make the best of its way home in the remaining vessel.

It having appeared to Sir John Ross that

steam-power might be used with great chances of success in this peculiar field of discovery, he was fortunate enough to find a generous individual, Sir Felix Booth, to undertake the expense of the adventure. The *Victory* steam-vessel was purchased for the purpose, but unfortunately fitted with a bad engine. This vessel sailed from the Thames the 23d of May, 1829; after some disasters, reached Cape Farewell on the 3d of July, and a little more than a month after sailed into Lancaster Sound. The strait was luckily clear of ice, and arriving at Prince Regent's Inlet, Sir John Ross, carried away by the same untoward notions as prevailed with the previous expedition, sailed down that channel, keeping to the mainland. On the 12th, the party descried the place of the *Fury's* wreck, but to their mortification a strong current carried them from the spot. Beyond this they found an extensive bay, which was named Adelaide, but the commander, considering that he was already beyond the point where a passage westward could be expected, retraced his course to the *Fury's* station, where an abundance of provisions were obtained from the wreck. Thus provided, they again set out on their career of discovery; but in a south-south-west direction, exploring many bays and inlets, landing on the mainland, and naming it Boothia, and finally wintering in Felix Harbor. The ensuing spring, Commander (now Sir James) Ross was dispatched on various land excursions; in one of which he not only crossed the peninsula and reached the Northern Sea, but he explored its shores to Cape Felix, within a few days' journey to the point reached by Sir John Franklin in his journey eastward along the same shores.

The steamer did not get free from the ice until the 17th of December, but a northerly wind setting in, and bringing all the ice down this peculiarly dangerous bay, the steamer was unable to fight its way against the drift; and by the 23d of the same month, they were to their infinite mortification frozen in for another winter. The next spring Sir James Ross carried on further explorations by land, during one of which he determined the position of the North Magnetic Pole in latitude 70 deg. 5 min. 17 sec. N., and longitude 96 deg. 46 min. 45 sec. on the western coast of Boothia, and not far from the cape called by him "Cape Nicolai I."

The discoverers having abandoned all hopes of returning home in the *Victory*, an expedition was made the same spring to the station of the *Fury*, where they fitted out the boats

and sailed in them to Barrow's Straits, which they found closed up by an impenetrable mass of ice, so that they were obliged to retrace their steps, and search once more for winter-quarters in this desolate gulf. The next summer happily a lane of water showed itself as early as the 14th of August, when they at once embarked their provisions and stores, and sailed with a favorable wind. Barrow's Straits were found tolerably clear, and the sea beyond North Somerset quite navigable, though encumbered with ice. What an opportunity was thus lost of effecting the north-west passage! Turning, however, the other way, and passing from Barrow's Straits into Lancaster Sound, the discoverers happily overtook the *Isabella* of Hull, once commanded by Sir John Ross, and the scene on the arrival of a party so long lost, and supposed to have been dead two or three years back, was one of the most affecting scenes on record.\*

In the year 1839, Messrs. Dease and Simpson descended the Coppermine River, and, doubling Cape Alexander, passed Point Turnagain—Franklin's farthest, as also Simpson's farthest in 1838—and then entered a deep bay crowded with islands. When the coast began to trend northward they expected to be carried round to Sir James Ross's Cape Felix, but they met on the way with a strait running in to the southward of at least ten miles wide at either extremity, but contracting to three miles in the centre. This strait separates Cape Felix from the mainland, and opens upon Captain Sir George Back's Point Ogle, at the mouth of the Great Fish River, previously discovered by that distinguished traveler. Messrs. Dease and Simpson had settled, the previous year, the separation of Boothia from the American continent on the western side of the same river; so they proceeded by Cape Hay, the extreme eastern point seen by Sir George Back, to a further bold promontory, which they named Cape Britannia. Their view hence of the low main shore was confined to five miles, in an easterly direction, after which it appeared to turn off greatly to the right. They therefore entertained no doubt of their having arrived at

\* The circumstance of Sir James Ross having thus crossed Boothia on two different occasions, and communications having been held with the Esquimaux, without the straits of Dease and Simpson having been seen or heard of, the probably islanded character of Cape Felix discovered, or the separation of Boothia from the mainland determined, attest in a remarkable manner the immense difficulties under which Arctic explorers labor.

that large gulf called by Sir John Ross Gulf of Boothia, and which is uniformly described by the Esquimaux as stretching downward, till it approaches within forty miles of Repulse and Wager Bays—the latter the scene of the *Terror's* ill-starred voyage.

The existence of this strait is considered by the discoverers as determining the existence of a north-west passage; for as the Gulf of Boothia may be reached either by the straits of the Fury and Hecla, or by Prince Regent's Inlet, so the strait of Dease and Simpson leads at once into the Northern Sea, bounded in these latitudes to the north by Victoria and Wollaston Lands. But it is extremely doubtful if a passage so narrow, and so much blocked up with ice, as that between Boothia and the mainland, can ever be made available to purposes of navigation.

In the year 1843 or 1844, Sir John Barrow submitted a plan to the First Lord of the Admiralty for carrying on research in the same seas, with a request that it might be laid before the president and council of the Royal Society, by whom a resolution was passed in favor of the measure. It was then further referred to those best acquainted with the subject—Sir John Franklin, Sir Edward Parry, Sir James Ross, and Lieutenant-Colonel Sabine. All of whom approved of the plan.

With these separate opinions, the project was sent to the head of her Majesty's government, and being approved, by him, measures were forthwith taken to carry it into execution. Two ships, the *Erebus* and *Terror*—the same which had been so successfully employed for three years in the southern Arctic regions under Sir James Ross—were immediately placed under the command of Sir John Franklin, and the expedition sailed in the spring of 1845. To obviate delay from calms or contrary winds, or where narrow channels between floes or masses of ice might have to be passed, each ship was supplied with a small steam-engine to work a screw, so as to insure a progress of from four to five knots an hour; and this screw was so contrived that it could be let down or drawn up as occasion might require. Each ship was commanded by a captain thoroughly experienced in seas encumbered with ice: Captain Sir John Franklin in the *Erebus*, and Captain Crozier in the *Terror*, with able and intelligent officers under them; among whom, Lieutenant, now Captain Fitzjames, who served in the Euphrates Expedition, and afterward in the war in China.

Considering the route by Lancaster Sound

and Barrow's Straits as the proper, and, as far as our knowledge extends, the only open maritime route to be pursued in endeavoring to effect a passage to Behring's Straits, the expedition was directed to make this the first point to be attained. The opening which we have previously noticed, as issuing from the northern side of Barrow's Straits, called Wellington Inlet, and which in appearance is said to be little inferior to Lancaster Sound, was, we think, very properly objected to; as the only chance of its becoming available would be that it leads into an open sea, and which, as it opens to the northward, is not very likely. The expedition was, therefore, directed more judiciously to the southern part of the strait; and, if we are to follow the statement made by Sir Roderick Impey Murchison to the Royal Geographical Society, nor to turn off after passing the north-western extremity of North Somerset, but to continue onward to beyond Cape Walker, between which and Melville Island the ships were to take a middle course by the first opening that might present itself after passing the latter cape; and thence to steer to the southward, half way between Banks' Land and the northern coast of America, proceeding more or less directly, or as far as the ice would admit, for the centre of Behring's Straits.

The distance to this latter point from the centre point between Cape Walker and Melville Island is about 900 miles. The results of Sir Edward Parry's great journey, previously described, as well as the results of the examination of the northern coast of America by Sir John Franklin, Sir George Back, Sir John Richardson, Messrs. Simpson, Dease, and others also previously alluded to, and the favorable appearance of the Polar Sea for navigation close along the shore as far as the power of vision extended, together with the absence of islands, except small rocky patches, close in shore, from the 105th meridian W. to Behring's Straits; the whole of these ascertained state of things—added more particularly to the additional means placed at the disposal of the experienced commander by means of screw propulsion—afforded to geographers and to men of science alike what appeared to be well-grounded hopes of a successful issue to this last great Arctic expedition.

Unfortunately these hopes have been doomed to a prolonged disappointment. The last information received from the expedition stated them to be at White Fish Island, on the east coast of Greenland, in 69

deg. 9 min. north, and 53 deg. 10 min. west, all well. Since that period three winters have elapsed, and a fourth is now going by, and notwithstanding that the ships were fully stored and provisioned for three years, and the confidence that was felt and is still felt in the united efforts of skill, science, and daring, guided by experience, great anxiety and alarm began to be felt in many quarters for the safety of our brave countrymen. This was so far also sympathized with, both by Government and by others who had distinguished themselves in Arctic travels, that expeditions of succor were resolved upon, and her majesty's ships, *Enterprise* and *Investigator*, were sent out in the spring of 1848 upon the track of the missing vessels. Sir John Richardson volunteered his services at the same time to carry succor to the shores of the Polar Seas by land, and another vessel, the *Ploner*, employed in surveying duties in the Pacific, was ordered to proceed by Behring's Straits, possibly to meet the expedition in that direction. No other possible means of aid and succor were neglected. The interest of the ships frequenting the Polar Seas in the prosecution of the whale-fishery was gained over by large promises of rewards, more especially on the part of Lady Franklin, a wife worthy of a gallant husband. It was attempted, and for a time with promises of success, to move even the Russian and American governments in the cause of the missing adventurers.

Nothing proves more the uncertainty of the climate and seasons in the Polar regions, than that in 1848 the whaling ships having run to the southward of Baffin's Bay, and having carefully examined the pack edge for any opening that might lead them to the westward, they came to the conclusion that there was not the smallest chance, from the close, compact, and heavy nature of the ice, for any ship crossing to the west coast of Baffin's Bay that season.

This was at the very moment that Sir James Ross was slowly making his way northward by Davis's Straits. On the 20th of August, the expedition visited Pond's Bay, with the view chiefly of communicating with the Esquimaux, but without success. From Pond's Bay they commenced a rigid examination of the coast to the northward, keeping the ships close in along land, so that neither people nor boats could have passed without their seeing them.

On the 26th, the expedition arrived off Possession Bay, and a party was sent on shore to search for any traces of Sir John

Franklin's expedition having touched at this general point of rendezvous. Nothing was found but the paper left there recording the visit of Sir Edward Parry in 1819. From this point the examination of the coast was continued with equal care, for they were in full expectation of seeing those of whom they were in search. At Cape York, a party was sent on shore with the same object, and no better success. The numerous inlets on the northern shore of Barrow's Straits were also examined, but the entrance of Wellington Channel was obstructed by an impenetrable barrier of ice. A heavy body of ice was also found stretching from the west of Cornwallis Island in a compact mass to Leopold Island. After some days of anxious and arduous work, they succeeded in getting through the pack, and entered the harbor of Port Leopold on the 11th of September. It is remarkable that Sir James Ross says, that had they not got into port on that day it would have been impossible to have done so any day afterward, the main pack, during the night, having closed the land, and completely sealed the mouth of the harbor. Imagine a port which is accessible for only one day in the year, and that amid great difficulties!

The steam launch now proved of infinite value, conveying a large cargo herself and towing two deeply-laden cutters through the sheet of ice, which now covered the harbor, and through which no boat unaided by steam could have penetrated beyond her own length. It was with great difficulty that the ships were prevented, as winter set in, being carried ashore by the pressure of the pack without on the harbor ice. Although Sir James Ross was disappointed at the small progress made the first season, it is impossible not to feel with him, that Port Leopold, at the junction of the four great channels of Barrow's Straits, Lancaster Sound, Prince Regent Inlet, and Wellington Channel, was a position of all others the most desirable, as it was scarcely possible for any party, after abandoning their ships, to pass along the shores of any of those inlets without finding indications of the proximity of succor. If, which is very unlikely, the north-west passage should ever be opened to steam, Port Leopold would evidently be a chief coal station, unless the Dease and Simpson Channel should be opened to navigation.

During the winter many white foxes were captured, and copper collars, upon which a notice of the position of the ships and depôts of provisions was engraved, being

clinch round their necks, they were set at liberty again, with the hope that some of these far-roving messengers might be the means of conveying the glad intelligence to the *Erebus* and *Terror*.

On the 15th of May, Sir James Ross, accompanied by Lieutenant M'Clintock and twelve men, left the ships to explore the north shore of North Somerset, which they did to Cape Bunny, where the shore turns southward. They proceeded accordingly in the same direction, exploring all the indentations of the coast, progress being much delayed by many of the party becoming useless from lameness and debility, till they attained a parallel of 72 deg. 38 min. north latitude, and 95 deg. 40 min. west longitude; and had not so many of the party broken down Sir James would have reached Cape Nicolai I.; the northernmost point which he had reached, as we have before seen, during his journey from the *Victory* in 1832, and he would thus have revisited the magnetic pole.

Under any circumstances this journey, it must be observed, establishes the existence of a second north-west passage north of Dease and Simpson's Strait, and between Capes Bunny and Walker; and it is probable that there are others to the westward, between Cape Walker and Banks Land.

During Sir James Ross's absence, minor excursions were made by Lieutenant Barnard and a party to the north shore of Barrow's Straits, by Lieutenant Brown to the east shore of Prince Regent's Inlet, and by Lieutenant Robinson along the western shore of the same inlet. All these various parties suffered much from snow-blindness, sprained ankles and debility, and all returned with the same want of success; and it was evident, from the absence of all traces of Sir John Franklin's expedition, that the ships had not been detained anywhere in this part of the Arctic regions. Sir James Ross, indeed, says he felt persuaded that Sir John Franklin had penetrated so far beyond Melville Island as to induce him to prefer making for the continent of America, rather than seeking assistance from the whale ships in Baffin's Bay.

On the 28th of August, after severe labor in cutting the ice, the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* were liberated from their winter quarters and stood out to sea. It was now that occurred one of the most extraordinary events that have hitherto been recorded in the annals of Polar navigation—a navigation so celebrated for its strange perils and dangers. The expedition having made the north

shore of Barrow's Straits for the purpose of following up the examination of Wellington Channel, and, if possible, extending their researches as far as Melville Island, the ships were, by the sudden setting in of a strong wind, surrounded by the ice and fairly frozen in. They remained for some time in this helpless condition, till one day the ice began to move, carrying the ships to the eastward till it had deposited them in Baffin's Bay, when the ice opened, and set them at liberty in the open sea!

Carried, in this extraordinary manner, out of the north-west passage (for Lancaster Sound and Barrow's Straits appear to be best entitled to such a distinctive appellation), without the possibility of making even an effort against the all-powerful arm of nature, which appeared in this case as if held out to forbid the accomplishment of a long-ambitioned project, the expedition of succor, with all the harbors as well as the straits closed against it by the advance of winter, had nothing left but to make the best of its way home.

In the mean time Sir John Richardson, who had sailed from Liverpool to New York on the 25th of March, 1848, had proceeded by the great lakes, the Saskatchewan, the lesser lakes, and Churchill River, to the Slave River and Mackenzie, by the latter of which he had reached the Polar Seas, establishing on the way a fishery and winter station near Fort Franklin, on the Great Bear Lake. Sir John and his party reached the sea on the 4th of August, and they had an interview at once with 300 Esquimaux, who were collected to meet them, having been apprised of their coming by signal fires, lighted by their hunting-parties on the hills skirting the river. The distance from Point Encounter, where they met this party, to the mouth of the Coppermine River, to which they next directed their course, rowing along shore, is upward of 800 miles, and the communications held with the natives assembled on the headlands to hunt whales, or scattered in parties of two or three along the coast in pursuit of reindeer and water-fowl, were frequent. They invariably said that no ships had passed. An Esquimaux family was actually encamped on the extremity of Cape Bathurst, so that if a look-out had been kept at a great expense at the most favorable point on the northern coast of America, it could not have answered better.

Beyond this cape the expedition met with floes of drift-ice, which became more numerous as they approached Dolphin and Union



Straits; the weather also became cold, frosts set in, the Esquimaux disappeared, the boats were cut up by the ice, and Sir John Richardson was ultimately compelled to abandon them in a bay between Capes Hearne and Kendall, and to prosecute the journey to the winter-station on Great Bear Lake by land, and from thence he returned to this country.

The results of these combined expeditions of succor would appear to indicate on the one hand, that Sir John Franklin's expedition got beyond Cape Walker, the point indicated in his instructions as that to which he was to sail to the southward or south-westward. They would also indicate that as late as in the summer of 1848, the expedition had not reached the open Polar Seas within sight of the northern coast of America.

Several categories present themselves as resulting from these negative facts. The *Erebus* and *Terror* may have remained frozen in from the very onset in the channels or straits between Walker's Land and Banks Land; they may, after being repulsed from those straits, have made their way further westward, and have got shut up between Melville Island and Banks' Land, or among the North Georgian Islands. They may have got beyond either of those points, and remained shut up in some of the passages between Walker's Land and Victoria and Wollaston's Lands, or they may have remained amid unknown lands westward of Banks's Land and Melville Island. A last and more melancholy category presents itself that both ships may have been nipped by the ice, and have been lost with their gallant crews. But almost all precedents, and all the facts of the case, preclude this more disheartening view of the matter. If a fatal accident had happened to one ship, it is very unlikely that it should have also occurred to the other. Again, if both ships had been lost in seas so crowded with land and ice, it is very unlikely that some of the crews did not escape; and had they done so they would have made their way to the eastward, so as to have been seen by Sir James Ross's party, or to the southward, so as to have been heard of by Sir John Richardson's. It is now well ascertained that the Esquimaux keep up intelligence of any interesting event along the whole coast of North America; and a fragment of a wreck, or a trace of a party in distress, would assuredly have been heard of.

With respect to the necessities of the missing expedition, it is true that the ships were

only provisioned for three years, but deer migrate over the ice in the spring from the main shore to Victoria and Wollaston Lands in large herds. The same lands are also the breeding places of vast flocks of snow geese; so that, with ordinary skill in hunting, a large supply of food might be procured on their shores, in the months of June, July, and August. Seals are also numerous in those seas, and are easily shot, their curiosity rendering them an easy prey to a boat-party. In these ways, and by fishing, the stock of provisions might be greatly augmented. We have the recent example of Mr. Rae, who passed a severe winter on the very barren shores of Repulse Bay, with no other fuel than the withered tufts of an herbaceous *Andromeda*, and maintained a numerous party on the spoils of the chase alone for a whole year.

Sir John Richardson considering the instructions given to Sir John Franklin to steer southward from Cape Walker, and the interest which he says he (Sir John Richardson) has always felt in the opening between Wollaston and Victoria Lands, the flood tide setting through that opening into Coronation Gulf, diverging to the westward by the Dolphin and Union Strait, and to the eastward round Cape Alexander, is inclined to think that the missing expedition would have made for this opening, and is now shut up in some of the passages between Cape Walker and the said opening.

It is most gratifying to know that supposing this to be the case, Sir John Richardson left behind that most intrepid and enduring Arctic traveler, Mr. Rae, with a party, with instructions to descend the Coppermine River about the middle of July; to cross as soon as possible from Cape Krusenstern to Wollaston Land, and endeavor to penetrate to the northward, erecting signal columns, and making deposits on conspicuous headlands, and especially on the north shore of Banks's Land, should he be fortunate enough to attain that coast. Mr. Rae was, moreover, directed to report his proceedings to the Lords of the Admiralty directly on his return; and should his dispatches experience no delay on the route, they may be expected in England in April or May next. It is to be observed that Mr. Rae also received instructions, in case of failure in these well-intentioned excursions of relief, to engage one or more families of Indian hunters to pass the summer of 1850 on the banks of the Coppermine River, to be ready to assist any party that may direct their course that way.



It has been further remarked, that admitting, as all competent persons do, that Sir John Franklin would, in case of his provisions becoming so far reduced as to be inadequate to a winter's consumption, leave his ships with officers and crews in one body, or several, and with boats cut down so as to be light enough to drag over the ice, or built expressly for that purpose, he would make his way to the continent, or to the eastward to Lancaster Sound, and that Esquimaux and Indians might in the latter case be offered rewards to relieve them. But considering Sir John Franklin's intimate acquaintance with the coast, and resources of the North American continent, it is most likely that once south of Cape Walker, he would, if obliged to abandon his ship, make his way to that coast.

The last category that remains to be considered, that of the missing expedition being to the westward of Banks' Land, or Melville Island, such a category might be met any day by the liberation of the vessels and their

arrival in the Pacific. In the mean time it is highly satisfactory to know that a further expedition of relief has been resolved upon, and that the *Enterprise* and *Investigator* are to proceed at once on their way to Behring's Straits, from which point it will in all probability be most readily put in the way of affording whatever succor or relief may by that time be most seriously in request.

It is, as we have before observed, also Sir James Ross's opinion, that Sir John Franklin and his party had pushed on so far beyond Melville Island that they had preferred making for the continent of America to returning in an easterly direction, and seeking assistance from the Baffin's Bay whalers; nor must we, in justice, pass over the efforts of several commanders of ships employed in the latter fishery to carry succor to the missing expedition. Several of them visited Lancaster Sound with this object in view. Among others, Captain Penny, of the *Advice*, who penetrated in 1848 as far as Navy Board Inlet.

## THE EMPEROR'S NIGHT ADVENTURE.

A LEGEND OF VIENNA.

BY MISS PARDOE.

It is a well-known fact that, like Haroun Alraschid, of oriental memory, Joseph II. of Austria was addicted to midnight and incognito wanderings through his capital; which, although they occasionally led to results not only disagreeable, but even dangerous, at other times amply repaid his risk and fatigue by their originality, and the insight which they afforded him into popular feeling, and that species of national under-current of thought and motive from which kings and kaisers are necessarily shut out in their gilded saloons and crowded ante-rooms. Joseph, however, unlike his eastern prototype, eschewed all companionship in these nocturnal pilgrimages; suffered no grand vœsir to follow upon his footsteps, or to share his perils; but conveniently disguised and fily armed, sallied forth alone, and trusted to the influence of his star, or that of his name, should the declaration become necessary, to liberate him from any untoward situation in which he might chance to involve himself.

Many were the unpalatable, if not useless

facts with which he was thus made acquainted; and more than once during his strolls through the suburbs, he found himself compelled to ransom his person by the surrender of his purse, his watch, his mantle, and even his arms, to the light-fingered gentry whom he encountered upon his path; but these little adventures, perilous as they were for the moment, so far from abating his passion for this mysterious pastime, only invested it with an additional zest, which contrasted most invitingly with the daily monotony of a life of restraint and etiquette.

This much explained, we will relate at least one of his adventures as it was told to ourselves.

It was on a dark and stormy night when, at the close of the midnight mass (for it was the eve of a grand festival), closely folded in a heavy cloak which had sufficed, coupled with the obscurity of the remote corner in which he had ensconced himself during the ceremony, to conceal his identity from the pious crowd about him, the Emperor issued

from the Cathedral Church of St. Stephen, into the gloom of the open space before it. Leaning within the still deeper shadows of the building against the stone-work of the sacred edifice, he suffered all the congregation to disperse before he attempted to pursue his way; but they had no sooner betaken themselves to their separate habitations, hurrying each in his own direction, to escape as quickly as they might from the heavy rain which was falling, and the fierce gusts that swept howling and hissing round the several corners of the streets, than he drew his broad-flapped hat deeper upon his brow, and securing his mantle by a tight grasp, set forth in his turn.

On the occasion in question, he bent his steps to the Leopoldstadt, which, although at that period a very important adjunct of the city, had not attained to the importance which it afterward acquired. The houses were more thinly scattered, and the open spaces more lonely, dark, and dangerous. More than once, however, the imperial wanderer had succeeded in exploring its recesses without molestation, and the violence of the weather on this particular night gave him additional confidence. Nevertheless, he was not fated to find that confidence well placed, for when about midway between the fortifications and the suburb, he was attacked by four ruffians, to whom, after a brief resistance, he was compelled to deliver over, not only all the valuables in his possession, and the cloak which had hitherto sheltered him from the storm, but even the vest of black velvet that he wore beneath it.

In this unregal plight, shivering under the cold blasts of wind, and becoming rapidly wet to the skin, he pursued his way more hurriedly in order to secure a shelter, however humble. But all was pitch darkness as he reached the straggling street; every door was inhospitably barred, and every window carefully secured, while not a sound broke upon his ear except the dull moan of the river as it flowed between its invisible banks. The descendant of the Cæsars began to wish himself safely housed in his palace; but he had wandered far, and regrets were unavailing. For an instant he stood still, deliberating in his own mind how he should act, and that moment sufficed to decide him. He had, at length, detected the bright gleam of a lamp through the aperture of a shutter, which had apparently been defectively closed, and he no longer hesitated as to the next step to be taken. The house from whence the friendly light had emanated was large,

gloomy, ancient in its structure for the neighborhood in which it stood, and was, moreover, totally isolated, being surrounded on all sides by a high wall, only broken in one direction by a pair of tall wrought-iron gates, through which the Emperor had been enabled to detect the welcome gleam. By another chance, equally fortunate, the gates had been as carelessly fastened as the window, and a very slight degree of exertion sufficed to fling one of them back upon its hinges, and to afford ingress to the imperial intruder into a vast paved space, as silent and gloomy as the street from which he had just escaped.

Nothing daunted, however, by the sepulchral aspect of this place of temporary refuge, the Emperor hastily mounted half-a-dozen stone steps, which led to a covered door-way, where he found himself in a slight degree sheltered from "the pelting of the pitiless storm," and his next discovery being a large iron knocker, he applied it so vigorously to the solid oak of which the door was composed, that he heard the long dull echoes reverberate for several seconds along the interior passages of the dwelling. Nevertheless, not a sound bespoke the existence of any one within; and again and again did the heavy hammer resound upon the oaken panels with the same want of success. Joseph II. began to lose at once his patience and his temper; and, as if to irritate him still further, the wind suddenly veered round, and drove the rain into the deepest recesses of the partial shelter he had gained. Unfortunately, kaisers become wet through as soon as the meanest of their subjects; and when the exasperated Emperor seized the knocker for the last time, he presented a pitiable spectacle. On this occasion he was, however, spared the necessity of putting forth his strength, for he had scarcely clutched it ere the door opened, smoothly and noiselessly, as though it fell back upon velvet, and a young man of apparently six or seven-and-twenty years of age, holding in his hand a lamp which burnt with extraordinary steadiness and brilliancy, stood before him.

"Who are you? and what do you seek at so untimely an hour?" he asked, firmly but courteously.

"I am one of the Emperor's officers, and I have been robbed. I seek shelter."

"His imperial and royal majesty would scarcely care to own you in such a trim, my friend," said the young man, as his eye wandered with a smile of doubt over the dripping stranger. "How can you convince me that you are not yourself a robber?"

"If I look so little like one of Joseph's guards," was the retort, "surely I bear no more resemblance to a knight of the road; a coat and cloak too many might well make you suspicious, but, as you see, I am without either."

As he spoke, the Emperor looked full into the eyes of the young man; and having advanced a pace or two toward him, the glare of the lamp fell upon his features. In an instant the door flew back, and the head of his new host was reverently bent.

"I recognize your majesty," he said, humbly, but not servilely; "enter without fear; you possess not throughout your empire subjects more devoted than me and mine."

And, snatching up a mantle of dark velvet, which was flung down upon a carved chest in the spacious hall, he adjusted it respectfully upon the shoulders of the shivering Emperor. He then rapidly closed the door, and with a gesture which might have made the most finished courtier turn pale with envy, prepared to lead the way for his imperial guest.

Wet and weary as he was, however, Joseph II. gazed about him with astonishment. The walls of the magnificent hall in which he stood were of white marble, paneled with black; the first decorated with the most costly pictures, and the last throwing into broader relief the most exquisite productions of the sculptor's chisel; the floor was overlaid with rich Persian carpets, and the domed roof was studded with silver stars. Bewildered by so unexpected a display of splendor, he moved slowly, but when he reached the threshold of the first apartment, he began to believe himself the sport of a dream. Velvet hangings, with their rich crimson folds held back by bands and fringes of gold; sofas and divans embroidered with flowers so vividly as to appear strown but newly from the choicest parterres of Eden; mirrors which supported the ceiling and reflected the feet; vessels of gold and silver inlaid with jewels; toys from foreign lands, alike without names or uses, but all either graceful or gorgeous; a bright fire of cedar and sandal-wood blazing upon a hearth of red Egyptian marble, beside which was placed a table of marqueterie, covered with fruit, and wine, and goblets of Bohemian glass; and a chair of inlaid ivory and ebony, with cushions of satin-damask as white as the breast of the *aigret-heron*—such was the spectacle which presented itself in one of the suburbs of his capital to the astonished and benighted Emperor.

In his first surprise, the imperial visitor had not remarked the disappearance of his host; but ere long he discovered that he was alone, and, throwing himself upon the snowy chair, (decidedly little suited to bear so dripping a burden,) he stretched his aching legs closer to the genial and perfumed heat of the vast chimney; and pouring into one of the Bohemian goblets, which resembled a large ruby veined with gold, a stream of amber-colored tokayer, bright and rich as though it had been just crushed from the precious grape that yields it, he emptied it at a draught.

When he again raised his head to look around him, he found his host at his side; nor did the costly garments with which he was now laden, and which he respectfully assisted his royal guest to adjust, astonish the monarch less than all the other wonders by which he was surrounded.

His acknowledgments for this well-timed attention were brief, but sincere; and when he had taken possession of a second chair, which was wheeled forward for his accommodation, he prepared to inquire into the mysteries about him.

"Your imperial majesty must be exhausted," said the firm but sweet voice of his entertainer, as he was about to speak; "permit me to offer to you a few drops of a precious elixir which will at once restore your strength," and taking from the table a curiously-twisted phial, covered all over with strange mystical characters, he dropped into a tall-stalked Venice glass a small quantity of its contents, which he himself swallowed; and then, rinsing the glass with tokayer, which he flung into the blaze of the fire, whence it streamed upward like a pyramid of liquid topaz, he once more let fall a similar quantity into the goblet, and reverently bending his knee, presented it to the Emperor upon a small salver of chased gold.

"By St. Stephen, our patron! my good friend," smiled Joseph II., as he returned the glass, "your elixir is as agreeable as your welcome. Like the man in the Thousand-and-One Nights, I feel inclined to pinch myself, in order to ascertain whether I be really awake. Who are you, and what is the meaning of all this?"

"Your imperial majesty shall, ere long, know all," was the reply; "but since I may never again have the honor to receive you beneath my humble roof, I would crave permission to present to you one who is very dear to me; and who, although she may be for the moment unconscious of so high a

privilege, will nevertheless cherish the memory of it, to the end of her life."

"And she is—" commenced the Emperor.

"Here, your majesty," and the young man drew toward him a thick rope of gold, which, when forcibly pulled, swung back a hanging drapery that veiled the upper end of the room, and revealed the space beyond it.

As the heavy curtain rolled aside, Joseph II. forgot his imperial dignity, and started from his seat. He saw before him a miniature forest, with trailing plants linking the trees together, and garlanding their very summits with gorgeous blossoms, while birds of bright plumage were flitting from bough to bough, or pluming themselves upon the branches. But that which more especially riveted the attention of the Emperor, was the figure of a young girl, apparently buried in a profound sleep, and lying with one hand beneath her head, and the other grasping a garland of wild flowers, upon a green bank overcanopied by a tulip-tree. Nothing could be more faultlessly beautiful than both her form and face; her long and glossy hair, of that rich purple black which takes a golden gleam in the light, was confined round her brow by a circlet of half-blown lotus blossoms, and then fell over her throat and shoulders in wonderful profusion. The long lashes of her closed eyes rested upon a cheek as fair as Parian marble, and as white; while her parted lips were of the richest tint that ever nestled in the bosom of a sea-shell.

"Once more," exclaimed the Emperor, as he sank back in his chair, when, his entertainer having relaxed his hold of the golden rope, the dark curtain again shut out this fairy vision; "once more, who are you? Do not fear to confide in me. Have I not shown that I have trust in yourself? Tell me all, at once. You could not do so at a more favorable moment. I am your guest, and will not repay your hospitality by harshness. Speak."

Again the young man bent his knee.

"Sire, I have faith in your imperial word."

"And you are right. Who are you?"

"I am the grand-nephew of Faust."

"How!" cried the Emperor, once more starting from his seat, and gazing down upon him, half in anger and half in amazement; "you are Gottlieb Faust! and you dare to own this to me?"

"Fearlessly, sire," said the young man, firmly; "for you will not falsify your pledge."

"Gottlieb Faust!" repeated Joseph II., unable to conquer his surprise. "Can you be Gottlieb Faust, the initiated, the Rosi-

crucian, the atheist, the sorcerer? Are you aware that I have been a thousand times solicited to arrest you, and to put you upon your trial?"

"I am not ignorant of the fact."

"That I have been entreated to take your head?"

"I know both wherefore, and by whom."

"You know this, and yet you venture to deliver yourself thus into my hands?"

"Why should I hesitate?" asked the young man, with a proud smile; "your imperial majesty is not to be duped by the idle and empty superstitions of the ignorant. You have never put faith in these vulgar fallacies."

"No, assuredly," said the Emperor, with dignity; "and yet the outcry is loud against you. You live in regal splendor; you dispense annually a fortune in charity."

"For which men call me an atheist," interposed Gottlieb, with another of his beaming smiles.

"You are known to possess extraordinary talents, which you disdain to use," pursued Joseph II., without heeding the interruption; "and marvelous secrets, which you will not divulge."

"And thus men esteem me a sorcerer!"

"By St. Stephen! I scarcely marvel at their belief," exclaimed the Emperor, "although I do not share it. But you owe me an explanation of all this mystery, were it only for my faith in your innocence; and, first, who is that magnificent beauty, who does not seem to be of this world, or even conscious of her own existence?"

"Simply my sister, sire; who, too timid to have sustained your gaze, would still have chidden me had I not enabled her to feel that she had once had the honor of being for an instant in the presence of her Emperor. A slight narcotic sufficed to reconcile my fears with my indulgence. For I love her, sire," said the young man, energetically, "I love her as those only can love who have but one sole object upon which to pour out the full tide of their affection. We are alone in the world, save that we make our house the home of the poor; for even to the very gates of the palace of the Cæsars, which nothing should approach save what is joyful and glorious, poverty will creep, and it is a happy privilege to be permitted to beckon it away."

"Rise, mynheer, rise," said the Emperor; "give me truth, and fear nothing. I value truth more than knee-worship."

He was obeyed.

"And now, this affluence, this splendor,"

persisted Joseph II. ; " this lavish magnificence, when not only my wealthiest nobles, but even I myself, am impoverished by a long and expensive war—how can you account for this ? "

" Simply and satisfactorily, sire. I have told your majesty that I am the grand-nephew of Faust ; but few are aware that before his death he had discovered that mystery of mysteries, the art of producing gold ; a secret which he only divulged, and then under the most solemn oaths of inviolable silence, to his next of kin, my father, who was neither to profit by his knowledge until he had attained the age of sixty years, nor to communicate it, except upon his death-bed, and still under the same restrictions, to his immediate descendant. You see him before you, sire. My father, thanks to a constant use of that elixir of which your imperial majesty has partaken, lived to the age of seventy, not only hale, but even vigorous as in his first manhood ; and during the ten years which were granted to him after he had unrolled the mysterious scroll which taught him how to transmute the basest metals into sterling ore, he spent every day, and almost every hour, in enriching me, his only son, and the child of his old age. "

" And should you die before the allotted time, " asked the Emperor eagerly, " who would inherit the secret ? "

" No one on this earth, " said the young man, almost despondingly ; " for the scroll is written in hieroglyphics so difficult to decipher, that it requires years to comprehend them, learnt, as they must be, without the aid of written characters ; and the task is rendered doubly onerous by the fact that the lesson thus acquired is complicated by the introduction of a host of figures, signs, and sounds, which ultimately prove supererogatory, and are only invented to check the impious curiosity of those destined to succeed to the mysterious inheritance. "

" And can you reconcile yourself to thus uselessly mystifying your son in your turn ? " asked Joseph II. gloomily.

" Sire, " was the steady but sad reply, " I have already told your imperial majesty that I live only in, and for, my sister. I shall never press a child of my own against my heart. I will inflict no such bitter misery upon another human being as I have myself borne. "

" Misery ! " echoed the Emperor, incredulously—" misery ! Are you not surrounded by every luxury, by every splendor, and assured of their possession, whatever may be the fate of cities and of empires ? "

" Your majesty has been importuned to take my life. "

" True ; but I have protected it. "

" And your successor might be less lenient. Believe me, sire, the gold is hardly earned which must be bought by popular execration, loud-voiced suspicion, and the constant perspective of a scaffold. "

" Yet to lose such a secret ! Do you not feel that you owe something to the world ? "

" Atheist though I am deemed, sire, I feel that I owe more to my own soul. What can I have in common with a world which hates and misjudges me ? "

" I, at least, have done you justice. "

" Ah, sire, " said the young man, as he bent down until his lips came in contact with the imperial hand, " to you I owe more than life, for you have reconciled me with my kind ; and, if I dared— "

" Dare anything, " said the Emperor, interested even to fascination by this strange adventure.

" And I shall be forgiven ? "

" Freely—fully. "

" Then, sire, " and Gottlieb Faust lifted from the lofty mantel a piece of yellow metal which had served to secure some withered blossoms that had been spread out to dry beneath it, " your imperial majesty spoke a while back of being impoverished by the war. It is an unworthy offering, but it is humbly made. "

" By St. Stephen ! I accept it as frankly as it is tendered, " said Joseph II., with flashing eyes. " It will replenish my treasury bravely ; and shall be well applied. " Then rising and drawing back the curtain from an unshuttered window, " We must part now, " he said, " the day is dawning ; but you shall still further make me your debtor—give me a mantle and a sword. I must return to the palace unrecognized. And remember, not a word of this interview, as you value your life. You shall soon hear from me again. "

The young alchemist obeyed upon the instant. The Emperor girt on the weapon, muffled himself in the cloak, extended his hand, which Gottlieb reverently pressed to his lips, and in five minutes the sound of his retreating footsteps was no longer audible. Then, and not till then, Gottlieb Faust withdrew from the gate with a heavy sigh, closed the oaken doors behind him, and retired to his own chamber.

On the following day all was commotion in the imperial palace ; and the state antechamber, like the *Eil-de-Bœuf* at Versailles

under Louis XIV., was crowded by a throng of idle courtiers; a few lounging listlessly against the wide casements opening upon the Joseph-Platz, apparently watching for some anticipated event; others shedding around them an envenomed shower of that courtly small talk which is generally as wicked as it is witty,—that flood of brilliant epigrams and rounded period which engulfs a reputation in a repartee, or sacrifices the feelings of a friend to a rhetorical flourish. Others again, more ambitious and less vain, sauntered near the door of the Emperor's reception-room, keeping their eyes steadfastly fixed upon the usher on duty, and calculating the amount of their present favor by the length of the period which elapsed before they were admitted to the presence.

Never, perhaps, since the gorgeous but frivolous court to which we have already alluded filled the gardens and saloons of Versailles with a galaxy of splendor, has the palace of any European sovereign afforded so brilliant a spectacle as that of the Cæsars. The blending of so many national costumes, all alike costly and picturesque, among which that of the noble Hungarian guard, alike in form, but varying in color and ornament, is eminently conspicuous, renders the select circle of the Emperors of Austria a human kaleidoscope, of which every successive move only tends to enhance the attraction; and thus it was on the morning of which we write.

"Can it be true, my dear Marquis," asked a tardy courtier, as he made his way from the gallery toward a member of the government, "that our gracious Emperor has at length consented to arrest that rascally alchemist, Gottlieb Faust?"

"Nothing can be more certain, Count; and, moreover, he is already in the palace, awaiting the pleasure of his imperial majesty."

"What is his crime?" asked a tall and superbly-mustachioed Bohemian noble, joining the group; "it must be something fearful to win him the honor of so much excitement."

"His crimes, you should say, Baron, for they are legion. Here are we, the faithful and honest servants of Joseph II., with all our gold upon our doublets, while he is flinging a Pactolean shower about him which seems exhaustless. No wonder that the imperial patience has given way at last."

"If riches be a crime, it is certain that a more righteous court than this of Vienna does not exist at the present moment,"

laughed the light-hearted young Bohemian. "As for me, I have only the memory of my inheritance and two mortgaged estates to exist upon."

"And the smiles of an Arch-Duchess," murmured the younger of his two companions.

"No scandal within the walls of the palace," was the merry reply. "You know that it is as contraband as Turkish tobacco."

"And, consequently, as easy to enjoy. But as regards this Faust; they say that he has not only the Midas touch, that turns all upon which he lays his hand, into gold, but that he also deals in spells, some of which are not so innocent as to defy the law."

"I can believe it," observed a magnificent Hungarian, carelessly adjusting the jeweled belt which sustained his sword; "such practices are common in the Banât, and I could give you instances——"

"Not now, Erdödi, not now," said the first speaker; "remember that walls have ears, and that Faust is not far off."

The Hungarian was silenced. He would not have turned his back upon a host in a fair field, but he was not superior to the superstition of his age and country.

Suddenly a murmur was heard in the state gallery, and an instant afterward a stranger was seen to enter the waiting-room, between two officers of the imperial guard. In a moment every voice was hushed, and every eye turned upon the new-comer. He was a tall and stately man, in the full vigor of life; his eyes were large, dark, and singularly calm; his black hair was parted along the centre of his finely-moulded head, and fell in heavy masses about his brow, and over his shoulders. His nose was, perhaps, a trifle too prominent, but its outline was perfect; while the firm and graceful curve of his mouth was rendered conspicuous by the jetty blackness of his beard and mustachio, which, contrary to the fashion then prevalent in Germany, he wore full and smooth. He was richly habited in a pourpoint of black velvet, embroidered with arabesques in gold; and in his hand he carried a cap of the same material, to which a short red feather was attached by a clasp of large emeralds; and as he moved forward with a graceful and dignified unrestraint, which it had taken years to enable some of those now about him to acquire, the astonishment was universal. His lip never quivered, his eye never sank; and when, as he was summoned onward by the sonorous voice of the usher, he traversed the vast apartment on his way toward the audi-

ence-chamber, his step was as free and as firm as though no peril awaited him at the termination of his progress.

As the tapestried hanging of the imperial saloon fell behind him, every tongue was unloosed. "Can that be Gottlieb Faust? Can that be the son of the alchemist of the Leopoldstadt? And admitted on the instant to the Emperor, while we have been so long waiting!"

"Pshaw!" exclaimed another, "our good master is anxious to be rid of him. He is a dangerous inmate for a palace."

"They will surely not accord to him the honor of decapitation," remarked a third; "he is of plebeian birth, and should die by the cord."

"Patience, gentlemen," said the old minister; "we shall soon know all."

Meanwhile, the object of all these comments and speculations had bent his knee upon the threshold of the imperial apartment, in which Joseph II. was seated before a table covered with papers, and entirely unattended.

"Come forward, mine host, come forward!" said the Emperor, good-humoredly. "I owe you a courteous welcome for that which you bestowed upon myself last night. Ay, and for more than that. Do you see these multiplied columns of figures which make the eye dance that endeavors to rest on them? Well, my assayer has given me full assurance that, through your means, a sponge may be passed over them all; and this is no trifling obligation. I have faith in all that you have told me. I believe you to be an honest man and a gentleman; but this acknowledgment is insufficient to satisfy the pride of an Austrian monarch. You have laid me under a heavy debt, Count Von Faustenburg. Nay, do not kneel; your new title will serve to tickle the ears of the courtiers, so that it may be useful in its way. But here, sir," he continued with sudden dignity, as he took from the table a cross of the order of Maria Theresa; "here is an honor less empty, and to which I am convinced you will not be insensible. I bestow it freely, for I know that the jewel will rest upon an honest heart."

"Your imperial majesty beggars me," stammered the young man, overcome for the first time by his feelings.

"And now," said the Emperor, waving his hand, as if to deprecate all further acknowledgment on the part of the new-made noble; "and now, Count, what are your future intentions? You surely cannot purpose to waste your life in a solitary home,

which, however splendid it may be, is still only a gilded prison. You are too young to yield to so ignoble an indolence. What!—silent!"

"I was thinking of my orphan sister, sire."

"Nor have I forgotten her," eagerly replied Joseph II.; "she shall be cared for. We will attach her to the suite of one of the Arch-Duchesses."

"Not so, sire, if your imperial majesty will pardon me," said the young man, gloomily; "she is a wild bird, fit only for the free wood; she would pine and die in a gilded cage."

"No fear of that, my friend," persisted Joseph II.; "we shall not keep her long. Young, rich, and beautiful, she will soon become noble in her turn."

"The saints forbid!" was the emphatic reply. "She must go to her grave as she came from her cradle, unconscious of the penalty which is attached to the name she bears."

"On what do you decide, then?" demanded the Emperor, somewhat impatiently.

"I will serve in your armies, sire, should you consider me worthy of such an honor; and during my absence from the Capital, my sister shall seek refuge in a Convent."

"By St. Stephen! it is a poor alternative," smiled the monarch; "but be it as you will; although it is certain that you must, by such a measure, mar her fortunes; for, should others only feel as I do, she were a bride for whom the noblest in the empire might not reorn to contend."

"I know it," said the young man, with a kindling eye; "but hers is not a nature to contend against proud mothers or insolent sisters, who might presume upon her meaner birth; and thus the blossom which I have reared so tenderly would be withered in its first bloom. I have read her heart, aye, like an open volume; and I feel sure that, once our separation over, she will cling to the calm refuge of a cloister. So let it be, sire; if you would indeed bind me to you forever—so let it be. She is too pure for the contact of a world—for the contact of a court. So let it be; and the doomed name of Faust will then perish upon earth—perish, and be forgotten."

"You are a poor courtier, my friend."

"I shall make the better soldier, sire. Trust me—try me—and I shall not fail."

"I believe you, Count; and now I will present you to a few of my private circle."

As the Emperor ceased speaking, he rang a silver bell beside him, which was no sooner answered than he rapidly ran over a number of the noblest names in Austria, and desired

that those who bore them might be introduced.

Anxious and excited, the courtiers lost not a moment in obeying the imperial summons; and great was their surprise when, upon entering the presence, they saw the descendant of the Cæsars standing within a pace or two of the supposed criminal, whom they believed themselves to have been called upon to judge; but upon whose breast each detected at a glance the glittering cross of Maria Theresa.

"You are welcome, gentlemen," said Joseph II., as he slightly bent his head in acknowledgment of their salutations; "I have requested your presence in order to make known to you your new comrade, the Count von Faustenburg, upon whom I have just conferred the command of a company in the Lichenstein regiment. I recommend him to your friendship." And then by a silent gesture he dismissed the circle.

Not one solitary token of wonder escaped the well-practiced courtiers, nor could the grand-nephew of Faust have himself suspected by the courtesies and congratulations with which he was overwhelmed on his reappearance in the ante-chamber, that it contained even some who had deemed him too vile for the headsman's axe.

Had he known it, however, the heart-stricken young man was too fully employed with his own thoughts, and his approaching separation from his sister, to have yielded even a smile of pity to their duplicity; but, hastily returning their compliments with as lofty an air as though such homage were familiar to him, he made his way through the brilliant crowd, and left the palace.

In another week his home was desolate, and his sister the inmate of a Benedictine Convent at Gratz; and this struggle over, he gave himself up to the performance of his new duties. Constitutionally acute, he was not long ere he comprehended all that was required of him, and then his only anxiety was to be placed upon active service. The opportunity was not long in presenting itself; the corps to which he belonged was summoned to the field—no matter where, or against what enemy—we are not writing the history of a nation, but that of an individual—and among the first who fell bravely, and breast to breast with the foe, was Gottlieb Faust.

As he sank to the earth, a voice of authority issued hasty orders that his body should be carried to the rear, and it was no sooner extended upon a cloak beneath a tent, than one of the favorite generals of the

Emperor galloped up; and springing from his saddle at the entrance, knelt down beside the dead man, and anxiously pressed his hand upon his heart. It had ceased to beat, and an icy coldness was already spreading over the body, although the countenance was as calm and composed as it had ever been.

"He is gone!" murmured the officer in a tone of relief; and then, tearing open the breast of the uniform, now defaced with blood, he cautiously passed his fingers over the chest of the corpse, and drew forth a massy chain of gold, to which were suspended the portrait of a lovely girl, whose luxuriant dark hair was crowned with water-lilies, and a small discolored scroll of parchment. He gazed upon the first for a brief instant with flashing eyes, and then carefully securing both that and the writing about his own neck, he once more mounted, and returned to his post as rapidly as he had abandoned it.

\* \* \* \* \*

"It is then useless to persist longer?" said Joseph II., about two months subsequently, as he sat poring over a small scrap of time-worn parchment; "you feel convinced, myn-heer, of the impossibility of deciphering this accursed scroll?"

"Thoroughly, your imperial majesty," was the reply of a tall, lean, sorrow-visaged individual, his sole companion; "I have spared neither time nor study—I have consulted the stars—I have made various intricate combinations, both mineral and elemental; and all have alike failed. If your august majesty could recall to life the illustrious Tullius, the great Faust, and the incomparable Flamel, then, indeed, there might be hope; but I know, from unerring signs, that none of mortal birth now living can read those mystic characters."

"There might still have been a chance," exclaimed the Emperor, despondingly, "had the novice of St. Benedict survived her brother's loss. She died strangely—marvelously."

"Like a bird smitten on the wing, sire, as I have heard," was the reply. "Has your imperial majesty any further commands?"

"None, myn-heer; you may return to your laboratory."

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That scroll, negative as its merits had become, was carefully preserved among the treasures of the imperial palace, but it is probable that during the recent outbreak in Vienna, it has been lost or stolen. Who is now its owner? And, more important still, who will become its next interpreter?





# ECLECTIC MAGAZINE

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From the Edinburgh Review.

## TURKEY AND CHRISTENDOM.

*Négociations de la France dans le Levant ; ou Correspondance, Mémoires, et Actes Diplomatiques des Ambassadeurs de France à Constantinople, et des Ambassadeurs, Envoyés, ou Résidents à divers titres à Venise, Raguse, Rome, Malte, et Jerusalem ; en Turquie, Perse, Géorgie, Crimée, Syrie, Egypte, etc., et dans les états de Tunis, d'Alger, et de Maroc. Publiés pour la première fois. Par S. CHARRIERE. Tome I. (1515—1547). Paris, Imprimerie Nationale, 1848.*

THREE centuries ago, the first vow of Christian statesmen was the expulsion of the Turks from the city of Constantine, and the deliverance of Europe from the scourge and terror of the infidel. In the present age, the absorbing desire of the same cabinets is to maintain the misbelievers in their settlements ; and to postpone, by all known expedients of diplomacy and menace, the hour at which the Crescent must again give place to the Cross. The causes and progress of this curious revolution of sentiment we now purpose to trace ; and to ascertain, if possible, by what sequence of events and changes of opinion such conditions of public policy have at length been accredited among us.

It will naturally be presumed that the clouds now actually gathering on the Eastern heavens have suggested both our disquisition and its moral ; nor, indeed, should we, without reasonable warrant for such an introduction of the subject. But we feel it would be here perilous to prophesy the dissolution

of a State which has now been, for five generations, in its nominal agony. We believe we might venture to assert that no Christian writer has treated of Ottoman history, who did not seek in the sinking fortunes or impending fall of the Empire the point and commendation of his tale. Knolles thankfully recounted the signs of its decline two hundred and fifty years ago. Cantémir discoursed of "the Growth and Decay of the Ottoman Empire," while even Poland was still a powerful kingdom. As the eighteenth century wore on, such reflections became both more justifiable and more frequent ; and, as the *artificial* existence of Turkey was hardly yet anticipated, the close of its *natural* term seemed within the limits of easy calculation. Even the end of the great war, which left so many crumbling monarchies repaired and strengthened, brought no similar relief to the House of Othman. Excluded, on the contrary, from the arrangements of the great European settlement, Turkey re-

mained exposed to worse perils than any which had yet beset her. In the great peace of Europe there was no peace for Constantinople. Thirty years since, the historian of the Middle Ages expected, "with an assurance that none can deem extravagant, the approaching subversion of the Ottoman power;" and the progressive current of events has certainly in no degree changed, since this conviction was avowed. Yet, though the only symptom of imminent dissolution that then seemed wanting has now appeared, and though territorial dismemberment has partially supervened upon internal disorganization, the imperial fabric still stands—the Turkish Crescent still glitters on the Bosphorus—and still "the tottering arch of conquest spans the ample regions from Bagdad to Belgrade."

Without repeating, therefore, the ominous note of prophecy, we shall direct our remarks to the historical elucidation of the questions involved in it. Our wish is to illustrate the origin and establishment of the Ottoman Empire, as one of the substantive Powers of Europe; to exhibit the causes which conduced to its political recognition; to trace the subsequent action of so anomalous a State upon the affairs of Christendom; to mark the fluctuations of fortune by which its external relations were determined; and to distinguish the stages of estimation and influence through which it successively passed, until the dreaded Empire of the Ottomans dwindled virtually, though with dominions not materially diminished, into the position of a *Protected State*,—subsisting, apparently, by the interested patronage of those very Powers which had been so scared and scandalized at its growth. If our inquiry should include fewer exemplifications than might be expected of the civil institutions of this extraordinary nation, the omission must be attributed to the extent of the more immediate subject, and the imperative restrictions of space. A sagacious moralist once said of an historian of the Turks, that he was unhappy only in the choice of his matter. If the course of our proposed exposition were but a little less narrow, we should not distrust our ability to cancel this invidious qualification; for there are, in reality, no known annals more striking in their details, and often more purely romantic than those of the House of Othman. Even as it is, we hope for some success; for, though of all kinds of history political history possesses the fewest superficial attractions, yet such topics as the naturalization of a Mahometan sovereignty among the States of Christendom

—the varying phases of religious zeal—the conflict of traditional duties and practical policy—and the rise and growth of such an element as the power of the Czars—should command their share of interest and attention.

It may reasonably be thought remarkable that the establishment of an infidel Power at the gates of Europe should not, in those ages of faith, have provoked a prompt and effective combination of the whole Christian world for the expulsion of the intruder. In explanation, however, of this apathy or impotence, there are several considerations to be mentioned. In the first place, the phenomena coincided singularly, in point of time, with the definite abandonment of the system of Eastern crusades. The seventh and last of these enterprises had resulted in scandal and defeat; and had disclosed the growing reluctance of States and people to contribute toward expeditions which neither promoted the objects nor conduced to the credit of those engaged in them. The final and total loss of the Holy Land in 1291, preceded but by eight years the enthronement of the first Othman; so that the origin of the Turkish State was almost exactly contemporaneous with the withdrawal of Christian arms from the scene of its growth. That the extinction, too, of the crusading principle was then complete, may be inferred from the violent suppression, only ten years later, of that military order which had been mainly instrumental in checking the march of the misbelievers. The commencement of the Ottoman dynasty is placed in the year 1299; and, in the year 1309, the Knights Templars, except as captives or pensioners, had ceased to exist. Nor was the rise of the Turkish power an event calculated, at its first announcement, to create any extraordinary consternation. As regards Asia Minor, the entire peninsula, with the exception of its western sea-board, had long been in the possession of kindred tribes; and the mere substitution of Ottomans for Seljukians could hardly be thought to menace the interests of Europe. Even the actual passage of the Straits, which was the first critical point of Turkish progress, presented no unparalleled phenomenon; for a Moorish kingdom still flourished on the Guadalquivir; and a Tartar horde had just established its sovereignty over the dismembered duchies of Russia. It is certainly true that the exigencies of Mogul invasions, and the remnants of crusading zeal, did originally suggest the concert of nations, which became afterward systema-

tized by the standing requirements of a political equilibrium; and, perhaps, the dread of Ottoman aggression produced the first faint foreshadowings of those State-combinations which characterize the modern history of Europe. But it was not so at the outset. Adrianople had been made a Mahometan capital, and the metropolis of the Eastern Cæsars had become a mere *enclave* in Turkish territory, before the aid of European princes was solicited against the new invaders—and solicited in vain! and when at length the Christian allies and the infidel forces joined battle in the field of Nicopolis, the Ottoman power had been impregably strengthened by the impunity and successes of a century.

As any particular narrative of these events would carry us beyond our limits and our design, we can only venture on a few brief remarks in elucidation of the subject directly before us, and in aid of the general interest of our disquisition. Toward the close of the thirteenth century,—that is to say, at the very moment when the election of a Swiss knight to the Germanic throne was laying the foundations of the imperial House of Austria, events of equal singularity were preparing the seat of the rival Cæsars for the progeny of a Turkish freebooter. The Asiatic continent, from its central highlands to the shores of the Mediterranean, had been utterly convulsed by the tremendous irruptions of Zingis Khan; and, in the course of the subsequent commotions, a Turcoman chief named Ortogrul, from the banks of the Oxus, found himself wandering in the hills of Anatolia at the head of four hundred families. A service, which he accidentally rendered to a native prince, was acknowledged by a grant of land; and the estate was soon expanded into a respectable territory, by the talents which had originally acquired it. The inheritance of Ortogrul devolved, in 1289, upon his son Osman or Othman, who, at the death, ten years later, of his patron, the Sultan of Iconium, no longer hesitated to proclaim his independent sovereignty. Such was the origin of the House of Othman. The name itself, which is a vernacular epithet of the royal vulture, and signifies a “bone-breaker,” has been recognized by the Turks as not disagreeably symbolical of the national character and mission; and so completely do they identify their State with the race of its founder, that they have foregone all other denominations for the dignity, style, and title of the Ottoman Porte.

The new dynasty enjoyed the signal though

accidental advantages of long reigns and worthy representatives; while its opportunities of aggrandizement were so peculiar that far weaker hands might have turned them to account. On one side of them lay the Roman empire, shrunk to the dimensions of Constantinople and its environs; on the other the fragmentary or effete principalities of the Seljukian Turks, who had been quartered for two centuries on these spoils of the Eastern Cæsars, and whose power had been recently shattered by the shock of the Mogul invasion. The House of Othman struck right and left. Before the sixty years of its two first chiefs had terminated, the north-western portions of Asia Minor had been effectually subdued, and a capital had been found at Prusa for the new dominion. Already the passage of the Hellespont had become an ordinary incident of their expeditions, and by the middle of the fourteenth century, the European shore of the Straits was studded with Turkish garrisons. Starting from the ground thus gained, Amurath, first of his name, and third of his race, added the whole province of Thrace to his territories, erected a second metropolis at Adrianople, and advanced the Ottoman frontiers to the Balkan. Our sketch runs rapidly to a close. A few years more, and we find these Turks of the third generation, at the very limits of their present empire; and on the very scenes of their present fortunes. By 1390, they had occupied Widdin, and before five years more had elapsed, the Moslem and Christian hosts were delivering, as we have said, the first of their countless battles on the banks of the Danube.

During these transactions, although the relative positions of Turkey and Christendom were wholly and alarmingly changed, and though the attitude of the new invaders on the borders of Germany did really portend more serious results than the transient devastations of Tartar inroads, yet the deportment of the European Powers appears to have undergone no corresponding alteration. The battle of Nicopolis had indeed been fought; but the crusade which this encounter commenced and terminated, originated rather in the influence of family connections than in any impulse of political foresight or religious zeal. The King of Hungary, whose realm was menaced by the arms of Bajazet I., was son of one German emperor, brother to another, and destined to be Emperor himself; and he possessed therefore the obvious means of attracting to his standard the capricious chivalry of the West. But there

was no effective combination of forces, nor any permanent sense of the danger which required it. The progress of the Ottoman arms exercised little perceptible influence on the councils of Europe, nor did the impending fate of an imperial and Christian city provoke any serviceable sympathy. After the Thracian and Bulgarian conquests, to which we have alluded, Constantinople, for the first time in its existence, was completely environed by enemies; and it became clear to the Greek emperors, that the invaders with whom they had now to deal, were of a very different mould from the swarming hordes which had so often swept past them and retired. Yet, though four emperors in succession visited Western Europe in search of aid, and though one of them brought his petition even to the king of this island, and Kentish yeomen saw a Greek Cæsar entertained in St. Austin's monastery, and received on Blackheath by a Lancastrian sovereign, there was no substantial aid forthcoming. This failure was doubtless principally ascribable to the disrepute into which crusading expeditions had fallen, and to the occupation with which both the French and English monarchs were then provided in their own kingdoms. There are, however, other circumstances which, for the full comprehension of the state of opinion at this period, it will be necessary to recollect.

Though the Greek emperors were not only Christian sovereigns, but even coheirs of the political supremacy of Christendom, yet this very rivalry had combined with their geographical isolation and foreign tongue to estrange them from the Powers of Europe. As early as the reign of Heraclius, the intercourse between the East and West began visibly to slacken, and the great religious schism of the eleventh century completed the disruption. After this time, Constantinople was scarcely regarded, either spiritually or politically, as entering into the community of European States. Even the contact induced by the Crusades rather increased than diminished the alienation. On more than one occasion, Greek emperors were leagued with the Saracens against the soldiers of the Cross; and the imperial city itself, after triumphantly sustaining so many sieges, was captured and sacked for the first time by Christians and Franks. It may be imagined, perhaps, that the differences between the Greek and Latin churches could not much affect the dispositions of Norman barons; but it must be remembered, that in these romantic expeditions the moderator and expo-

nent of European opinion was no other than the Roman Pontiff,—without whose co-operation it would have been scarcely possible to organize an effectual crusade. The application, therefore, of the Eastern emperors to the Powers of Europe, took the form of conciliatory overtures to the Romish See; and, excepting in the case of the Emperor Manuel, the negotiations of the imperial visitors were confined to the limits of the Papal Court. Neither could the Greek State be exactly represented to European sympathies as a Christian city brought finally to bay, and desperately battling against the overwhelming forces of the infidel. The terms on which Turks and Greeks had for some time been living, precluded any such description of their mutual relationship. The presumptive antagonism of the two States had been long openly compromised by concessions, by tributes, and, what was worse, by the ordinary passages of amity and good-will. Ottoman princes were educated at the Christian court, and Christian princes honorably lodged in the camp of the Ottomans; a mosque was tolerated in Constantinople; and a daughter of John Cantacuzene was given in marriage to the second of the Turkish sovereigns. That these arrangements were not wholly voluntary on the side of the weaker party we may safely believe; but it will still be evident how materially such a combination of circumstances must have operated to the disadvantage of the Emperors, in their appeal to the sympathy of Christian Europe.

Meantime the Turkish power had been growing with a certainty and steadiness unexampled in the history of an Oriental people. Two or three of the causes which principally conduced to this remarkable result, it may be right here to specify. The passage of the Ottomans into Europe might have been long retarded by the simple expedient of guarding the Straits. While the power of the Greek Empire consisted almost solely in the relics of its fleet, still respectably appointed, and furnished with the most formidable appliances of naval warfare known to the age, the Turks were totally destitute both of ships and of the science which concerned them. A few galleys might have sufficiently protected the channel against all the forces of Orchan an Amurath; and yet not only were the Ottomans permitted to pass undisturbed, with such means as they could extemporize, but even the intelligence of their having secured a lodgment, and fortified themselves on the European side, pro-

duced nothing but careless scoffs in the Imperial court. The next point requiring notice is, that the conquests of the Turks were mainly effected by the agency of European troops. The Ottomans will be found to have conquered the Byzantine provinces as we conquered India—by enlisting and disciplining the natives of the country. Only 400 families had originally obeyed the voice of Ortoğrul; and it is clear, therefore, that the subjects of his successors must have been swelled in numbers by accessions from other tribes: in fact, the progress of the Ottomans was merely the onward flow of the population of Asia Minor. Even this, however, would have been deficient in impulsive force but for the singular institution which we are now to mention.

The Janizaries were originally formed and recruited from the impressed children of Christian captives; afterward from those of any Christian subjects of the Porte, and at length from the sons of the soldiers themselves; so that a pure military caste, with habits and interests totally distinct from the rest of the people, was gradually established in the very heart of the nation. The number of the Janizaries in the middle of the fourteenth century was only one thousand; but this muster-roll was repeatedly multiplied by successive Emperors, till at length, under the Great Solymán, it reached to twenty thousand, and in the German wars, under Mahomed IV., to double that strength. It is not a little singular that a body so constituted should have been not only the main instrument of Turkish aggrandizement, but should have been so inveterately identified with Ottoman traditions, as at all times to have formed the chief obstacle to any social or constitutional reforms. Nor should it be overlooked, that the creation and maintenance of this standing army, isolated from all popular sympathies by descent and character, contributed most powerfully to consolidate the authority of the new dynasty, and to furnish the Turkish sovereigns with those permanent resources, in virtue of which they escaped the ordinary vicissitudes of Oriental dynasties; and encountered the tumultuous levies of Hungary and Germany with all the advantages of despotic power. The pretensions of the House of Othman kept pace with its achievements. Originally its chief had been content with the title of Emir; but Bajazet I., by means to which we shall immediately refer, procured for himself, toward the end of the century, the more dignified denomination of Sultan. Already, in justification of his new assumptions,

had he invested Constantinople, when events occurred by which the very course of Fate itself appeared to be threatened with a change. We can do no more than specify in a few words the occurrences which abruptly subverted the whole superstructure of Turkish power; which scattered all its acquisitions to the winds, and which renders its ultimate restoration one of the most extraordinary incidents in the records of history.

In the height of his power and presumption, Bajazet was conquered and carried into captivity by Timour. By this defeat the inheritance of his house became to all appearance entirely dissolved. Its Asiatic possessions, though contemptuously abandoned by the conqueror, were seized upon by the Seljukian Turks, who regained the positions from which they had been dislodged; while in Europe the opportunity was turned to similar account by the reviving spirit of the Greeks. To complete the ruin, civil war between the sons of Bajazet presently ensued; and the heirs of the Ottoman House, instead of repairing their fortunes by concord and patience, were fighting desperately among themselves, for a heritage which hardly existed save in name. The perfect restoration of a State, dismembered and dismantled, at such a stage of its existence, by so destructive and shattering a shock, may be described as without parallel in history—and yet within ten years it was completely effected. Mahomet, the most sagacious of the sons of Bajazet, waited his time; and at length, by the extinction of other claims, succeeded in recovering both the Asiatic and European conquests of his family, and in reuniting the thrones of Adrianople and Prusa. A peaceful and prudent reign of eight years enabled him to consolidate his dominion anew; and when, in 1421, Amurath II. succeeded to the crown of his father, the Ottoman Power was as vigorous, as sound, and as aggressive as if the battle of Angora had never been fought.

We are now arrived at a period when the destinies of the Ottoman House were to be finally determined. Up to this time the progress and renown of the Turkish arms had stimulated Europe to nothing but a few insincere leagues and a single precipitate crusade; nor can we be wrong in presuming that the recent temporary suspension and apparent annihilation of the Ottoman Power must have operated materially in still further indisposing European statesmen to exertion or alarm. But the capture of Constantinople by Mahomet II., in 1453, changed the

whole aspect of affairs. It has been usual to describe this memorable event as one of those which mark a new epoch; and as serving to introduce that period of history which we now emphatically term Modern. Undoubtedly, the definite and final extinction of the Roman Empire and the diffusion of Greek literature were incidents of no ordinary note; but by far the most important consequences of Mahomet's success were those which affected the Ottomans themselves. As regards Europe, it cannot be said that the destruction of the Lower Empire left any perceptible void in the community of States. As no system of mutual relationship had yet been established among Christian Powers, no special disturbance, such as would in the present day follow on the extinction of a particular member, could then be expected to ensue; and, even in the partial and transient examples of concert which had occasionally occurred, Constantinople had long been without appreciable influence or consideration. Since, therefore, no European functions had been discharged by the Lower Empire, no positive loss could be felt from its destruction; nor was the capture of Constantinople of much greater significance, in this respect, than the capture of Delhi. But, as affecting the rising power of the Ottomans, the event was of most material importance. It created, as it were, a vacancy in the list of recognized monarchies, and delivered over to a State, which already wanted little but a seat of central power, one of the oldest and most famous capitals of Europe. It gave to the House of Othman, in a single day, exactly the *status* which it needed; and which years of successful invasions and forays would have failed to secure. It precluded all future antagonism between Adrianople and Prusa; and established a permanent cohesion between the European and Asiatic dominions of the Turkish crown. More than this—it conveyed to the Sultans and their successors certain traditional pretensions, of which they soon discovered the value. The empire of the East, according to their assertions, had neither been terminated nor dissolved, but had merely passed, like other kingdoms of the earth, to stronger and more deserving possessors. They claimed to represent the majesty of Constantine, and to inherit his dominion. From such presumptions it was easy to derive warrants, if warrants were needed, for war against the Venetians, whose possessions in the Archipelago and the Levant were but spoils ravished from the declining strength of Constantinople; or against

the Germans, whose rival pretensions to imperial supremacy were easily impugned. To the other titles of the Ottoman sovereigns was now added, accordingly, that of Keesar of Roum; and they were furnished, independently of the standing dictates of their religion, with pretexts of some plausibility for carrying their aggressive arms across the Adriatic.

We should probably not be justified in attributing to any accurate perception of these risks, the anxiety and terror which are described as pervading the courts of Christendom at the final intelligence of this catastrophe. There was serious agitation in Rome, considerable alarm on the Danube, and great scandal everywhere. A Christian capital of ancient name and famous memory had been sacked by an unbelieving race, whose name for generations past had been the horror of Europe. Yet, abruptly as the blow was at last felt to descend, it had long been visibly suspended; and, although no human power could have permanently protected the Greek Cæsars in their capital, while the Turks were established in unquestioned sovereignty between the Danube and the Euphrates, the actual circumstances of the siege were, nevertheless, such as to cast heavy imputation and responsibility upon the Powers of Europe. The Imperial city had been allowed to sustain the full shock of the Ottoman forces, with a weak and inadequate garrison of eight thousand men, three-fourths of whom were supplied from the population within the walls; so that the chivalry of Christendom was represented, at this critical period, by two thousand auxiliaries! Yet, that there was both room and opportunity for effectual succor, was evident, not only from the manner in which the defence, even under such circumstances, was protracted, but from the diversion which had been accomplished, during Bajazet's investment, by a force of only six hundred men-at-arms, and twice as many archers, under Marshal Boucicault.

But the truth was, that, although the actual catastrophe created a momentary consternation, and even occasioned the revival in certain quarters of crusading vows, there existed, as we have already said, no fellow-feeling with the Greeks sufficiently strong to suggest an effective expedition; nor in fact any facilities for such an enterprise in the social or political condition of Europe. The Turks were no new enemies; nor were they now seen for the first time on the northern shore of the Straits. The resources of Christendom might admit of combination and exer-



tion in the event of an actual irruption of barbarians or infidels, as when Frederic II. repulsed the Moguls, or Charles V. scared the Ottomans under the great Solymán; but for aggressive enterprise in distant regions they were no longer available. The writings of Æneas Sylvius—one of the earliest statesmen who surveyed the several Powers of Europe in connection with each other—give an intelligible picture of the condition of affairs at this period. The fall of Constantinople had excited some sympathies, but more selfishness. A certain commiseration, quickened by the refugees dispersed over the countries of the West, was felt for the exiled Greeks; but a far more lively sentiment was excited by the demonstrations of the triumphant Ottoman against the Italian peninsula. So reasonable were the apprehensions on this head made to appear, that within twelve months of the capture of the city, war was actually declared against the new Empire of the East in the Frankfort Diet; and, five years later, it was formally resolved at the Congress of Mantua, that 50,000 confederate soldiers should be equipped for the expulsion of the infidel, and the conclusive deliverance of Christendom. Neither of these designs, however, proceeded beyond the original menace; and the Turks were left in undisputed possession of their noble spoil.

Between this turning point of Turkish destinies, and the new epoch to which we must now direct our attention, there intervened a period of great general interest, and of remarkable importance to the Ottoman Empire—but not inducing any material changes in the relations of this Power with Western Europe. The avowed designs of Mahomet II. upon the capital of Christendom, illustrated as they were by his attitude on the Danube and his actual lodgment at Otranto, were not indeed without their influence, as was shown by the multitude of volunteers who flocked to the standard of the intrepid Hunniades. But when the idea of Ottoman invincibility had been corrected by the victories of the Allies at Belgrade, by the successful defiance of Scanderbeg, and by the triumphant resistance of the Knights of Rhodes, this restlessness soon subsided, and the course of events became presently such as to substitute new objects of concern in European counsels for the power and progress of the Turks. Perhaps the wild and indefinite projects of Charles VIII., in that gigantic national foray upon Italy which disorganized the mediæval constitution of Europe, may be taken as a fair representation

of the ideas prevailing respecting Constantinople, thirty years after the fall of the city. If the forces of France and Spain, instead of contending in deadly struggles for the possession of Italy, had been combined against a common enemy upon the Hellespont, it is certainly possible that something might have been achieved. The great Gonzalvo did, indeed, once appear upon the scene as an ally of the Venetians, and with an effect proportionate to his reputation. But in computing the chances of any such enterprise, it must be remembered that the Turks had hitherto achieved their conquests, not by mere force of numbers, like the Tartar hordes, but by superiority of discipline, tactics, equipments, and science. In this respect, at least, they were no barbarians. Their army was incomparably the strongest in Europe,—and especially in those departments which indicate the highest military excellence. For many years afterward, their artillery and engineers surpassed those of the best appointed European troops. These advantages would have told with tenfold effect from such ramparts as those of Constantinople, while nothing, on the other hand, short of a recapture of the city, and a complete dislodgment of the intruders, could have effected the objects of the Christian Powers. Above all, it should be recollected, what was so clearly proved in the sequel, that these powers could not then be relied on for any steadiness of concert, or any integrity of purpose; and that the religious zeal of former days was certainly not now in sufficient strength to furnish an extraordinary bond of union. The Turks were no longer politically regarded as the common foes, either of the human race or the Christian name. Already had the ordinary transactions of bargains and contracts become familiar between them and the Venetians; dealings of a more degrading kind had compromised the Papal See, and the Ottoman arms had in various expeditions been repeatedly aided by small Christian succors. It is related, indeed, that high pay and liberal encouragement attracted recruits from all countries to the Turkish ranks; nor is there, we believe, much reason to doubt that many an European Dalgetty was serving under the standard of the Prophet. The number of renegade vizirs and pashas that have figured in the Turkish service is something extraordinary.

To these considerations must be added the fact, that during the seventy years thus interposed between the capture of Constantinople and the accession of the Great Solymán, the designs of Ottoman ambition had

been diverted from the North and West to the East and South—from the shores of the Adriatic and the Danube to the defiles of Armenia and the plains of Cairo. Though the supremacy of the Turks was, it is true, steadily supported on the scene of its recent triumphs, and even unusually signalized on the waters of the Archipelago, yet the chief efforts of the two immediate successors of Mahomet were concentrated upon the territories of Persia and Egypt. It does not enter into our present plan to discuss the interesting results with which these efforts were attended. We need only remark, that while the overthrow of the Mameluke dynasty and the conquest (in 1516) of the kingdom of Egypt, compensated for the less productive invasions of the Persian provinces, the two objects together combined to divert the attention of the Sultans from Europe, and to suspend, for an interval, the apprehensions of Christendom. Looking back, therefore, for a moment from the point which we have now attained, we can see that the first rise of the Ottoman power occurred at such a period and under such circumstances as to deprive the phenomenon of any great singularity or terror; that even the passage of the Turks into Europe, their appearance on the Danube, and the permanent investment of Constantinople which virtually ensued, exercised no proportionate influence on the opinions of Western Europe, wearied as it was with crusades, and detached as it had long practically been from any civil or religious intercourse with the Greeks of the Lower Empire; and that the Ottoman invaders thus finally stepped without material opposition into an imperial inheritance,—which supplied them opportunely and in full perfection with what they most needed for the consolidation of their conquests—a local habitation and a recognized name among the Powers of Europe. But for the occupation of Constantinople, the dominion of the Ottomans might possibly have been little more durable than the dominion of the Horde on the Don. Lastly, we may remark, that the power of resistance to further aggression developed at Belgrade, and exemplified by the evacuation of Otranto, contributed, in connection with the diversion of Turkish conquests to other quarters of the globe, to reassure the kingdoms of the West; and to prepare the way for the eventual admission of a Mohammedan Power into the political community of Christian States. Some of the earlier causes conducive to this remarkable consummation we have already pointed out;

but others, of no inferior interest, remain yet to be noticed.

In the month of February, 1536, the nations of Europe were scandalized—we may still employ the expression—with the intelligence that a treaty of amity and concord had been struck, between the Grand Seignior of the Turks and the first king of the Christian world! At an earlier period, Francis I. of France had not hesitated to enter into one of those nominal leagues against the Turk, which decency was still thought occasionally to dictate, and of which it was the immediate interest of Charles V. to perpetuate the spirit. But the ease and readiness with which these considerations were now subordinated to the very first suggestions of practical policy, furnish edifying matter of observation. The political system of European States—that is to say, the system in pursuance of which a reciprocal relationship is established between the several members of the community for the preservation of a general equilibrium—was then in process of formation; and a more curious example of its tendencies could hardly be given than this which we are now attempting to represent, in which the single idea contained in the term “balance of power” sufficed, first, to introduce an infidel State into the company of Christian sovereigns; secondly, to bring aid and countenance to that State in its very aggressions; and, lastly, when the course of events had hastened the premature hour of its decline, to protect its weakness, to assert its cause against even Christian adversaries, and to guarantee it, long, apparently, beyond the proper term, in a political and national existence.

The system of which we have been speaking, took its rise, or, at least, assumed its first practical developments, from the rivalry between France and Spain. The aggrandizement and consolidation which each of these kingdoms, though in an unequal degree, had recently attained, constituted them “the two crowns” of Christendom. The antagonism naturally ensuing between Powers thus situated, soon drew the other States of Europe into its sphere of action. This rivalry had been first exemplified in the Italian wars which followed upon the expedition of Charles VIII., and it was continued entirely in the spirit which that extraordinary enterprise had generated. The contested supremacy was for many years conceived to be represented by the possession of Italy; and the innumerable permutations of alliances which had been witnessed in the wars referred to,



suggested all the requisite ideas of State-combinations. Whether it can be strictly said that, in these early transactions, regard was really had to that equitable adjustment of power which became, subsequently, the avowed object of similar struggles, may be reasonably doubted; but at all events, European States now first began to group themselves about two centres; and both parties anxiously cast about for means of circumscribing the resources of their adversary or enlarging their own. It was no more than a natural result of such a condition of things, that the causes which had hitherto operated in promoting hostilities or friendship between States, should be superseded by more absorbing considerations of present policy; and it will be seen, accordingly, that though religious differences were still capable of originating wars, yet no material obstacle was found in diversity of creeds to the establishment of cordial and permanent alliances. In the Thirty Years' War, for instance, though the dispute lay ostensibly between the Roman Catholic and the Protestant constituencies of the Empire, yet the paramount object of the aggressive belligerents was the depression of the House of Austria; and in this good cause, the Popish troops of France, at the instigation of a cardinal minister, fought shoulder to shoulder with the parti-colored Protestants of Germany and Sweden.

It was in such a state of affairs and opinion, that Francis I. turned his eyes toward the Porte. Solyman the Great, who in 1520 had ascended the Turkish throne, had again directed the Ottoman arms to European conquests—and with a success surpassing the boldest achievements of his victorious predecessors. But these events, which a century before might have struck all Christian capitals with indignation and alarm, were now only looked upon as so many inducements to a political alliance. Francis saw in Solyman, not the conqueror of Rhodes and the would-be subjugator of Christendom, but the monarch of a mighty State availably situated for active diversion, and already at feud with his deadly enemy. That the Ottoman Sultan should have invested Vienna, and openly advanced pretensions to the supremacy claimed by Charles, were circumstances only additionally suggestive of the projected treaty. His resolution was taken accordingly. There had long been certain relations of trade and amity between French merchants and the Mameluke Soldans of Egypt; and when this country fell, as we have stated, under the dominion of the Turks, the privileges en-

joyed by the Christian traffickers had been judiciously confirmed and augmented. These antecedents were turned to account by Francis, who based upon them a proposal for a general commercial treaty between France and the Porte.\* The instrument, it is true, did not stipulate any alliance for offence or defence; but the assurances of amity now ostentatiously interchanged, were sufficiently indicative of the point to which matters were tending; and within a few months, the corsair subjects of the Porte were actually let loose upon the Neapolitan possessions of the Catholic king!

Such was the first formal recognition of the Ottoman dynasty of Constantinople. Truces and treaties had, of course, been previously concluded between the Porte and its enemies; but this was the earliest instance of an amicable and gratuitous alliance; and it is worth observing, that so early did it occur, as to make the admission of a Mahometan Power into the community of Christian States contemporaneous with the very first and rudimentary combinations of these States among each other. That it was considered a step out of the common course of politics, and that it created, even in impartial quarters, some scandal, we can easily perceive; but not more, perhaps, than had been occasioned by the previous overtures of the same unscrupulous monarch to the Protestants of Smalcald. It is a significant indication, too, of the temper of the times, that the treaty was negotiated at Constantinople by a knight of St. John—and that it contained a special provision for the admission of the Pope to the league!

Still, there was really, as we have said, some scandal; and it needed in fact a concurrence of conditions to bring about so strange an innovation as the political naturalization of the Turk among the States of Christendom. Some of these conditions are in the highest degree curious and interesting. In the first place, since the period when we left the Ottomans on their way toward Egypt and Persia, the Reformation of religion in Europe had been successfully carried out. This mighty event exercised a twofold influence upon the relationship between the Christian Powers and the Papal See. On the one hand, by subtracting so many States

\* What a benefit to History, if the National press of other countries was as usefully employed as that of France, in publications resembling the one, which we have placed at the head of our present Article. Is nobody engaged upon a translation of Von Hammer's 'Ottoman Empire'?

from the supremacy of the Pope, and weakening, in direct proportion, his authoritative power, it dislocated and neutralized the influence of that particular court, from which all combinations against the misbelievers had previously received their warrant and organization. No crusade could be maintained without the auspices of a Pope; and upon the good-will and services of this potentate more urgent and impressive claims were now preferred. But a few years before, indeed, the Pontiff had been besieged and imprisoned in his own city,—not by the fierce Mahometans, who once threatened such an attack, and at the echo of whose arms on Italian territory a former Pope had actually prepared to retreat beyond the Alps, but by the sworn foes of these intruders—the troops, on whose protection against such contingencies the powerless Romans had been heretofore taught to rely. The time had past when the most deadly antagonist of the Pope was necessarily the Turk, and with it had gone all opportunity for the moral or material organization of an actual crusade. On the other hand, the support derivable for such purposes from popular opinion was diminished in a corresponding degree by the operation of the same events. A new object had been found for the combative propensities of fanaticism or zeal. In the religious wars of these times, “heretic” was substituted for “infidel,” and the enthusiasm or animosity which in former days might have been directed against the encroachments of the Turk, were now furnished with sufficient occupation by the fatal divisions of Christendom itself. These causes, co-operating with a visible and settled repugnance to distant crusades, with the distractions arising from domestic vicissitudes, and with the indifference to alarming phenomena which familiarity ultimately brings on, may be taken perhaps as explanatory of that course of events which at length not only established the House of Othman upon the throne of the Cæsars, but gave it a title and place in the courts and councils of Europe.

It was not, however, under any ordinary aspect that this diplomatic *debut* was solemnized. The Ottoman Porte made its entry into the European system with all the appliances of glory, grandeur, and triumph. Not only was it a first-rate Power, but, excepting the yet scarcely manageable resources of Imperial Germany, it was the strongest Power which could take the field. This consciousness of strength, combined with that orthodox insolence and heritage of pretensions ;

which we have alluded, gave to its deportment the genuine impress of barbaric pride. The Emperor of the Ottomans carried himself as a sovereign immeasurably exalted above all the monarchs of the West—especially above those with whom he was brought into immediate contact. The view taken by Solyman of the overtures of Francis I. may be collected from his haughty boast, that in his shadow the kings of France, Poland, Venice, and Transylvania had been fain to seek refuge. The first Austrian ambassador despatched to the Sublime Porte was sternly rebuked for applying a majestic epithet to his own master, and was thrown contemptuously into prison. Indeed, for a long subsequent period, the Oriental arrogance of Turkish sultans withheld from the representatives of foreign Powers those honorable immunities which in the intercourse of civilized nations is ever attached to their office; and the personal liberties of the diplomatic body in the vicinity of the Seven Towers were proverbially insecure. Meanwhile, it is affirmed, by no less competent authority than that of Azuni, that on general international questions, Turkey has at all times set an example of moderation to the more civilized governments of Europe. Sketching, now, a broad outline of the position of Turkey between this time and a period which we may fix at the commencement of the Thirty Years' War, we might say that the idea of the “Infidels” had, from various causes, virtually disappeared; and that if the Porte was on other than acceptable terms with the courts of Christendom, the difference was not owing to its national faith. By the States engaged in hostilities with it, it was regarded as neither more nor less than an ordinary enemy; nor would we undertake to prove that Hungary\* had much greater repugnance to a Turkish than to an Austrian master. The States removed from occasions of collision with the Porte were positively amicable—submitting to certain barbaric assumptions in consideration of commercial advantages. France had led the way from motives already explained; Venice, which in mercantile compacts had been already in the field, promptly followed; and England's first ambassador departed from the court of Elizabeth. His reception, curiously enough, was not unopposed. Previously, our few negotiations with the Porte had been transacted through the representatives of the States already accredited there; and neither Venice

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\* Ed. Rev. vol. i. p. 454-5.

nor France was disposed to forego the prerogative of mediation, or to welcome a new competitor on the scene. The objections, however, were overruled, and the Ottoman Porte was declared open to all. In 1606 the United States despatched also their envoy to Constantinople. And thus, either the suggestions of policy, or the temptations of trade, had collected the representatives of Christendom about the Turkish Sultan, at as early a period as could be reasonably anticipated from the temper of the government, and the distance of the scene.

The influence directly exerted at this period by Turkey upon Western Europe was not, indeed, remarkable; though there are two points connected with it which deserve to be recorded. The incessant attacks of the Ottomans along the Danube and the Theiss, created in Germany such a sense of insecurity as had not been felt since the irruptions of the Moguls; and it became indeed evident that the protection of the Empire under such new frontier relations could not be entrusted to a distant or non-resident sovereign. It was true that the front recently shown by Charles V. to Solymán proved that the armies of the East could be over-matched, on emergencies, by the forces of the West; but these forces could be mustered only by such desperate appeals, and after such difficulties, that they supplied but an uncertain resource against the perils constantly impending from the ambition or ferocity of the Sultan. Even on the occasion alluded to, the Mahometans were in the very heart of Styria, before the strength of the Empire could be collected for the deliverance of Germany. These obvious considerations, though they had less weight than might have been anticipated with the Imperial States, who apprehended more danger to their liberties from the House of Hapsburgh than from the House of Othman, did induce Charles so far to modify his own schemes as to partition the reversion of his possessions, and so bespeak the Imperial crown for his brother Ferdinand, instead of his son Philip. His exertions secured a settlement which he afterward vainly tried to cancel. Ferdinand was elected King of the Romans; and thus the substitution of the formidable Ottoman for the degenerate Greek in the halls of Constantinople, was the means of settling the crown of the Empire in a German instead of a Spanish House—and of laying the broad foundation of the great monarchy of Austria. The event, too, produced its reaction on the fortunes of Turkey; for Fer-

dinand, thus strengthened, succeeded in incorporating the elective crown of Hungary with the already aggrandized inheritance of his family. From this consolidation of dominion flowed two results of signal importance to the subject we are now considering. Not only was a State created of sufficient magnitude to resist the aggressions of the Turk, but this rival empire became actually *contemninous* with the Ottoman dominions. Prague, Buda, and Vienna were now capitals of the same kingdom; a blow struck at Zeuta was felt at Frankfort; and thus, instead of the uncertain resistance dictated by the fitful and erratic impulses of Hungarian cavaliers, a steady force was organized and arrayed against the Turk, and the majesty and strength of Imperial Christendom was brought bodily on his borders.

It is with no wish to disparage the national character of Hungary that we here acknowledge our doubts whether this kingdom of itself either served or could have served as that "bulwark of Christendom" which it has been often denominated. We think, indeed, that after an impartial review of the annals of this period, it will be difficult to escape the conclusion that, but for its practical identification with the Germanic Empire, it would probably have become, and perhaps have remained, a dependency of the misbelievers. Even as it was, it should be remembered that Buda was Turkish for almost as long a period as Gibraltar has been English; while, as regards any active or inveterate antagonism on the score of religion, we find little ground for concluding that the inhabitants of Hungary would have shown more tenacity than the population of Wallachia or Moldavia. The personal prowess and brilliant successes of Hunniades and Matthias Corvinus were mainly instrumental, no doubt, in stemming the first torrent of Ottoman conquest; but though the flower of the armies which encountered the Moslem on the Danube were usually supplied from the chivalry of Hungary, it is impossible not to trace the ultimate transfer of ascendancy, to those events which established a mutual assurance among all the kingdoms between the Vistula and the Rhine.

The second of the points to which we alluded as notably exemplifying the influence of Turkey upon Christendom was the establishment, on the coast of Barbary, of those anomalous piratical States which have only within our own generation become extinct. From the earliest development of their national strength, the Turks have always expe-

rienced and confessed their inferiority on the seas; and though their unexpected victory over the Venetians at Sapienza for a moment might appear to announce a change, yet the improvement was not maintained; and the famous battle of Lepanto decided the capacity of the Turkish marine. Exasperated, however, at the insults to which he was exposed, and desirous of creating by any methods some counterpoise to the supremacy of the European Powers in the Mediterranean, Solyman the Great invested the celebrated Barbarossa with a title beyond the mere fact of conquest, to the possessions he had already acquired on the African coast. Algiers and its kindred strongholds became feudatories of the Porte; and in this capacity supplied, as will be remembered, the materials for some of the most curious historical episodes of the times in question. To say that these predatory governments ever seriously influenced the affairs of Europe would be attributing to them too great importance; but before the rise and growth of the proper Powers Maritime, they often successfully contested the command of the adjacent waters. It might have been reasonably expected that they would have been outlawed by the very fact of the profession which they so audaciously carried on. Instead of this, treaties were entered into with them by too many States to allow of their being proceeded against as pirates; so that the favor of the Porte had little difficulty in maintaining them for three centuries in their anomalous existence. Something, perhaps, they owed to the reciprocal jealousies of Christian States; and it deserves at least to be mentioned, that our own good understanding with these piratical communities preceded even our definite alliance with Holland, and was disturbed by only a single serious rupture through a century and a half.

Our review has now reached a point at which the action of the Ottoman Empire upon the affairs of Christendom can no longer be described as peculiarly that of a Mahometan Power. The holy war against Christians no longer supplied any guiding principle of Turkish policy, nor was any combination likely to be suggested by analogous considerations on the other side. When Mahomet III. departed from Constantinople on his campaign against the Emperor Rodolf II., his martial pomp was swelled by the ambassadors of France and England. And in truth, at the opening of the seventeenth century, the principal European States were either at peace with the Porte, or had con-

tracted positive alliances with it. The idea of attaching to it any political disabilities on the score of religion, had in reality become extinct, though it still survived in popular conceptions and received occasional illustrations in examples of individual chivalry. In fact, the existence of the still powerful order of St. John, holding its possessions and privileges on the recorded condition of war with the infidel, was sufficient to perpetuate the traditions of a previous period; and instances of volunteers in the same cause were of constant recurrence. The spirit of which we are speaking was conspicuously exemplified at the famous siege of Candia, when, in addition to other succors, the garrison was reinforced by a select band of Christian knights under the Duc de Beaufort, although the alliance between France and the Porte remained nominally undisturbed. "The French," said the vizier Kiuperli on this occasion, "are our friends;—but we usually find them with our enemies." No serious notice, however, was taken of these incidents; nor was there wanting at Constantinople an accurate appreciation of the subsisting policy of the principal cabinets of Europe. In the reign of our Charles I., a Venetian envoy ventured to threaten the Porte with a Christian league. "The Pope," returned the Turkish minister, "would sting if he could, but he has lost the power; Spain and Germany have their own work upon their hands; the interests of France are ours; while, as to England and Holland, they would only be too glad to supersede you in the commercial privileges you enjoy. Declare your war, then,—and see how you will fare for allies." This estimate of the condition and temper of contemporary governments was tolerably correct, and, indeed, a combination of motives frequently secured to the Porte diplomatic concessions, not yielded to any Christian Power. Nor was its character in its public relations wholly that of a barbarian State. It was unquestionably chargeable with ignorant vanity, with passionate caprice, with savage cruelty, and with a contemptuous disregard of international usages; but, on the other hand, it often displayed a magnanimous disdain of opportunities, and a noble sympathy for greatness in misfortune; while its ordinary respect for such treaty engagements as it had formally contracted, was at least on a level with that of other governments, from whose civilization and religion more might have been expected.

The truth is, that at this period the peculiar character of the Turkish State was man-

ifested rather in its neutrality than its aggressiveness. Bacon's doctrine, that there was a perpetual justification of invasive war with the Turks, on the ground of prevention, was evidently an anachronism. Probably no Christian Power, in such a position, could have avoided an active participation in the wars of religion and succession which one after another desolated the European Continent; whereas the arms of Turkey, at this crisis of the destinies of Germany, were again turned with irresistible force upon Persia. It was not until that terrible struggle had been terminated, that the Ottomans were allured, by the seductive representations of Tekeli, to make their last gratuitous demonstrations against the capital of the Western Empire. But the result of this famous invasion was very different from what they had anticipated. Not only were the ramparts of Vienna maintained against Black Mustapha's janizaries, and his spahis scattered by the first charge of Sobieski's cavaliers, but the several particulars of the campaign disclosed the fact, that the pre-eminence in arms had passed at length from the Ottomans to the Christians. The stories of this celebrated siege, and the apparent peril of a second Christian capital, tended to revive in no small degree the popular horror of the Turk; however, in point of fact, the growing ascendancy of Christendom had been indisputably shown. Already had the defence of Candia, protracted to more than twice the length of the defence of Troy, demonstrated the resources of even unorganized Europe against the whole forces of the Ottoman Empire, directed by the ablest minister it had ever known; the recollections of Lepanto were reanimated and heightened by a new series of naval victories; and now, for the first time, the superior excellence of European tactics was displayed on the banks of the Danube. Even had Vienna yielded to the first assaults, there is scarcely any room for doubting that the tide of conquest must soon have been both stayed and turned.

Still, although the seventeenth century was to close upon the Porte with humiliation and discomfiture, neither its attitude nor its position among the States of Europe had yet experienced any material change. It no longer indeed maintained a mastery in the field; but it still preserved its traditional carriage in the cabinet. It was still beyond obvious reach of insult or attack, and still affected the haughty language of unapproachable supremacy. It had not yet come to need countenance or protection; nor was the Power at

present in being before whose deadly antagonism its fortunes were at length to fail. A step, however, had about this time been taken toward the impending change, which deserves to be recorded. The Turks were disqualified no less by individual character than by national pretensions for the subtle functions of diplomacy; and the rude violence of their deportment in their foreign relations may be ascribed in no inconsiderable degree to the fierce and obstinate bearing of a true believer. Toward the end of the century, accidental events suggested the employment, in this peculiar capacity of the Grecian subjects of the Porte; who turned to such account the opportunities which were thus afforded them, that they presently monopolised the more important duties of external intercourse. In some sense, the Ottoman Empire was of course a gainer by the substitution of these supple intriguers for its own intractable sons; but the change contributed materially to effect its position in the eyes of other nations, and served incidentally to mark the period at which its characteristic arrogance began to recede.

With the eighteenth century a new scene opened upon Europe, in which the part hitherto played by Turkey was to be strangely reversed. Though we have brought our sketch of the Ottoman fortunes to a comparatively modern period, we have as yet had no opportunity of naming that remarkable nation by whose action they were to be finally regulated. The reader may, perhaps, be amused with the first dim foreshadowing of the mighty figures which were to come. In times long past, before the singular succession of bold and sagacious monarchs on the throne of Constantinople had been broken by the elevation of idiots or debauchees from the recesses of the seraglio, some of these powerful princes, with an enlightenment for which they have hardly received sufficient credit, cast about for means of restoring those commercial advantages of which their dominions had been deprived by the discoveries of Vasco di Gama, and by the consequent diversion of Eastern trade from the overland route to an entirely new channel. Among other projects for this purpose, Selim II. conceived or revived the idea of connecting by an artificial canal, at the most convenient points, the two great streams of the Don and the Volga, thus opening a navigable passage from the Black Sea to the Caspian, and establishing an easy communication between Central Asia and Western Europe. It was seldom that the Ottoman Sultans did their

work negligently. On this occasion the zeal of Selim was quickened by his desire to invade Persia through the new route, and he commenced his canal as it might have been commenced by a king of Egypt. He may be pardoned, in the fulness of his power, for not taking into account the destined opposition to his schemes. As the work, however, was proceeding, a body of men, with uncouth figures, strange features, and barbarous language, sallied out from a neighboring town, surprised the expedition, and cut soldiers and workmen to pieces. These savages were the Muscovite subjects of Ivan the Terrible, —and such was the first encounter of the *Turks and the Russians*.

About the middle of the ninth century, a short time before the accession of our Alfred the Great, Rurik, one of the Varangian rovers of the Baltic, sailed into the Gulf of Finland, and, with the audacity and fortune characteristic of his race, established a Norman dynasty at Novogorod. He presently despatched a step-son to secure the city of Kiev, on the Dnieper, which had formed the southern settlements of the old Slavish population, as Novogorod had formed the northern; and the invaders thus became the recognized lords of a country which was even then called Russia. To the instincts of the new settlers, the wealthy and unwarlike empire of the East was a point of irresistible attraction, and five times within a century were the "Russians" conducted by their new rulers to the siege of Constantinople. The bulwarks, however, of the imperial city were proof against the canoes and spears of the barbarians; and the last of these expeditions, in 955, terminated in an event which precluded any recurrence of the trial. By the instrumentality of a princess, the House of Rurik and its subjects received the doctrines of Christianity; and from this time the marauding ambition of the Russians was exchanged for a deep respect toward that State from which they had obtained their religion, their written characters, and many of the usages of civilization. Unfortunately, one of the consequences of the disorders of an irregular and disputed succession was the transfer, about the year 1170, of the seat of government from Kiev to Vladimir. The former city had been early preferred to Novogorod, on account of its contiguity to the scene of anticipated conquest; and, when the relations between its rulers and the Greek emperors had experienced the change to which we have referred, the proximity was still desirable for the sake of an intercourse which was ex-

ercising a highly beneficial though partial influence upon the rising kingdom. But this removal of the grand "princes" or "dukes" from so convenient a capital as Kiev, to what is nearly the centre of the present monarchy, completely cut off the Russians from Constantinople and Christendom; and was the first of those occurrences which so singularly retarded the political development of this mighty State. The second was the invasion of the Moguls.

When, in the middle of the thirteenth century, the Tartars of the Asiatic Highlands burst, for the third time, upon the plains of Europe, they found an easy prey in the disorganized principalities of Russia. Vladimir, as we have remarked, was the capital of a grand duchy, to which a score of princes, all of the blood of Rurik, owed a nominal allegiance; but, so destructive had been the consequences of unsettled successions and repeated partitions, that there was nothing to oppose the inroad or settlement of the Mogul, and the result was the establishment, upon the banks of the Don, of a Tartar khannat, with undisputed supremacy over the ancient princes of the land. The sovereignty of the horde, however, although complete, was not very actively exerted; and, in the two centuries which followed, the grand dukes were left at liberty to work out, in the interior of the country, the problem of Russian liberation. Kiev having now been definitely abandoned, the seats of the three leading princes were at Vladimir, Twer, and Moscow; the first of which lines enjoyed the supremacy, until it devolved, in the beginning of the fourteenth century, upon Twer, and, in the course of about fifty years more, upon Moscow. At this point the succession was finally settled in the person of Ivan of Moscow, surnamed Kalita; whose resources were strengthened by the gradual conflux of the population upon his territory, as they retired from the encroachments of the Lithuanians and Poles. His descendents were soon enabled to hold their own not only against these nations, but even against their Tartar lords; and the frame of a kingdom of "Muscovy" was already formed, when, in 1462, IVAN THE GREAT succeeded to the heritage of his ancestors. So completely, indeed, had the collateral lines of the royal stock been subordinated to its head, that little more was required for the consolidation of a powerful monarchy than the reduction of some municipal republics, and the subjugation of the now enfeebled horde on the Don. These conditions were soon realized. In 1481, Ivan,



assuming the title of Czar, announced himself as an independent sovereign to the States of Christendom;—and the EMPIRE OF RUSSIA was formed.

It is very remarkable that even this remote and peculiar State, which then gave so little promise of its future destiny, should thus have been apparently consolidated at the same period which witnessed the definite formation of so many of the European kingdoms. Ivan the Great was contemporary with Maximilian of Austria, with Ferdinand of Spain, and with Louis XI. of France. And circumstances, arising immediately from the events before us, seemed at one moment to favor, in no small degree, the ultimate development of the new dominion. Constantinople, the early patroness of Russian progress and civilization, from which the recollections of the people had never, even by the intruding Tartars, been wholly estranged, had now, in her original capacity and influence, become extinct, and was occupied by aliens in religion and race. We may perhaps say, indeed, that this catastrophe was more sincerely felt in Russia than in any other part of Christendom. To the high gratification of his subjects, Ivan raised Sophia, the last of the Greek princesses, to a share of his throne and bed; adopted as the ensign of his State the two-headed eagle, which, by a strange vicissitude, had now been replaced at Constantinople by the old crescent of Pagan Byzantium; and appeared, by his alliance and his sympathies, to have acquired some of the dignity and pretensions of the emperors of the Greeks. Detached, in this manner, from its original connection with the East, the Russian monarchy acquired rather a European than an Asiatic aspect; an exchange undoubtedly conducive to its eventual advancement. Its penance, however, was not yet done. At this critical juncture, when everything appeared to promise the speedy growth of the new Power, the old stock of Rurik, after seven centuries and a half of existence, failed in the third generation from the great Ivan; and a succession of usurpers, invaders, and pretenders for fifteen years, during which interregnum the country narrowly escaped annexation to Poland, threw back the rising monarchy into a condition scarcely better than that from which it had emerged. At length, in 1613, the election of Michael Romanoff to the vacant throne provided Russia anew with a royal stock; and the fated antagonist of the House of Othman was finally established in policy and power.

But for the retarding circumstances to

which we have referred, it is probable that the relations between Turkey and Christendom would have been changed at a much early period by the menacing attitude of Russian dominion. Alexis, the second of the Romanoffs, suggested, even in the middle of the seventeenth century, the formation of a holy league against the infidels of Constantinople. His country, however, was as yet in no condition to play the part desired; nor was it, indeed, until the days of Peter the Great, that Russian vessels, after a lapse of nearly eight centuries, again swam the sea of Azov. Still, the future was preparing. The peace of Carlowitz, in 1699, terminated the last of those Turkish wars by which European freedom was conceived to be threatened. It actually included Russia: and thus was Russia, for the first time, brought seriously into hostile contact with the Porte. It may be even added, that the terms of the treaty were honorable to Peter; nevertheless, although the ascendancy of the Imperialist over the Ottoman arms had now been conclusively decided, some time further was to elapse before this superiority was shared by Russia also.

The Turkish Empire entered upon the eighteenth century, considerably damaged by the last campaigns. Its forces had been relatively, though not, perhaps, actually weakened; but its reputation was most seriously diminished. Nevertheless, this very circumstance probably contributed, by finally removing all dread of its aggressions, to promote that peculiar interest which the cabinets of Europe now began to take in its political fortunes. It was, however, the progress of Russia alone which modified the estimation of Turkey among the Western States; and we shall best understand this gradual revolution of opinion by observing the respective positions of the Porte and its new rival, at the close of the several wars by which this century was distinguished. It should be recollected, that the direct influence of Turkey, at this period, upon the European system, was almost exclusively confined to the Northern States. The secret inspiration of France was, indeed, perceptible in the decisions of the Divan; but it was only on the banks of the Vistula and the shores of the Baltic that the vibrations of Ottoman struggles were practically felt. Acting on Russia and Poland through the medium of Cossack and Tartar hordes, which carried their allegiance and their disorder to all these countries in turn,—on Prussia and Sweden through Poland, and on Denmark through Russia,—the

Turkish Empire found itself connected with the less important moiety of Christendom—its relations with the Great Powers of the West being mainly suggested by its capacities for annoying Austria. In the wars, therefore, of the Spanish succession, as in the other great European contests, the Ottoman Empire was in no way directly mixed. Though its councils, as we shall presently see, became more and more exposed to the intrigues of diplomatists, yet so lordly was the indifference of the Porte to such opportunities, and so capricious and uncertain was its disposition, that no extensive combination could be safely based on its probable demeanor.

When the division of Europe with which it was most immediately concerned had been convulsed by the enterprises of Charles XII. of Sweden, it took no original part in the quarrel; but when, after the defeat of Pultawa, the vanquished hero sought refuge at Bender, the peace of Carlowitz was summarily broken, in behalf of a sovereign whose inferiority to his adversary had been exposed before all the world. It would be a work of some interest to ascertain how far the Divan was actually influenced by any considerations respecting Russian aggrandizement, and whether, upon this early occasion, its deliberations were swayed by the maxims of more modern policy. That it was not so influenced, to any very great extent, we may perhaps infer from its promptitude in engaging the Czar, and from the justification which such confidence received on the Pruth. Peter was there completely discomfited; and although the Swedish king gained nothing in the end, the advantages obtained by the Turks over the Russians appeared in 1711 quite decisive on the comparative strength of the two parties. In 1724, however, the Divan had begun to look with jealousy, if not apprehension, upon the growth of Russia; and war was only averted by the good offices of the French court. Its ambassador, on this occasion, represented to the Porte, remarkably enough, that the aggrandizement of Russia could be in nowise injurious to the Ottoman interests; but that, on the contrary, it would supply a counterpoise against Austria, the natural enemy of Mahometan power. It is said, that Peter the Great bequeathed certain cabinet traditions for effacing what he considered to be the humiliating features of the treaty of the Pruth; and it is at any rate clear, that when the accession of the Empress Anne introduced fresh spirit into the Russian councils, an opportunity was

promptly found to renew hostilities with the Ottomans. Indeed, the cabinet of St. Petersburg appears to have even now almost succeeded to the imperious carriage of the Porte itself. Though, twenty years later, such was the condition of the country, that one of the most intelligent of French diplomatists described it as a country liable, at any moment, to relapse into barbarism, and on that ground disqualified for any permanent alliances; yet it already assumed all the airs of supremacy, so far as even to contest the ancient precedence of France. The war from 1735 to 1739, which now ensued, proved the hinging point in the military fortunes of Turkey. It cannot certainly be termed discreditable in its conduct. Since, notwithstanding that it was actually engaged in Persia with the formidable Nadir Shah, the Porte was still able to show a resolute front to Munnich in the Crimea, and to the Count de Wallis on the Danube, and at length drove the Austrians to a precipitate peace under the walls of Belgrade. But though the honor of the Ottoman arms was thus far unexpectedly maintained, and though no advantage was ever gained against them without a desperate struggle, it was nevertheless demonstrated, by the results of the campaign, that the rising power of Russia had at length reached an equality with that of Turkey; nor could it be much longer doubtful with which the superiority would rest for the future. The point had now been reached after which, even if Turkey did not retrograde, yet Russia must continue to advance,—and the distance between them must yearly increase. Even the terms of the particular treaty which followed immediately upon the peace of Belgrade, showed the change of relationship between them. The territorial arrangements were not greatly to the disadvantage of the Porte; but the haughty Ottoman condescended to acknowledge an "Empress" in the Czarina; and an explicit stipulation was introduced for the annulment of all previous conventions, agreements, and concessions, and the recognition of this treaty as solely defining the relations which were to subsist thereafter between the contracting Powers.

After this, all, excepting the actual conquest of the Ottoman Empire, may be said to be virtually over. In fact, even the last war had been commenced with the definite expectation of despoiling the Porte of some, at least, of its European possessions—so precipitate had been its decline. Turkey was now fairly on the descending limb of her orbit;



and it seemed easy to calculate the speed with which she was hastening to her setting. True to her ancient policy, if such a term can be applied to a strange combination of ignorance, high-mindedness, and disdain, the Porte took no part in the wars which embroiled its old antagonists at the demise, in 1740, of the Imperial Crown; or in the seven years' hostilities which afterward ensued. On the contrary, it actually proffered its disinterested mediation to the belligerents, and voluntarily dispatched to the Court of Vienna assurances of its unaltered amity. The question on which peace was at last broken, was that of expiring Poland. To say that the Divan was mainly influenced in this moment by sentiments of sympathy or generosity would be saying too much; but, so blind was it to the changes which time had wrought in the relative strength of the parties, that, in 1768, it deliberately and of its own accord declared war upon Russia. The campaigns which followed, speedily demonstrated the fatal folly of such a proceeding. The position of Turkey had, for nearly half a century, been defensive, and its vulnerable points were now fully exposed. On the other hand, so steady and rapid had been the advance, in the last thirty years, of Russian power, that the germs of all its subsequent pretensions were already visible, with their consequences, in this, the first war after the peace of Belgrade. Russian squadrons immediately scoured the Archipelago; Russian missionaries excited the Greek subjects of the Porte to rebellion; Russian agents tampered with the refractory governors of Egypt. So settled was the confidence of Catharine II. in the superiority of her admirably disciplined troops, that the vast hosts of the Ottomans were deliberately met by one eighth of their numbers,—and with perfect success. The Turks were driven out of Wallachia and Moldavia; the Danube was crossed; the fortresses of its southern bank invested; and the Ottoman communications intercepted between the famous camp of Schumla and its magazines at Varna.

And now, for the first time, were the general apprehensions of Christendom excited, *on behalf of the Turks!* Austria, though both previously and subsequently allured by a proposal for sharing the expected spoils, discerned a new danger and a new policy, while England and France acquired new motives of interest; and even Prussia acknowledged her concern. What adds to the significance of this agitation is, that it was of no avail. Catharine proudly rejected all intervention;

and, at her own time and upon her own terms, dictated the treaty of Kainardgi, which carried the old frontier of Peter the Great on to the banks of the Bug.

This was the first advancement of the boundaries of Russia to the south: and we may convey an intelligible idea of the system commenced, on this occasion, by merely enumerating the stages of its progress from those days to the present. Between the channels of the Dnieper and the Danube, three smaller streams fall in parallel directions into the waters of the Euxine—the Bug, the Dniester, and the Pruth. In the time of Peter, the Russian frontier had been formed by the Dnieper; in 1774, it was carried, as we have said, to the Bug; in 1792 to the Dniester; in 1812 to the Pruth; and in 1829, the line was made to include the mouths of the Danube. These advances represent, of course, grave contests and serious cost. In 1784, Catharine had so far ventured on the rights of the strongest, as to annex the Crimea to her dominion, by the simple authority of an imperial ukase. But by her menacing parades in these regions, and by her haughty inscription—"the route to Byzantium"—over one of the gates of Kherson, she at length exasperated the still ferocious Ottomans beyond the bounds of patience,—and war was again declared by the Porte. The campaigns of Potemkin and Suwarrow—the capture of Oczakoff—and the storm of Ismail, followed. The results we have already named.

What we are now, however, desirous of noticing, is not so much the protracted struggle between Turkish desperation and Russian strength, as the political persuasions which the development of these facts contributed to generate in Europe. We drew attention, at an early stage of our remarks, to the influence originally sought for, though with great submissiveness and timidity, by the emissaries of France at the court of the Sultan. There was, we may here observe, a singular convenience in the alliance to which the Porte had been thus incidentally led. The King of France was far enough removed to be beyond the risk of collision; the traditional connection of his cabinet with the affairs of Poland, and its peculiar authority with the Order of St. John, gave him frequent opportunities of serviceable mediation, while his position, as the first hereditary monarch of the Christian World, was such as to gratify the inordinate pride of the Ottoman Sultans. In respect of arrogance, however, the French monarchs were nearly a match for their Oriental allies. They exacted from

the Porte the title of "Padischah," or Emperor; and, in the conduct of such of their ambassadors as Marcheville and Ferriol, it is difficult to trace much superiority over the uncivilized envoys of the Porte. But as the preponderance of the Ottoman power gradually decreased, this indefinite influence of France assumed a more positive form and scope, and at length, in the wars of Louis Le Grand, it was visibly established. So ambitious a monarch could not overlook a Power of which so much use was to be made in a variety of ways. The Most Christian King had been forced indeed, for very decency, to dispatch certain succors to the Emperor at the moment when the infidel was actually menacing Vienna: But his agents were all the while busy at Constantinople; and in the delay of the pacification with which at length the war and the century were terminated, the interested action of a Western Power was, for the first time, notoriously traceable. After this period, the necessities or liabilities of the Ottoman State in this respect, became matter of common recognition; and so regularly during the next hundred years did all the great Powers of Europe, according to their successive ascendencies or opportunities, claim a right of interference and mediation in the negotiations and treaties of the Porte, that the conduct of Catharine II. in disallowing such intervention between her and her enemy, was conceived to indicate an extraordinary degree of presumption. These intercessions, however, had not yet been dictated or determined by any general alarm at the aggrandizement of Russia; they originated in the prospect of advantage which each State discerned in communicating the impress of its own interests to the engagements of a nation dissociated by creed, position, and character from the ordinary politics of Christendom. Even after Turkey ceased to be an aggressive Power, it still retained the capacity of effecting, on emergencies, most serious diversions,—and of granting commercial privileges of no trifling value. It became in fact a State, which, though not secluded from the rights of political community, was yet so practically withdrawn from the sphere of ordinary combinations, as to appear like a ready-made instrument for all collateral purposes. Its disdainful chivalry and its passionate caprices were well known; nor was there any cabinet of importance which did not appreciate the possible services they might confer. At the Pruth, the mediating Powers were England and Poland; at Belgrade, the mis-

sion devolved upon France. Prussia was characteristically introduced to the Divan by the admiration of the Ottoman for the personal qualities of the Great Frederic. The state of things disclosed by Romanzoff's campaigns, transformed even Austria into an intercessor on behalf of the Turks; and in 1792 the cabinets of London and Berlin found themselves zealously co-operating for the same end. Other scenes, however, were now at hand.

The position of Turkey at the opening of those eventful days which changed the face of Europe by and through the French Revolution, was briefly this:—She had escaped the imminency of peril. The last wars had conclusively established both the gigantic strength of Russia and the uses to which it would probably be applied. Catharine did not condescend to disguise her ambition or her hopes. She openly discussed the project of restoring a Greek Empire at Constantinople for the benefit of her successors; and revived the auspicious name of Constantine in a prince of her royal house. Nor, although the fate of Poland had alarmed the statesmen of Europe, was it by any means certain that any peremptory arbitration could at this time have been interposed between Russia and her prey. In 1791, Pitt had found himself totally unsupported in his proposition to equip a squadron of observation for the Dardanelles; the functions of France, the old and, nominally at least, the natural ally of the Porte, were entirely suspended; and the complicity and spoils of Polish dismemberment furnished the Northern Courts with irresistible arguments and temptations. Already, in fact, had the *partition* of Turkey been deliberately canvassed, as a preferable alternative to its absorption; and although subsequent events showed that the Ottomans were by no means so defenceless as they were presumed to be, yet it may be doubted whether they would not have been thrown wholly for support at this time on their own fanatical courage. Even ten years earlier, France, acting always as the confidential friend of Turkey, had intimated to the Divan, that in any future war it would probably be vain to look to Europe for diversion or aid; and the inclinations of Austria to participate rather in the plunder than in the prevention of the deed were sufficiently known. From these hazards, however, the Porte was now relieved. The Governments of Europe were fain to pause in their traditional careers; and the same circumstances which had exempted the Ottoman Empire

from any share in the great wars of the century just expiring, secured it also in a similar immunity from the revolutionary tempests by which a new order of things was ushered in. At length, after six years' neutrality, the passions of the Porte were violently roused by the ambition of the Directory. The ancient interests of France in these regions of the world were characteristically symbolized in her revolutionary counsels, by a descent upon Egypt! The results of this famous expedition were, in many points of view, remarkable; and in none more than those immediately connected with the subject under review. Unable to comprehend either the Revolution or its consequences, the Porte could at least discern that its oldest ally was deliberately proposing to rob it of its fairest province. It accordingly declared war against France; and, as a natural sequel of such a determination, drew more and more closely to Great Britain, which, always favorably disposed toward Turkey, had now become its most obvious counsellor and friend. Into the particulars of the engagements which followed, we need not enter. It will be enough to observe, that by this measure the French Government rudely snapped asunder an alliance of two centuries and a half; that the protectorate thus lost, passed virtually to England; and that the ultimate effects of the enterprise threatened little less than the transfer to this country of the credit, influence, and privileges, which France, for so long a period, had enjoyed in the dominions of the Porte.

The new impulse, however, thus communicated to the policy of the Divan was by no means undisturbed. The vicissitudes of the great war soon furnished so adroit a negotiator as Napoleon with opportunities of reviving or remodeling the alliances of the old monarchy; and so well were his intrigues seconded by the impolicy of our own proceedings that, in 1807, the Dardanelles were forced by an English fleet while the defence of Constantinople was directed by a minister of France. The publication of the secret compact between Alexander and Napoleon at Tilsit once more, and more conclusively, estranged the Porte from its French connections; and at length, by a concerted pacification between Turkey and Russia in 1812, the forces of the latter Power were opportunely disengaged to assist toward the issue of the Moscow Campaign. We touch but cursorily on these events, since, however momentous in themselves, they but indirectly affected the question before us. What is

chiefly to be remarked is, that Turkey, during this period, was received with more universal consent, and on a more legitimate footing than before, into the community of European States, and that the part assigned to her in their general federative policy partook more of a regular character. On the other hand, although certain obligations were in this way contracted toward the Porte by the European States, yet its fated antagonist was more than proportionately strengthened by the operation of the same causes. So conspicuous and substantial had been the services of Russia in the struggle of Europe against Napoleon, and so entirely was the Continental policy of the Court of St. Petersburg now identified with that of the other great Powers, that the attitude of the Czar became far more formidable than before; and results which we need scarcely recapitulate, proved what substantial grounds there were for the growing apprehensions of the Divan.

What is called, indeed, "the Eastern Question," may be said to have been fully constituted at the close of the war. The opinion still survived, and, in fact, since the days of Catharine II., seemed gradually to have been confirmed, that the national existence of Turkey had reached its appointed term, and could only be protracted by the artificial suspense which the jealousies of Europe might combine to create. An element too of singular importance in the question now made itself visible. An interest was claimed, whether sincerely or otherwise, yet with great plausibility, by the Christian Powers of Europe in the Christian subjects of the Porte; and as these were mostly members of the Greek church, the sympathies and pretensions of Russia naturally assumed a peculiar prominence. The liberation of Greece and the incidents, whether of argument or violence, attending its accomplishment, furnish a sufficient exemplification of the views and considerations which were thus introduced upon the political stage, and which, it is evident, have ever since been steadily increasing in significance and weight. Still, a strong counterpoise remained in the conviction felt by all European cabinets but one, that the maintenance of the Ottoman Empire, in its substantial integrity, was necessary to the prospective peace of Europe; and although this sentiment might, in some quarters, be reducible into a simple objection to a monopoly of the spoil, yet the difficulties of a partition were so great that, eventually, all parties coincided in a resolution to stave off the crisis, and postpone a

question which they were unable to solve—with any satisfaction to themselves.

Such then is the position of the Ottoman Empire. Prostrate, to all appearance, at the feet of its vigilant and redoubtable foe, it is maintained, in a precarious security, by the jealousies rather than the sympathies of surrounding nations: For, although on more than one occasion, it has exhibited an unlooked-for vitality in the hour of peril, yet the experience of recent years forbids all further reliance on such resources. The Danube and the Balkan are no longer barriers. Adrianople has been already once reached; and between that city to Constantinople there intervenes but a step.

Historians have frequently indulged in speculations upon the causes of this decline. But the question lies, we think, within narrow limits. It is less the decay of one of the antagonists, than the growth of the other, which has so disturbed the balance between them. The armies which were overthrown by the Bajazets and the Amuraths bore no comparison to those encountered by Mahmood; nor is it probable that the Great Solyman, in the height of his power, could have ever made head against such a force as that now wielded by the reigning Czar. Turkey, in short, has been stationary, while other nations have advanced. This is one of the consequences due mainly to the character of the national religion; though it would be incorrect to attribute to this most important influence results exclusively prejudicial. It is true that fanaticism has produced social insecurity as well as political stagnation, and that the false prophets of Ottoman history have been more numerous and successful than the pretenders or usurpers of any other history whatever. But, on the other hand, the sanctity which the theocratic principle communicated to the reigning House has proved its inviolable safeguard in the crisis of revolution; and the reversion of the holy Kalifate which Selim I. secured from the last phantom representative of the Abbasides conveyed no insignificant authority to the Commander of the Faithful. In virtue of this title, the supremacy of the Sublime Porte was recognized by all the orthodox Mussulman world; so that an appeal based upon the obligations involved in it was actually, in 1799, transmitted to Constantinople from Seringapatam.

It is a remarkable feature in the history of the Ottoman and Russian Empires, that the destinies of both should be matter of long-descended tradition and common acceptance

in the minds of the people. Though the establishment of the Turks in Europe is now of such respectable antiquity that its fourth, and perhaps fated centenary draws nigh, and though their rights of dominion have acquired a title beyond that of mere prescription, yet the nation itself, as has been observed by an historian not often distinguished by such felicitous brevity of expression, is still only "*encamped*" on its conquests. They have never comported themselves, either politically or socially, as if they anticipated in Europe any continuing home. Ottoman legends relate how a belief arose, even in the very hour of conquest, that the banner of the Cross would again be some day carried to the brink of the Straits; and it is said that this misgiving is traceable in the selection of the Asiatic shore for the final resting-place of true believers. It is certain, too, that from the first definite apparition of the Russian Empire, they instinctively recognized the antagonists of Fate. Europe had hardly learned the titles of the Czar, when the gaze of the Porte was uneasily directed to the new metropolis on the Neva; throughout the whole century, notwithstanding its chequered incidents, the impression was never weakened; and to this day the inhabitants of Constantinople point out the particular gate by which the Muscovite troops are to enter the City of Promise. Nor are the traditions less vivid on the other side. Although the visible ambition of the Imperial Court may have been generated by the creations of Peter and the conquests of Catharine, yet the impressions popularly current flow from an earlier and a less corrupted source. The ancient relations of Russia with the capital of the Cæsars, the early hostilities, the subsequent alliances, and the presumed inheritance of Ivan, are all matter of national legend; and combine, with the appeal to religion and the incitements of pride, to make the recovery of Constantinople from the Ottoman appear an obligatory as well as a predestined work. The spirit in which the Russian legions would march to the Bosphorus would, probably, differ little from that in which Grenada was invested by the levies of Castile.

Yet, with all these palliatives of conquest and all this semblance of warrant, it is unquestionable that the sentiments which the occupation of Constantinople by Russia might awaken in the cabinets of Europe would be seconded by the opinion of every people between the Vistula and the Atlantic. Though the Turks, even in the fourth century of their

European existence, still sit like barbarous conquerors on the lands they won, though they retain in servitude and degradation millions of Christian subjects, though they perpetuate the hopeless desolation of vast provinces, and though these provinces are the very fairest regions of the known world and the most famous scenes of ancient story;—yet for all this, in the event of an invasion, they would command the sympathy and favor of thousands to whom the “balance of power” would be a strange and unintelligible proposition. For the conclusions of statesmen there would no doubt be sufficient warrant in the obvious danger to public peace and freedom from the aggrandizement, by such vast acquisitions, of a Power already so menacing and aggressive as Russia; but their main source, we think, must be sought in that popular instinct which naturally inclines to the weaker side, and with a stronger and more decided bias as the violence attempted to be exercised is more gratuitous—and cruel. The considerations which now tend to the disparagement of the Turks are feeble and inoperative, compared with those which are acting in their favor. They are semi-barbarians, and they are misbelievers: they have not im-

proved, by the policy or enlightenment of their rule, the title which they originally derived from conquest: But they are as they were made. They retain their native impress of character, and they have repeatedly shamed States of more lofty pretensions, by their magnanimity, their generosity, their unswerving adherence to their plighted faith and presumptive duties, and by that disdainful grandeur of soul which refuses to avail itself of another's error, and renders to misfortune a homage which had never been extorted from them by power. Very recent events have shown that the communication of European forms to Ottoman institutions, however it may have affected the vigor and elasticity of the national strength, has, at least, not impaired the national virtues; nor has there, probably, been any period since the war, at which the encroachments of an overgrown Power upon its defenceless neighbor would excite more general indignation, or induce more serious results. These are things within the daily observation of all; what we have previously deduced from the less obvious facts of history may elucidate, we hope, the character of the long-pending crisis, and facilitate the comprehension of the great problem which will be one day solved.

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## LINES

### ON THE DEATH OF A CHILD.

No bitter tears for thee be shed,  
 Blossom of being! seen and gone;  
 With flowers alone we strew thy bed,  
 O blest departed one!  
 Whose all of life, a rosy ray,  
 Blushed into dawn and passed away.

Yes! thou art gone, ere guilt had power  
 To stain thy cherub soul and form;  
 Closed is the soft ephemeral flower  
 That never felt a storm:  
 The sun-beam's smile, the zephyr's breath,  
 All that it knew from birth to death.

Thou wast so like a form of light,  
 That Heaven benignly called thee hence,  
 Ere the cold world could throw a blight  
 O'er thy sweet innocence:  
 And thou, that brighter home to bless,  
 Art passed, with all thy loveliness.

O, hadst thou still on earth remained,  
 Vision of beauty, fair as brief!  
 How soon thy brightness had been stained  
 With passion or with grief!  
 Now not a sullyng breath can rise  
 To dim thy glory in the skies.

From the New Monthly Magazine.

## JAFFAR.

INSCRIBED TO THE MEMORY OF SHELLEY.

BY LEIGH HUNT.

SHELLEY, take this to thy dear memory :—  
To praise the generous, is to think of thee.

JAFFAR, the Barmecide, the good Vizier,  
The poor man's hope, the friend without a peer,  
Jaffâr was dead, slain by a doom unjust,  
And guilty Hâroun, sullen with mistrust  
Of what the good and e'en the bad might say,  
Ordain'd that no man living from that day  
Should dare to speak his name on pain of death.—  
All Araby and Persia held their breath.

All but the brave Mondeer.—He, proud to show  
How far for love a grateful soul could go,  
And facing death for very scorn and grief  
(For his great heart wanted a great relief),  
Stood forth in Bagdad daily, in the square  
Where once had stood a happy house; and there  
Harangued the tremblers at the scymitar  
On all they owed to the divine Jaffâr.

"Bring me this man," the caliph cried. The man  
Was brought—was gaz'd upon. The mutes began  
To bind his arms. "Welcome, brave cords!" cried he;  
"From bonds far worse Jaffâr deliver'd me;  
From wants, from shames, from loveless household fears;  
Made a man's eyes friends with delicious tears;  
Restor'd me—lov'd me—put me on a par  
With his great self. How can I pay Jaffâr?"

Hâroun, who felt, that on a soul like this  
The mightiest vengeance could but fall amiss,  
Now deign'd to smile, as one great lord of fate  
Might smile upon another half as great,  
And said, "Let worth grow frenzied, if it will;  
The caliph's judgment shall be master still.  
Go; and since gifts thus move thee, take this gem,  
The richest in the Tartar's diadem,  
And hold the giver as thou deemest fit."

"Gifts!" cried the friend. He took; and holding it  
High toward the heavens, as though to meet his star,  
Exclaim'd, "This, too, I owe to thee, Jaffâr!"

From the Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review.

## EPIDEMICS.

*Epidemics of the Middle Ages*, from the German of J. F. C. HECKER, M.D. Translated by B. C. BABINGTON, M.D.

THE late epidemic has revealed the existence, and fearfully illustrated the destructive power, of some unknown agents of mortality, the precise nature and cause of which, in their connection with known and more familiar morbid influences, have hitherto been suffered to remain involved in the deepest obscurity. It leaves us with the unpleasant conviction that the accounts handed down to us of the ravages of pestilence in ancient times, were not historical exaggerations, as they have generally been considered, and that we have been laboring under a mistake in supposing that modern civilization had attained an immunity from similar desolating and wide-spread calamities. The work of Dr. Hecker on the epidemics of the middle ages, recently translated by Dr. Babington, has now become one of serious interest, as belonging, not to the past alone, but connecting the past with the present, and relating to physical phenomena which there is now reason to believe to be constantly latent, and the manifestation of which may be expected at frequently recurring intervals.

With a view to the practical conclusions which may perhaps be drawn from this volume, and from other sources, we propose to give some account of its contents.

The work, which we owe to the Sydenham Society, by whom it is published, commences with a treatise upon the pestilence of the fourteenth century, called the "Black Death," by which it is computed twenty-five millions of people—one-fourth of the then population of Europe, were destroyed. This pestilence broke out in the reign of Edward the Third, and was undoubtedly the most marked event of that reign; but it is passed over by Hume, in his life of that monarch, in a paragraph of a dozen lines, with a note of reference to Stow—a striking instance of the haste and superficial carelessness with which history is sometimes written. Stow

mentions it, in his "Survey of London," in explanation of the appropriation of a large plot of ground, without the walls, to the purposes of a cemetery, situate at the back of what is now Charter-house-square, and bounded on the north by Wilderness-row, St. John-street.

His account is the following:—

"A great pestilence entering this island, which began first in Dorsetshire, then proceeded into Devonshire, Somersetshire, Gloucestershire, and Oxfordshire, and at length came to London, and overspread all England, so wasting the people, that scarce the tenth person of all sorts was left alive; and churchyards were not sufficient to receive the dead, but men were forced to choose out certain fields for burials; whereupon, Ralph Stratford, Bishop of London, in the year 1348, bought a piece of ground called 'No Man's Land,' which he inclosed with a wall of brick, and dedicated for burial of the dead, building thereupon a proper chapel, which is now enlarged and made a dwelling-house; and this burying-plot is become a fair garden, retaining the old name of Pardon churchyard. About this, in the year 1349, the said Sir Walter Manny, in respect of danger that might befall in this time of so great a plague and infection, purchased thirteen acres and a rod of ground adjoining to the said No Man's Land, and lying in a place called 'Spittle Cross,' because it belonged to St. Bartilmewe's Hospital, since that called the new church-haw, and caused it to be consecrated by the said Bishop of London to the use of burials.

"In this plot of ground there were in that year more than fifty thousand persons buried, as I have read in the charters of Edward III.; also, I have seen and read an inscription fixed on a stone cross, some time standing in the same churchyard, and having these words:—'*Anno Domini 1349, regnante magna pestilentia consecratum fuit hoc cimiterium, in quo et infra septa presentis monasterii, sepulta fuerunt mortuorum corpora plusquam quinquaginta millia, præter alia multa ab hinc usque ad presentem, quorum animabus propitiatur Deus. Amen.*'"

\* Stow's Survey of London, p. 160.



This ancient cemetery, or the greater part of it, is now used as a play-ground and garden by the boys of the Charter-house, and few persons in London are aware of the original destination of the large enclosure of this neighborhood, the interior of which is hidden by high walls from surrounding observation.

The disease which led to its appropriation as a burial ground, is described by Hecker as a species of oriental plague, exhibiting itself in inflammatory boils and tumors of the glands, accompanied with burning thirst; sometimes, also, with inflammation of the lungs, and expectoration of blood; in other cases, with vomitings of blood and fluxes of the bowels, terminating, like malignant cholera, with a discoloration of the skin, and black spots indicating putrid decomposition, from which it was called, in the north of Europe, the "Black Death." In Italy it obtained the name of "*La mortalega grande*,"—the great mortality. The attacks were usually fatal within two or three days of the first symptoms appearing, but in many cases were even more sudden, some falling as if struck by lightning. Its effects were not confined to man; in some countries affecting dogs, cats, fowls, and other animals, which died in great numbers; and in England the disease was followed by a murrain among the cattle, occasioning a great rise in the price of food.\*

The Black Death was supposed to have commenced in the kingdom of Cathay, to

the north of China, in the year 1333, and thence to have spread in a westerly direction across the continent of Asia to Constantinople, where it made its appearance in the year 1347. In 1348 it visited Avignon, and other cities in the south of France and north of Italy and Spain. The following year it ravaged England, appearing first in Dorsetshire, attacking Bristol, Gloucester, Oxford, and London, and thence proceeding northward to Norwich, Yarmouth, Leicester, and York, which suffered immense losses; some of these cities losing nine-tenths of their inhabitants. The pestilence next visited Scotland, Norway, Russia, and Poland, which latter country, however, it did not reach until two years after its first appearance in the south of Europe. In Poland, it is stated, three-fourths of the entire population perished, and in Norway two-thirds. In Russia, also, the mortality is said to have been equally great. The total mortality of this period is thus summed up by Dr. Hecker:—

"Kairo lost daily, when the plague was raging with its greatest violence, from 10,000 to 15,000; being as many as, in modern times, great plagues have carried off during their whole course. In China, more than thirteen millions are said to have died; and this is in correspondence with the certainly exaggerated accounts from the rest of Asia. India was depopulated. Tartary, the Tartar kingdom of Kaptshaka, Mesopotamia, Syria, Armenia, were covered with dead bodies; the Koords fled in vain to the mountains. In Caramania and Casarea none were left alive. On the roads, in the camps, in the caravansaries, unburied bodies alone were seen; and a few cities only (Arabian historians name Maara-el-nooman, Schiesur, and Harem) remained in an unaccountable manner free. In Aleppo 500 died daily; 22,000 people, and most of the animals, were carried off in Gaza within six weeks. Cyprus lost almost all its inhabitants; and ships without crews were often seen in the Mediterranean, or afterward in the North Sea, driving about, and spreading the plague wherever they went on shore. It was reported to Pope Clement, at Avignon, that throughout the East, probably with the exception of China, 23,840,000 people had fallen victims to the plague. Considering the occurrences of the 14th and 15th centuries, we might, on first view, suspect the accuracy of this statement. How, it might be asked, could such great wars have been carried on—such powerful efforts have been made? how could the Greek empire, only a hundred years later, have been overthrown, if the people really had been so utterly destroyed?

"This account is nevertheless rendered credible by the ascertained fact, that the palaces of princes are less accessible to contagious diseases than the dwellings of the multitude; and that in places of importance, the influx from those districts which have suffered least soon repairs even

\* At the commencement, there was in England a superabundance of all the necessaries of life; but the plague, which seemed then to be the sole disease, was soon accompanied by a fatal murrain among the cattle. Wandering about without herds-men they fell by thousands; and, as has likewise been observed in Africa, the birds and beasts of prey are said not to have touched them. Of what nature this murrain may have been, can no more be determined, than whether it originated from communication with plague patients, or from other causes; but thus much is certain, that it did not break out until after the commencement of the Black Death. In consequence of this murrain, and the impossibility of removing the corn from the fields, there was everywhere a great rise in the price of food which to many was inexplicable, because the harvest had been plentiful; by others it was attributed to the wicked designs of the laborers and dealers; but it really had its foundation in the actual deficiency arising from circumstances by which individual classes at all times endeavor to profit. For a whole year, until it terminated in August, 1349, the Black Plague prevailed in this beautiful island, and everywhere poisoned the springs of comfort and prosperity. — Hecker's "*Epidemics of the Middle Ages*."



the heaviest losses. We must remember, also, that we do not gather much from mere numbers, without an intimate knowledge of the state of society. We will, therefore, confine ourselves to exhibiting some of the more credible accounts relative to European cities.

In Florence there died of the Black Plague . . . . .	60,000
In Venice . . . . .	100,000
In Marseilles, in one month . . . . .	16,000
In Siena . . . . .	70,000
In Paris . . . . .	50,000
In St. Denis . . . . .	14,000
In Avignon . . . . .	60,000
In Strasburg . . . . .	16,000
In Lübeck . . . . .	9,000
In Basle . . . . .	14,000
In Erfurt, at least . . . . .	16,000
In Weimar . . . . .	5,000
In Luisburg . . . . .	2,000
In London, at least . . . . .	100,000
In Norwich . . . . .	51,000

To which may be added

Franciscan Friars in Germany . . . . .	124,434
Minorites in Italy . . . . .	30,000

"This short catalogue might, by a laborious and uncertain calculation, deduced from other sources, be easily further multiplied, but would still fail to give a true picture of the depopulation which took place. Lübeck, at that time the Venice of the North, which could no longer contain the multitudes that flocked to it, was thrown into such consternation on the eruption of the plague, that the citizens destroyed themselves as if in frenzy."

The consternation which seized the inhabitants of every country through which the plague passed was such, that in a multitude of instances the effects of fear alone were probably as fatal as the pestilence. Everywhere a feeling of torpor and a depression of spirits, almost amounting to despair, became universal; and this frequently taking a religious form, the wealthy, we are told, abandoned their treasures, and gave their villages and estates to the churches and monasteries, as the surest way, according to the notions of the age, of securing the forgiveness of their past sins. Thus was the first impulse given to the erection of those magnificent cathedrals, which yet remain to the admirers of what is called Gothic architecture, in the northern parts of Europe; buildings, commenced for the most part in the fourteenth century, and which were completed by the piety of the succeeding age.

The same spirit was manifested in a more superstitious shape in a zeal for fasting and penance, which revived and extended a new order of religionists, said to have been founded

by St. Anthony in the preceding century, styling themselves Brothers of the Cross, or Cross-bearers, but called by the people flagellants, from their rule of submitting to a severe public flogging as a means of averting the anger of Heaven. This order was at first confined to the poorer classes, but ultimately many nobles and ecclesiastics enrolled themselves in the order. Their practice was to march through cities in well-organized processions, clothed in sombre garments, their faces covered up to the forehead, knotted scourges in their hands, and singing hymns with their eyes fixed upon the ground. Tapers and magnificent banners of velvet and cloth of gold were carried before them, and wherever they made their appearance the bells were set ringing, and the people flocked to welcome them as a holy band, by whose intercession the pestilence might be diverted from its course.

"Whoever was desirous of joining the brotherhood, was bound to remain in it thirty-four days, and to have four-pence per day at his own disposal, so that he might not be burthensome to any one; if married, he was obliged to have the sanction of his wife, and give the assurance that he was reconciled to all men. The Brothers of the Cross were not permitted to seek for free quarters, or even to enter a house without having been invited; they were forbidden to converse with females; and if they transgressed these rules, or acted without discretion, they were obliged to confess to the superior, who sentenced them to several lashes of the scourge, by way of penance. Ecclesiastics had not, as such, any pre-eminence among them; according to their original law, which, however, was often transgressed, they could not become masters, or take part in the secret councils. Penance was performed twice every day; in the morning and evening, they went abroad in pairs, singing psalms, amid the ringing of the bells; and when they arrived at the place of flagellation, they stripped the upper part of their bodies, and put off their shoes, keeping on only a linen dress, reaching from the waist to the ankles. They then lay down in a large circle, in different positions, according to the nature of their crime—the adulterer with his face to the ground; the perjurer on one side, holding up three of his fingers, &c., and were then castigated, some more and some less, by the master, who ordered them to rise in the words of a prescribed form. Upon this they scourged themselves, amid the singing of psalms and loud supplications for the averting of the plague, with genuflexions and other ceremonies, of which cotemporary writers give various accounts; and at the same time constantly boasted of their penance, that the blood of their wounds was mingled with that of the Saviour. One of them, in conclusion, stood up to read a letter which it was pretended an angel had brought from Heaven, to St. Peter's church, at

Jerusalem, stating that Christ, who was sore displeased at the sins of man, had granted, at the intercession of the Holy Virgin and of the angels, that all who should wander about for thirty-four days, and scourge themselves, should be partakers of the Divine grace. This scene caused as great a commotion among the believers as the finding of the holy spear once did at Antioch; and if any among the clergy inquired who had sealed the letter? he was boldly answered, the same who had sealed the Gospel!

"All this had so powerful an effect, that the church was in considerable danger; for the flagellants gained more credit than the priests, from whom they so entirely withdrew themselves, that they even absolved each other. Besides, they everywhere took possession of the churches; and their new songs, which went from mouth to mouth, operated strongly on the minds of the people."

Two hundred flagellants, who entered Strasburg in 1349, were speedily augmented to a thousand; when they divided into two bodies, and separated, traveling to the north and south. Similar bodies were found in other towns, and in this manner all Germany became overrun with wandering tribes of fanatics, expecting everywhere to be received with hospitality, and the mania of joining them threatened to become as formidable as that of the Crusades. But at last the public closed their doors against them; partly from suspicion that instead of diverting the plague, they were the means of spreading it over the country; and the Pope interdicting their processions and public penances, the brotherhood melted away, and gradually disappeared.

The superstitious fears of the age appeared again, but in a more horrible form—in a persecution of the Jews, who were everywhere accused of being the authors of the calamity. It is to be remarked, in the history of all destructive epidemics, that their effects are so analogous to those of poison, that an opinion has always prevailed, on the outbreak of the pestilence, that the food or water of the first victims had been tampered with. We have seen this notion obtain very general credence in modern times, especially in Paris and St. Petersburg, in 1832, when many persons nearly lost their lives in popular commotions, occasioned by the belief, that the persons who had first died of malignant cholera had been made to drink of poisoned water. It was so in Germany on the appearance of the Black Death, but with this difference, that the suspicion of the people lighted not upon individuals, but upon a whole class of persons obnoxious to the religious prejudices of the day, and who were supposed to have

entered into a general conspiracy to destroy the Christian population of every city. The consequences of this monstrous charge, and the credulity of the people by whom it was entertained, form, as detailed by Dr. Hecker, one of the most painful episodes of history.

Already, in the autumn of 1348, a dreadful panic, caused by this supposed empoisonment, seized all nations; in Germany especially, the springs and wells were built over, that nobody might drink of them, or empty their contents for culinary purposes; and for a long time, the inhabitants of numerous towns and villages used only river and rain water. The city gates were also guarded with the greatest caution: only confidential persons were admitted; and if medicine, or any other article which might be supposed to be poisonous, was found in the possession of a stranger, —and it was natural that some should have these things by them for their private use,—they were forced to swallow a portion of it. By this trying state of privation, distrust and suspicion, the hatred against the supposed poisoners became greatly increased, and often broke out in popular commotions, which only served still further to infuriate the wildest passions. The noble and the mean fearlessly bound themselves by an oath, to extirpate the Jews by fire and sword, and to snatch them from their protectors, of whom the number was so small, that throughout all Germany, but few places can be mentioned where these unfortunate people were not regarded as outlaws, and martyred and burnt. Solemn summonses were issued from Berne to the towns of Basle, Freyburg in the Breisgau, and Strasburg, to pursue the Jews as poisoners. The burgomasters and senators, indeed, opposed this requisition; but in Basle the populace obliged them to bind themselves by an oath, to burn the Jews, and to forbid persons of that community from entering their city for the space of two hundred years. Upon this, all the Jews in Basle, whose number could not have been inconsiderable, were enclosed in a wooden building, constructed for the purpose, and burnt together with it, upon the mere outcry of the people, without sentence or trial; which indeed would have availed them nothing. Soon after, the same thing took place at Freyburg. A regular diet was held at Bennefeld, in Alsace, where the bishops, lords and barons, as also deputies of the counties and towns, consulted how they should proceed with regard to the Jews; and when the deputies of Strasburg—not, indeed, the bishop of this town, who proved himself a violent fanatic—spoke in favor of the persecuted, as nothing criminal was substantiated against them, a great outcry was raised, and it was vehemently asked, why, if so, they had covered their wells and removed their buckets? A sanguinary decree was resolved upon, of which the populace, who obeyed the call of the nobles and superior clergy, became but the too willing executioners. Wherever the Jews were not burnt, they were at least banished; and so being compelled to wander about, they fell into the hands of the country people, who with-

out humanity, and regardless of all laws, persecuted them with fire and sword. At Spire, the Jews, driven to despair, assembled in their own habitations, which they set on fire, and thus consumed themselves with their families. The few that remained were forced to submit to baptism; while the dead bodies of the murdered, which lay about the streets, were put into empty wine casks, and rolled into the Rhine, lest they should infect the air. The mob were forbidden to enter the ruins of the habitations that were burnt in the Jewish quarter; for the senate itself caused search to be made for the treasure, which is said to have been very considerable. At Strasburg, two thousand Jews were burnt alive in their own burial-ground, where a large scaffold had been erected: a few, who promised to embrace Christianity, were spared, and their children taken from the pile. The youth and beauty of several females also excited some commiseration, and they were snatched from death against their will: many, however, who forcibly made their escape from the flames, were murdered in the streets."

Dr. Hecker proceeds to relate that the effects of the Black Death had scarcely subsided, before a new epidemic appeared in Europe, of an extraordinary character, showing itself in an involuntary motion of the muscles, of which examples are still occasionally met with in the practice of physicians, but in a mild form,\* and which continues to be known by its ancient name of St. John or St. Vitus's Dance—so called from the names of the two patron saints supposed to possess the power of curing the disease by their miraculous interposition. It would appear that the disease having first shown itself in

violent and involuntary contractions of the muscles of the legs, the physicians of the time formed the idea, that if the patients were encouraged to dance until they fell down exhausted with the fatigue of the exertion, a reaction would commence, by which a cure might be promoted. Bands of music were therefore provided for the use of the afflicted, and airs, somewhat of the polka character, were composed, to suit the wild kind of Bacchanalian leaps which their dancing resembled. The public exhibition, however, of these dances seems to have had the effect of propagating the disorder over the whole of Germany, doubtless through the power of that sympathetic action of the nervous system which, in the familiar instances of laughing and yawning, will impel a large company to imitate the example of a single individual.

"So early as the year 1374, assemblages of men and women were seen at Aix-la-Chapelle, who had come out of Germany, and who, united by one common delusion, exhibited to the public, both in the streets and in the churches, the following strange spectacle. They formed circles hand in hand, and, appearing to have lost all control over their senses, continued dancing, regardless of the bystanders, for hours together, in wild delirium, until at length they fell to the ground in a state of exhaustion. They then complained of extreme oppression, and groaned as if in the agonies of death, until they were swathed in cloths bound tightly round their waists, upon which they recovered, and remained free from the complaint until the next attack. This practice of swathing was resorted to on account of the tympany which followed these spasmodic ravings; but the bystanders frequently relieved patients in a less artificial manner, by thumping and trampling upon the parts affected. While dancing they neither saw nor heard, being insensible to external impressions through the senses, but were haunted by visions, their fancies conjuring up spirits, whose names they shrieked out. And some of them afterward asserted that they felt as if they had been immersed in a stream of blood, which obliged them to leap so high; others, during their paroxysms, saw the heavens open, and the Saviour enthroned with the Virgin Mary, according as the religious notions of the age were strangely and variously reflected in their imaginations."

The symptoms varied with the character of the patients. The visions might be occasioned by a morbid action of the visual organs producing optical delusions, or by a predisposition to fanaticism. The common notion of the time, countenanced by the clergy, was, that the persons afflicted were possessed, and the patients themselves gen-

\* Instances, indeed, are not altogether uncommon of the disease showing itself in all the violence by which it was marked in the middle ages. Dr. Babington remarks that—

"In the third volume of the 'Edinburgh Medical and Surgical Journal,' p. 434, there is an account of 'some convulsive diseases in certain parts of Scotland,' which is taken from Sir J. Sinclair's statistical account, and from which I have thought it illustrative of our author's subject to make some extracts; the first that is noticed is peculiar to a part of Forfarshire, and is called the leaping ague, which bears so close an analogy to the original St. Vitus's Dance, or to Tarantism, that it seems to want only the 'foal fiend,' or the dreaded bite, as a cause, and a Scotch reel or strathspey as a cure, to render the resemblance quite complete. 'Those affected with it first complain of a pain in the head, or lower part of the back, to which succeed convulsive fits, or fits of dancing, at certain periods. During the paroxysm they have all the appearance of madness, distorting their bodies in various ways, and leaping and springing in a surprising manner, whence the disease has derived its vulgar name. Sometimes they run with astonishing velocity, and often over dangerous passes, to some place out of doors which they have fixed on in their own minds, or, perhaps, even mentioned to those in company with them, and then drop down quite exhausted. At other times, especially when confined to the house, they climb in the most singular manner. In cottages, for example, they leap from the floor to what is called the banks, or those beams by which the rafters are joined together, springing from one to another with the agility of a cat, or whirling round one of them with a motion resembling the fly of a jack. Cold bathing is found to be the most effectual remedy; but when the fit of dancing, leaping or running comes on, nothing tends so much to abate the violence of the disease, as allowing them free scope to exercise themselves till nature be exhausted.'"

erally fell into the same belief, and acted accordingly.

"It was but a few months ere this demoniacal disease had spread from Aix-la-Chapelle, where it appeared in July, over the neighboring Netherlands. In Liege, Utrecht, Tangier, and many other towns of Belgium, the dancers appeared with garlands in their hair, and their waists girt with cloths, that they might, as soon as the paroxysm was over, receive immediate relief on the attack of the tympany. This bandage was, on the insertion of a stick, easily twisted tight. Many, however, obtained more relief from kicks and blows, which they found numbers of persons ready to administer, for wherever the dancers appeared, the people assembled in crowds to gratify their curiosity with the frightful spectacle. At length the increasing numbers of the affected, excited no less anxiety than the attention that was paid to them. In towns and villages, they took possession of the religious houses; processions were everywhere instituted on their account, and masses were said, and hymns were sung, while the disease itself, of the demoniacal origin of which no one entertained the least doubt, excited everywhere astonishment and horror. In Liege the priests had recourse to exorcisms, and endeavored by every means in their power to allay an evil which threatened so much danger to themselves; for the possessed assembling in multitudes, frequently poured forth imprecations against them, and menaced their destruction. They intimidated also the people to such a degree, that there was an express ordinance issued that no one should make any but square-toed shoes, because these fanatics had manifested a morbid dislike to the pointed shoes which had come into fashion immediately after the great mortality of 1350. They were still more irritated at the sight of red colors, the influence of which on the disordered nerves, might lead us to imagine an extraordinary accordance between this spasmodic malady, and the condition of infuriated animals."

At Cologne five hundred persons became affected by this dancing plague, and at Metz eleven hundred. Peasants left their ploughs, mechanics their workshops, housewives their domestic duties to join the wild revels, and the most ruinous disorder prevailed in the city. The epidemic extended to Italy, where it was attributed to the bite of a ground spider, common in Apulia, called the *tarantula*; whence the disease was known under the name of *Tarantism*.

"At the close of the fifteenth century, we find that Tarantism had spread beyond the boundaries of Apulia, and that the fear of being bitten by venomous spiders had increased. Nothing short of death itself was expected from the wound which these insects inflicted, and if those who were bitten escaped with their lives, they were said to be seen pining away in a desponding state

of lassitude. Many became weak-sighted, or hard of hearing; some lost the power of speech, and all were insensible to ordinary causes of excitement. Nothing but the flute or the cithern afforded them relief. At the sound of these instruments they awoke as if by enchantment, opened their eyes, and moving slowly at first according to the measure of the music, were, as the tune quickened, gradually hurried on to the most passionate dance. Cities and villages alike resounded throughout the summer season with the notes of fifes, clarionets and Turkish drums; and patients were everywhere to be met with who looked to dancing as their only remedy. Alexander ab Alexandro, who gives this account, saw a young man in a remote village who was seized with a violent attack of Tarantism. He listened with eagerness and a fixed stare to the sound of a drum, and his graceful movements gradually became more and more violent, until his dancing was converted into a succession of frantic leaps, which required the utmost exertion of his whole strength. In the midst of this overstrained exertion of mind and body the music suddenly ceased, and he immediately fell powerless to the ground, where he lay senseless and motionless, until its magical effect again aroused him to a renewal of his impassioned performances."

\* A modern instance of the power of music in this disorder is narrated by Mr. Kinder Wood, in the seventh volume of the "Medico Chirurgical Transactions." The patient was a young married woman, who was attacked by headache, sickness, followed by an involuntary motion of the eyelids, and extraordinary contortions of the trunk and extremities, and who finally exhibited all the symptoms, in the most marked manner, of the dancing mania of the middle ages.

The following are extracts:—

"Feb. 27th.—The attack commenced in bed, and was violent, but of short duration. When she arose, about ten, she had a second attack, continuing an hour, except an interval of five minutes. She now struck the furniture more violently and more repeatedly. Kneeling on one knee, with the hands upon the back, she often sprang up suddenly, and struck the top of the room with the palm of the hand. To do this she rose fifteen inches from the floor, so that the family were under the necessity of drawing all the nails and hooks from the ceiling. She frequently danced upon one leg, holding the other with the hand, and occasionally changing the legs. In the evening, the family observed the blows upon the furniture to be more continuous, and to assume the regular time and measure of a musical air. As a strain or series of strokes was concluded, she ended with a more violent stroke, or a more violent spring or jump."

"In the afternoon of the 28th the motions returned. At this time a person present, surprised at the manner in which she beat upon the doors, &c., and thinking he recognized the air, without further ceremony began to sing the tune; the moment this struck her ears, she turned suddenly to the man, and dancing directly up to him, continued doing so till he was out of breath. The man now ceased a short time, when, commencing again, he continued till the attack stopped. The night before this her father had mentioned his wish to procure a drum, associating this dance of his daughter with some ideas of music. The avidity with which she danced to the tune when sung, as above stated, confirmed this wish, and accordingly a drum and fife were procured in the evening. After two hours of rest the motions again reappeared, when the drum and fife began to play the air to which she had danced before, viz., the 'Protestant Boys,' a favorite popular air in this neighborhood. In whatever part of the room she happened to be, she immediately turned and danced up to the drum, and as close as possible to it, and there she danced till she missed the step, when the involuntary motion instantly ceased. The first time she missed the step in five minutes, but again rose and danced to the drum two minutes and a half by her father's watch, when, missing the step, the motions instantly ceased. She rose a third time, and missing the step in half a minute, the mo-

"At the period of which we are treating there was a general conviction that by music and dancing the poison of the *tarantula* was distributed over the surface of the whole body, and expelled through the skin, but that if there remained the slightest vestige of it in the vessels this became a permanent germ of the disorder, so that the dancing fits might again and again be excited *ad infinitum* by music."

The belief that the disorder was occasioned by the bites of spiders was of course a delusion, but one which had taken such firm hold of the mind, that no one in Italy seems to have questioned the fact; and it appears that a dread of venomous spiders prevailed about the same time in distant countries of Asia, where insects being a greater pest than in Europe, the idea probably originated. While the delusion lasted, and it appears not to have been dispelled for several centuries, every kind of insect bite was set down to the account of the tarantula; and if the person bitten had a constitution already predisposed to nervous affections, an attack would frequently follow from the power of the imagination. The celebrated Fracastoro found the robust bailiff of his landed estate groaning, and with the aspect of a person in the extremity of despair, and suffering the agonies of death from a sting in the neck inflicted by some unknown insect, which was believed to be a tarantula. A little vinegar and Armenian bole reduced the inflammation, and hope returning as the pain subsided, the dying man was, as if by a miracle, restored to life and the power of speech.

The world is not so much wiser in our own day that we can at all afford to smile at this chimera of public credulity. The belief continues unabated, even among the majority of medical men, of the connection of hydrophobia in human beings with the bite of a mad dog, and every year hundreds of persons bitten by dogs allow their wounds to be cruelly cauterized with a view of extirpating the poison supposed to be communicated by the saliva of a dog—a poison abundantly proved by chemical analysis and experiment to have

tions immediately ceased. After this, the drum and sife commenced as the involuntary actions were coming on, and before she rose from her seat; and four times they completely checked the progress of the attack, so that she did not rise upon the floor to dance."

By acting upon this hint a cure was effected. A roll of the drum at the commencement of every attack interrupted the current of associations in the patient's mind, and acting perhaps as a counter-irritant to the nerves, neutralized their action. On the 2nd of March an irruption appeared on the skin, after which the patient became rapidly convalescent.

no existence.\* An injury to a nerve, when of such a character as to be difficult of healing, whether occasioned by a bite, a scratch, or even the prick of a pin, may so affect the system, as to bring on, in some cases, tetanus, and in others death by convulsions; but beyond this the only poisonous influence to be feared is that of a morbid fancy; the effects of which may, however, be sufficiently serious. Many have undoubtedly gone mad from the belief that madness was inevitable. Zimmerman narrates a case of an epidemic of the fifteenth century, contemporaneous with the dancing plague, which began with a nun in a German nunnery showing a propensity to bite her companions. Soon after, all the nuns of the convent began biting each other. The news of this infatuation reached other convents, and the biting mania spread from nunnery to nunnery throughout the greater part of Germany and Holland, and extended even as far as Rome. He mentions another case of a sick nun in a convent of France, who began mewling like a cat; when the example became equally infectious. All the nuns in the convent commenced mewling at a certain time in

\* We regret to see this popular error countenanced by so high an authority as that of the Registrar-General. In his report for the third quarter of the present year it is stated, after alluding to the decrease of nervous affections, and to the fact that there had been no death by hydrophobia recorded in London during the last five summers, that

"Hydrophobia disappears when the dogs which are liable to become mad, or to be bitten every summer, are removed by police regulations."

This statement it would be very difficult to support by any evidence entitled to credit. 1. There has been no such extraordinary vigilance of the police but that unmuzzled dogs have been seen running about the streets in summer time; and especially on Mondays, in Smithfield-market; whatever formal instructions may have been issued respecting them. 2. In the cities of the East, as in Constantinople, where the heat of summer is greatest, and where dogs and pigs are the only scavengers, the inhabitants do not suffer more from hydrophobia than in Europe. 3. It has been proved by M. Trollet, who published, in a memoir, the dates of all the cases of hydrophobia of which any account had appeared, that the greatest number had occurred in January, the coldest month of the year, and the smallest number in August, which is the hottest. 4. It has been shown by the records of hospitals, that not more than one person in twenty-five said to be bitten by mad dogs ever suffers from hydrophobia; and in that case the influence of fear upon weak nerves may have been as much a cause as the actual laceration. 5. Although there are few persons who have not been bitten by dogs or cats, the disease has frequently occurred in human beings where no possible connection could be traced between the malady and any previous bite or scratch.

the day for several hours together, to the great scandal of the neighborhood, and this daily cat-like concert did not cease until soldiers were sent to the convent with rods to flog, or threaten to do so, those in whom this strange propensity might be incurable.

Nervous affections appear to have been unusually prevalent in Europe during the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries; and the dancing mania, or Tarantism, continued in Italy during the seventeenth century, long after it had disappeared from Germany. This may perhaps in part be accounted for by the more lively temperament of the Italians, who were perhaps glad of an excuse for dancing when the physical necessity for it had ceased. Indeed, the dance of the *Tarantella* is still a favorite popular pastime, although its origin has been forgotten.

The close of the fifteenth century was marked by a train of malignant epidemics, chiefly of an inflammatory kind. In 1482 France was devastated by an inflammatory fever, attended with such intense pain in the head, that many, it is said, destroyed themselves to avoid the endurance of the agony. The king, Louis XI., in terror, shut himself up in his castle of Plessis des Tours, and forty men with cross-bows kept guard, to put to death every living thing that might approach and communicate the infection. A fever of a corresponding character raged in Italy and the North of Germany about the same time; and in 1485 a plague called the Sweating Sickness, broke out in England, the fatality of which was nearly as great as that of the Black Death. This disorder was a violent inflammatory fever, which prostrated the powers as if by a blow; and amidst painful oppression at the stomach, headache, and lethargic stupor, suffused the whole body with a fetid perspiration. The disease arrived at a crisis in a few hours, its duration seldom extending above a day and a night; and its fatality was so great that not more than one in a hundred of those attacked escaped with life.

The Sweating Sickness principally attacked robust and vigorous men, or persons of a full habit of body from high living; passing over almost entirely children and the aged. In London, two lord-mayors and six aldermen died within one week, with many merchants of high standing, and some numbers of the nobility. No record has been kept of the total mortality it occasioned, but Bacon tells us that "infinite persons" died, and Stow "a wonderful number."

The disorder appeared in England in the beginning of August, about the time of the landing of Henry the Seventh at Milford Haven, and is said to have first broke out in his camp on the banks of the Severn. It would seem, however, to have prevailed generally in the west of England at the same period; for Lord Stanley assigned the prevalence of the new disease as a sufficient excuse for not joining the army of Richard. It reached London about the 21st of September, compelling the postponement of the coronation, and then spread all over England; but did not extend to either Ireland or Scotland.

In 1499, a plague in London, of the oriental character, carried off 80,000 persons, and in 1506 the Sweating Sickness re-appeared in England, but in a curative form, which occasioned comparatively little uneasiness. In 1517 it raged with extreme violence from July to December, and was so rapid in its course that it carried off multitudes of those attacked in two or three hours. Ammonius of Lucca, private secretary to Sir Thomas More, Lords Grey and Clinton, with many knights, officers, and gentlemen of the court, fell victims to the disease; while Oxford and Cambridge lost many of their most distinguished scholars. Henry VIII., in alarm, retired to a country seat, where he received message after message from different towns and villages, announcing that in some a third, in others even half the inhabitants were swept away by this pestilence. In this case, the presence of the Sweating Sickness was not marked by the extreme humidity of former seasons. The summer of 1517 was one of the ordinary character, following a cold winter. The disease did not cross the Scottish borders, nor extend south beyond Calais; and Dr. Hecker concludes that the reason it was principally confined to the English was their intemperate habits at that period; it being the practice to drink strong wine immediately after rising in the morning, to eat in excess flesh-meats seasoned with spices, and to indulge frequently in nocturnal carousings. The people of Holland and Switzerland, however, had been visited at a little earlier period by a malignant inflammation of the throat, accompanied by convulsive paroxysms, which proved generally fatal.

In May, 1528, the Sweating Sickness appeared for the fourth time in England, and manifested itself with the same intensity as in the last visitation. Between health and death there lay but a brief interval of six hours. Public business was postponed; the courts were closed; and the king, alarmed

at the death of two chamberlains, and numerous other persons of distinction, left London immediately, and endeavored to avoid the epidemic by rapid traveling,—finally isolating himself at Tytynhanga, and surrounding his lonely residence with fires, for the purification of the air.

In this instance the disease was attended, and was doubtless aggravated, by a season of excessive moisture. The winter had been mild and wet, and although March was dry, the rains again set in with April, and continued without intermission for eight weeks, entirely destroying the hopes of harvest. Heavy rains and floods prevailed throughout Europe during the summer of this year, and the year following, and inflammatory fevers, in some countries corresponding with the Sweating Sickness of England, were universal.

In France, the epidemic of this period was known under the name of the *trousse-galant*,\* or short thrift, which is described as attended both with inflammation, fever, and a morbid condition of the bowels, often carrying off the patient in a few hours. In the dictionary of the French Academy the term *trousse-galant* is explained as the ancient name of *cholera-morbus*, from which the identity of this epidemic with the malignant cholera of modern times may be reasonably surmised; profuse perspirations being sometimes one of its symptoms, and its effects upon the skin or the bowels apparently depending upon the habit of body and constitution of the patient.

The political effects of pestilence in the year 1528 were of unusual significance. It led to the total destruction of the French army before Naples, and changed the destiny of nations. Francis I., in league with England, Switzerland, Rome, Geneva, and Venice, against the Emperor of Germany, led a fine army into Italy, burning to revenge the disgrace of Pavia. The emperor's troops everywhere gave way, and Naples alone, weakly defended by a few German lansquenets and Spaniards, remained to be vanquished. The city was already blockaded by Doria with Genoese galleys; and, on the land side, 30,000 veteran warriors, with a small body of English, sat down before the walls to await, as they imagined, an easy conquest. This expectation was destined never to be realized. Sickness, with diarrhoea, attributed in the first instance to diarrhoea, broke out in the

camp in the beginning of June, and rapidly increased; the measures taken by Lautrec, the commander, to deprive the city of water by cutting off the supplies at Poggio, turning against the besiegers.

"The water, having now no outlet, spread over the plain where the camp was situated, which it converted into a swamp, whence it rose, morning and evening, in the form of thick fogs. From this cause, and while a southerly wind continued to prevail, the sickness soon became general. Those soldiers, who were not already confined to bed in their tents, were seen with pallid visages, swelled legs, and bloated bellies, scarcely able to crawl; so that, weary of nightly watching, they were often plundered by the marauding Neapolitans. The great mortality did not commence until about the 15th of July; but so dreadful was its ravages, that about three weeks were sufficient to complete the almost entire destruction of the army. Around and within the tents, vacated by the death of their inmates, noxious weeds sprang up. Thousands perished without help, either in a state of stupor, or in the raving delirium of fever. In the entrenchments, in the tents, and wherever death had overtaken his victims, there unburied corpses lay; and the dead that were interred, swollen with putridity, burst their shallow graves, and spread a poisonous stench far and wide over the camp. There was no longer any thought of order or military discipline, and many of the commanders and captains were either sick themselves, or had fled to the neighboring towns, in order to avoid the contagion.

"The glory of the French arms was departed, and her proud banners cowered beneath an unhallowed spectre. Meanwhile the pestilence broke out among the Venetian galleys under Pietro Lundo. Doria had already gone over to the Emperor; and thus was this expedition, begun under the most favorable auspices, frustrated on every side by the malignant influences of the season."

On the 29th of August, the army broke up; and in the midst of a storm of thunder and heavy rain, endeavored to effect a retreat; but reduced to a mere skeleton of its former strength, and in an enfeebled condition, they were speedily captured by the Imperialists. It is said that 5,000 of the French nobility, including the commander himself, perished with this army. The blow was too heavy to be recovered. It reminds us of the scriptural account of the delivery of Jerusalem by the destruction of the Assyrian host in the days of Hezekiah, doubtless effected by some similar pestilential agency:—

"And it came to pass that night, that the angel of the Lord went out, and smote in the camp of the Assyrians an hundred fourscore and five thousand: and when they arose early in the

\* From *trousser*, to turn up; the allusion being to the quick work of death made by the hangman.

morning, behold, they were all dead corpses. So Sennacherib king of Assyria departed, and went and returned, and dwelt at Nineveh."\*

A fifth visitation of the Sweating Sickness occurred in 1551, said to have been the last appearance of the disease in England; by which we are merely to understand that it was the last appearance of any epidemic known by that particular name—a name probably dropped by physicians of a later date, as not sufficiently generic, and as belonging to a symptom not found to be invariable in complaints otherwise of a similar character. It broke out this year in the same locality as when it made its first appearance, in the time of Henry the Seventh, on the banks of the Severn; and on this occasion nearly depopulated the town of Shrewsbury, before it was at all seen in the northern and eastern parts of the kingdom.

"Here, during the spring, there arose impenetrable fogs from the banks of the Severn, which, from their unusually bad odor, led to a fear of their injurious consequences. It was not long before the Sweating Sickness suddenly broke out on the 15th of April. To many it was entirely unknown, or but obscurely recollected; for, amidst the commotions of Henry's reign, the old malady had long since been forgotten.

"The visitation was so general in Shrewsbury and the places in its neighborhood, that every one must have believed that the atmosphere was poisoned, for no caution availed—no closing of the doors and windows; every individual dwelling became an hospital, and the aged and the young, who could contribute nothing toward the cure of their relatives, alone remained unaffected by the pestilence. The disease came as unexpectedly, and as completely without all warning, as it had ever done on former occasions; at table, during sleep, on journeys, in the midst of amusement, and at all times of the day; and so little had it lost of its old malignity, that in a few hours it summoned some of its victims from the ranks of the living, and even destroyed others in less than one. *Four-and-twenty hours*, neither more nor less, *were decisive as to the event*; the disease had thus undergone no change.

"In proportion as the pestilence increased in its baneful violence, the condition of the people became more and more miserable and forlorn: the townspeople fled to the country, the peasants to the towns; some sought lonely places of refuge, others shut themselves up in their houses. Ireland and Scotland received crowds of the fugitives. Others embarked for France or the Netherlands; but security was nowhere to be found, so that people at last resigned themselves to that fate which had so long and heavily oppressed the country. Women ran about negli-

gently clad, as if they had lost their senses, and filled the streets with lamentations and loud prayers; all business was at a stand, no one thought of his daily occupation; and the funeral bells tolled day and night, as if all the living ought to be reminded of their near and inevitable end. There died, within a few days, nine hundred and sixty of the inhabitants of Shrewsbury, the greater part of them robust men and heads of families; from which circumstance we may judge of the profound sorrow that was felt in this city.

"The epidemic spread itself rapidly over all England, as far as the Scottish borders, and on all sides to the sea-coasts, under more extraordinary and memorable phenomena than had been observed in almost any other epidemic. In fact, it seemed that *the banks of the Severn were the focus of the malady*, and that from hence a true impestation of the atmosphere was diffused in every direction. Whithersoever the winds wafted the stinking mist, the inhabitants became infected with the Sweating Sickness, and, more or less, the same scenes of horror and of affliction which had occurred in Shrewsbury were repeated. These poisonous clouds of mist were observed moving from place to place, with the disease in their train, affecting one town after another, and, morning and evening, spreading their nauseating insufferable stench. At greater distances, these clouds being dispersed by the wind, became gradually attenuated; yet their dispersion set no bounds to the pestilence, and it was as if they had imparted to the lower strata of the atmosphere a kind of ferment, which went on engendering itself even without the presence of the thick misty vapor, and being received into men's lungs, produced the frightful disease everywhere. Noxious exhalations from dung-pits, stagnant waters, swamps, impure canals, and the odor of foul rushes which were in general use in the dwellings in England, together with all kinds of offensive rubbish, seemed not a little to contribute to it; and it was remarked universally, that wherever such offensive odors prevailed, the Sweating Sickness appeared more malignant. It is a known fact, that in a certain state of the atmosphere, which is perhaps principally dependent on electrical conditions, and the degree of heat, mephitic odors exhale more easily and powerfully. To the quality of the air at that time prevalent in England, this peculiarity may certainly be attributed, although it must be confessed that upon this point there are no accurate data to be discovered."

The disease remained in the country, on the whole, about half a year, namely, from the 15th of April to the 30th of September, and was attended, as usual, with a train of inflammatory epidemics breaking out in different parts of Europe about the same period. It is further traced by Dr. Hecker as appearing in Saxony in 1652, in France and Piedmont in 1715, at Rottingen in Germany in 1802; and he concludes by showing its connection, although not absolute identity,

\* 2 Kings, xix. 35, 36.



with the present miliary fevers on the Continent.

The work of Dr. Hecker closes here, as far as it relates to England; but we learn from other writers that fatal epidemics, popularly known as plagues, continued, after the year 1551, to be of frequent occurrence; and it is remarked by Sir William Petty, that "a plague happeneth in London every twenty years, or thereabouts, and do commonly kill one-fifth of the inhabitants." There was a plague in London in 1592, the year when a first attempt at a general registration of deaths was made by an association of parish clerks, in the publication of "bills of mortality." In the succeeding century there were four visitations of plague, including that of the great plague of 1665, immediately preceding the fire of London. The number of persons carried off by these epidemics was as under:—

Date.	Died of plague in London.	Total deaths in London.
1603 . . .	30,561 . . .	87,294 . . .
1625 . . .	35,417 . . .	51,758 . . .
1636 . . .	10,400 . . .	23,357 . . .
1665 . . .	68,596 . . .	97,306 . . .

The plague had appeared in Amsterdam in 1664, and ships from Holland were ordered into a quarantine of thirty days, but without effect. Isolated cases of plague appeared in London during the winter; and as the following summer advanced, which was exceedingly hot, it began to rage with extreme virulence. For the week ending September 19, the deaths were 7,165, of which 4,000 are stated by Dr. Hodges to have occurred in one night; but from this time the disease began to decline. The following week the deaths were 5,538; the next, 4,929; and in the first week of December they declined to 210. The disease is described as commencing with shivering, nausea, headache, and delirium, followed by sudden faintness, total prostration of strength, and sometimes paroxysms of frenzy. If the patient survived these to the third day, buboes commonly appeared, and when these could be made to suppurate, there was hope of recovery.

The buboes, like the profuse perspiration of the Sweating Sickness, the purgings and vomitings of epidemic cholera, and the eruptions of small-pox, were doubtless the result of an effort of nature to throw off from the system some morbid agent; and there is reason to believe that in all cases of plague the whole of these symptoms have been more frequently manifested than has been gener-

ally supposed. In the middle ages every disease was plague that produced a sudden and great mortality: and the malady only obtained a more specific name when some one of its various symptoms exhibited itself more generally than another; and this would obviously depend more upon diet, temperature, and the state of the patient's constitution than upon the action and insidious cause of the disease itself, whatever its origin.

In a table of London casualties given by Graunt, there is set down among eighty different causes of death, a disease called "the plague of the guts," which carried off 253 persons in 1659, and 402 in 1660, beyond which the tables were not continued.

There can be little doubt but this disease was cholera in its malignant form; common dysentery being separately mentioned under the heads of "bloody flux" and "scouring," and that it exhibited itself in 1665, when the deaths occurred with too great rapidity for the clerks who framed the bills of mortality to make nice distinctions between one kind of plague and another. We hear of it again as occasioning great devastation in 1670 and 1699, from Dr. Tralles, in his "*Historia Cholerae Atrocissimæ*," a work published in 1753, the minute descriptions of which identify the disease with the epidemic of the last summer and autumn.

The work of Dr. Tralles must completely set at rest the controversy about the modern Asiatic origin of malignant cholera. The received opinion of the medical profession, with few exceptions (Mr. Thackeray and Dr. Chambers among the chief), has been that malignant cholera is altogether a new disease, first appearing in August 1817, in the delta of the Ganges, at Jessore, after the annual inundation of the marsh lands by which it is surrounded, and there carrying off 10,000 persons (a sixth of the population) in a few weeks; thence proceeding to Calcutta, and devastating every town and village within an area of several thousand square miles. It is admitted, however, that Brahminical records notice vaguely a disease of a somewhat similar character to have prevailed among the Hindoos of remote antiquity, and our own occupation of India is not so recent, but that a little research has now established the fact that it appeared in 1781 at Ganjam 500 miles to the north-east of Madras, where 500 men sunk beyond recovery within an hour; at Madras, the following year, when it attacked the army of Sir John Burgoyne; and the next year at Hurdwar, where it swept off 20,000 pilgrims. It was then called by the

Moslems *mordechim*, or bowel-death, corrupted by the Europeans into *mort-de-chien*; and it was remarked that at the same period a severe epidemic influenza, or catarrhal fever, visited Russia, England, Germany and France, and occasioned a great mortality.

The doctrine, therefore, that malignant cholera is new in India, rests entirely upon assumption; and that it is new in Europe, can hardly be maintained as in the slightest degree probable by any one who has attentively considered the analogous effects of several of the epidemics of the middle ages, as described by Dr. Hecker. The testimony, however, of Dr. Tralles is decisive of the fact that epidemic cholera was known in England in the seventeenth and eighteenth centuries. Those who hold the contrary opinion have generally maintained that the cholera morbus of antiquity was a violent dysentery, characterized by the presence of bile; but Dr. Tralles shows that in his time the absence of bile had not only been noticed, but various theories formed to account for the want of this secretion. He notices the serous and aqueous discharges by vomitings and purging; the draining of the body of all its fluids; the thickening of the blood by the loss of its serous portion, and consequent arrest of circulation; the icy coldness; the consecutive fever; the rapid death in a few hours, with cramps and spasms in severe cases, and their frequent sudden occurrence in the middle of the night; all of which have been marked features of the epidemic recently prevailing among us. Commenting upon this evidence, the editor of the "London Medical Gazette" observes—

"We began the investigation already prejudiced in favor of the view entertained by Dr. Copland and other reputable authorities, namely, that before the year 1817 it was altogether unknown either in India or Europe, and that the *materies morbi* first sprang from the jungles of Jessore in that year. We must admit, however, that the description given by Dr. Trotter of cholera, as it was known to medical writers in 1753, has satisfied us that a much older date must be assigned to the first outbreak of this pestilence. His description is, perhaps, as complete as the state of pathology at that time would admit, and if we except the want of reference to any account of the state of the renal secretion, all the marked peculiarities of the present disease are clearly indicated."\*

Celsus, the Hippocrates of Rome, is quoted

\* See the numbers of the "London Medical Gazette" for September 25th and October 5th, 1849, in which numerous extracts from the work of Dr. Tralles are given at length.

by Dr. Chambers to prove the existence of cholera, with serous discharges, in the first century; and in looking attentively at Dr. Hecker's summary of the statements of ancient medical writers, respecting the *cardiac*, or heart disease, referred to as early as the time of Alexander the Great, 300 years before Christ, it is impossible to resist the conclusion that they were describing, under another name, the last stage of malignant cholera. The disease was called *morbus cardiacus*, not by medical writers, but by the people, who concluded the heart to be the seat of the malady from the irregular beatings and violent palpitations which were one of its symptoms. Other symptoms were "cold numbness of the limbs" (*torpor frigidus*;) "profuse and clammy perspirations;" "a feeble and almost extinct pulse;" "a thin and trembling voice;" "a countenance pale as death;" "an insufferable oppression on the left side, or even over the whole chest;" "eyes sunk in the sockets, and, in fatal cases, the hands and feet turning blue;" "and while the heart, notwithstanding the universal coldness of the body, still beat violently, they, for the most part, retained possession of their senses." Finally, "the nails became curved on their cold hands, and the skin wrinkled."\* These are nearly the very expressions used by Dr. Adair Crawford, in describing the last stage of malignant cholera, as it occurred in St. Petersburg in 1848.

"The whole surface of the body became as cold as marble, and covered sometimes with a clammy moisture; the pulse extremely feeble, and often imperceptible; the face sunk, and the features contracted to sometimes nearly half their usual size; the eyes sunk deep in their sockets, and surrounded by a dark circle, and the pupils generally dilated. The cheeks, hands, feet, and nails assumed a leaden-blue or purplish color, and likewise, though in a less degree, the entire surface of the skin, whose functions seemed completely paralyzed. One remarkable phenomenon was the sudden collapse of the soft parts of the body, the effect necessarily of all the vessels being nearly emptied of their fluids, and of the rapid absorption of the adipose substance; so that patients were reduced, sometimes in twenty-four hours, perhaps one-third or more of their previous size. The skin of the hands and feet was shriveled up; the violence of the cramps usually diminished, though not always, and they were limited chiefly to the hands and feet, which often remained contracted after death. The vomiting and diarrhoea were also less urgent; the tongue was moist, flabby, and cold; the respiration hurried, or else slow, and much oppressed with fre-

\* Hecker's "Epidemics of the Middle Ages," page 308.

quent deep sighing; the breath cold, the voice plaintive and reduced almost to a whisper. There was great heat, oppression, and anguish in the epigastrium and about the heart, to which regions all the suffering was referred.\*

These facts are important, for they help to dispel much of that mystery about cholera which has made it the object of superstitious terror, and point out the path to be followed by those who would learn the cause of epidemics and the means of obviating their effects. It is a great step toward a true knowledge of the evil to discover that epidemics are not caprices of nature, to be regarded as original marvels, but *periodical* visitants, obeying therefore fixed laws which it may be possible to trace out by closely watching the recurrence of their operation.

It is of vast moment, also, to the interests of humanity, in a moral as well as in a commercial view, to be thus enabled to get rid of that most mischievous of medical errors—the doctrine that epidemics, like the cholera, are propagated by contagion. We would guard this observation by an admission that in all cases of disease the air of an unventilated room may be rendered poisonous to the healthy by the sick, and that the sick may otherwise predispose the healthy to attack, by the influence upon the nervous system of fear and sympathy; but that the casual contact of strangers with the person or the clothes of a sick man has ever been a cause of the spread of cholera, or of any other epidemic, is a notion at variance alike with probability and fact. In a paper presented by Dr. Strong, of the Bengal army, to the Statistical Society, he states, that during the twenty years ending with 1847, there were deaths annually from cholera in the gaols under his superintendence, but that it did not spread; never attacking more than one in nine of the inmates. But the sudden cessation of cholera in London at the close of the last autumn, and its equally sudden disappearance from other cities, after raging for an average interval of eight or ten weeks, demonstrates the fact that its propagation depends upon atmospherical conditions, and not upon human intercourse. Even in the height of an epidemic season, the nurses and physicians in constant attendance on cholera patients, have not suffered more than the rest of the community, from the supposed danger of their exposed position, and have enjoyed comparative immunity where the arrangements of ventilation and drainage have

been perfect. In the general hospital of Hamburg, no case of cholera occurred among its 1,600 inmates, although 117 cholera cases were admitted between the 7th and 22nd of September;\* and in London, at St. Bartholomew's hospital, where 478 cholera patients were admitted during the past summer, of whom 199 died, the disease proved fatal to one only of the nurses of that institution. The attacks in other cases being confined to premonitory diarrhoea, which, by prompt attention, were speedily subdued.

If it be said that its appearance in different countries has not been exactly simultaneous—that it is in India one year and in Europe the next—in France in the summer, and in England in the autumn, showing a march or progress like that attributed to contagion—the answer is, that neither do corresponding seasons always occur in different countries in precisely the same years or months. The weather is often wet in England when it is dry in Germany; cold and dry in England when it is hot and damp in Russia; winds blow from different points of the compass, even within the same country—moving in eddies or circles;† electrical phenomena equally vary, and the course of epidemics must obviously vary with them.

Little, however, remains to be said on this subject, after the able and conclusive reports of the Board of Health on the uselessness of quarantine establishments as a means of prevention, in which the fallacy of popular ideas, on the supposed contagious character of epidemics, is fully exposed. For the interests of civilization, we trust that translated copies of this valuable report will be forwarded to every government of Europe and Asia with which we maintain friendly relations; and we think that the present cabinet will be wanting in its duty to the country, if they do not promptly act upon its recommendations, in abolishing during the next session, as an example to other nations, English quarantine regulations, and in otherwise exerting themselves to cause the example to be followed. Wherever the principle of quarantine is maintained, a standing lesson of inhumanity is inculcated. It is a practical mode of teaching the people the wisdom of abandoning the sick and leaving them to perish, as a cruel necessity; while, at the same time, it diverts the mind from an investigation of

\* Report on Quarantine, p. 23.

† A fact established by the very useful meteorological tables published in the *Daily News*; a further elucidation of Captain Reid's theory of the law of storms.

\* "Official Circular," for Oct. 10, 1848.

the true causes upon which the propagation of epidemics chiefly depend. Upon the disastrous effects of quarantine in paralyzing the trade and industry of commercial countries, we need offer no observation. They are now too well known to require comment.

Quarantine regulations are a relic of the ignorance and superstition of the middle ages. They were first established at Venice and in Italy about the close of the fifteenth century, in the vain but abortive hope of opposing a barrier to the eruption of the plague; and bills of health were introduced about the period of the destruction of the French army, before Naples, by an epidemic in 1528. The notion of the importance of a forty days' detention was founded upon the religious ideas of the period, of some magical virtue residing in forty-day epochs. Christ had fasted forty days in the wilderness; forty days were asserted to be the limit of separation between acute and chronic diseases; forty days were assigned for the perfect recovery of lying-in women; forty days were supposed to be necessary for every change in the growth of a fœtus; and forty days composed the philosophical month of the alchemists. Let us hope that we are not far from the time when, instead of lazarettos of imprisonment founded upon such puerile theories, marine hospitals will be established in every port for the immediate but voluntary occupation of all sick persons landing after a voyage, and that the principle of the forcible detention of a ship's crew or passengers will be utterly abandoned.

It may be observed here, that very little faith ought to be placed in the correctness of any of the numerous statements that have appeared of the precise course of the cholera in its march from Asia to Europe, from the date of its appearance at Jessore in 1817. We know of course the year and month when it broke out at Newcastle-upon-Tyne, in London, Paris, St. Petersburg, and other European cities; and we assume it to be true, that it had appeared, as we are told, previously at Teflis, Astrachan, Saratoff, and other places of which we know little; but all these statements amount to nothing more than industrious collections of newspaper paragraphs; and it will be obvious, on a moment's reflection, that cholera may, and doubtless has appeared in a thousand places where there has been no newspaper reporter to testify of its existence. Who will prove to us that it was not raging last September in the interior of Thibet, or at the sources of the Niger, or on the banks of the Amazon? Even its existence last summer in the United

States has been but little noticed in England; and although the mortality in many towns of the Union has been excessive, the contagionists have failed to explain to us when and by what mode it crossed the Atlantic Ocean, and appeared, without local spontaneity of origin, at New York.

We shall not, therefore, attempt to follow the narrative of any so-called history of the progress of cholera that has yet been written; and not to extend this paper to a length too great for the patience of the reader, we shall now confine ourselves to the statistics of the disease as it manifested itself in Paris and London.

The following is an analysis of the principal facts connected with the appearance of cholera in Paris in 1832, drawn up by M. de Watteville.\*

"Cholera showed itself in Paris on the 26th of March, 1832; four persons were suddenly attacked, and died in a few hours.

"The next day, March 27, six other individuals were attacked; on the 28th, those attacked were 23 in number; on the 31st, there were 300; and the cholera had already invaded 35 out of the 48 quarters of Paris.

"Out of the 300 cholera patients on the 31st of March, 86 had ceased to exist before the end of that day. On the 2nd of April, the number of deaths amounted to more than 100; on the 3rd, to 200; the 5th, to 300. On the 9th, more than 1,200 individuals were attacked, and 814 died. In short, eighteen days after the breaking out of the malady, namely, on the 14th of April, the number of attacks was 13,000, with 7,000 deaths.

"At length the virulence of the epidemic began to abate; on the 15th of April, the number of deaths fell from 756 to 631; on the 30th they were but 114; and from the 17th of May to the 17th of June, no more than from 15 to 20 per diem occurred. All at once, this limit was exceeded; on the 9th of July, 71 persons succumbed to the malady; on the 13th, 88 died; the next day, 107; on the 15th, 128; the 16th, 170; and the 18th, 225. But on the 19th, the number of deaths decreased to 130, and this rapid diminution continuing daily, the alarm of the public began to subside. The epidemic went on decreasing up to the end of September, and on the 1st of October, the cholera was regarded as extinct.

"The total duration of this epidemic, in Paris, was 129 days, or 27 weeks, from the 26th of March to the 30th of September, or from the vernal to the autumnal equinox.

"The period of augmentation or increase was

\* See the *Journal des Economistes* for April, 1849, a periodical of great merit, but too little known in this country. It is published by Guillaumin in Paris, and may be had of G. Luxford, Whitefriars-street, London.

15 days, and that of diminution 62. Thus the second period lasted four times as long as the first.

"The cholera carried off 18,402 individuals in the French capital, viz. :—

	Deaths.
March (from the 26th only), . . . . .	90
April, . . . . .	12,733
May, . . . . .	812
June (from the 15th to the 30th, second increase recrudescence), . . . . .	602
July, . . . . .	2,573
August, . . . . .	969
September, . . . . .	357
General total, . . . . .	18,402

"This total of 18,402 comprised 9,170 men, and 9,232 women; and bears a proportion to the general population of 1 to 4,270.

"Of these 18,402 deaths, there were,—

Under 5 years of age, . . . . .	1,311
From 5 to 10 years, . . . . .	392
" 10 to 15 " . . . . .	202
" 15 to 20 " . . . . .	377
" 20 to 25 " . . . . .	959
" 25 to 30 " . . . . .	1,206
" 30 to 35 " . . . . .	1,423
" 35 to 40 " . . . . .	1,348
" 40 to 45 " . . . . .	1,311
" 45 to 50 " . . . . .	1,416
" 50 to 55 " . . . . .	1,473
" 55 to 60 " . . . . .	1,440
" 60 to 65 " . . . . .	1,527
" 65 to 70 " . . . . .	1,594
" 75 to 80 " . . . . .	756
" 80 to 85 " . . . . .	307
" 85 to 90 " . . . . .	55
" 90 to 95 " . . . . .	13
" 95 to 100 " . . . . .	1
Total, . . . . .	18,402

"We may add, as a curious piece of information, the number of deaths which occurred in the different parts of houses, during the six months of the prevalence of the epidemic :—

Ground floor, . . . . .	1,506
First floor, . . . . .	2,868
Second floor, . . . . .	2,264
Third floor, . . . . .	2,023
Fourth floor, . . . . .	1,375
Fifth, sixth, and seventh floors, . . . . .	952
Not indicated, . . . . .	170
Total, . . . . .	11,168*

The last table, which M. de Watteville introduces as a curious piece of information, is the most important part of the whole. It establishes two facts upon which our attention cannot be too strongly fixed, and which there is abundant additional evidence to confirm—first, that the cholera does not attack the poor in preference to the rich, where the poor are not unhealthfully lodged; second, that the mortality is greatest where the air is the densest, namely, at its lowest level.

In Paris, the reader is probably aware that few persons rent private houses as in England. The different classes of society occupy separate suites on the different floors of houses, built somewhat upon the plan of the chambers of our inns-of-law. The only persons who sleep on the ground-floor are the porters and their families, who suffered largely, although the number does not appear so great as on the next floor, because the ground is principally devoted to shops and warehouses. The *première* and *seconde*, or first and second floors, are exclusively occupied by classes in easy circumstances, and it will be noticed that it was among them that the greatest number of deaths occurred. Higher up live the families of the poorer class, and it will be seen that there were fewer deaths on the third floors than on the second, fewer still on the fourth, and that the inmates of the attics or *mansardes* (always the very poorest of the poor), nearly escaped altogether.

In noticing the return of the aggregate deaths in each of the different arrondissements of Paris, the same rule may be observed. The cholera made no distinction between rich and poor, nor between crowded and thinly inhabited districts. The mortality was greatest in proportion to the number of residents, where the houses were built on the lowest land. Thus it was greater in the tenth arrondissement, which includes the fashionable Faubourg of St. Germain, where many of the houses are isolated and surrounded by gardens, but the level of which is low, corresponding with that of Lambeth in respect to London; and it was in Lambeth where the ravages of cholera in the British Metropolis were the most severe during the late autumn. The smallest number of deaths occurred in the third arrondissement, which embraces part of the Faubourg Poissonnière and Montmartre, inhabited by a poor population, but situated upon high ground.

Next to the tenth arrondissement, the mortality was greatest in the eighth and ninth arrondissements; the districts including the canals and ditches of the *Marais* and the *Cité*, which is an island, or collection of sand-banks in the middle of the Seine.\*

\* The number of deaths in the various arrondissements of Paris, exclusive of those who died in the hospitals, were as follows :—

1st arrondissement, . . . . .	600
2nd " . . . . .	535
3rd " . . . . .	403
4th " . . . . .	528
5th " . . . . .	619

Here the cholera made considerable havoc, which is strangely enough attributed, by M. de Watteville, to the population being "poor and miserable," although he had just before admitted that "it more especially attacked those whose professions commanded competent means."

The returns explain another of the difficulties of this writer, who says that "the disease was not more formidable in places known to be infected by putrid emanations than in other localities," forgetting the *Marais*, and alluding to the open reservoirs of night-soil then existing (but since removed) at Montfaucon, near Montmartre, the highest ground in Paris. It would not be there on the hill-top that there would be any great concentration of malignant vapor; and we have to remember that, as gases follow the same law as fluids, the exhalations from Montfaucon, on cooling at night, would descend, not on the spot whence they rose, but mixing with other vapors would seek the lowest level, as naturally as a running stream.

This is suggestive of the reason of the frequency of night attacks during severe epidemics, as remarked in the epidemics of the middle ages, as also during the late visitation, and in ordinary cases of marsh fever. It was in one *night* that 4,000 perished in the plague of London of 1665. It was at *night* that the army of Sennacherib was destroyed. Both in England and on the continent a large proportion of the cholera cases, in its several forms, have been observed to have occurred between one and two o'clock in the morning. The "danger of exposure to *night* air" has been a theme of physicians from time immemorial; but it is remarkable that they have never yet called in the aid of chemistry to account for the fact.\*

It is at night that the stratum of air nearest the ground must always be the most charged with the particles of animalized matter given out from the skin, and deleterious gases, such as carbonic acid gas, the product of respiration, and sulphuretted hydrogen, the product of the sewers. In the

day, gases and vaporous substances of all kinds rise in the air by the rarefaction of heat; at night, when this rarefaction leaves them, they fall by an increase of gravity, if imperfectly mixed with the atmosphere, while the gases evolved during the night, instead of ascending, remain at nearly the same level. It is known that carbonic acid gas at a low temperature partakes so nearly of the nature of a fluid, that it may be poured out of one vessel into another: it rises at the temperature at which it is exhaled from the lungs, but its tendency is toward the floor, or the bed of the sleeper, in cold and unventilated rooms.

At Hamburg, the alarm of cholera at night in some parts of the city, was so great, that on some occasions many refused to go to bed, lest they should be attacked unawares in their sleep. Sitting up, they probably kept their stoves or open fires burning for the sake of warmth, and that warmth giving the expansion to any deleterious gases present, which would best promote their escape, and promote their dilution in the atmosphere, the means of safety were thus unconsciously assured. At Sierra Leone, the natives have a practice in the sickly season of keeping fires constantly burning in their huts at night, assigning that the fires kept away the evil spirits, to which, in their ignorance, they attribute fever and ague. Latterly, Europeans have begun to adopt the same practice; and those who have tried it, assert that they have now entire immunity from the tropical fevers to which they were formerly subject.

In the epidemics of the middle ages, fires used to be lighted in the streets for the purification of the air; and in the plague of London, of 1665, fires in the streets were at one time kept burning incessantly, till extinguished by a violent storm of rain. Latterly, trains of gunpowder have been fired, and cannon discharged, for the same object; but it is obvious that these measures, although sound in principle, must necessarily, *out of doors*, be on too small a scale, as measured against an ocean of atmospheric air, to produce any sensible effect. Within doors, however, the case is different. It is quite possible to heat a room sufficiently to produce a rarefaction and consequent dilution of any malignant gases it may contain; and it is of course the air of the room, and that alone at night, which comes into immediate contact with the lungs of a person sleeping.

The mortality occasioned by cholera in Paris in 1849, appears to have very nearly

6th arrondissement,	817
7th "	1,201
8th "	1,306
9th "	1,239
10th "	1,685
11th "	1,061
12th "	1,194

Total, 11,178

\* Formerly it was ascribed to lunar influences; whence the phrase "moon-struck," and the scripture, "the moon shall not smite thee by night."

corresponded with that of 1831-2, but there was this remarkable difference: in 1832, two-thirds of the deaths, 12,733, of the whole number occurred in the month of *April*, while, in the recent instance, the deaths in April were but 694, and the greatest mortality was in June.\* In England the disease reached its greatest height in August and September, and has been much more violent than on its former visitation. In 1831-2, the deaths from cholera in the metropolis were 5,275. In 1849, 13,631, exclusive of 2,981 deaths by diarrhoea,† and the registrar-general's reports for the whole of England and Wales show an excess of 60,492 deaths for the last summer quarter over the summer quarter of 1845—an excess principally to be attributed to the epidemic, the mortality of the quarter exceeding the average by 53 per cent. The effects of the epidemic may also be traced in a falling off in the number of births, which had been 140,361 for the summer quarter of 1848, but only 135,200 in 1849, exceeding the number of deaths by only 164; so that, if there be truth in the common estimate, that nearly 300,000 persons have left the shores of the United Kingdom within the last twelvemonth, we have now a rapidly decreasing population. It may be noted also as probable, that population has remained stationary, or been turned back in its course throughout the world during the past year, for no part of the globe appears to have wholly escaped the ravages of the disease, and we hear of it as appearing at about one and the same time in Russia

\* The deaths in Paris from cholera, of persons who died at their own residences in 1849, were as follows:—

March,	189
April,	694
May,	2,426
June,	5,769
July,	419
August,	810
September,	670
October,	82

To this must be added the deaths in the hospitals. The greatest mortality was in the neighborhood of the Jardin des Plantes.

† Deaths in London from Cholera, 1849:—

Quarter ending March 31,	516
“ June 30,	268
“ September 30,	12,847
	13,631

Deaths in London from Diarrhoea, 1849:—

Quarter ending March 31,	284
“ June 30,	240
“ September 30,	2,457
	2,981

and Spain,\* in Paris and New York, on the shores of the Mediterranean and the banks of the Mississippi, the mortality in some places extending to the lower animals.†

\* “From Bangkok, the metropolis of the kingdom of Siam, we have received accounts to the 26th July. These communications give fearful details of the havoc wrought by the scourge, cholera. At Quedah, thousands were carried off by cholera at the beginning of the year; and passing from thence along the eastern coast of the Malayan peninsula, the scourge visited Tringanu, Pahang, and Calantan, where it still rages with much virulence. Passing eastward, at the commencement of June, it visited the provinces of Siam, and on June 7th broke out in the capital, Bangkok. So few cases occurred at this latter place that no alarm was excited; but on the 9th its ravages had increased to the extent of two or three hundred; and 80 persons within the city were carried to one wat, or burning-place. On June 11, and two succeeding days, the cholera raged with frightful virulence, carrying off rich and poor. An eye-witness, an American missionary, remarks that its horrors were beyond all description. The streets were thronged with the dead and dying; it was impossible to walk even a short distance without witnessing the dead bodies lying in all directions, exposed to a tropical sun, and persons were attacked whilst walking from one place to another. The inhabitants became panic-struck. The deaths were so numerous that to burn the corpses was impossible, and multitudes were thrown into the river just as they had died. In many of the wats four hundred bodies were burned each day, without parade or mourners; they were placed like logs and left to the flames, or putrified on the ground. From correct returns it was ascertained that nearly three thousand perished daily in the city alone, whilst in the suburbs and provinces, the number is untold. From the government census it was ascertained at the end of twelve days that more than twenty thousand souls were swept from Bangkok, and within a radius of from twenty to thirty miles the deaths are estimated at thirty thousand. Amongst the early victims was Chau Khun Bodin, a noble of high rank, who commanded the Siamese troops against the Cochinese for possession of Cambodia, and who had returned to Bangkok but a few months previously, after an absence of ten years in the border war. In the sugar districts the fatality was also frightful, carrying off the Siamese by thousands, but being less fatal among the Chinese population.” —*Daily News*, October 29, 1849.

† It was publicly announced from the pulpit in St. Louis, on the Mississippi, a few days since, that there had been 8,000 victims to the pestilence in that city alone. So shocking were the ravages of cholera in Sandusky, Ohio, that even after the population had been reduced from 300 to 600 by death, and by flight inspired by terror, the deaths averaged from 30 to 40 per day, for several days together. The physicians, a rare instance, deserted the town, but several other physicians very nobly repaired to the afflicted place from Cleveland, Cincinnati, and even from Philadelphia. A few of the most distinguished men of Sandusky, who resisted the panic and remained at home, perished by the epidemic, while many of those who fled also became victims. It is singular, that in Cincinnati, both fowls and hogs

In all cases, however, we find the mortality has been greatest in *low-lying districts*. On high and naturally salubrious situations, comparatively few deaths by cholera have occurred, and the mortality has even been less than usual. In London it was almost wholly confined to the banks of the river, the district between Waterloo Bridge and Battersea, which in the time of the Romans was an unreclaimed marsh; and the low, but slightly more elevated, levels of Whitechapel, Bethnal Green, and Shoreditch. In the large parishes of Marylebone and St. George's, Hanover-square, the greater part of which lie between 50 and 100 feet above high water mark, deaths were scarcely above the average, and nowhere exceeded the births. Although most destructive on the Surrey side of the river, the cholera did not touch the Surrey Hills.\* The returns to the registrar-general from parts of the country where the towns are situated on elevated lands, as in central and North Devon, Leicestershire, and the West Riding of Yorkshire, state the population to have been unusually healthy, and the deaths below the average. The exceptions have everywhere been of the kind that prove the rule. Cholera was fatal at Huddersfield among some laborers' cottages, which, although situated on a hill side, were without drainage, surrounded by filth and refuse, and exposed to the malaria of an uncleansed fish-pond.

At Leeds, the deputy-registrar remarks, that although the ravages of cholera had been truly awful, it had been confined, in his district, almost exclusively to that part of the population that *dwelt in cellars*, although sometimes better drained than the unoccupied cellars of other streets,—a circumstance which makes the deputy-registrar undervalue the importance of drainage, he not perceiving that malignant vapors are not necessarily confined to the spot where they rise, but may flow from their own gravitation, or be drifted by the wind, into cellars a mile distant.

*have died in immense numbers, as if by an epidemic somewhat resembling the cholera; while at Wheeling nearly all the cats have been carried off in a similar manner.—Correspondent of the Morning Chronicle.*

\* Nor the chalk hills of Kent. At Fairseat, situated on the Wrotham range, about 800 feet above the level of the sea, there is, near the residence of the Editor, a boarding school establishment for young ladies, containing forty-four pupils, amongst whom not a single case of sickness of the most ordinary kind has occurred during the whole of the half-year ending with December, 1849.

The following is the proportion of deaths to the population in some of the towns where the mortality was greatest:—

*Deaths from Cholera during the summer quarter of 1849:—*

	Males.	Females.
Hull . . . . .	1 in 28	1 in 28
Plymouth . . . . .	1 " 38	1 " 46
Merthyr Tydvil . . . . .	1 " 39	1 " 39
Portsea Island . . . . .	1 " 44	1 " 50
Liverpool . . . . .	1 " 47	1 " 43
Tynemouth . . . . .	1 " 61	1 " 64
Bristol . . . . .	1 " 66	1 " 78

Of the numerous communications published by the Board of Health to throw light upon the causes of the epidemic, perhaps the following, addressed to Lord Carlisle by Mr. K. B. Martin, harbor-master of Ramsgate, is one of the most important.

"During the heats of the last days of August, having a considerable body of officers and men under my surveillance, I watched their state and habits with great care and anxiety. I knew they were exposed in no common degree to all the admitted predisposing causes. Some were occasionally at work in a sewer in progress; others in a cofferdam, surrounded by a fetid blue mud, and offensive sullage. All were employed in a harbor partially dry at low-water, and with a hot sun, liable to exhalations from decomposed marine exuviae; yet, to my great consolation, all these poor men, *thus employed*, continued well. The exception is extraordinary. The crew of my steam towing-vessel *Samson*, continually employed in the fresh sea-breeze, when at home living in well-ventilated comfortable houses, temperate in their habits, hale and young; and yet they were attacked, under the following curious and interesting circumstances. At midnight of the 31st of August, the *Samson* proceeded to the Goodwin Sands, where they were employed under the Trinity agent, assisting in work carried on there by that corporation. While there, at 3, a. m. on the 1st of September, a hot humid haze, with a bog-like smell, passed over them; and the greater number of the men there employed instantly felt a nausea. They were in two parties. One man at work on the sand was obliged to be carried to the boat; and before they reached the steam-vessel at anchor, the cramps and spasm had supervened upon the vomitings: but here they found two of the party on board similarly affected, and after heaving up the anchor they returned with all the dispatch they could to Ramsgate. Hot baths were immediately put in requisition, and by proper medical treatment they were convalescent in a few days. Here, then, is a very marked case, without one known predisposing local cause; while our laborers escaped, surrounded by local and continual disadvantages. Doubtless it was atmospheric, and in the hot blast of pestilence which passed over them. \* \* \* \*

"My men were carried home, where every



comfort awaited them, and not a member of their families was infected."

The facts to be noticed here are—first, the connection of cholera with "a humid haze with bog-like smell," corresponding with the "stinking mists" remarked during the progress of the epidemics of the middle ages; and, second, the circumstance that it was soon after *midnight*, or at 3, *a. m.*, when the crew of the *Samson* were attacked; while fourteen men who had been employed in the daytime in the docks, amid fetid exhalations, under a hot sun, continued well. Here we have again the most decisive evidence, not that fetid exhalations are harmless, as Mr. Martin would seem to infer, but that they are least hurtful when most rapidly disengaged and expanded by the action of heat; and that in their effects upon human beings, their malignity depends upon the accidents of temperature and winds that may cause them to sweep along the surface of the ground in a concentrated form. For aught that can be shown to the contrary, the "humid haze" seen by Mr. Martin may have been impregnated with the sulphuretted hydrogen exhaled the day before from the very dock he has described.

The presence of aqueous vapor appears to be one of the essential conditions of all epidemics; but the effect is not produced by aqueous vapor alone, for an ordinary Scotch mist will hurt nobody; the vapor must be impregnated with poisonous gases. It, then, naturally produces the same effect upon the lungs as poisoned water upon the stomach; and here it may be observed, that in numerous cases, quoted by the registrars and the Board of Health—as for example, the deaths in Wandsworth-terrace—cholera has been directly induced by the contamination of a spring or well with a neighboring sewer. No matter whether the elements of putridity enter the system in a gaseous or a liquid form, they will in either case produce a like result.

It has been remarked that the summer of 1849 was not one of great humidity, but, on the contrary, an unusually dry season, less rain falling in latitude south of 53, than in the average of seasons, but more rain than the average in the north of England. A warm and dry season, however, is the one most favorable to the process of exhalation; and in marshy districts, and on the banks of rivers, there is always a sufficiency of aqueous vapors to arrest the upward course of deleterious gases, and to hold them in com-

bination. Although the season was warm and dry, Mr. Glaisher, of the Royal Observatory, Greenwich, tells us that the period from August 20th to September 15th, when the cholera was at its height in London, "was distinguished by a thick and stagnant atmosphere, and the air was for the most part close and oppressive." He adds, that the movement of the air at the time was about one-half its usual amount.

"On many days, when a strong breeze was blowing on the top of the observatory, and over Blackheath, there was not the slightest motion in the air near the banks of the Thames; and this remarkable calm continued for some days together, particularly from August 19 to 24, on the 29th, from September 1 to 10, and after September 15. On September 11 and 12 the whole mass of air at all places was in motion, and the first time for nearly three weeks the hills at Hampstead and Highgate were seen clearly from Greenwich. After the 15th of September to the end of the quarter the air was in very little motion.

"From the published observations of the strength of the wind daily at all parts of the country, it would seem that the air has been for days together in a stagnant state at all places whose elevation above the sea is small."

The fall of rain in August was less than has fallen in any August since the year 1819; but heavy rains set in at the close of September, and whether or not from their influence in precipitating noxious vapors, and so purifying the air, the epidemic immediately decreased in violence, and shortly after disappeared.

Another peculiarity of the late season has been an unusually small development of insect life. A snow storm and severe frost, the last week in April, would seem to have destroyed the *ova* and the *larvæ* of many of the insect tribes. The turnip-fly was missing in many districts, to the great relief of farmers, and butterflies were scarcely seen. This militates against the theory which attributes epidemics to swarms of *animalculæ*; a notion which has no other foundation than the fact that immense flights of locusts, and sometimes a rain like drops of blood (the red color given by *animalculæ*), have been occasionally observed at periods preceding pestilence.

An analogous theory produced some impression, in the alleged discovery by Mr. Brittain and Mr. Swayne, of cholera fungi in the intestinal canal: but many of the fungi described have since been found to exist in every stale loaf; and an able report, presented to the Royal College of Physicians, has

shown that the evidence is totally insufficient to establish fungi as a cause of epidemics, although every form of disease may lead to the production of fungi of a peculiar character, as a subordinate symptom.\*

Another theory has attributed cholera to a deficiency in the atmosphere of *ozone*, a volatile product of hydrogen and oxygen, but with a larger proportion of oxygen than in water. Ozone has a deodorizing property, and is generated by electric action, and by combustion; on which account the exemption of Birmingham from cholera has been said to be occasioned by its great fires; but although the beneficent influence of fires to those who are within their influence, is not to be doubted, several towns in which the furnaces are as numerous as in Birmingham suffered severely; especially in the epidemic of 1832. Birmingham probably owes its comparative healthfulness to the dry and porous red sandstone on which the town is situated. The ozone theory, however, deserves some countenance from the fact that the season has been characterized by a low amount of electricity. This was observed by M. Quetelet at Paris, and by Mr. Glaisher, at Greenwich; and Dr. Adair Crawford states, that during the prevalence of cholera at St. Petersburg in June 1848, that "the electric machines could not be charged, and to a great extent lost their power," and that "the disturbed condition of the electricity of the air was also indicated by the peculiarly depressed and uneasy state of feeling which almost everybody complained of, more or less: some entirely losing their sleep, whilst others slept more heavily than usual."†

The Telluric theory is founded upon the observations of earthquakes and volcanic eruptions, as frequently accompanying epi-

demics, and from the death of fishes in great numbers, as if from the escape of gases, which have sometimes been seen after subterranean disturbances, bubbling up through the water. This subject is handled with great ability by Mr. John Parkin, in his treatise on the "Remote Cause of Epidemics;" and we incline to the opinion, that the true cause of the changes in the condition of the atmosphere which produce epidemics, may be found in these internal commotions; but not so much in the escape of any subterranean gas, as from the variations they produce in the currents of electricity, of which at present we know little or nothing. Some new agent, which is only occasionally present, there must of course be to produce a sudden vitiation of the air, in the same place where human beings, a month or two earlier or later, might breathe with comparative, if not perfect safety. Subterranean disturbance producing an altered direction of the electric currents, is perhaps the simplest hypothesis by which the phenomenon is to be explained, and it is that which best agrees with the important fact, that the intensity of the morbid influence, alike in cholera and in marsh fever, is greater by night than by day. The following remarks upon this head are by Dr. Kelsall:—

"Any one who has witnessed the fearfully rapid course of blue cholera, can scarcely fail to be struck with the similarity of the disease to the symptoms of poisoning by some energetic agent; in fact, the patient appears to suffer from the effects of some specific volatile poison. Experiments have not supported the opinion that any peculiar electrical condition of the atmosphere has existed sufficient to generate a poison during the prevalence of the epidemic, but none have been instituted to ascertain the electrical condition of the earth's surface at the same period. It is true that, according to present theories, any electrical condition of the earth is supposed to influence that of the atmosphere, but such may not be strictly the case; and now, with this *petitio principii*, if it be permitted to suppose an electric current traversing the earth with some yet unknown relation to the magnetic meridians, the generation of a specific poison might be thus imagined.

"Cyanogen, prussic acid, strychnine, morphine, picrotoxine, and other vegetable poisons, are compounds of the four elementary gases, oxygen, hydrogen, carbon, and nitrogen, chemically united in various different proportions, each possessing widely different properties—the vegetable electricity of the laurel, the upas tiente, the poppy, the cocculus indicus, and the cinchona officinalis—each acting on these elements during the growth of the plants, to elaborate their several active principles.

"A little variety in the proportions of the union

\* The following are the conclusions of the report, which is dated October 27, 1849.

"1. Bodies presenting the characteristic forms of the so-called cholera fungi are not to be detected in the air, and, as far as our experiments have gone, not in the drinking water of infected places.

"2. It is established that, under the term 'annular bodies' and 'cholera cells, or fungi,' there have been confounded many objects of various and totally distinct natures.

"3. A large number of these have been traced to substances taken as food or medicine.

"4. The origin of others is still doubtful, but these are clearly not fungi.

"5. All the more remarkable forms are to be detected in the intestinal evacuations of persons laboring under diseases totally different in their nature from cholera.

"Lastly. We draw from these premises the general conclusion that the bodies found and described by Messrs. Brittain and Swayne are not the cause of cholera, and have no exclusive connection with that disease; or, in other words, that the whole theory of the disease which has recently been propounded is erroneous, as far as it is based on the existence of the bodies in question.

"WILLIAM BALY, M. D.

"WILLIAM W. GULL, M. D.

Cholera

Sub-Committee."

† Official Circular, October 10, 1848.

of these four elements, produces *vastly differing properties in the products*—for example, the elements of quinine are 20 atoms of carbon, 12 of hydrogen, 2 of oxygen, and 1 of nitrogen; and strychnine, a substance very different in its properties, is composed of 30 atoms of carbon, 16 of hydrogen, 3 of oxygen, and 1 of nitrogen. The following table of five of these vegetable principles will render the matter more clear:—

Quinine is composed of	-	-	C <sub>20</sub>	H <sup>12</sup>	O <sup>2</sup>	N
Strychnine	"	-	C <sub>30</sub>	H <sup>16</sup>	O <sup>3</sup>	N
Morphine	"	-	C <sub>34</sub>	H <sup>6</sup>	O <sup>18</sup>	N
Picrotoxine	"	-	C <sup>13</sup>	H <sup>7</sup>	O <sup>5</sup>	
Hydrocyanic acid	"	-	C <sup>2</sup>	H	N	

"The substitution of phosphorus, sulphur, &c. for one or more of these elements, would also be productive of other poisonous agents.

"The requisite for deleterious products being constantly at hand on the surface, or immediately below the surface, of the ground, if there always existed a power which should cause their chemical combination, the inhabitants of the land would never be free from the effects of some resulting poison. The vicinity of drains and fetid stagnant water is found by experience to be more favorable to the development of the cholera poison than dry open situations; but the drains, cesspools, and putrid grave-yards of London have from time immemorial emitted the gases before alluded to, with sulphur and phosphorus, which in ordinary years have not resulted in the formation of this peculiar miasm, and there must be some reason why it should be so during the summer of 1849. A telluric electrical cause would account for the anomaly. In ordinary years the requisite elements are being constantly evolved, but remain inert because they are dissipated and blown away in the state of simple mixture: this year, if chemically united in certain unknown definite proportions, by the power of electricity, they may result in the formation of a volatile poison.

"But, although low and dirty localities evolve the requisite gases in greater abundance than cleanly situations, and so produce a greater amount of the miasm; still, as these gases must be present more or less everywhere, cholera would be liable to appear in every situation where the electrical stream should pass through, and this is borne out by the fact that no locality seems absolutely and entirely exempt from the visitation of cholera. If Birmingham or other places have enjoyed immunity from the disease, it is because the electrical current has not approached them.

"If it be allowed that the symptoms of cholera are caused by the absorption into the blood of a specific volatile poison through the medium of the lungs, then, in proportion to the quantity of poison inhaled, will be the malignancy of the consequent effects, which are abortive efforts of the nervous system to eject it from the circulation along with the serum of the blood, which is poured in immense quantities into the intestines, so that the patient may (in a manner) be said to bleed to death; and those slight cases of cholera, called choleraic diarrhœa, are occasioned by the ab-

sorption of small doses of this unknown poison, of which the system can rid itself with comparative facility. It may be that the flocculent deposit in the watery fluid ejected from the bowels is the poison itself in combination with particles of serum, which it has coagulated.

"There may probably be this analogy between the poison of cholera and that of common marsh fever. In swampy districts the electricity accompanying the sun's rays, or the ordinary electricity of the atmosphere, may act on the gaseous elements evolved by the swamp, and cause the chemical union of two or more of them in certain definite proportions, and thus produce a peculiar volatile poison, difficult or impossible to obtain by analysis, because it is composed of the same elements as the atmospheric air which holds it in solution—i. e., oxygen and nitrogen, with, perhaps, carbon or hydrogen in such infinitesimal quantity (as an atom or two of either) as to escape appreciation; such a poison may occasion the phenomena of intermittent fever. But if a stream of electricity traverse the surface of the earth, either more powerful or of greater or less tension than that which elaborates the poison of marsh fever, then a different poison—(i. e., it may be composed of the very same elements, but combined in different atomic proportions) may be generated. In both cases the phenomena of the diseases consisting in abortive efforts of nature to rid herself of the noxious material.\*

Upon the above, which generally accords with our views, we have only to observe by way of further elucidation, that although cholera does not appear in all places where deleterious gases are present, the difference occasioned by altered currents of electricity would seem merely to be one of greater or less intensity. We are not to suppose that sulphuretted hydrogen can be breathed with impunity, either in diluted or concentrated doses. It has been rendered abundantly evident by the sanitary reports, that the elements of putrefaction, wherever they are breathed, will produce diseases of varying types and degrees of malignity. It has been asked why cholera should have been absent, both in 1832 and 1849, from Lyons, one of the most ill-cleansed towns in France, the lower parts of which are subject to annual inundations; the town being situated at the confluence of two rivers. But Lyons is rarely free from typhoidal fever, and at the present moment (December 1849), it is raging there in so severe a form, that its

\* In one case where a patient recovered from cholera, she was shortly afterward seized, *every third evening*, with the nausea, faintness, and sinking at the epigastrium which characterized the original attack, and always at the same hour; these symptoms quickly yielding to two or three doses of camphor.

identity with cholera is beginning to be asserted. To account for apparent exceptions, we have only to remember that the greatest danger is not necessarily in the place where the gases are evolved, if rapidly disengaged by heat and dispersed by winds, but where the mist which they impregnate lodges at night, and this, although generally in the plains, may sometimes be on hill sides, or in the hollows and ravines of a mountainous country; or again it may be at sea, as in the case we have quoted of the attack of the crew of a steam-boat on the Goodwin sands. It appears by no means improbable, that the coast of Africa, at the embouchure of its great rivers, would not be found sickly to Europeans, if those who visited it adopted the precaution of sleeping at night in an elevated region. They are safe above what is there called the "fever level," whether by night or day; and the high table lands of South Abyssinia, although within ten degrees of the line, are stated by Dr. Beke to be as salubrious as any parts of England.

Following out these conclusions, we think it will be found that the mortality of hospitals has always been greatest, other circumstances the same, where they have been situated in a low and marshy neighborhood, or near the banks of a river, as the Hotel Dieu at Paris.

In the cure of epidemics, the first step obviously is to escape from the cause that produces them. Where we are breathing a poisonous vapor no remedies can avail: to continue to breathe it must be death. The first care, therefore, of the patient should be, to change his lodging; and he will not require any table of levels for this purpose. A view about sunrise, from the top of any church steeple, will show him at a glance the level of the night mist. He should avoid that, especially during the summer heats, as he would the white pall of the grave.

When a patient cannot change his lodging, or be suddenly removed, the next care should be, to raise at night, by a fire in an open chimney, the temperature of the room in which he sleeps, sufficiently to dry up the vapor and rarify any deleterious gases that may be present. Upon the more medical part of the treatment that should be adopted for cholera patients, we again avail ourselves of the pen of Dr. Kelsall.

"In the cases which I have observed where the patients did not sink irrecoverably at once, from inhaling an inordinate dose of the poison, the prognosis seemed to depend on one symptom, viz., the violence or long continuance of the se-

rious purging and vomiting; other bad symptoms appearing to depend on these. If much serum was poured into the intestines, then the cramps, &c., were proportionately severe; the sufferer became blue, and sunk to a certain point, when a crisis took place, and he gradually and slowly rose again—the stage of recovery progressing according to his ability to bear the great depletion he had undergone; providing always that this stage was not officiously meddled with by the exhibition of food or physic. But if, with sufficient constitutional strength to bear safely the depletion, the alimentary canal was burdened with the weakest aliment, or what is more, with indigestible drugs, then the patient's only chance was often destroyed. In other words, a patient unencumbered with visceral disease and enjoying strong bodily vigor, being seized with cholera, the serous depletion, with its consequent symptoms, would continue until the whole of the poison was evacuated from the blood, and then a crisis would take place, and a restorative action commence. Such, I think, would be the course of the disease if the patient were left entirely to himself, and no impediments in the shape of aliments or drugs placed in the way.

"Throughout every phasis of this disease, from the premonitory diarrhoea to collapse, and throughout the typhoid stage which too often succeeds the state of collapse, the digestive function is totally suspended. The nausea, rigors, disgust at the sight of food, the rapid passage of indigested aliments, &c., through the intestines, are sufficient indications of the condition of the alimentary apparatus at the commencement of an attack of cholera. The dreadful sensation of sinking at the pit of the stomach, so invariably mistaken by the patient for the pangs of hunger, during the state of collapse, and subsequent typhoid stage, is known to be a morbid symptom and not hunger, by the immediate rejection of the ingesta in most cases, either by vomiting or purging—if the cold white tongue, or bilious vomiting, were not already a sufficient guide to the state of the digestive organs. To attempt to force nutrition while this state of things continues, is absurd as it is pernicious; for as nothing which is introduced into the alimentary canal can be assimilated, it must act only as a cause of irritation, and aggravate the mischief already going on.

"If the stomach is not in working order we may as well expect sawdust to be digested as beef-tea, arrow-root, &c., and to the irritation of these aliments (?) during collapse, and subsequent typhus, I am persuaded that many persons owe their deaths, who would have survived had their stomachs been kept perfectly empty and at rest; indeed, it would be easy for me to quote some decided instances of the fact.

"The presence of a little milk and water in the stomach of a person suffering under this stage of the disease being productive of such aggravation, it would not appear to require much arithmetic to calculate the effects of the chalk, calomel, turpentine, laudanum, aromatics, astringents, brandy, &c., which have been so extensively 'exhibited' for the cure of this morbid state of the ali-

mentary canal. All that need be said on the matter is, that it would have been far better to have left the unfortunate patients alone than to have complicated their cases with the sufferings of indigestion, by stuffing them with these abominations. Those who survived this treatment have little to thank it for; they got well in spite of the drugs, and should rather rejoice that the attack was originally a mild one (perhaps aggravated by the physic), and that their constitutions could withstand the combined effects of cholera, and the empirical means used to cure it.

"Chalk mixture, &c., may do very well as palliatives, and even cure diarrhœa when this is occasioned by the presence of an acid in the intestines; but in malignant cholera the mucous membrane of the bowels is too busily engaged in pouring out serum to have time to think about manufacturing acids; and as to the stoppage of this flow of serum by means of astringents, the thing is impossible, their very presence adding to the irritation and increasing the flood of serum, whereby the chalk and astringents are quickly swept away. Opiates are indicated, perhaps, because the patient suffers, or is expected to suffer severe spasms, but as these spasms are merely one of the symptoms of the disease, to give laudanum is only to oppose a symptom, while the blood-vessels of the bowels may continue to pour forth their serum.

"The exhibition of calomel is equally empirical and injurious, for besides that its presence in the stomach is a mechanical cause of irritation, it has no power whatever to alleviate any symptom: I have seen six or seven unfortunates during the stage of reaction, in a state of severe pyalism, in whom the symptoms were just exactly the same as in others who had taken no mercury. That is to say, they still suffered from retching and vomiting of green bilious liquid, then bilious purging, extreme prostration, and superadded, the miseries of salivation, which might well have been spared, for they would have recovered without the use of mercury at all. One patient who had been under similar treatment ten days, and was then (when I first saw him) in a state of pyalism, still continued to suffer, not only from retching and bilious purging every half-hour, but *the cramps had not ceased*, and though taking a daily abundant allowance of rice, sago, &c., he was rapidly losing strength. On stopping this man's allowance of food, the cramps disappeared in a few hours, and he absolutely gained strength on no diet at all. Observing a rigid fast for four days, the stomach and bowels became tranquil, and then an occasional teaspoonful of beef-tea was allowed, on which he thrived, and soon convalesced. Here, then, is an example, both of the inutility of mercury, and the impropriety of harassing the disordered stomach of a cholera patient with food.

"The premonitory symptoms of cholera generally commence by loss of appetite, sometimes attended by chills and flushes of heat. Thirst—a peculiar sensation of sinking at the pit of the stomach—rumbling in the bowels, like '*the fermentation of yeast*'—slight nausea—sometimes faintness—the tongue moist, flabby, generally whi-

tish, and the point of the tongue cold to the touch; these are the premonitory symptoms of cholera, and if at this time camphor is had recourse to, it rarely fails to remove them speedily. If these first symptoms be disregarded, the patient soon becomes affected also with diarrhœa (often painless), occasional eructations, and disposition to vomit; but even when the disease has advanced thus far, camphor will yet be often the best remedy. It will, at all events, arrest the diarrhœa with more certainty than other aromatics and astringents, without the disadvantage of imposing any labor on the disordered stomach, because of its volatile property. But, from the first moment a patient observes the peculiar sensation of *fermentation in the bowels*, he should be cautioned to cease immediately from taking any kind of food whatever, and content himself with an occasional sip of cold water until all disorder of the bowels has disappeared."

The use of camphor in epidemics is of very ancient standing. It was recommended at the time of the Black Death by Gentilis of Foligno, an Italian physician of great celebrity. His theory of the epidemic of that period appears to have been the sound one—that it depended upon a pestilential state of the atmosphere, the effects of which might be best counteracted by disinfectants. He ordered, therefore, the cleansing of houses, sprinkling the floors with vinegar, and the healthy to wash with vinegar, to smell frequently of camphor and other volatile substances, and to maintain fires of odoriferous woods. Like other followers of Galen, however, he relied too much upon bleeding and purging at the commencement of an attack, and fell himself a victim to the disease, or to this mistake.

Upon the necessity of a total abstinence from food in cases of cholera, Dr. Kensall further remarks that—

"While cholera prevailed in London, the sufferers were almost universally recommended to take food, to *strengthen* them, of which we have seen the result; for to this cause, conjoined to the liberal 'exhibition' of indigestible drugs, much of the late mortality is due; and many a case of cholera, which ran to extreme length, would speedily have been cut short, had the digestive organs been left in a state of perfect rest. Among the premonitory symptoms of cholera, loss of appetite is a common one, which of itself is a strong hint from nature to abstain from food; but the English are a people who regard with instinctive horror the slightest allusion to this remedial measure, so that the very man who would complacently bare his arm to the lancet, and submit to the loss of some two or three pounds of his vital fluid, contemplates with surprising dread the imposition of a few days' fast, even though he may have no appetite to eat.

"If the disease continues to gain ground the patient will suffer from intense thirst, heartburn, and the feeling of loss of appetite will degenerate to an intense feeling of sinking at the epigastrium, which increases till it amounts to perfect anguish, a sensation which the patient mistakes for the pangs of hunger, and is probably owing to some morbid condition of the nerves composing the solar plexus. Sometimes even an intelligent patient is aware that this feeling is not hunger, yet he imploringly demands oranges, apples, ginger-beer, milk, broth, water, &c., in large draughts, and if these be given to him they aggravate his sufferings by causing increased purging and vomiting, and anguish at the epigastrium. They must be denied and withheld with firmness, a teaspoonful of plain water only being allowed him every few minutes, besides his teaspoonful of medicine. In a few hours, if his constitution be sufficiently strong to hold out under the trial, a crisis will take place, when the whole of the poison having been ejected from the system, the purging will cease, and with it the cramps; the pulse will begin to regain a little power; warmth will return to the extremities, and to the tongue; the extreme thirst and craving for food will diminish, and the first step toward recovery will have taken place, which must not be marred by giving him food. The tongue will at this stage be found more or less furred (generally loaded and flabby), a sufficient indication that the stomach is still not in working condition, and that it must be left for a while in a state of perfect rest that it may recover itself; and be it remembered that this cannot be effected by any medical legerdemain, for there is no drug in the pharmacopœia capable of conjuring away this atony of the alimentary canal. The poison of cholera is ejected through the mucous coat of the stomach and bowels, and by the liver; in its passage through these surfaces, it acts on them as it acts on the ejected serum which it coagulates, and nothing but perfect rest will enable the surfaces to resume their healthy condition. Abstinence from every kind of aliment must therefore still be persisted in until there is decided constipation of the bowels, and the tendency to retching has entirely ceased, small quantities of weak beef-tea may then be given in teaspoonsful at a time; but even then we must feel our way with great caution, and not commit the folly of attempting to *force* nutrition. If the tongue begin to clean, the more nutritious aliment may be given, disregarding entirely the constipation of the bowels; for these two things, viz., constipation and cleaning of the tongue, will be found to proceed together, notwithstanding any preconceived prejudices to the contrary, and the bowels will in due time open a passage for themselves without the use of purgatives.

"The worst and most fatal cases are those where the patient is overtaken with cholera on a full stomach (perhaps after eating a hearty supper), and is suddenly attacked with faintness, coldness of the tongue and surface, cramps, retching, and purging of rice-water dejections, and other dangerous symptoms. In dealing with such a case the treatment had better be commenced by excit-

ing full vomiting of the undigested aliment, by means of draughts of tepid water in which a few drops of camphorated spirit have been mixed. But with the single exception of clearing the stomach of undigested aliment by means of draughts of tepid water, the patient should not be allowed to drink, however urgently he may entreat. *The stomach must be kept empty*; the prime object being to check the vomiting and purging, but this will not cease if the stomach be distended with water, or, what is worse, by gruel, arrowroot, drugs, &c.

"When the cramps, purging, vomiting, coldness, &c., have ceased, the patient must not be considered out of danger. Rice-water dejections may be succeeded by a thin, scanty, fœtid, pea-soup-like diarrhœa; and if this continue, and be accompanied by cerebral symptoms, his condition is still very precarious. The skin is generally cool; pulse slow and marked; but restlessness, slight delirium, or disposition to coma, and the furred or glazed tongue, show that he is far from being convalescent. This state strongly resembles typhus, and is probably occasioned by the great loss of serum which has taken place during the rice-water purging: few who unhappily degenerate into this condition survive—from seven to twelve days, however, will decide the patient's fate.

"Post-mortem examinations of these cases show that the mucous coat of the bowels is diseased, and the mesenteric glands sympathetically enlarged; and, therefore, it is obvious that in such a state, the digestion and assimilation of food is impossible; to feed the patient is consequently only to present a mechanical cause of aggravation to the organic mischief which has already commenced, and hasten his end, or destroy his only chance of recovery, while total abstinence will afford that rest to the diseased tissues which alone can enable the vital power to rectify the nascent lesion of the mucous membrane.

"I have witnessed the recovery of several patients who were rapidly falling into this dangerous state, by keeping them entirely without food (in one instance for thirteen days); they all continued to suffer the painful sinking at the epigastrium, which is almost characteristic of the disease, and craved more or less for 'virtuals'; but when, after this long fast, the tongue began to assume a more natural appearance, indicative of a return of some tonic to the stomach, this morbid craving for food ceased, the patients very contentedly desiring only the small quantities of beef-tea which were then allowed to restore them gradually, according to the well known rule of giving small quantities of such diet to persons whose bodily powers are brought to a low ebb by shipwreck and starvation. Under these circumstances, a boy aged eight years, was sentenced to total abstinence, at the same time that a medical gentleman prescribed 'a generous diet.' He fasted six days, tossing about, and incessantly raving for virtuals and drink, which his dry furred tongue, thin bilious dejections, and retching, warned his intelligent mother to withhold. Then, uneasy at her son's long fast, she gave him one single tea-

spoonful of arrowroot made with milk, which was followed in less than ten minutes by alarming vomiting and purging, increased anguish in the epigastrium and abdomen, and delirium, which convinced her that though starvation be an extreme remedy, in it consisted the only hope of saving the life of her child. After this, she gave him nothing but a few drops of cold water at a time, for seven long days; when the tongue began to appear natural, bowels and stomach tranquil, craving for food gone, and then, feeling her way cautiously with a few tea-spoonfuls of weak beef-tea, the boy slowly convalesced, and was ultimately restored to perfect health. Had she persisted in trying experiments to force a diseased stomach to do what it is incapable of, she would have experimented away the life of her son."

We have given insertion to the above as the opinions of an old member of the Royal College of Surgeons, whose treatment of cholera we know to have been eminently successful. It may be a drawback to the estimation in which they should be held, in some quarters, that Dr. Kelsall has become a convert to the principles of homœopathy; a debateable ground, where we do not follow him. The doctrine of *similia similibus curantur*, and the new theory of the superior efficacy of medicines infinitesimally diluted, in their action upon the infinitesimal tissues of the mucous membrane, doubtless contain some element of truth, and are fit subjects for discussion; but recognizing as characteristic of human nature the general tendency of strong minds to extremes, we accept the advice of intelligent men, whether homœopaths or allopaths, when it approves itself to our judgment; confining our private faith in all remedial measures to those which we think we understand.

The assertion sometimes made, that the power of the globules of the homœopaths often depends upon the imagination of the patient, whether true or not, is suggestive of an undoubted fact, with which it would be well, in seasons of epidemic, if the public, and especially the clergy, should be made fully acquainted—that the mind acts upon the organs of digestion, in impairing or strengthening their functions, *through the nervous system*.

It was formerly taught by physiologists, that the process of digestion depended chiefly upon the action as a solvent of an acidulated saliva, called the gastric juice, secreted by the glands of the stomach; but it is now generally believed that the solvent properties of the gastric juice are chiefly derived from the food itself, and that the first part of the process is a chemical action in-

duced by the nervous system, through which some portions of the food pass through the stages of starch, sugar, alcohol, or perhaps lactic acid, and the whole is converted into the pulpy state which is termed *chyme*. It has been proved by experiment, that by a separation in the neck of an animal of the *par vagum*, or eighth pair of nerves, the functions of digestion are interrupted, and almost entirely destroyed; and it is remarkable, as showing the connection with the nervous system with the electric fluid, and perhaps of a low state of atmospheric electricity with diarrhoea, that digestion may be renewed for a considerable time, by exposing the mutilated nerves to the galvanic action of a voltaic battery.\*

We may thus account, and with tolerable clearness, for the enfeebling, and other fatal effects of fear, grief, and great mental anxiety. A shock is given to the nervous system, which interrupts the process of assimilation. The food taken ceases to nourish, and perhaps becomes converted into poison-

\* This subject has been ably discussed by Dr. Robert Dundas Thomson, lecturer on practical chemistry at the University of Glasgow, in his "*Experimental researches on the food of animals*." He remarks upon the influence of the nervous system, that the pulse beats quicker the moment food has been swallowed, and that when faint with hunger we feel immediately refreshed after eating, and long before the food can have been assimilated with the blood. He adds that—

"So remarkable is the influence of even simple food on the nerves, when abstinence has been practiced for some time, that it may be interesting to quote the following case, in which intoxication was produced by the stimulus of oysters alone.

"In the well known mutiny of the *Essex*, Captain Bligh was set adrift in boat, with twenty-five men, about the end of April, in the neighborhood of the Friendly Islands, and was left to make his way to the coast of New Holland in such a precarious conveyance. At the end of May they reached that coast, after undergoing the greatest privations, the daily allowance for each man having been one-twenty-fifth of a pound of bread, a quarter of a pint of water, and occasionally a teaspoonful or two of rum. Parties went on shore, and returned highly rejoiced at having found plenty of oysters and fresh water. Soon, however, the symptoms of having eaten too much began to frighten some of us; but on questioning others who had taken a little more moderate allowance their minds were a little quieted. The others, however, became equally alarmed in their turn, dreading that such symptoms (which resembled intoxication) would come on, and that they were all poisoned, so that they regarded each other with the strongest marks of apprehension, uncertain what would be the issue of their imprudence. Similar observations have been made under other circumstances. Dr. Beddoe states, that persons who have been shut up in a coal-work from the falling in of the sides of a pit, and have had nothing to eat for four or five days, will be as much intoxicated by a basin of broth, as an ordinary person by three or four quarts of strong beer. In descending the Gharna, a tributary of the Indus, Mr. Atkinson states ('Account of Expedition into Afghanistan, in 1839-40,' p. 66), that on two occasions, during the passage, he witnessed the intoxicating effects of food. To induce the Panjabees to exert themselves a little more, he promised them a ram, which they consider a great delicacy, for a feast, their general fare consisting of rice and vegetables, made palatable with spices. The ram was killed, and they dined most luxuriously, stuffing themselves as if they were never to eat again. After an hour or two, to his great surprise and amusement, the expression of their countenances, their jabbering and gesticulation, showed clearly that the feast had produced the same effect as any intoxicating spirit or drug."

ous compounds. And, on the other hand, we may see why hope, joy, and great faith in a physician, act as restoratives to health. The wonted action of the nervous system is renewed, the functions of digestion are strengthened, and the waste of the solids and fluids of the system repaired.

We would have these facts brought before the attention of the clergy, because if incontrovertible, as we regard them, it follows that the efforts which were made by many of their body to procure the sanction of government for a national fast (which it is to the credit of the present ministry that it had the firmness to resist), and their successful efforts for local fasts in different parts of the country, were, like the processions of the flagellants at the time of the Black Death, the means of spreading alarm and fear, and therefore of aggravating the evils of the calamity sought to be averted. Very numerous have been the cases recorded of persons the most *nervously* anxious to secure themselves against the infection of cholera, falling among its first victims; and the reason is now apparent.\*

Dr. Johnson observes, that the influence of fear, anxiety, or surprise, will frequently induce attacks of asthma, which is another affection of the nervous system, producing a spasmodic contraction of the bronchial tubes; and it is again to be remarked that the attacks of this disease, as in cholera, are the most frequent in the middle of the night, or at an early hour in the morning; showing an analogy in the cause of both. The cure, where there is no organic mischief, is found in removal to a purer air, and in cold water ablutions of the whole body, but especially of the spine, with active exercise afterward. To this extent the hydropathic treatment is the best that can be adopted by all who would fortify the system, whether against asthma, or any of the epidemics which have been the subject of this paper; and its invigorating effects in bracing the nerves and improving the tone of the stomach, will not be doubted for an instant, by any one who has tried the experiment and habitually repeated it.†

\* Public fasts are entirely of Rabbinical origin. Moses instituted public *festivals*, but not a single fast. Christ emphatically condemned even the appearing to fast in public. National thanksgiving days are of course open, on sanitary grounds, to no other objection than that, when not held on Sundays, they are often to the poor man fasts in disguise, which, certainly, there is no authority in the New Testament to enforce.

† *The Domestic Practice of Hydropathy*, by Ed-

It would be a work of supererogation to enter into an exposition of the remedial measures recommended in the sanitary reports and by the Health of Towns' Commissioners, for increasing the salubrity of human habitations. The necessity of drainage,—of a continuous, instead of an intermittent, water supply,—of the abolition of the practice of intramural burials,—of the removal of city slaughter-houses,—and of the prevention of overcrowding, has now been universally discussed by the press, and is beginning to be generally understood. It is reasonable to believe that some legislative and administrative fruits may now be expected from the agitation of these subjects; and we will therefore point out only two or three practical applications of the principles they involve, which should not be overlooked.

First, with respect to drainage. We have seen that the greatest mortality is invariably found in the *lowest lying districts*. It is with them, therefore, independently of all considerations of outfall, that the work should begin. The work may be difficult, as in London on the Surrey side of the river, where the roadway is frequently below the level of high water, but it is the first difficulty with which we should grapple.

Second, with respect to the overcrowding of habitations. It is again in low-lying districts where this overcrowding is the most fatal. The lower the level of the habitations, the greater is the necessity for their thorough ventilation. We would, therefore, have the municipal authorities of towns form a fund, to be assisted where needful with government grants, to pull down at once the houses of all back courts and alleys situate on the banks of rivers, or about the same level. In a report by Dr. Laycock, on the sanitary state of York, he has shown, that a dark and filthy court thus situated, where the cholera broke out in 1832, was the very spot where the plague first appeared in that city in 1551 and 1604.\* And it is satisfactory to find, that the destruction of similar nests of pestilence at Hamburg by the fire of 1842, and the subsequent construction, under the superintendence of Mr. Lindley, of broad and well-drained thoroughfares, has led to the nearly total exemption from cholera in 1849, of the same localities which suffered so se-

ward Johnson, M.D. A work to be consulted by all who would investigate for themselves the laws of health, and dispense as much as possible with the very questionable aid of the apothecary.

\* First Report of the Health of Towns' Commissioners, vol. i. p. 261.



verely in 1832.\* In connection with this object, we trust it may be permitted us to hope, that the evaporating surface of the mud banks of the Thames may at last give place to a terraced embankment, worthy the metropolis of a great empire.

And lastly, with respect to *light*. From tenderness for the position of the Chancellor of the Exchequer, the Health of Towns' Commissioners refrained from reporting upon the baneful tendencies of a system of taxation which offers a direct encouragement, in the shape of a pecuniary saving, to the blocking out of light and air, and at the same time induces habits of personal uncleanness. The evidence collected, however, upon this subject was printed, and the responsibility of neglecting it, after the late painful visitation, will, we imagine, be too serious to be longer incurred by any government; and we anticipate, if not the abolition of the window duty, at least its commutation into a house-tax in the ensuing session. Let it be remembered, that without permission to open an unlimited number of windows, no system of ventilation can be rendered perfect. It is in the cellars, closets, and roofs, now rendered dark by the tax-gatherer, that mephitic vapors are most collected, and to disperse them we require not merely the fresh air from without, stealthily introduced by ventilating apertures, but *the warmth of the sun* to rarify the gases there confined, and facilitate their escape.

Light is also a chemical agent, and the character of the gases evolved from various substances is dependent upon its action. In

the respiration of plants less oxygen, and a greater quantity of carbonic acid gas, is given out at night than by day. In the germination of *seed*, carbonic acid gas is freely liberated; a process by which the starch of the seed is converted into sugar for the nourishment of the young roots; but the seed must for this object be supplied with moisture, and *deprived of light*. It is, therefore, quite certain that in all *dark* and damp situations there is a constant vitiation of the air from the germination of the seed of mosses, or fungi. Deprived of light, however, plants, after they have appeared above the ground, will not thrive: they grow devoid of color, and without fibre, like the *celery*, which is made white and crisp for the table by earthing up the stem. *With light*, plants gain both color and fibre, and it is most interesting to learn that the process by which this is effected is one which at the same time purifies the air, and renders it fit for animal respiration. The carbonic acid gas, says Dr. Carpenter, "is decomposed by the green parts of the surface of plants, and the solid carbon fixed in their tissues; while the *oxygen* is set free."\*

Upon the action of light upon the nervous system, and its consequent influence upon human health, a treatise might be written. Every physician can testify to the restorative effects of a gleam of sunshine, and the corresponding depression of mind and body produced by living in a gloomy apartment. But enough has been said to induce reflection, and too much earnestness has now been awakened upon sanitary questions, to permit us to doubt the result.

\* Official Circular for January 27, 1849; Mr. Grainger's Report.

\* "Vegetable Physiology," page 176.

## I WISH MY LOVE WERE SOME FAIR STREAM.

BY CHARLES SWAIN.

I wish my love were some fair stream,  
Soft singing through her woodland way;  
And I some star, whose loving beam  
Might in her bosom rest its ray!

I wish my love were like the dew,  
Half hidden 'neath the rose's lip;

VOL. XIX. NO. IV.

And I the young Dawn, trembling through  
The fragrance, none but I might sip!

I wish—like flowers that fondly meet  
And cheer and charm the humblest spot—  
Our lives might blend while life was sweet,  
And even death divide us not!

31

From the English Review.

## HISTORY OF THE HOUSE OF BRANDENBURG.

*Memoirs of the House of Brandenburg, and History of Prussia during the Seventeenth and Eighteenth Centuries.* By LEOPOLD RANKE. Translated from the German by SIR ALEXANDER and LADY DUFF GORDON. In Three Volumes. London: Murray. 1849.

THE interest which we feel in the history of a nation or the life of an individual, is less in proportion to their intrinsic merits than to the result produced by their actions or exertions: a quiet and sensible man passes through the world unobserved, and though we may venerate his memory, we feel little inclination to write his life; while, on the other hand, he who raises himself from a cottage to a throne, or arrives at the highest distinctions of his own profession, will always be an object of curiosity. Kings while they live are always a sort of spectacle for the vulgar; their high station and supposed power create a sensation of awe in the breasts of those who gaze upon them. But, as history deals chiefly with kings, the monarchs of another century are often lost to our mind amidst the multitude who went before and who succeeded them; and, in a long dynasty, one or two only are found whose characters are remembered beyond their own country, and to whom distant nations accord the distinction of recollecting much more than their names.

As, however, in private life we read with intense interest the struggles of the rising barrister whom casual circumstances, as well as his own talents, afterward placed upon the woolstack of England, so in history we look with admiration upon the prince who raises his State to a higher rank among kingdoms than it formerly possessed; his predecessors or his successors may be more worthy of our esteem, but the world is so constituted that results give prominence to character; and Alexander the Great, by extending his empire throughout Asia, has gained more celebrity than his father, whose exertions were confined to Greece. The earlier kings of Macedonia are scarcely known by name: Philip was the first who gave weight to his

nation in the affairs of foreigners; we therefore feel an interest in him, on account of the effects produced by his reign.

Just so, in the history before us, Brandenburg is but a subordinate state of the German empire. A German electorate, with the pomp and ceremonial of royalty, the dependence of vassalage, and the cares and embarrassments of needy nobility, often gives us a mere picture of poverty and pride. The grandfather of Frederick the Great was the first to raise the House of Brandenburg from this subordinate position, and to declare himself king of Prussia by the title of Frederick the First. This took place in July, 1700; his coronation followed in January, 1701. Much, however, still remained to be done; a royal crown gives only title without power; Austria held Silesia, to which Prussia had a prior claim; the army was small, the people uneducated, and little better than the serfs of the feudal system; and though neighboring nations did not object to the royalty of King Frederick, they seemed little to respect or fear him in his new capacity. Till his death, in 1713, little progress seems to have been made; taxation and a new system of farming the crown lands were his principal objects. It was reserved for his son Frederick William I. and his grandson Frederick II., to give royal dignity to their newly acquired crown, and to place Prussia in the rank of a powerful kingdom. Frederick William was a warrior, and had little else to recommend him; but a warrior was what Prussia required. Europe was in a state of great disorder, the wars of Louis XIV. had not yet subsided. To form an empire, then, it was necessary to raise a powerful army, and for this Frederick William had peculiar talents. He reigned till the year 1740; and then his celebrated son, with greater genius for war,

and unrivaled versatility of talents, continued the aggrandizement of Prussia down to the time of the French revolution. To watch the gradual rise of empires and of men is, as we said before, the most interesting of all studies. Frederick William, therefore, and Frederick II. are characters on which history loves to dwell. Their minute actions and feelings are interesting to all; and as modern ingenuity now searches the archives of palaces, and brings to light letters and records long forgotten, we have ample materials for history and biography in the courts and times of these remarkable men. Nor is this interest without its moral use; successful exertion like theirs teaches mankind that they may rise to high stations by the diligent use of opportunities; and when we meet with the troubles, faults, and failings of kings and their children, we may learn contentment, in reading that the mightiest of the earth are, like ourselves, exposed to petty vexations, and not exempt from the weakness and trials to which ordinary mortals are liable.

Let us now, from the materials before us, consider a few of the characters presented on the scene.

Frederick William married the daughter of George I., and the unfortunate Sophia Dorothea; he was, therefore, brother-in-law of George II., whom he cordially disliked, and his son was cousin to Frederick, prince of Wales, the father of George III. This relationship to England gives an additional interest to the Prussian family, as marriages between the royal families were frequently projected. As Frederick William's great object was his army, he became a thorough-going old soldier; the term "good officer," gives us too much the idea of a gentleman. Had we met him incognito, we should have supposed him to be a respectable coarse-minded adjutant, who had risen from the ranks. Continued drill, great anxiety about the appearance of his troops, minute knowledge of all the technicalities of mounting guard, manœuvring, and reviewing, great nicety as to the dress of officers and men; these were the great subjects that occupied the king's mind, and everything else seemed worse than useless, as it only tended to distract attention from the study of his favorite science. He must have been the most disagreeable companion in private life that we can well imagine: his children actually trembled at his presence, and his wife seemed in continual danger of losing her life by his violence. We have the best account of the "old Corporal" from his eldest daughter,

Wilhelmina, afterward margravine of Ba-reith. Her private memoirs, published toward the end of the last century, were at one time supposed to be a forgery; we believe, however, that their authenticity has since been established. They certainly carry with them the internal evidence of truth; we can perceive all through the graphic descriptions of an eye-witness; and if not actually written by the princess herself, the author must have been well acquainted with her, and with the habits and feelings of the court. We give a few anecdotes of the king's domestic life, extracted at random from his daughter's memoirs. It appears, that the Prince Frederick and his sister had gone to their mother's room on some occasion, when their father was supposed to be absent: he returned suddenly, and both of them, fearing his displeasure, hid themselves, Wilhelmina in a closet, and Frederick under the bed. The old king continued for some hours in conversation with his wife, and the prince and princess remained in their undignified position till they were nearly smothered.

Sometimes, it appears, that Frederick William was seized with a fit of religious melancholy: he would then send for a clergyman named Franke, who lectured the family all the time of dinner, and made them feel as dull as the monks of La Trappe; he condemned all amusements, and would not allow any conversation in his presence, except upon the subject of religion. The king, at these times, used to preach a sermon to his family every afternoon; his valet acted as his clerk, and his children were obliged to affect a contrite and penitent air, which only taught them hypocrisy. On these occasions, the king would talk of resigning his throne, and setting up for a country farmer: Wilhelmina was to be his washerwoman; Frederick, a younger daughter, being, as he said, the most avaricious of the family, was to be the storekeeper; Charlotte, a third daughter, was to attend the market and be his cook. If the king had really had any feeling of true religion, we might sympathize with his care of his family, and even if he were somewhat prolix in his sermons, we might commend his zeal rather than his discretion; but he seems to have had little idea on the subject of his duty toward God; and the course which he pursued shows that his sermons and advice proceeded rather from a determination to exact military obedience from his children, than from any sincere desire for their spiritual good. His daughter says of him,—

"We shortly after followed the king to Potsdam, where he had a violent fit of the gout in both feet. This illness, added to the vexation of seeing his hopes vanished, put him into an insupportable humor. The pains of purgatory could not equal those we endured. We were obliged to be in the king's room by nine o'clock in the morning, we dined there, and durst not leave it on any account. The king passed the whole day in abusing my brother and me. He called me the English baggage, and my brother the rascally Frederick. He forced us to eat and drink things which we disliked or which disagreed with our constitutions; this ill-judged severity sometimes made us throw up in his presence all we had in our stomachs. Every day was marked by some unlucky event: we could not lift up our eyes without beholding some ill-fated being tormented in one way or other. The impatience of the king would not suffer him to lie in bed. He was placed in an arm-chair, upon casters, and rolled about all over the palace. His arms rested on crutches. We followed this triumphal car everywhere, like unfortunate captives undergoing their punishment. The poor king was really suffering violent pains, and the overflowing of black bile caused his intolerable humor." —*Memoirs of the Margravine of Bareith*, vol. i. p. 148. Edition of 1812.

The great grievance of the family appears to have been the concern which her parents took as to Wilhelmina's settlement in life. She does not venture to give us a description of herself in her own words, but she quotes the expressions of some of her friends, which are anything but flattering to her beauty. She was low in stature, sharp-featured, exceedingly plain, and, we suspect, slightly marked with the small-pox: be this as it may, to provide her with a husband seemed to be the great object at which her parents zealously aimed, and which she herself as carefully avoided. Her cousin Frederick, prince of Wales, as heir-apparent to the crown of England, presented a grand object for her father's ambition; but the match was broken off by some offence given by George II. or his ambassador. Though she had never seen her cousin, she confesses considerable aversion to him; and probably would have begun her matrimonial career, like Mrs. Malaprop, by hating him like a blackamoor. After the prince of Wales, the next on the list was Count Weissenfeld, a distant relation and pensioner of the king of Poland; he seems to have been in no way an eligible match, as he is described as poor and dissipated; but for some reason Frederick William had set his heart on having him for a son-in-law. Quarrels, faintings, beatings, and threats of imprisonment, produced little ef-

fect upon the princess; at last the old king, who seems to have been more anxious for the removal of his daughter than for her domestic comfort, introduced a third suitor, the Margrave of Schwedt. Wilhelmina would now have been too glad to have fallen back upon her cousin the prince of Wales, as the least evil of the three; but her uncle, George II., had other views for his son, and allowed his German cousins to settle their disputes without his interference. Then followed a most extraordinary series of domestic quarrels. Sometimes the king would lay hold of his daughter, and she would endeavor to escape. On one occasion her governess, Madame de Sonsfield, came to the rescue, and at the same moment the princess tripped over a screen; she fell, she says, between the hammer and the anvil, receiving all the blows intended either for herself or her governess; till, being near the hearth, she was only saved from her father's rage when her clothes began to catch fire. Wilhelmina, however, still held out against matrimony, till the 10th of May, 1731, which she says was the most memorable day of her life. On this occasion an emissary from the king visited her in the morning before she had left her bed; he told her he had just seen her mother and the king; the former in tears, the latter in a violent passion; that he had received orders to make immediate preparations for the wedding; and that the queen's entreaties were of no avail. "The king," said he, "finding himself thwarted, turned round to Madame de Sonsfield, and swore, with the most bitter imprecations, that he would drive her from the court, and, as an example of his severity, he will have her publicly whipped as the cause of your disobedience. 'I pity you,' said the king to the governess, 'to be condemned to such an infamous chastisement; but it rests with the princess to rescue you from this disgrace. It must be confessed, however, that it will be a fine sight, and that the blood which will run down your white back will heighten its whiteness, and be delightful to look upon.'" (See *Memoirs*, vol. i. p. 299.)

The princess herself was to be confined in a fortress, and she was informed that the horses were ready to convey her thither. Women, however, generally manage to have their own way. Madame de Sonsfield was the first to advise Wilhelmina to persist in her purpose, and refuse the Polish count; and the queen wrote to her that the solitude of a prison was preferable to an ill-assorted marriage. We fear she could speak from

experience. The matter was at length compromised by Wilhelmina's accepting the eldest son of the margrave of Bareith, a distant relation of her own, and to whom she entertained less objection than to the others. She does not pretend to any romantic attachment to her new suitor; indeed it seems, according to custom, she fainted when he was first mentioned; but by her own account she made a good wife, except that she was sometimes jealous; and her husband seems to have shown her as much kindness as could well be expected from a German prince of the eighteenth century.

To his son, Prince Frederick, the king was even more severe: "*ce coquin Fritz*" was his common designation. The prince was much attached to his sister, and they always took the part of each other; he was, therefore, involved in her misdemeanors. But there was another insuperable reason for the old soldier's dislike of his son. Frederick studied other subjects than war; and though his subsequent life proved his vast military genius, yet he could read classics, play on the flute, and take delight in the fine arts. All these accomplishments the king regarded as crimes: he believed that no man who wrote verses could drill a regiment. Frederick wrote poetry, and his father drew a logical conclusion that he never could make a soldier.

Musicians also were his detestation; and once, when Frederick was sitting in his dressing-gown with a young man who gave lessons on the flute, he was obliged to hide his teacher on the approach of his father, who only vented his rage upon the dressing-gown, which he tore to pieces, and threw into the fire. The dislike, however, of the king to his son went to much greater lengths. Few young men ever endured such privations and annoyances as the prince of Prussia. His father, in one of his fits of passion, attempted to strangle him with the cord of a window-curtain, in which he became entangled. He pulled the string which was round his son's neck, and nearly lifted him off the ground. The prince declared to his sister that his life was only saved by the interference of the servants. Though Frederick held the commission of a general officer, his father struck him repeatedly with his cane; and when his son received the insult in silence, he taunted him as a coward, telling him, that had his father treated him so, he would have fled from the country. The patience of the prince was at length worn out, and he determined to take refuge in England. His flight was arranged for a time during one of the king's

long marches, when the party had halted for the night at a farm-house; and the king and his suite occupied a barn, and the prince and his attendants slept in another at some little distance. Frederick's scheme, however, was betrayed, and he was arrested in the act of mounting his horse. His father had him and his friend, Lieutenant Katt, tried as deserters by a court-martial, and sentence of death was recorded against them both. The prince was closely imprisoned, without his books or his flute, or even a bed; he was allowed only sixpence a day for his food; and it seems as if his father intended either to put him to death, or to compel him to renounce his right of succession. The queen and the princesses actually believed at one time that Frederick had been executed. Whether his father really intended to have gone so far cannot now be proved; certain it is that the officers about the king declared that as an electoral prince Frederick was subject to the laws of the empire, and therefore could not be tried by his father's court; and old General Mosel, seeing the king greatly enraged, put a sword into his hand, and exclaimed, "Sire, slay me, but spare your son." But if the king did not intend to take away his son's life, he certainly determined to wound his feelings in every possible way. There was a young girl of low birth, named Doris Ritter, whose company Frederick had sought, as she was a good musician. The king accused her of being his son's mistress. Though he did not bring any proof of his assertion, he seized her, and without a trial sentenced her to be conducted through the streets by the common hangman, and then publicly whipped in presence of his son, whom he forced to attend. While Frederick was in prison, an officer of the court was sent to him on some message. He happened to be dressed in a scarlet cloak. As soon as Frederick saw this, he believed that his father had sent the executioner to put him to the torture. But what most deeply hurt the feelings of the unfortunate young prince was the tragic end of his friend and companion, Lieutenant Katt. Though the grandson of one of the most distinguished Prussian generals; though the greatest interest was exerted in his favor; and though Frederick professed his willingness to renounce his claim to the throne, in order to save his friend, the king was inexorable, and the sentence of the court-martial was carried out. A scaffold was erected under the window of the prince's prison. Katt was led forth between two clergymen, and with his last

words addressed the prince, assuring him of his devoted attachment, and his willingness to suffer death for his sake. The prince saw his friend's head roll on the scaffold, and fainted in the arms of his attendants.

These events happened in the year 1730, and the king did not receive his son till the next year. In the year 1740, Frederick William died. In the same year died also Charles VI., emperor of Austria, so the power of Germany passed into new hands. The emperor was succeeded in his hereditary dominions, Hungary and Silesia, by his daughter Maria Theresa, "The queen whose beauty set the world in arms." This had been arranged some years before by the act of settlement, commonly called the Pragmatic Sanction. The empire, being elective, passed after some delay into the hands of Charles Albert of Bavaria, who reigned by the title of Charles VII., till his death in January, 1745. The new choice fell upon the Grand Duke of Tuscany, the husband of Maria Theresa, known in history as Francis I.

We now come to consider the character of the queen of Prussia, Sophia Dorothea, the mother of Frederick the Great. From the daughter of George I., much delicacy or refinement could not be expected; and we find her at first in grievous terror of her husband, and endeavoring by all her arts to soften his unkindness toward his children; she does not, however, appear to have been much more worthy of their love. The princess Wilhelmina confesses that the unkindness of her mother was her principal motive for accepting the addresses of the prince of Bareith. Like the king, she seemed to prefer the Polish count; and when the young margrave appeared, she did all in her power to break off the match, although she had at first given her consent. Wilhelmina now found that the other ladies of the court followed the queen's example, and treated her with contempt; her patience was severely tried by their insolence; they had sought her patronage while she was her mother's favorite, but they now despised her as a discarded courtier. She was, therefore, the more inclined to leave the court of Berlin, and seek an establishment with her husband. She tells us she only publishes an extract from one of her mother's letters, lest it should reflect upon her memory: we give the extract, but we confess we are at a loss to divine what the rest of the letter must have been:—

"You break my heart, by giving me the most vio-

lent pain I ever felt in my life. I had placed all my hopes in you; but I did not know you; you have artfully disguised the malice of your soul, and the meanness of your sentiments. I repent a thousand times over the kindness I have had for you, the cares I have taken of your education, and the torments I have endured for your sake. I no longer acknowledge you for my daughter, and shall henceforth consider you as my most cruel enemy, since it is you that sacrifice me to my persecutors, who triumph over me. Rely on me no longer. I vow you eternal hatred, and shall never forgive you."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. 311.

The Princess Wilhelmina draws such strongly colored pictures, that we begin to suspect some defect in her own powers of vision; but she seems to have been a person of great natural abilities. Her mother once, when she was a child, laid a wager that she could learn 150 verses in an hour. The lady who doubted her powers replied, "I will try her local memory;" she then wrote down 150 names of her own invention, to each of which a number was annexed, and read them twice over. The princess was then called upon to repeat them, which she did with little hesitation; the numbers were then called out of their order, and the princess again succeeded in giving the names. Her great talent seems to have been for description or sketching characters. We have, in a few lines, the appearance of the character and manners of some of the most remarkable personages of the day. Among others George I., Peter the Great, and the Empress Catherine. Of the first she says:—

"The king of England was a prince who valued himself on his sentiments; but, unfortunately, he had never applied to the enlightening of his mind. Many virtues, carried to an extreme, become vices; this was his case. He affected a firmness which degenerated into harshness, and a tranquillity which might be called indolence. His generosity extended only to his favorites and mistresses, by whom he suffered himself to be governed; the rest of mankind were excluded. Since his accession to the crown, his haughtiness had become insupportable. Two qualities, however, his equity and justice" (we should have thought these the same), "rendered him estimable. He was by no means an evil-disposed prince, but rather constant in his benevolence. His manners were cold; he spoke little, and listened only to puerilities."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. 70.

Of Catherine, the queen of Peter the Great, and her husband, we read:—

"The czarina was short and stout, very tawny, and her figure was altogether destitute of gracefulness. Its appearance sufficiently betrayed her

low origin. To have judged by her attire, one would have taken her for a German stage actress. Her robe had been purchased at an old-clothes broker's; it was made in the antique fashion, and heavily laden with silver and grease. The front of her stays was adorned with jewels singularly placed—they represented a double eagle, badly set, the wings of which were of small stones; she wore a dozen orders, and as many portraits of saints, and relics fastened to the facing of her gown; so that when she walked, the jumbling of all these orders and portraits, one against the other, made a tinkling noise like a mule in harness.

"The czar, on the contrary, was very tall and pretty well made; his face was handsome, but his countenance had something savage about it, which inspired fear. He was dressed as a navy officer, and wore a plain coat. The czarina, who spoke very bad German, and did not well understand what was spoken to her by the queen, beckoned to her fool, and conversed with her in Russian. This poor creature was a Princess Galitzen, who had been necessitated to fulfill that office in order to save her life; having been twice implicated in a conspiracy against the czar."—*Memoirs*, vol. i. 44.

The margravine is a thorough-going gossip, and the petty courts of Germany give a wonderful field for the exercise of her peculiar talent. As Englishmen, we all value royalty: the dignity of the king, the splendor of his court, the ceremony with which royal personages must be treated, have all their value. They give dignity to the executive government, and teach the world that laws must be enforced and power revered. If, however, every county in England were a separate principality; if every duke and marquis were to be treated as a sovereign prince, the good sense of England would soon consider such idle ceremony as a useless burden. The margravine gives us a continued history of petty sovereigns,—a long detail of pride, poverty, and etiquette,—amusing enough to the reader, but tiresome in the extreme to those engaged in the farce. Tables of precedence were multiplied till they had become inexplicable. The heir of the margrave brought home his bride, and she was, of course, to be received with all the honors of expectant sovereignty. But she finds her new palace cold and comfortless; numerous servants in tarnished liveries; great rooms surrounded with worm-eaten tapestry, and letting in the cold through broken doors and cracked wainscots. The dinners were served with the greatest pomp; trumpets sounded, cymbals played, and a guard attended. The meal sometimes lasted for three hours; but the food was so badly cooked that the prin-

cess could not eat it, and managed, with the help of her governess, to have her food dressed in her own room. These princes were in continual want of money. Wilhelmina and her husband proposed to visit the king of Prussia at Berlin: they entered into a long calculation as to the probable expense of the journey, and then tried to prevail on the old margrave to find the funds: he sent them about a third of what they required; and as they thought it too little, the journey was put off. About the same time, the governess of Wilhelmina complained that one of the ladies at Bareith took precedence of her in going into a carriage. The dispute went on to some height, but at last it was settled on the principle, that Wilhelmina being of royal descent, her attendant had a right to a higher position than the wife of an officer of a prince who could not claim royal honors. Now, though it is not fair to despise a race of nobility merely on account of their poverty, yet we confess we think the pride of these German barons must have been a source of unmixed vexation to themselves and their dependents: to be obliged continually to claim respect which there is no power to enforce, to be constantly indebted for pecuniary assistance to those whom the debtor feels it a duty to despise,—all give us an idea of an unsound state of society; and while we look up with respect to the nobility of England, we congratulate them and ourselves that they are content with the titles and wealth of the peerage, without arrogating the state of royalty, or insisting upon the honors of sovereign princes.

But other misfortunes awaited the Princess Wilhelmina at Bareith. Her governess and chief friend, Madame de Sonsfeld, proposed to bring with her to Bareith her sister, named Flora, and two nieces, named La Marwitz. The king of Prussia disapproved of their plan, as he had made a law that no Prussian heiress should marry out of his dominions; however, after many promises, the king consented. Flora, after some time, began to wish for a respectable settlement for herself; and the margrave, father-in-law to Wilhelmina, began to think of her as a second wife. Of this project La Marwitz informed Wilhelmina, who saw herself threatened with a step-mother in the person of her humble dependent. The margrave, though not fifty years of age, seems to have grown fat and stupid, and to have cared for little but wine and reading *Telemachus*. Flora, who had but little sense, thought only of her own advancement, and of the precedence which her

marriage would give her above her patroness. Madame de Sonsfield feared the king of Prussia, and expected that the whole family would be imprisoned for life for disobedience to the laws; so the whole party were thrown into the most amusing confusion. The women, however, managed to persuade Flora to discard her princely suit-or, and she wrote to him declining his offer of marriage, but in such terms, Wilhelmina tells us, that she might still be of use to her patroness, by holding her ascendancy over the old gentleman's affections. Flora de Sonsfield does not seem to have had much to recommend her, as she is described in the following terms:—

"She is only five feet high. She is exceedingly corpulent, and lame in the left foot; when young she was a perfect beauty, but her features had become so coarse from the small-pox, that she could no longer be considered as such: her countenance, however, is prepossessing, and her eyes delusively sparkling and expressive; her head, which is too big for her little body, gives her a dwarfish appearance; her figure, however, is not remarkable: her manners are graceful, and such as prove her acquaintance with high life. Her heart is excellent; she is gentle and accommodating; and, in one word, her character is unblemished; but Heaven has not blessed her with intellect: she possesses a certain fashionable routine that veils this deficiency, which can only be found out in private intercourse. She had been struck with the advantageous offers of the marriage, and overcome by her vanity and ambition; and the narrowness of her understanding had prevented her from foreseeing the consequences."—*Memoirs*, ii. 177.

Having thus described the near relations of the hero of Prussia, we now come to the leading character of the history, Frederick the Great. He was certainly a great man in one sense of the word: he possessed a greater variety of talents than usually falls to the lot of a single individual; he fully inherited his father's taste for war; and during a long reign of nearly forty-six years, and during violent commotions, battles, and sieges, he proved himself a consummate master of the art. His literary talents are also very uncommon for a king and a soldier: like Cæsar, he has left us the history of his own campaigns; but Cæsar only professed to be a warrior and historian, Frederick attempted nearly every species of literature. Fifteen volumes of his posthumous works, in French, contain poems, letters, history, essays on politics, morals, and infidelity. He made himself acquainted with the most distinguished literary men of his time; and we

have whole volumes of his correspondence with D'Alembert, Jordan, and Voltaire. He wrote an elaborate treatise in answer to Machiavelli's *Art of Governing by Deceit*. In this he lays down as a first principle, that a king holds office for the benefit of his subjects. This is certainly a strong sentiment for an absolute monarch, and it is one on which Frederick did not always act. He certainly was capable of strong acts of tyrannical justice, and would sometimes hear a cause which had been decided, and if he did not approve of what had been done, he would reverse the decision and degrade the judge. He played the king through life; he acted strenuously and on his own judgment, with little advice from his ministers, whose duty he believed it to be to obey orders, and not to question them. By this means he certainly founded a great empire; he made the power of Prussia respected by foreigners; and where the laws were defective, he made new ones to suit the exigency of the times. His people advanced under his care; and if he were arbitrary, it was generally because he supposed he was acting for the public good. But with all these qualities, which mankind admire, and which stamp the greatness of the king, Frederick, like his father, was, we fear, a very bad man in private life. He treated his wife ill. Constrained to marry, when, like his sister, he had no thoughts of marriage, he had no fancy for the princess of Brunswick-Bevern, whom his father had selected for him; he says himself, in a letter to his sister,—

"Until this time my fate has been mild. I have lived pleasantly in my garrison: my flute, my books, and the company of some kind friends, have made my life tolerable; and they would compel me to abandon this tranquillity, and to marry the Princess de Bevern, whom I do not know. They have extorted a consent from me which has occasioned me much uneasiness. Must one suffer forever these tyrannies without the hope of a change?"

The queen, his mother, adds at the same time:—

"The princess is handsome, but as vulgar as a basket-woman; she has not the least education. I don't know how my son will reconcile himself to this young ape."—*Memoirs*, ii. 28.

The consequence was, Frederick neglected his wife; he passed his time at Sans Souci,\*

\* This palace derives its name from a tomb which Frederick had erected for himself near the entrance



and the queen lived at a palace at some distance. He visited her occasionally, and dined at her table, but generally left the room without addressing a word to her. He seems to have been entirely absorbed in business. All letters or applications must be written on one side of a sheet of paper and addressed to himself; he always read these himself, and wrote a few words on each, from which his secretaries gathered the answer they were to make. He kept four private secretaries; they were obliged to remain unmarried, and in a kind of honorable imprisonment, as they were never allowed to mix in society, lest they should divulge any of the royal secrets; they were obliged to be in continual attendance, and probably an attempt at resignation would have led to the forfeiture of life or perpetual imprisonment. In religion Frederick was a blasphemous infidel; his essays on religion contain the most determined and shocking infidelity that can well be imagined. In early life he had made some profession of religion. Katt declared that he had seen several essays on religious subjects by him, in which he maintained the doctrines of Calvin.\* His father, who hated Calvinism, sent several theologians to argue with his son, who was then in prison; and after several disputations the prince declared that whichever were the true view of Scripture, neither one nor the other was worth a martyrdom. We suspect that he always disliked religion itself, as well as his father's sermons, and only wanted the tuition of his friend Voltaire to render him an unbeliever, if not an atheist. The tree is known by its fruits; and if philosophy could render him a just judge, or a love of public applause could lead him to generous actions, we cannot expect that it could either change his heart or give him a motive for serving God, whose Word he slighted, and whose religion he abhorred.

He is said to have had hereditary claims to Silesia: they had certainly lain dormant for a very long period. His first act was to seize upon this province, and he thus involved Europe in wars which lasted during

of one of the gardens. It was surmounted by a statue of Flora, and bore the inscription,—

*Ici je serai  
 Sans Souci.*

The large letters caught the eyes of passengers, and gave a name to this celebrated palace, which conveys a meaning exactly opposite to that which the king intended.

\* See Ranke, vol. i. p. 317.

the greater part of his life. How far such an act is justifiable, even on philosophic principles, is not for us to determine. We should think, on Christian principles, there can be no question upon the subject. As soon, however, as Silesia was in his possession, he justified his holding it on Protestant principles. He cannot, he says, cede the province to Maria Theresa, because it would be betraying his Protestant subjects into the hands of the Pope. Now, as God overrules evil for good, Frederick was certainly an instrument in his hands for promoting religious liberty. No prince ever more firmly held or more strenuously supported the principles of universal toleration. In his letters to Voltaire we have a long correspondence on the subject of a young man named Etallonde, who had been persecuted in Switzerland, and whom Voltaire sent into Prussia. Frederick calls him "*Divus Etallon dus*," and writes of him as a martyr. We believe, however, that this conduct did not proceed from any love of truth or religion; he saw the frightful evils of Papal tyranny, and the inquisition, and these he was determined to oppose at all hazards. His religious liberality and his determination to overthrow every persecuting power reminds us of King Nebuchadnezzar, who passed the first act of toleration on record: "Therefore I make a decree, that every people, nation, and language, which speak anything amiss against the God of Shadrach, Meshach, and Abednego, shall be cut in pieces, and their houses made a dunghill."

The sayings and sentiments of a great man are matter of interest to general readers; we shall, therefore, give a few of these extracted from his writings. On the subject of Capital Punishment, which is now so much discussed, he says:—

"It is very wrong that judges should be in haste in pronouncing sentence; and it is better to allow a guilty man to escape than to destroy one who is innocent. However, I am quite convinced by experience, that it is not proper to neglect any of the restraints by which men are governed; I mean, rewards or punishments: and there are cases where atrocity of crime calls down the severity of the law. Murderers and incendiaries, for example, deserve the punishment of death, because they have assumed a tyrannical power over the lives and property of others. I believe that perpetual imprisonment is in effect a more cruel punishment than death; but it is not so striking as that which is done before the eyes of the multitude, because spectacles of this kind make more impression than any description of the miseries which those endure who languish

in a dungeon."—*Oeuvres Post. de Fred.*, vol. xii. p. 344. Ed. Berlin, 1789.

He had evidently a great dislike to the English language:—

"As England was conquered by the Romans, the Saxons, the Danes, and the Normans, the language," he says, "is a jargon formed of a mixture of these; and it is, at least, as coarse as any of its component parts. At the revival of literature, England, being always jealous of France, aspired to the production of authors, and the improvement of her language; and, in order to do this, she appropriated such terms from Latin, French, and Italian, as she judged necessary. She had her celebrated writers, but they could not soften her sharp sounds, which grate upon the ears of foreigners; other idioms lose by translation, but English idioms alone are gainers. I once heard the question proposed by some literary men, 'What language did the serpent speak in Paradise?' 'It must have been English,' was the reply, 'for the serpent hissed.' You may take this bad joke for what it is worth."—vol. xiii. p. 393.

Frederick honored the memory of the Chevalier Bayard of Grenoble, one of the knights of Francis the First of France. His motto was, "Sans peur et sans reproche." Frederick instituted the order of knighthood called from his name, with the motto of his hero, and a sword surmounted by a crown of laurels. The knights were twelve in number, generally his own near relations or neighboring princes: each knight assumed a particular title of virtue on his admission to the order. One was named the Chaste, another the Temperate, another the Stout-hearted; Frederick assumed the surname of the Constant. Besides the ordinary duties of chivalry, the object of the order was to improve military science, to study the tactics and campaigns of ancient heroes, to lay up a store of brilliant points and military problems. It is, perhaps, to this institution we owe some of the treatises on military science, which Frederick has left behind him. (See *Post. Works*, vol. xiii. p. 367.)

It is extraordinary that Frederick, though despotic at home, should have been opposed to royal power in the government of other nations. He thus writes of Lord Bute and the English political system of that day:—

"It is the Scotchman Bute who governs the king and the kingdom. Like those evil spirits of whom we hear so much, but whom we never see, he envelops his operations in the deepest darkness; his emissaries and creatures are the springs by which he moves the political machine according to his own will. His system is that of the ancient Tories, who assert that the happiness of

England requires that the king should enjoy despotic power; and that, far from forming alliances with the continental powers, Great Britain ought to confine herself to the object of extending her commercial interests. He looks on Paris as Cato the censor did on Carthage; and if he had all the French vessels together, he would crush them at one blow. Imperious and harsh in his government, unscrupulous in the use of his means, his mismanagement throws him back upon his obstinacy. To carry out his grand schemes, this minister has introduced corruption into the lower house. A million sterling which the nation pays annually to the king for the support of the civil list, is scarcely sufficient to satisfy the venality of members of parliament. This sum, which is intended to support the royal family, the court, and the ambassadors, is employed every year in depriving the nation of its energy. And George the Third has no means of supporting his royal dignity in London, except 500,000 crowns which he draws from his electorate of Hanover."

This we do not believe; but, with more truth and great sagacity, Frederick proceeds to show, that

"Want of money had led Lord Bute to attempt the taxation of the American colonies; and that the result would be the destruction of British power over the States."—vol. iv. p. 148.

The admirers of Frederick the Second compare him with Philip of Macedon; and there are, certainly, many points of similarity both in their characters and circumstances. Both were the means of raising a small kingdom to the rank of a powerful nation; both were skillful masters of the art of war; and both gave great attention to financial affairs; both could combine the characters of the lion and the fox; and both, while studiously endeavoring to amass wealth, were ready to spend it to the last, in order to carry out their objects. Philip was a generous enemy, and after the battle of Cheronæa, refused to destroy Athens, because, he said, that as he had fought for glory, and had obtained it from the Athenians, it would be ungrateful to destroy a city which had given him his object. Frederick could treat a treacherous enemy with equal magnanimity, as he proved in the case of Augustus the Third, king of Poland.

The two monarchs are remarkable for their appreciation of literature. Philip's letter to the Athenians is a masterpiece of powerful and concise argument; and he congratulates himself less on the birth of an heir to his dominions, than on the fact that Aristotle should be the tutor to his son. It is remarkable that both these great men should have

come in contact with the most powerful intellects of their day; and though the terms on which they met were exactly opposite, yet, in each case, the celebrity of the king is increased by his proximity to contemporary genius. Philip's great enemy was Demosthenes; Frederick's chief friend was Voltaire. Philip would willingly have pursued his plans in secret, his object was personal and national aggrandizement; and could Macedon have risen in the scale of nations, and Philip have gained over the Grecian colonies on his coast one by one, he would have allowed matters to remain very quiet, and would have felt satisfied in his own persevering improvement of his country. But the overwhelming genius of a single orator, while it marred many of his favorite schemes for the moment, has immortalized his actions, and involuntarily shed a lustre upon his whole history. Frederick had his flatterers, as all great men have; but we doubt if any of them has given him so high a character for heroism as Demosthenes has given to Philip. He describes him as struggling against bad fortune, repairing his disasters in one place by his successes in another; wintering in the open air amidst the snows of Thrace; exposing his person in every encounter, bruised in his thigh, his eye transpierced with an arrow, yet eager to sacrifice whatever remained of his body, and of his life, provided he may accomplish his purpose and secure his renown. Philip at one time patronized Theopompus, the Chian, as his friend and historian; but on some trifling cause of quarrel, the historian endeavored to blacken the reputation of his patron, by accusing him of the most disgraceful crimes. Frederick, before his quarrel with Voltaire, has left us several volumes of his correspondence with him. Mutual flattery is the staple commodity of these. We give a few specimens. In a letter, dated the 4th of September, 1749, the king thus concludes an invitation to Prussia:—

"Finally, you are like the white elephant, for which the king of Persia and the Great Mogul go to war, and with whose name they increase their titles when they are happy enough to possess him. If you come here, you shall see at the head of mine, Frederick, by the grace of God, king of Prussia, elector of Brandenburg, possessor of Voltaire," &c. &c.

That Voltaire could repay his patron in kind we see from many of his letters. Thus, on the 1st of May, 1775, he writes:—

"Your letter is a masterpiece of reason, wit, good taste, and kindness;"

then in verse he adds:—

"It is the sage who instructs us, the hero who civilizes us. Nothing so fine has been produced upon Parnassus or in the Church, &c. &c."—*Post. Works*, viii. 317.

In the same year he writes:—

"You overwhelm me with kindness. Your majesty changes the last miseries of my life into brighter days."

Then, after a few lines, he adds in verse:—

"Who is this astonishing Proteus? One would say that he held the lyre of Apollo. When I run to hear, and flatter myself with delight, I find that it is the bloody armor of Mars that he bears. Let us then examine the hero.—But, no! he is Plato, he is Lucian, he is Cicero; and if he pleased, he could be Epicurus, &c. &c."—*Post. Works*, viii. 296.

The friendship, however, of these literary allies ended in a grievous contention, and each had recourse to his natural weapons—Frederick to his power, Voltaire to his wit. Frederick ordered Voltaire's *Akalia* to be burnt by the hangman in presence of its author, and Voltaire revenged himself by a series of lampoons.

In all that we have read or quoted on the subject of King Frederick and his family, we cannot help remarking the great want of anything like religion. From the great patron of Protestantism something might have been expected; and though Ranke intimates that the king was opposed to priestcraft, and not to religion, we cannot help coming to the conclusion, that he was neither more nor less than a disciple of Voltaire. His own writings contain the best key to his sentiments; and these are melancholy proofs, that when man sets up his own reason as his idol, he goes more and more astray from the knowledge of God and his ways. In his father, Frederick William, we might have expected to find some serious thought; though sadly mistaken as to the government of his family, yet he certainly endeavored to bring religious truth before their minds; his long sermons, his tedious chaplains, his acknowledgment of the vanity of the world, might have led us to suppose that he had some right feeling as to his state before God; and that at the hour of his extremity, his hopes for eternity might have been found placed on the true foundation of the sinner's confidence. But, alas! this is not the case; his daughter Wilhelmina, who is so fond of

minute details, gives us a lamentable account of his death-bed scene, which she describes as melancholy and heroic.

"He had been very ill the whole night through. At seven in the morning, he caused himself to be drawn in his rolling chair to the apartment of the queen, who was still asleep, not believing him so dangerously ill. 'Rise,' said he to her; 'I have but a few hours to live; I wish to have, at least, the satisfaction of dying in your arms.' . . . He said to the prince of Anholt, 'You are the oldest of my generals, and you deserve to have my best horse.' He ordered it immediately to be brought. And seeing the prince-royal affected, 'It is the lot of man,' said he; 'we must all pay the tribute to nature.' But, apprehensive lest his firmness might be shaken by the tears and lamentations of those who were present, he signified to them to withdraw, and gave orders to all his servants to wear a new livery which he had caused to be made for them, and that his regiment should wear a new uniform." (The ruling passion here was strong in death.) "The queen then entered; she had scarcely been a quarter of an hour in the room, when the king fainted away: he was immediately put to bed, when, by means of the efforts employed, he was restored to his senses. Looking around him, and seeing the servants in their new dresses, he said, 'Vanity of vanities, all is vanity.' Then addressing his first physician, he asked him if his end was near: the physician having informed him that he had still half an hour to live, he asked for a looking-glass; and having looked at himself in it, he smiled and said, 'I am very much changed; I shall cut a very ugly appearance when dying.' He reiterated his question to the physicians; and on their telling him that a quarter of an hour had elapsed, and that his pulse was ascending, 'So much the better,' he answered; 'I shall soon return to nothing.' They then wished that two clergymen might enter to pray with him, but he told them that he knew all they had to say, and that they might therefore withdraw. He became weaker and weaker, and at last expired at mid-day." —*Memoirs*, vol. ii. 341.

When Wilhelmina describes the death-bed of her father-in-law, the margrave of Bareith, she gives us an equally unhappy picture of the low state of religion among the German Protestants of that day:—

"One day, when we were at table, a message was brought us from the margrave's, that he was in the last agony. We found him stretched on a sofa: he had been seized with a suffocation which brought him to the verge of the grave, and his pulse was like that of a person at the point of death. He looked at us without saying a word. An ecclesiastic was sent for, but he appeared displeased at this. The priest delivered a very fine exhortation to him on the state in which he was; told him he was on the point of appearing before God to render an account of his actions;

and advised him to humble himself to his holy will, and he would receive courage to look on death with fortitude. 'I have administered justice,' said he to the priest; 'I have been charitable to the poor; I have never been guilty of debauchery with women; I have discharged the duty of a just and equitable prince; I have nothing to reproach myself with; and I can appear before the tribunal of God with confidence.' 'We are all sinners,' replied the almoner; 'and the most righteous of us all sins seven times a day.' 'When we have done all that is commanded us, we are still unprofitable servants.' We all remarked that he was displeased with this discourse: he repeated more vehemently still: 'No; I have to reproach myself with nothing; my people may weep for me as their father.' He preserved silence for some moments, after which he begged us to withdraw. The privy councilors came next; he made them a long harangue, in which he detailed all the obligations which the country was under to him, and repeated nearly what he had said to the clergyman. He recommended them strongly to have the good of their country always at heart, and to be attached to their new master; after which he took his last leave of them. He had sufficient strength of mind to take leave of his whole court, from the prime minister to the lowest of his domestics. I was very much affected; but it cannot be denied that there was a good deal of ostentation in his proceedings; for he carefully pointed out to all of them the care which he had always taken for the good of his country. It will be afterward seen that he did not think himself dying, and that all this was merely theatrical. At the end of this melancholy ceremony, however, he became extremely weak: when it was over, he begged us to withdraw." —*Memoirs*, ii. 245.

The poor old margrave died in a few days, apparently much in the same state.

As our object is rather to delineate the religion and morals of mankind than to describe their wars or enter into their political intrigues, we have been led away from the subject more immediately before us, to which we now return. Professor Ranke is a true German: he is indefatigable in research; he gives us his authorities from the times of which he writes; and as we have no means of consulting them, we must assume that he quotes correctly. His object is to lay before his readers the rise and progress of the House of Brandenburg. After a short sketch of the early electors he begins with the grandfather of Frederick the Great, and continues his history through the first ten years of Frederick's reign, concluding with a few chapters on the character of the king, and the improvements introduced in his reign. The laws of Prussia were one great object of his care, and Professor Ranke's account of the legal reforms is highly inter-

esting. In the sixth year of his reign he undertook to draw up a code of civil laws; and in this task he was assisted by his legal adviser, Samuel Cocceji: this code, however, was soon superseded. Frederick's chief success as a reformer was in the administration of justice, and to this he always gave the greatest attention. He preferred corporal punishment to fines, as more summary and less injurious to the revenue, as fines tended to impoverish the taxpayers.

He ordered a new scale of fees for legal certificates and bills of sale, which ignorant or corrupt magistrates had raised to an exorbitant price, and which they enforced with the stick. He appointed Cocceji controller-general of the courts, with power to revise all proceedings, and if he thought a cause unjustly decided, to bring it before the king in council. He abolished appeals to the imperial tribunal, and references to foreign lawyers, whom it had been usual for the judges to consult in difficult cases. By Cocceji's advice the office of attorneys was abolished, and the number of barristers limited, and they were obliged to confine their practice to one court. Every precaution was used to prevent delay, as Cocceji declared it was better that the debtor should suffer, than that he should be allowed to ruin his creditor on pretence of protecting himself. (Our law courts might take a hint from this maxim.) An ordinance was also issued calling upon judges and lawyers to make a return of the suits then pending, the length of time they had been before the court, and the reasons which prevented their being decided. The result was as follows:—

"In May, 1747, Cocceji announced with no little satisfaction that a lawsuit between the court of exchequer and certain nobles touching certain boundaries, that had lasted more than 200 years, and filled above seventy volumes of manuscript, had been brought to a conclusion satisfactory to the parties mainly by the industry of Jarriges and Fürst. In this manner they worked during the whole year. In January, 1748, Cocceji reckoned that, during the past year, 1600 old, and 684 new suits had been before the court in Stettin; and 800 old, and 310 new, in Cöslin. All the old cases had been decided; and of the new ones, only 183 remained outstanding in Stettin, and 169 in Cöslin. 'Your Majesty perceives,' exclaimed Cocceji, 'what can be done by courts of justice presided over by learned and upright men.'"—*Ranké*, vol. iii. 371.

In Frederick's arrangements there was one element of the feudal system which he left

unchanged, and which has led to half the revolutions of Europe: while he gave distinct privileges to peasants and nobles, he left the impassable barrier between them unbroken. The nobleman must be a land-owner, the peasant a farmer, and the burgher a merchant. The burgher was not allowed to invest his capital in land, for fear of withdrawing it from trade; and the peasant could not become a landed proprietor, because his birth disqualified him from holding the commission of an officer. These distinctions, like those of the patricians and plebeians at Rome, must always give rise to jealousies and disturbances. Mankind have in themselves quite sufficient tendency to split into factions, without legal distinctions to facilitate their doing so. If a law were passed in England that every native of the counties north of the Trent must wear a white hat, and every man to the south a black one, two new factions would be at once created, and the streets of London would be an arena for their trial of strength. Though England possesses an aristocracy, yet the poorest man in the kingdom may rise to become a member of it; and there is no law to prevent a man, whose father was in trade, from rising to be a general officer or a bishop.

To prevent the revival of old disputes, Frederick declared that no nobleman should be called upon to prove his title to his estate further back than 1740; and he endeavored to give each of his new provinces a government according to the habits and genius of the people. Frederick William had long ago projected improvements in agriculture and commerce, which his son continued with the greatest zeal. Vast tracts of lands were drained by his orders, and families who understood spinning were encouraged to settle. He considered it a fortunate discovery, that where his predecessors imported yarn, he imported the men to make it. To his manufacturing families he allotted a house and garden, and the grass of two cows; and reckoned that he could thus settle a thousand families in the year. He encouraged bricklayers who came to Berlin to remain in his dominions, and found employment for them. When he found his colonists troublesome (as a transplanted race usually are), he comforted himself that though the first generation are not worth much, their descendants would improve. The local governments were allowed to reserve to themselves the right of regulating the number of artisans in each branch; and if they increased too much in any given locality, they were sent without

appeal into the next province. Thus we have an instance of the singular combination of improvement and despotism which characterizes all the acts of Frederick the Great.

All this, and much more, will be read with interest; it is to us by far the most agreeable portion of the book. We have little knowledge of tactics; and the dry details of skirmishes and engagements, in which the Prussians are one day victorious, and defeated the next, is matter of little curiosity to us. We confess ourselves, therefore, little able to appreciate either the professor's details or the king's narrative of his own exploits; and we feel rather inclined to sympathize with Gil Blas, when he was valet to the old colonel, and thought himself safe, if, in undressing his master and taking off his leg, he could escape with two battles and a siege. Again, political manœuvring is as little interesting to the generality of readers as military tactics; and it has this disadvantage, that the accounts are less likely to be properly authenticated. What George II. or his advisers desired to do; what Charles VI. or Maria Theresa would have done if they could, and what they pretended to do in order to conceal their real intentions, are to us matters extremely apocryphal, and for this obvious reason,—diplomacy is the art of concealment; the politician has always reversed the principle of the philosopher, and instead of wishing that others should know what he knows, his maxim is,

"Si sciat hoc alter, scire tuum nihil est."

We do not suppose that Sir Robert Walpole or Lord Bute could penetrate the schemes of their German contemporaries, much less is it possible to do so accurately at this day. This must plead our excuse with our readers for departing from our immediate subject, and rather leading them to join us in gossiping with the Princess Wilhelmina, than following the hero through the toils of the camp, or the politician through the mazes of diplomacy. Our professor does both, and to those who prefer such studies as more solid, he will doubtless be more acceptable than lighter reading. We have given but a short sketch; but, as much has been written and published lately, if we have awakened curiosity, our readers will find ample means of gratifying it. The proper study for mankind is man; and he who reads for his own improvement will always turn with pleasure to the history of genius, and the gradual development of the powers of nations and men. Frederick, however, presents another instance of the vanity of all earthly ambition; he lived long, and gained much, but he did so at the expense of almost incredible labor; and he seems to have forgotten that true happiness consists in the knowledge and service of God, and that,

"Give all he can, without Him we are poor,  
And with Him rich, take what He will away."

## EARLY DAYS OF NAPOLEON.

THIERS, in his *History of the Consulate*, relates some very strange and previously unknown particulars respecting the early life and penury of Napoleon Bonaparte. It appears that after he had obtained a subaltern's commission in the French service, and after he had done the State good service by his skill and daring at Toulon, he lived for some time in Paris in obscure lodgings, and in such extreme poverty that he was often without the means of paying ten sous (5d.) for his dinner, and frequently went without any meal at all. He was under the necessity of borrowing small sums, and even worn-out clothes, from his acquaintances! He and his brother Louis, afterward King of Holland, had at one time only one coat between them, so the brothers could only go out alternately, turn and turn about. At this crisis the chief benefactor of the future Emperor and conqueror "at whose mighty name the world

grew pale," was the actor Talma, who often gave him food and money. Napoleon's face, afterward so famed for its classical mould, was, during this period of starvation, harsh and angular in its lineaments, with projecting cheek bones. His meagre fare brought on an unpleasant and unsightly cutaneous disease, of a type so virulent and malignant, that it took all the skill and assiduity of his accomplished physician, Corvisart, to expel it after a duration of more than ten years. The squalid beggar then, the splendid Emperor afterward,—the threadbare habiliament, the imperial mantle,—the hovel and the palace,—the meagre food and the gorgeous banquet,—the friendship of a poor actor, the homage and the terror of the world,—an exile and a prisoner,—such are the ups and downs of this changeable life, such the lights and shadows of the great and mighty.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## THE PRESS DURING THE PAST YEAR.

THE Press; the mighty Press, so ambitious and so laborious, that looks so high, that attempts, and does so much; that lends itself so readily to all purposes and to all parties,—to the vicious and the virtuous; to the cause of good order and the furtherance of disorder; that gives utterance equally to the thoughts of the wise, to the devices of the crafty, and to the fancies of fools; that is the ever-ready tool of all men, and that some men use to their very great profit and honor, and others to their ruin and dishonor; this all-powerful agent for evil or for good, to work weal or woe to the thousand millions of this world's inhabitants, comes now before us, on this the first day of a New Year, to render an account of its labors throughout the year which is past and gone forever.

Indeed, there are times with us all, when it is prudent and right that we should, for a moment or so, consider our ways, and assure ourselves that we are walking and working wisely and safely; and, as the Press, like ourselves, has a character to lose, and is often exposed to much misrepresentation and abuse, and is very properly anxious to stand well in the world's opinion, it has entrusted this office to us, to say, briefly and honestly, what, by night and by day, through the three hundred and sixty-five days of the year of Grace 1849, the Press has been doing within the limits of the United Kingdom.

Unavoidably, and of very necessity, we must do the Press no little injustice in this matter, since of much that it does we can know but very little; so hard does it work while we are asleep, and so much does it work in places of which we have scarcely any knowledge; yet, of what we do know we will now report. The Press never knows of any intermission to its labors. Now, what these labors are, may in some little measure be judged of by this fact, that to gratify the desire, which we all more or less have, to know the general news of the day, the Press sends forth in the daily papers a printed surface which amounts in the year to 347,308,000 superficial feet; and, if we add

to these all the papers that are printed, weekly and fortnightly, in the metropolis and the provinces, the whole amounts to 1,466,150,000 square feet, upon which the Press has left in legible characters the proof of its labors. Of the Newspapers, therefore, that have been published in the United Kingdom during the year 1849, we may say, that they would cover a surface of 33,658 acres, or would extend, if joined one to another, to 138,843 miles; that is, they would nearly six times encircle the earth at the equator.

But to this daily and weekly labor to supply subjects which men will insist to be daily and weekly gratified with, must be added those many monthly and quarterly publications, for which we are content to wait somewhat more patiently. It is no light toil, however, to prepare these for our use, since these, if spread out, sheet by sheet, would cover 4700 acres, and would extend, with a breadth of one foot, to 33,000 miles. Upon these publications alone has the Press, through the year 1849, used up considerably more than 1000 tons of paper.

And who can say what the results of such labors are, or by what skill and toil, by what talents and risks, such results have been produced? It is only by unceasing vigilance, and untiring exertion, and intense application of mind and body to the work, that all the advantages and enjoyments of the daily papers are secured to us.

But let us give praise where especial praise is due, even to that giant of the Press, "The Times," than with whom none, for usefulness or completeness, can compete or compare. That paper keeps no fools on its staff, but the very ablest writers, the most acute reasoners,—men with intellects of the highest order, with minds the most gifted, with talents the most distinguished, with acquirements the most varied; and such is their energy, activity, thought, and enterprise, that they will suffer none to have equal energy with themselves. And we daily see the sum of the united daily toils of this phalanx of able men.

What a mass of information they contrive, day by day, to collect together; and how ably they arrange it, how briefly they state it, how accurately they report it! Nothing of general interest escapes their vigilance or notice; no subject is beneath them, none too hard for them: whatever concerns others concerns them, and hence the patronage "The Times" receives, and the circulation it obtains.

Nor is this circulation unworthy of a paragraph. "The Times" publishes daily, according to the season, from 28,000 to 33,000 copies; but 30,000 the year through, is, probably, the daily average of the copies "The Times" sends out. Now this paper, with its supplement, if spread out on the floor, would be found to cover a space of 9 feet by 2=18 feet; and if 30,000 of these are printed daily, and the printing days are 313 in the year, it follows, that what "The Times" Office sends forth each year, would cover an estate, and would purchase two such, of 3880 acres; and what they send forth in eighteen months, would completely encircle the earth at the equator.

But we turn from the daily Press, which interest us chiefly for the moment, to those more stately publications, the folios and quartos, the useful octavos and the humble duodecimos, of which the writers too often vainly hope that they will be hailed by the world's applause, and a vast mine of wealth will be opened to them. Of all fallacies this is one of the most deceiving, the most frequent, and the most mortifying: to write a book which the reviewer cannot praise, and which the public will not purchase, is gall and bitterness indeed, and deep affliction of spirit; but it is a needful correction to the vain, and a just recompense to the presumptuous.

Of the Press's labors in this department of literature we must, on this occasion at least, confine our observations to what it has done in London alone, and from the lists now before us, should say, that about 4000 new works, or new editions of old works, have issued from the press of the Metropolis during the year 1849. Of the number of impressions of each of these which have found their way to the public, we can know nothing, and should probably say nothing, even if we knew; but it is rather more to our purpose to define the books that are published,—to discover what the Press has been most busy upon,—what class of works the public most patronize, or that they who write to be read, conclude the public would most wish to have.

Now, the result of this inquiry is in the highest degree creditable to both the Press and the public. Of trash there may have been more than sufficient, and of twaddle enough to weary the most patient and wakeful of reviewers; but the discouragement given to these in years past, may have partially acted as a check upon their production in the year 1849. We have very little to complain of on this score. The works which have most abounded are works of real usefulness, of great present interest, and of lasting importance, as we shall proceed to show.

Whatever a few may think, the thoughts of the many most decidedly are to the things of eternity, rather than of time; the works upon Theology, or Divinity, or by whatever name we would designate what refers chiefly to the soul, exceeding four times over those of any other, of the many subjects which the Press has brought under our notice. We were not prepared for this result to our inquiries, but we rejoice at it, and regard it as a certain sign of the healthy tone of the public mind—of the strong and general religious feelings of the nation. We take into no account, in this case, the four millions and upward of books and tracts circulated within the year by the Society for Promoting Christian Knowledge, nor of the one million one hundred thousand by the British and Foreign Bible Society,—nor of the large number sent out by the Religious Tract Society,—nor of the many thousands upon thousands of Bibles and Prayer Books which issue yearly from the presses of Oxford and Cambridge, of Bagster and others, in every variety of form, and expensiveness of decoration; but will keep strictly to the four thousand new publication, as they appear in the trades' circular, and we announce the fact with pride and with pleasure, that one-fifth of the works which the press of London has been engaged upon, during the last twelve months, are decidedly of a religious character. The fact speaks volumes for the sound religious principles of a vast majority of the English people, and it accounts fully for the tranquillity we enjoy, and for the sober, quiet way in which we pursue our several avocations, to the enriching ourselves, without despoiling our neighbors.

Having thus proved how greatly we care for our souls, the Press then certifies to us that our next greatest care is for our property, books upon law being more in number than any other after divinity. Some of these are really most instructive books to all classes; and to name one out of many,



we consider that Colquhoun's "Summary of the Roman Civil Law," with its commentaries and parallels, would be found a very valuable class-book in every school and college in the kingdom.

Having taken due care of our property, we then give attention to what concerns our health; and the large number of works upon Medicine, published throughout the year, testifies to the alarm the Cholera excited, and the total ignorance of medical men as to the nature of it and the right treatment of it; and we know of nothing more damaging to the profession than their contradictory opinions and practice upon this one disease. Arrant quacks must many of them be, if the books they write are any evidence of their real opinions on this matter; men of little useful knowledge and with very deficient understandings, if their letters and pamphlets are to be considered as the test of either.

With our property safe and our health cared for, we may next give a thought to the subject that stands next on our list, which is the History of past Ages and Nations,—of times long gone by, or barely preceding our own. Foremost among these is a reprint of Thirlwall's "History of Greece," and a new volume of Grote's "History of Greece," a very able work, displaying great learning and research, much patient investigation, and many original and strong party views of powerfully interesting subjects, but we shall not for this displace Mitford from our shelves. Macaulay is publishing his personal opinions upon men and their proceedings during the last two hundred years in his "History of England," the great popularity of which is attested by the almost unprecedented sale of it—upward of twenty thousand copies. It is brilliantly written, and men read it, and will continue for years to read it, from precisely the same cause that they continue to read Sir Walter Scott's historical novels; namely, for their own amusement and from their admiration of the writer's dashing style, of his dexterity and odd fancies and strong prejudices. Its value as a history, strictly speaking, will become a matter of history, perhaps, ten years hence. Of other works of this class, such as Kemble's "Saxons," we may hereafter probably speak, and more in detail.

With these more formal histories we may connect those valuable materials for history, which are to be found in the Memoirs and Correspondence of public men in times gone by, several of which the past year has laid open to us. And the first we may name,

from their intrinsic value, are the Rupert Letters, which have strangely confounded all the novelist writers of the histories of the Civil Wars, and have occasioned an unpublished history or two to be thrown, as damaged property, into the fire. There is, in truth, people discover, no gainsaying what the "Rupert Correspondence" asserts; it is useless to distort facts from what we there find them to be; there we have the truth from eye-witnesses and from the actors in those scenes, ungarbled and undisguised; and it matters not what writers now say or think, if their thoughts or words are opposed to the facts which the Rupert Letters disclose.

The "Fairfax Correspondence" is another valuable contribution to our historical stores. The numerous letters may not have been made the most of, and the political opinions of the present day may have been mixed up more than was needed with these records of the past, but their value is, nevertheless, unquestionable. They are faithful evidences of what men thought and did, and why they so thought and so acted; they unfold to us new views of some of the leading men in those stormy times, and enable us to judge far more correctly of their characters, and far more charitably of their motives, with less prejudice and with far greater satisfaction.

The "Memoirs" by Keith and Lindsay are of a later date, and read admirably well with "Horace Walpole's Memoirs;" but those of such men as Lord Hervey and Lord Castlereagh, who lived almost with us and amongst us, must of very necessity be either in some measure imperfect or in some measure objectionable; since, if *all* their letters are published, many persons who are living must be injured and many a fair character would be damaged; and if many are held back, then the value of the memoirs as helps to history is so far depreciated.

Biography supplies a very large class of publications, and they are works that in general sell well; the object of the notice being usually, in some sense or other, a partyman, committed to a party either in politics or religion, or both; his party, therefore, praise and patronize the work on principle and purchase it largely.

Of Travels and researches in other lands there are above two hundred separate publications, and of many of these it would be impossible to speak too highly. Layard's "Nineveh" has procured for him a triple reputation,—European, Asiatic, and American,

—a reputation that he is very likely and very speedily very greatly to increase. Curzon's "Monasteries in the Levant" is a fascinating book, and enough to drive a thorough bibliomaniac perfectly crazy. Wilkinson's "Dalmatia," Dennis's "Cities of Etruria," Werne's "White Nile," Tindale's "Sardinia," are books that give us a vast amount of information upon countries and cites that very few, indeed, amongst us have the least knowledge of; and there are three books we may name which we have read with the most absorbing interest, Lynch's "Dead Sea," "Scripture Sites and Scenes," and "The Nile Boat."

But we must tarry no longer in this flowery field, and will now refer to the books on Education, to the Grammars and Dictionaries and helps to modern languages, which the past year has brought to light; of these there are above two hundred. The Geographical works number nearly one hundred; while the works on Science generally, upon the arts of Painting and Architecture, may number two hundred; Natural Philosophy and Chemistry, with Mineralogy and Geology, supply about fifty new volumes; Botany about seventy; and Classics about eighty.

Sir Charles Napier's letters in the *Times* have brought out numerous writers upon Naval matters, a subject that will bear much writing upon before the thoroughly-proved incompetency of the Admiralty Board, as at present constituted, to build ships scientifically and economically, is made evident to themselves. Upon the state of the army and its arrangements few pamphlets have been hazarded, and were probably, therefore, not needed.

Politics have but little stirred men's minds during the past year, and controversies upon the proper policy to be pursued by the Government, in reference to our trading interests and political institutions, have not been so rife as to call out more than one hundred and fifty volumes and tracts on those subjects; people, perhaps, generally concluding that a Whig Administration, although at times very squeezable, is at all times very unteachable.

Novels have far more engaged the public attention than matters of general policy, above two hundred works of fiction having made their appearance during the last year. Even Poetry has been asked for, or at least supplied, and to a considerable extent, one hundred and fifty effusions having come forth, but none giving promise of either a Pope, a Byron, or a Milton. Upon Natural History about two dozen works have appeared, the

like number upon Music; half that number upon Agriculture, and a very small number upon that subject yearly will suffice, since book-farming is very soon found to crop the land with weeds, which no manual of farming supplies rules very quickly to destroy.

The *Times* keeps so strict an eye upon railway-boards, and is so unceasingly occupied in bringing all their proceedings under public observation, that very little remained on the subject to be said by any one else, and that little has been said in about a dozen pamphlets.

Works on Astronomy and Mathematics may close the account: they amount to about thirty, Herschel figuring pre-eminently among them.

Many of the works which we have thus briefly passed over, and many which we have not even named, are got up in a style that speaks highly for the taste and liberality of the publishers. The Ecclesiastical Architectural works are in general singularly enriched by engravings, as is Milman's "Horace," "Scripture Sites and Scenes," and far, far above all, the "Nile Boat;" while the "Rupert" and "Fairfax" volumes, and, indeed, all the Historical works sent out by their publisher,—such as the "House of Orleans," "Louis XIV.," "Francis I.,"—are ornamented with portraits of the chief characters, which, from the high excellence of the engravings, are truly ornaments.

Herbert's "Fishes of North America" is another instance of the manner in which books of this class can be decorated: but the expense must be enormous, with so many illustrations and all of such high finish.

The republication, in a 12mo form, of the first-rate Historical works of Prescott is a great public advantage; since they are works of sterling worth, and being now accessible to all classes, the very superior character of the writings of this most able historian will now be much more known, and much more generally appreciated, than they yet have been.

Of works of high Art with which the Press is more or less directly or indirectly connected, it would be unjust to do more than slightly to allude to them, since they merit a distinct notice by themselves.

Indeed, the superior character of the literature of the present day, is a subject that deserves more especial notice than it has yet received. The Press of England is yearly doing wonders, in enlarging the knowledge, in refining the taste, in promoting the civilization and happiness of the human race, and the merit of this belongs, in truth, to the

men who chiefly employ and control the Press in this great metropolis. Never were the chief London Publishers more united or more resolute among themselves, without any concert, but solely from principle, to keep the press pure,—to make it a blessing to the land,—to make it the means of adding to the intelligence, the enjoyment, the information, and the welfare of all classes. There will, of course, be found some men of such depraved tastes or of such craving stomach, as to prefer the garbage that others would not touch nor look upon; and we have within our knowledge some few who will publish any profane or polluting trash that is brought to them; but these few are scouted by the whole body of Publishers besides, nor will any respectable paper or review take the least notice of their publications, and many will not even take in the advertisements of their works.

For the purity and usefulness of our general literature we are, therefore, distinctly and mainly indebted to the London Publishers; they throw from them with scorn whatever is impure, or mischievous, or immoral; and they very mercifully return to many a luckless wight, what, if printed, would expose him to the contempt or sarcasm of his fellows. Honorable, liberal, generous, and kind, it is impossible, in speaking of the Press, not to give a small measure of praise to those whose judgment controls the press, whose taste adorns it, and whose high and noble principles, whose firmness and consistency, are sure pledges that the Press of England will be the pride and glory of Englishmen, and will long continue to be that to which we shall all look and trust to, as the best human means to ensure our prosperity, and our happiness as a nation.

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From Chambers' Edinburgh Journal.

## THE CASTLES WE BUILT IN AIR.

BY FRANCES BROWN.

THERE were builders strong on the earth of old,  
To-day there are planners rare;  
But never was temple, home, nor hold  
Like the castles we built in air.  
We piled them high through the long lone hours,  
By a chill hearth's flickering brands,  
Through the twilights heavy with wintry showers  
That found us in stranger lands.

The store was small and the friends were few  
We own'd in those building days;  
But stately and fair the fabrics grew  
That no gold of earth could raise;  
For time was conquer'd and fortune moved,  
Our wishes were builders there,  
And, oh! but there gather'd guests beloved  
To the castles we built in air.

No place was left for the bonds and fears,  
For the lore so sagely small,  
Of this gaining world that wears our years  
Away in its thankless thrall.  
Once more we stood in the lights that cross'd  
Our souls on their morning track,  
And oh! that we had not loved or lost,  
But ever the dream comes back!

It was joy to pause by the pleasant homes  
That our wand'ring steps have pass'd,  
Yet weary looks through the woodbine blooms  
Or the wreathing vines were cast.  
But there fell no age and there rose no strife,  
And there never was room for care,  
Where grew the flowers of our dreaming life  
By the homes that we built in air.

Oh! dark and lone have the bright hearths grown  
Where our fond and gay hearts met,  
For many have changed, and some are gone,  
But we build the blithe homes yet;  
As men have built in the date tree's shade  
Ere Egypt raised her fanes,  
Ere a star was named, or a brick was laid  
On the old Chaldean plains.

Even thus have they framed their towers of thought  
As the ages came and went,  
From the fisher boy in his Shetland boat,  
To the Tartar in his tent.  
And some that beyond our azure say  
There are realms for hope and prayer,  
Have deemed them but ling'ring by the way,  
These castles we build in air.

From the Quarterly Review.

## NATURAL HISTORY OF MAN.

*Researches into the Physical History of Mankind.* By JAMES C. PRICHARD, M.D., F.R.S., Corresponding Member of the National Institute of France. Third Edition. 5 vols. 8vo. 1836-1847.

We are liable, we fear, to some reproach for not having earlier noticed the works which are placed first in the above list; and we feel this the more because a year has now elapsed since Dr. Prichard was lost by premature death to the science of his country. His various writings, directed to topics of the deepest interest to all mankind, are characterized by an industry, ability, and candor of research well meriting the reputation they have obtained both at home and abroad. In regard to those more directly before us, by conjoining the physiological part of the inquiry with its historical and philological relations, they form the most ample and complete text we yet possess on the subject, and one to which all future investigation must be more or less referred.

While acknowledging and seeking thus late to repair the omission, we may fairly allege as to the subject itself, that it can never be out of season or date as long as man has his place on the earth. For what inquiry of higher import, or more lasting interest, than that which regards the physical condition of the human species as first created and appearing on the surface of the globe? What investigation in all science more vast and curious than that which, from observation of the numerous races and physical varieties of man, and from the equally numerous forms and diversities of human language, deduces conclusions as to the more simple and elementary states from which these wonderful results have been developed, and the manner and course of their development? Questions like these, even if already settled to our reason and knowledge, would yet have a constant hold on the minds of all thinking men, in their simple relation to that greatest of all phenomena—the existence of human life upon the earth. But, in truth, they are far from being thus settled. A spacious field is

open to research, in which certain paths are laid down, and certain landmarks fixed in guidance and preparation for further culture; but where no harvest of complete knowledge has yet been reaped, and where even the boundary of what can be effected by human effort is still obscure.

In this very circumstance we find further excuse for taking up the subject thus late. Better defined as a department of science, and its importance more fully appreciated, the study of the physical history of mankind, in all its varieties of race and distribution, has, like other branches of knowledge, been continually enlarged by the accession of new facts and new methods of research. It has become more copious in its details, more exact in all its conclusions. Aided and emboldened by its growing connection with other sciences, and by the number of eminent men who have given their labors this direction, it has of late years especially made rapid progress; embracing, together with the kindred subject of ethnology, some of the most curious questions which come within the range of human inquiry.

What we have said thus generally is well illustrated by the course of Dr. Prichard's own researches. A Latin thesis, *De Humani Generis Varietate*, written and printed at Edinburgh in 1809, when he took his degree there, forms the basis of all that he has since so elaborately performed. It is a bold and able treatise, considering the materials he then had in his hands. The theme, pursued with unremitting zeal, grew into a large volume published in 1821, entitled *Researches into the Physical History of Mankind*; and it is the third edition of this work, enlarged gradually to five volumes by a perseverance in the same diligent inquiry, which we now have before us. The volume entitled *The Natural History of Man*, is a sort of sum-

mary of it, suggested probably by the need of comprising the new materials which had accrued while the other volumes successively appeared.\*

We are further justified in presenting this subject to our readers, from the conviction that the great questions it involves are still only partially appreciated by those familiar with other branches of science. The history of Man, as a denizen of the earth, has indeed been conceived and pursued in many different ways, according to the objects, genius, or opportunity of those engaged in the study; but these portraiture, which have severally presented him as

*The glory, jest, and riddle of the world.*

are partial and subordinate, and in nowise fulfill the purport of the larger title before us. The philosopher, living in the comparative seclusion of one community, may indeed, like Blumenbach and Prichard, construct a science from the labors of those cosmopolite travelers who have studied mankind on a bold and broad scale, under every diversity of region and race. But, generally speaking, the tendency of common life and habitual pursuits in the most civilized communities is to narrow, by division and refinement, all great views of the human race. The social pictures of man, found in poetry, history, essay, or romance, will explain our meaning. They are for the most part individualities of character or custom, which tend rather to curtail than enlarge the outline of inquiry, and in truth have little relation to the Natural History of Man as a part of creation at large. Even the moral and religious feelings are concerned in giving their tone and temper to such investigations, differently defining the objects and pursuing them by separate routes. And further, these objects are in themselves so numerous, and their natural aspects of such endless variety, that we can scarcely wonder at the vague understanding of the questions which lie at the bottom of the

whole—questions well worthy, nevertheless, of all the learning and ingenuity given to their solution.

Whatever may be the causes, certain it is that the physical history of man has only recently taken its place as a definite branch of science. The ancient philosophers dealt with it loosely, imperfectly, and erroneously. Their limited knowledge of the surface of the earth, their entire ignorance of whole existing races of mankind—the prejudices of their mythology—and their general want of appreciation of scientific evidence, the preference of the *δόξα* to the *ἐπιστήμη*—these difficulties which, in their totality, even the genius of Aristotle could not surmount, may readily be admitted in explanation of the fact we have stated. Passing over the earlier but ambiguous researches of Camper, we may affirm that the true foundation of the science was that laid by Professor Blumenbach of Göttingen, whose long life of honorable labor closed not many years ago. His celebrated collection of skulls (which we have ourselves examined under his guidance), obtained by unwearied perseverance from every part of the globe, suggested new relations and more extended and exact inquiries in prosecution of one branch of the subject. The researches and writings of Cuvier, Humboldt, Lawrence, Owen, Tiedeman, Rudolphi, and other physiologists, while differing in certain conclusions, have continually enlarged the scope of the science, and concentrated the results obtained by travelers and naturalists—thus augmenting the means upon which the removal of these differences and the certainty of all conclusions must eventually depend. Philology, meanwhile, has come largely in aid of the inquiry, and the study and classification of languages, indicated more remotely by Scaliger, Bacon, and Leibnitz, has grown into a vast body of authentic knowledge, ministering through new and unexpected relations to the history of the races and communities of mankind. The names of Adelung, Schlegel, Wilhelm von Humboldt, Remusat, Grimm, Klaproth, Rask, Bunsen, Meyer, &c., indicate the more conspicuous of those who have advanced this science abroad. In our own country, we may cite Harris, Horne Tooke, Sir W. Jones, Wilkins, Marsden, Young, Prichard, Latham, &c., as worthy associates in the same learned career.

The physical history of mankind, derived from these sources, has now assumed its place as one of the most eminent branches of natural science—assuredly one of the most interesting, in expounding to man his

\* Dr. Prichard's other writings, whether philological or medical, warrant further what we have said of his merits as a philosophical inquirer. His character was one of great simplicity, zealous in the pursuit of everything true and useful in science. His death may well be termed premature, inasmuch as the peculiar subject of his successful research was before him to the last. We are indebted to Dr. Symonds of Bristol for a very interesting memoir on his life and writings, and find every cause to wish it had extended to greater length. The events indeed are few, but it is always agreeable and useful to trace the workings of an ingenious mind steadily devoted to one great object.

natural relation to the rest of creation on the globe, and those progressive causes of change which have unceasingly modified his condition here, and may continue to affect and alter it in ages yet to come.

For what are we fitly to understand as comprised in the titles of the works before us? In stating it to be the natural history of man, as a branch of that larger science which includes the physical history of all organized life on the globe, we give but a meagre conception of the subject. Vegetable life, individually fixed to one spot—generically distributed into different regions, so as to form an especial science of botanical geography—limited by climate, soil, and other circumstances, though capable of vast changes by culture—all this, while furnishing much of curious illustration and analogy, can only slightly represent to us what pertains to the physical history of the human race. When we rise in the scale of creation through the innumerable forms and gradations of animal life, and reach those wonderful instincts, and yet higher functions of intelligence and feeling in certain animals, which Aristotle well calls *μικρομυατα τῆς ἀνθρωπίνης ζωῆς*, though finding some of the analogies to approach more closely, still are we far below the level of those great questions which regard the human species—the origin, dispersion, and mutual relation of the various races of mankind. To mere physical evidence are here added other and higher methods of proof, connected with the exercise of those mental faculties which mark man as the head of the animal creation. The peculiarity, the grandeur, and, we may add, the difficulty of the theme; depend mainly on his condition as an intellectual being, whereby his whole existence on earth is defined, and the relations of races and communities of men created and maintained.

And here we touch upon the question which may be said to govern the whole subject, and which we cannot better or more briefly define than in Dr. Prichard's own words:—

"It will be the principal object of the following work to collect data for elucidating the inquiry, whether all the races of men scattered over the surface of the earth, distinguished as they are from each other in structure of body, in features, and in color, and differing in languages and manners, are the offspring of a single stock, or have descended respectively from several original families? This problem is so extensive in its bearings, and in many particulars so intricate and complex, that I can scarcely hope to discover evidence

conclusive in respect to every part of the investigation. I shall endeavor to collect and throw upon it all the light that can be obtained from different sources."

We have said that this question, as to the unity and single origin of the human race, governs the whole subject; and it does so in the obvious sense, that if the fact be admitted or proved (as far as proof is attainable), certain other collateral questions at once disappear. If, for instance, it can be rendered certain to our belief that all mankind, throughout all ages of human existence on the globe—in all their innumerable varieties of form, color, customs, and language—have been derived from one single pair, nothing remains but to investigate the causes, physical and moral, which have produced from this unity of origin the wonderful diversities everywhere visible. A subject, wide enough, in truth, to satisfy the most eager speculator! yet well defined in its limits, and even in many of the lines through which research must be pursued. But this simpler form of the question is not permitted to us: the point is one upon which naturalists of eminence have held very different opinions. It has been contended not only that there is no proof of the derivation of mankind from a single pair, but that the probability is against it. Some have ventured to suppose an absolute difference of species in the beings thus placed by the Creator on the earth. Many have adopted the idea of detached acts of creation, through which certain of the more prominent races had their separate origin in different localities—interblending afterward, so as to give rise to those subordinate varieties which we see so numerous around us. Others again, putting aside the notion of the immutability of species, have boldly hazarded the belief that inferior animal organizations, either fortuitously or by necessities or latent laws of nature, may have risen into the human form: and this under conditions so far unlike, as to give origin to the more remarkable diversities which have perplexed our ideas of unity, and puzzled both philosopher and physiologist to explain.

Before going further, we may briefly advert to a point which must already have occurred to every reader. Has not this question been long ago settled on the authority of Scripture so as to preclude all further discussion upon it? Are we entitled to go beyond, and to risk any portion of our faith, upon statements or inductions derived from other sources, if contradicting the interpre-

tations commonly given to this higher authority?

The question is one not new to modern science. In reply to it, and to vindicate that right of reason and inquiry which Man has received as one of the greatest gifts from his Creator, it might be enough for us to cite passages from the writings of several distinguished geologists, who have weighed this point with all the seriousness and candor befitting their reputation as men of piety and truth. The difference of the subject does in no wise affect the argument, which applies alike and with equal force to both cases. We might further cite what Dr. Prichard himself, in his Introduction, has clearly and forcibly written in vindication of the research he is about to commence. Take indeed what course we may, these questions, from their very nature, must needs infix themselves deeply in the minds of thinking men, and become in one way or other the matter of earnest inquiry. That the cause of truth will assuredly gain in the end, we can affirm with the greater satisfaction in this case, because it is our conviction, in common with Dr. Prichard, that the conclusions of reason and science, unaided by Scripture, concur mainly with those derived from the latter source. We think there are sufficient grounds, without reference to the sacred writings, for arriving at the conclusion that all races and diversities of mankind are really derived from a single pair; placed on the earth for the peopling of its surface, both in the times before us, and during the ages which it may please the Creator yet to assign to the present order of existence here. The arguments for such belief we shall now state; and they will be found to comprise, directly or indirectly, every part of this great subject.

In doing this we shall not bind ourselves closely to Dr. Prichard's arrangement, but seek in the shorter space at our disposal to put forward those points which bear most cogently on the conclusion just denoted. On some of these points we think that neither he, nor other writers, have been explicit enough, or given them their full weight in the argument. We shall endeavor to place the evidence in as clear a form as possible, and to aid those unacquainted with the subject in comprehending its relative value and effect.

What, then, are the sources of knowledge, what the methods of research, through which to arrive at, or approximate to, the solution of this inquiry? They may best, we believe, be classed under three heads:—

*First*, the Physiological, including all that relates to the physical conformation of Man—his mental endowments—the question of the unity or plurality of species—and the laws which license or limit the deviations from a common standard. *Secondly*, the Philological, including all that relates to human languages—their connections, diversities, the theory of the changes they undergo, and the history of such actual changes, as far as we can follow it. *Thirdly*, the Historical—taking the term in its largest sense, as including all written history, inscriptions, traditions, mythology, and even the more common usages which designate and distinguish the different communities of mankind.

This, too, seems the natural course and order of the inquiry. Man is first to be considered as a part of the animal creation at large, and under the many points of close and unalterable likeness to other forms of animal life, in all that relates to his procreation, nutriment, growth, decay, and death, as well as in regard to the modifications of which the species is susceptible and the diversities it actually exhibits. Various instincts—belonging especially to the early stage of life, before his higher faculties have risen into action—further attest this great natural relation, which human pride can neither deny nor discard. But beyond and above this comes in the peculiar condition of Man as an intellectual being, richly provided by his Maker with those endowments which, in their highest elevation from nature or culture, have bequeathed to the admiration of all ages names made immortal by their genius and attainments—Homer, Aristotle, Dante, Bacon, Shakspeare, Milton, Newton, Leibnitz, Pascal, Laplace, and others which crowd on the memory—and gifted yet further with that moral sense, those faculties and sensibilities of feeling and passion, to which, duly guarded and governed, we owe our understanding of virtue and conscience, and of all that is beautiful and sublime in the world around—forming what Milton has well called “a piece of divinity within us; something that was before the elements, and owing no homage to the sun.”

The consideration of these higher attributes of man, and of the organs adapted to the faculty of speech, carries us naturally to the second, or philological part of the inquiry. Human language, derived from these conditions, has become a main index to the history of mankind. Its numerous forms, as we find them in existence and maturity among different communities of men—forms,

in many cases, so remote in the roots of words, in grammatical structure and idiom, that the doubt may well arise whether they can have any common origin—these very diversities, as well as the connections of languages, are all subservient to the inquiry before us. We have already spoken of the many eminent men who have devoted themselves to this part of the subject; collating on philosophical principles the detached records of the numerous languages which crowd the globe; and giving to the history of races and nations, irrespectively of all other tradition, a new and wider basis than heretofore. The progress of such researches of late years is the best exponent, as we shall see, of what may be attained by their future prosecution.

To the physiological and philological succeeds the historical part of the argument. It might seem on superficial view that this would be the most copious source of knowledge as to the physical history of man, and his original dispersion over the earth. We might expect here to verify and extend the conclusions derived from the former methods of inquiry, and to give to the whole science more certainty and completeness. And so it is, whenever we can obtain concurrence, or even approximation of results, from these different sources. But, pursuing the investigation on this principle, we shall find ourselves speedily and continually at fault. History, as we have it in our hands, is rarely capable of conducting us to the heights of this great argument, seen dimly through the mists of time, and often rather obscured than enlightened by human tradition. Its line, broken and interrupted even before, stops where the more arduous part of the ascent begins, and gives us no guidance into the earlier ages beyond.

We might much enlarge, were it needful, on this incapacity of History to satisfy our just curiosity as to the primitive condition of the human race on earth. But we shall confine ourselves to a few general remarks, such as may obviate misconception as to the bearing and value of this part of the evidence. In placing them here, we deviate from the order of arguments just laid down; but we do this purposely, that the attention of our readers may be better concentrated afterward on the two other topics, on which the solution of the inquiry chiefly depends.

We have already spoken generally of the bearing of sacred history on this subject. In the Old Testament we have a record of the creation of man upon the earth, and of a

line of successive generations down to the period of the great Deluge; from which we are led to date a second growth and dispersion of mankind. But it would wrong the proper objects and influence of the sacred volume to regard it as a physical history of man, or to seek in its pages for the facts with which this science has especial concern. A few passages only can be brought to bear directly on the conclusions we seek to obtain; and there is constant danger, as well as difficulty, in tampering with words and phrases so alien in their objects and manner of use. The Mosaic writings are the record of the origin and progress of one people, wonderful in every age of its history, and by the dispensation of Providence signal in its influence on the whole human race. All that is given to us, apart from this main object, is incidental, brief, and obscure; and the chronology of the Jewish people itself rendered ambiguous by the recognized differences of the Hebrew, Samaritan, and Septuagint texts; amounting in the whole to a period longer than that which has elapsed from the beginning of the Anglo-Saxon monarchy to the present day. Even in an early part of these books we find allusion to nations which had grown into existence and power; but without any sign to mark their origin beyond some single name, or the general statement of the multiplication of man on the earth. It is, however, this affirmation of the origin and multiplication of mankind from a single pair of created beings which forms the great link between the Scripture narrative and the subject before us. We have already stated this as the basis of the inquiry—the question to which all others are subordinate; and expressed our belief that the evidence derived from other sources concurs with what is thus delivered to us in the Mosaic history. We must not look to Scripture for description of the primitive physical characters of the human species, or for details as to the origin of human languages. But it is much to arrive at the same point through paths thus diverse; and we shall do well for the cause of truth to hold the sacred volume ever in our hands, seeing where it fairly comes into contact with other knowledge, but never forcing its peculiar objects and phraseology into conclusions with which it has no concern.

Passing from the Scriptural to other history, whether of writings, tradition, or mythology, we lose this distinct affirmation of the unity of mankind, without any equivalent in the more certain record of the primitive state of the species. The notices, indeed,



multiply as to the growth and spread of particular tribes; but even if possessing much more authority than belongs to them, they would go short way to satisfy our seeking for knowledge of that mysterious period, which intervenes between the creation of man and the formation of nations and empires. We lose ourselves in utter darkness when we seek to go beyond certain epochs, remarkable in the ancient world as the periods of great movements and migrations among the people best known to us. One of these may especially be denoted, as comprising within a very brief time the record of six migrations and settlements, each containing some germ of future history.\* Yet even this period, in which were sown the seeds that ripened into Grecian genius and civilization, how vaguely and scantily is it known to us! How much more obscurely still those vast Celtic, Teutonic, and Slavonic migrations which have given cast and color to all the succeeding destinies of Europe! Here we have hardly the ground of tradition to stand upon: all measure of time is lost: we are obliged to come at once to the relations of language, as the only index we possess to these mysteries of the ancient world.

Of the grandeur of Egypt at a remote period we have numerous proofs; and the genius and industry of the present age have derived from its sublime monuments, its hieroglyphics and paintings, the evidences of vast extent of power, of various refinements of policy and civilization. But in this very point lies the deficiency of history. Whence, and how, this growth of grandeur, unrevealed in its origin, and so faintly traced in its earlier progress? Long series of sovereigns have been determined through hieroglyphic inscriptions, compared with the fragments of history; the founders and dates of many of the great monuments—"those wild enormities of ancient magnanimity," as Sir T. Browne calls them—similarly fixed; certain astronomical periods ascertained; and a chronology of much exactness carried back to a remote antiquity. But antiquity is a relative term; and the researches of Bunsen and Lepsius, the latest laborers in this great field, though stretching backward nearly 5000 years, are arrested at a period far short of the origin of the remarkable nation on whose

history they have bestowed so much learning and toil.

The history of the Assyrian Empire, contemporary with that of Egypt, has been more deeply sunk in obscurity. Fragmentary notices in Scripture and in Greek authors have told us of its greatness and conquests, the magnitude and decorations of its capital. But we have only just begun to disentomb the great Nineveh, and can only partially decipher the peculiar cuneiform characters which designate and give date to its wonderful works of art. The intrepid zeal and ability of Mr. Layard, already re-directed to the spot, will, we doubt not, achieve further successes on the same fertile soil; but when all is done, there will yet remain the void of time beyond, in which genius and diligence are alike lost and fruitless.

The vast empires of China and India offer yet more striking examples of this imperfection of history, as bearing on the early condition and diffusion of the human race. Native records, aided here also by astronomy, carry us obscurely back to dates as remote as those of Egypt and Assyria; but beyond this all is lost in the depths of time, or in the still darker depths of mythology. And to take another instance, from a different source, but not less cogent for our object, where do we find the faintest authentic trace of those maritime migrations, seemingly not single, but successive, which peopled the great American continent; giving birth to numerous nations and languages, and to various monuments of power and civilization still only partially explored? Here only one or two vague traditions float before us, which poetry may adopt, but which history refuses to appropriate to its graver purposes.

These few examples will show how scantily we can draw from ancient history the peculiar information required. We nowhere get high enough. The regions of tradition or mythology are reached; but it is still the *sæva oscura*, the *basso loco* of the poet, and we do not obtain access to the clear sky above. It may even be affirmed that we gain less certain knowledge of the early races of mankind from direct history than from those relations and resemblances of custom which often remain infixed for ages, when all other connections are lost—the usages pertaining to birth and death—the methods of warfare—the regulations of property—the punishment of offences—the manner of habitation—and yet more remarkably the bodily mutilations which are found so strangely to exist in common among nations widely sepa-

\* Cuvier has particularly marked this period, extending from about 1550 A.C. to 1450 A.C., and including, besides the departure of the Israelites from Egypt, some of the most noted epochs of settlement in Greece.

rate on the earth. Much caution is obviously needful in dealing with indications from this source. There is the same liability to deception here as in the case of etymology, where ingenuity so often deceives itself by a shadow of resemblance alone. But pursued with discretion and the multiplication of authentic facts, wherewith to correct hasty conclusions, this method of research becomes fruitful of curious results; and, like those branches of the inquiry to which we are now hastening, gives yet more abundant promise for the future, aided as it now is by a thousand facilities, unknown and unsurmised heretofore.

We have dwelt thus long on preliminary parts of the subject, under the conviction that many, even of those conversant with other sciences, scarcely appreciate the entire scope of that under our review. We come now to the two main sources of knowledge as to the natural history of man, viz., human physiology and human language; lines of argument distinct in themselves, yet parallel in direction, and mutually giving force to every conclusion in which they concur. Through these channels alone can we proceed upward when history deserts us, and tradition throws a light too flickering or false to be safely trusted. Even admitting that certainty is unattainable, we may yet reach a degree of probability fully warranting the attempt, a timid abandonment of which would be treason against all true philosophy:—

*Ardua dum metuunt, amittunt vera via.*

Human physiology ranks as the highest department of that great science of organic life which has made such astonishing progress of late years, compassing conclusions and general results which would once have been deemed impossible to human research. The closer study of comparative anatomy—the improved use of the microscope—the increased resources of chemical analysis—the wider sphere of actual observation—and greater exactitude in the collection and classification of facts—all have concurred to this result. Other sciences, moreover, and especially geology, have lately furnished new and extraordinary aids to this branch of knowledge. What space is to the astronomer, time is to the geologist—vast beyond human comprehension, yet seen and comprised by the conclusions of the science. The astronomer indeed throws his line of numbers more boldly and securely into the depths of the infinite before him. The geologist can rarely give

this mathematical certainty to his subject, or express the vastness of time more definitely than by the relation and succession of periods. But this result, and the methods by which it is attained, are such as well attest the value and grandeur of the science. The study of fossil remains, in representing successive epochs of change, and renewed creations of organic life on the surface of the globe, becomes the interpreter of facts of transcendent interest. What more wonderful than to extricate from the depths of the earth those mute yet expressive evidences of time far anterior to the creation of man!—of ages to which no human estimate can ascend, save as respects the mere order of succession in the series! What nearer material approach can man find to his Maker, than in deciphering those repeated epochs and acts of creative power, and those successive modifications of animal life, which, while still including its simpler forms, gradually acquire higher types of organization, and express a scheme of fixed and constant progress, however imperfect our view of the steps by which this is attained? Dividing these periods by the geological characters which clearly denote their relative age and succession, and the altered conditions of the earth in each, we may affirm that each period, amidst a general change of species, contains some element of higher life and more consummate organization. We have not room to dwell on this topic, or to detail the different expressions which naturalists have given to the general fact; but its bearing upon our subject—the natural history of man—will be obvious at first sight, and rises in importance as we pursue and enlarge the inquiry.

For what is the position of man in the scheme and series thus described? The answer is written in clear characters in the same great volume of nature—the evidence negative indeed in part, but not on that account less certain. While all anterior conditions of animal life, as they have successively occurred, are represented to us by innumerable vestiges and fossil remains, no trace whatsoever is found of the human being until the epoch in which we have our present existence. Bones, shells, impressions of the most delicate structure, even the passing footsteps of animals over a moist surface, all these things have been wonderfully preserved to the inspection of this later age. The most minute as well as the most gigantic forms of the ancient animal world, in its several periods, are familiar to our present knowledge. If in one spot the remains have been too imper-

fect to allow the naturalist to complete his delineation, such is the rich exuberance of this fossil world that he rarely fails to obtain what is wanting from some contemporaneous strata elsewhere on the globe. Even the *lacunæ* which still exist in the series of zoological types are in progress of being filled up from the same fertile source—yet of man, we repeat, no one vestige is to be found; certain though it is that this must have happened, had his existence been laid among any of these first creations on the earth. A single bone, distinctly discovered in a certain geological site, and attested as *human* by Cuvier or Owen, would have decided the question. But none such have been found—a few alleged instances have been subsequently disproved—and the creation of man, as well as of the various species of animal life by which he is now surrounded, may distinctly be referred to the actual surface of the globe, as the latest of those acts of creation of which geology furnishes the record and the proof.

Though less certain in evidence, it is reasonable to add, in confirmation of this view, what we have just stated as to the introduction of certain higher organizations at each of the periods in question. The step from the most advanced genera of the *mammalia* to man may be much greater than any antecedent one; but still we are not entitled to disregard this relation as possibly forming part of the great scheme which we humbly contemplate with the faculties permitted us to use. The simple fact that human reason is rendered capable of contemplating such objects, attests more strongly than any other the actual pre-eminence of man over all besides of the existing creation.

This point, then, settled, we come to the particular questions regarding the first condition of man on the earth, which we formerly indicated as lying at the root of the whole inquiry. Is the human being a single species of what naturalists call the *genus Homo*? or do the diversities of physical character which we see in different races compel the admission that there were more species than one in the original act of creation? Again, if the unity of the species be proved, are we to look for the origin of this species in a single pair placed in some one locality of the globe, and thence diffusing the human race over its surface? or do the facts observed make it probable that there were more than one—possibly several distinct pairs—representing the more prominent

diversities of the species, and located in different points, so as to become so many centres of diffusion and admixture of these varieties?

The questions thus generally stated may be said to include all others appertaining to the subject; save one, perhaps, already adverted to slightly, but which we must here notice further, inasmuch as it involves the very definition of a species, and suggests contingencies which, if admitted, change the whole aspect of the inquiry. We allude to the opinion of certain naturalists, avowed or anonymous,\* who, holding that there is no sufficient reason to suppose the immutability of species, believe it possible or probable that what have hitherto been considered such, may, by the operation of various causes, acting through long periods of time, be gradually transmuted into other and very different forms, or species, as we now regard them. The most eminent advocate of this doctrine, Lamarck, hardly cares to shelter himself under those vague generalities by which others have sought to temper their conclusions and reconcile them to the common belief. He lets it be understood that he imposes no limit on this principle of progressive transmutation. From the simplest primitive germs or rudiments may be evolved, by what has been termed spontaneous generation, all the various forms of vegetable and animal organic life; the particular forms being determined by the conditions to which the germs are incidentally subjected; and the development, multiplication, and variation of species depending on the same contingencies, acting through unbounded time, and aided by certain principles of action and change within the beings thus developed. These principles, which have been variously termed *appetencies*, *plastic powers*, *efforts of internal sentiment*, *subtle fluids*, &c., betray in the outset the weakness of the system. They are phrases unmeaning in themselves—ruinous to all true philosophy. Yet Lamarck,

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\* We use the term *anonymous* here in reference to the volume entitled "Vestiges of Creation," well known to many of our readers, in which all that can be alleged on behalf of this doctrine, and more than can reasonably be alleged, is stated by the unknown writer with skillful plausibility, in language of great vigor and clearness. Those who first encounter the subject under his guidance ought to read also some of the able replies the work has provoked, and which have led the author in his later editions to adopt various modifications, not so explicitly acknowledged, we think, as they might have been.

boldly appropriating them, pushes his conclusions into numerous particular instances of this presumed transmutation of species. That which most concerns our present subject is the view he hazards of the transformation of the Orang-outang into man; and the sketch he gives, with a rare intrepidity, of the means by which this wonderful change has been worked out. He has not been careful to take the best instance for his case—the Chimpanzee, or *Simia troglodytes* of Angola, being a closer approach to the human form than the Orang-outang of Borneo, and fully justifying the old line of Ennius—

*Simia, quam similis, turpissima bestia, nobis !*

But whichever be taken as the point of departure in this change from the monkey to the man, the deficiency in argument and fact is the same. Difficult or impossible though it is for human reason to comprehend successive or innumerable specific acts of creation, it is in nowise more difficult than to *conceive creation at all*—easier, indeed, than to conceive laws primitively impressed upon matter, rendering it capable, by any feeling, appetite, or necessity of its own temporary organization, of evolving new organs and instruments of action. For it must be kept in mind, though Lamarck himself leaves it out of sight, that this theory implies not merely variations of form and power in organs previously existing, but the progressive creation or substitution of organs and powers entirely new. Such changes as these we nowhere see in progress. The exact knowledge obtained of certain animal and vegetable species during a period of 3000 years tells us of no such mutations. To avoid difficulties which belong to the limited comprehension of man, and which meet us equally on the confines of all human science, we are called upon to adopt a system which doubles these difficulties, and gives us only vague words with which to solve them. We are much inclined here to adopt the language of Cicero—*Utinam tam facile vera invenire possim quam falsa convincere !*

One familiar instance will often illustrate better than a thousand arguments. From the window at which we are sitting we see at this moment a large spider weaving its subtle web for the entanglement of its prey. The system before us supposes that some inferior organization, feeling the appetency for this particular food, and the need of means for obtaining it, there thence resulted the growth of that beautiful mechanism of struc-

ture belonging to the spider, and that wonderful instinct by which the web is woven with such exquisite exactness and adaptation to its use. But this is not all—our speculator cannot rest here. The material of the web is a chemical compound of the most definite kind and definite purpose, and requires especial organs for its elaboration. This material must be alike provided for by the theory in question, and no subterfuge of phrases can save it from the demand. Thus taxed—and we might endlessly multiply such instances—the doctrine becomes a nullity to our comprehension or use; and we may wisely acquiesce in that simpler and more intelligible view, which refers all these wonders of subordinate intelligence to the will and ever-present and active power of the great Author of nature.

The relation of this particular question to the subject before us will now be obvious. Those of our readers who wish to pursue it further may refer to all that Cuvier has so admirably written on the permanence of species; to the works of Dr. Prichard; and to the excellent chapters in Lyell's "Principles of Geology," which we have placed at the head of this article. While we concur, however, with Sir C. Lyell in rejecting this theory as inadmissible in reason, we freely acknowledge that its discussion among men of science has done much to enlarge our views as to all that concerns the definition of species in nature, the conditions establishing their identity, and the changes more or less permanent of which they are susceptible, either from natural causes, from education, or from forced union with each other in the production of hybrids. The topic is one of deep interest, carrying us by divers paths into the midst of the most profound questions which can legitimately exercise our reason. It is associated closely with many of the natural sciences, as especially with all that relates to the physical history of man.

No one of common reflection can enter the walls of a great zoological museum without some sentiment of awe in looking on the innumerable forms of life around—*cette richesse effrayante*, as Cuvier well calls it, when speaking of insects alone as one class in the vast series. The wonder is augmented when considering that this is only the visible world of life. The microscope has now disclosed to us the waters of the earth tenanted by hosts of living beings before unseen; and the most recent researches of Ehrenberg show the atmosphere around us peopled with genera and species not recognized by the most

delicate human sense, yet probably affecting in various ways the physical condition of man.\* If there be any real transmutation of species, or spontaneous generation and present creation of new species, we might expect to find it among these minute and simple organisms, or germs, which seem to have some common relation to vegetable and animal life; and may be presumed more liable to change in evolution from the influences surrounding them. Yet we have no certain evidence of this having ever occurred, and many facts adverse to it. The sudden appearance of known species in new situations, accepted by some as a proof, shows only the exquisite minuteness of the primitive germs of life, and their tenacity of existence until the conditions occur necessary to evolve them. Of this tenacity we have proof in many remarkable cases, and it is probably in some inverse ratio to the elevation of the species.†

\* These researches, which are recorded in two or three memoirs presented to the Berlin Academy of Sciences, during the past year, appear to have been suggested to Ehrenberg by the prevalence of the Cholera in Berlin toward the end of 1848. They offer the extraordinary result of nearly 400 species of organic life existing in different strata of the atmosphere as examined on this spot. Another memoir about the same time relates the singular phenomenon of a vivid vermilion matter, which on the 26th of October, 1848, suddenly showed itself on the bread and other farinaceous substances in different parts of Berlin; and which was found on examination, both there and in England, to consist of two fungi and one animal organism—the latter called by Ehrenberg the *Menas prodigiosa*. It is a curious, though presumably casual coincidence, that precisely the same phenomenon occurred in Philadelphia when the Cholera was raging there in 1832. We have it in the relation of Quintus Curtius that during the siege of Tyre by Alexander the bread in the city was found suddenly stained with blood; a miracle then—now explained (as may be many similar phenomena of former times) in a manner scarcely less miraculous, but in accordance with the natural laws that pervade and govern the world.

It is impossible not to suppose that these living organisms, tenanted the atmosphere in which we ourselves live, may have, in their existence and changes, many important effects on the human economy. Though not yet explicitly placed among the causes of disease, it is likely that future research will show them to be so.

† The same general reasoning will apply to the seeming identity of the curious cellular structure which appears, from recent research, to form the nucleus of all the textures of organic life. That species so numerous and distinct are actually evolved from that structure, proves that there is an *agent of life*, independent of the cell, though working through it as an instrument or medium. It is conceivable that different combinations of cells may modify the result in the simpler forms of life. Such would seem to be the case in the recent observations of

The questions which regard the individuality, the permanence, and the capacity for variation in species, are, however, so vast and various, that it would be vain for us to seek to discuss them in detail. They are, moreover, the subject of much recent controversy, resulting from the minute researches into the simpler primitive forms of animal and vegetable life, of which we have just spoken. Doubts have been started as to the actual existence of *true species* in nature; that is, of separate tribes of beings with specific organization and incapable of transmutation into one another; and though few have ventured as far as Lamarck, many have trodden on his traces, and resting on some singular phenomena of hybrids, particularly as disclosed in the experiments of Weigmann and others on hybrid plants, have supposed the power of transmutation within a more limited range. It is curious to observe how closely some of these recent views approach to the discarded notions of the ancient philosophy. Atoms begin to have currency and favor again; and many a line of the magnificent poetry of Lucretius might be taken as the text of modern theory on these subjects. The definitions of species by Buffon, Cuvier, De Candolle, &c., though essentially alike as involving the facts of resemblance and constant reproduction of the same beings, are yet open to some critical cavil; and it has been doubted whether the term *species* might not be expediently exchanged for some other more free from ambiguity. We fully admit the influence of names upon things, and that "words do mightily entangle and pervert the judgment." It would make an amusing and important subject of inquiry, in what cases of physical science, and yet more of morals and metaphysics, new terms might be adopted, with the effect of removing doubts and closing controversies engendered by the faulty or fluctuating use of more ancient names. It is manifest, however, that such corrections must never be needlessly or arbitrarily made, lest the ambiguity created be greater than that removed. And as respects the term in question, though it has no etymological merits, we doubt whether any could be adopted, expressing in a more con-

Professors Forbes and Steenstrup, commented upon by Professor Owen in his recent volume entitled "Parthenogenesis." But the cases of this kind hitherto made known are few in number—the effects, as far as we can see, are only temporary—and the type of the species appears to be maintained amidst the variations impressed on them.

venient form the relation which it professes to describe.

With the impossibility of entering fully into this subject of species, we gladly avail ourselves of the summary which Sir C. Lyell has given, at the end of his 37th chapter, of the conclusions reasonably deduced from our actual knowledge of the conditions and changes of animal and vegetable life existing around us.

"1st. There is a capacity in all species to accommodate themselves to a certain extent to a change of external circumstances, this extent varying greatly according to the species.

"2nd. When the change of situation they can endure is great, it is usually attended by some modifications of the form, color, size, structure, or other particulars; but the mutations thus superinduced are governed by constant laws, and the capability of so varying forms part of the permanent specific character.

"3rd. Some acquired peculiarities of form, structure, and instinct, are transmissible to the offspring; but these consist of such qualities and attributes only as are intimately related to the natural wants and propensities of the species.

"4th. The entire variation from the original type which any given kind of change can produce, may usually be effected in a short period of time, after which no further deviation can be obtained by continuing to alter the circumstances, though ever so gradually—indefinite divergence, either in the way of improvement or deterioration, being prevented, and the least excess beyond the defined limits being fatal to the existence of the individual.

"5th. The intermixture of distinct species is guarded against by the aversion of the individuals composing them to sexual union, or by the sterility of the mule offspring. It does not appear that true hybrid races have ever been perpetuated for several generations, even by the assistance of man; for the cases usually cited relate to the crossing of mules with individuals of the pure species, and not to the intermixture of hybrid with hybrid.

"6th. From these considerations it appears that species have a real existence in nature, and that each was endowed, at the time of its creation, with the attributes and organization by which it is now distinguished."—*Principles of Geology*, 7th edit., p. 585.

These conclusions we believe to be valid in all essential points. We suspect if male and female juries of each species could be summoned upon the question of its distinct individuality, they would speedily return an affirmative verdict; and, perchance, with some surprise and amusement at the doubt submitted to them. While in arguing this question much stress has rightly been laid on the period of utero-gestation, as deciding

the identity or difference of species, we think sufficient importance has not been attached to the relation and adaptation of the sexes of each species to one another. This remark very especially applies to the bolder doctrine of transmutation of species already discussed. A double transmutation would in every case be required, and with adaptations in every successive stage of change which it would defy any calculation of possible chances to meet or explain.

We cannot hesitate, then, in believing that the permanent individuality of species is the intention and general law of creation. We consider that the variations themselves of which species are rendered capable (doubtless for wise and sufficient purposes) do, by the limits imposed on their extent, express the same general law. And if objection be still taken to the immensity of the numbers of species thus presumed, we answer that he must be indeed an infant in physical science, who would limit the scope of creation by his own conceptions, or define the numbers therein employed by his own narrow use and comprehension of them.

Though we may seem again to have deserted our immediate subject, reflection will show that it is otherwise. The physical history of man is based on the same general grounds as that of the rest of the animal creation. Man stands at the head; but in a physical sense he does so simply as the highest in a series of animal types, connected by close though perhaps unequal links, and subject to the same general laws determining the origin, distribution, and variations of species. He forms a genus to himself on every principle of just classification; and it is the conclusion of Prichard and his compeers that this genus differs from all other genera of the animal kingdom, in containing but one species. Still we must hold it ever in view that Man is a part of the great scale of animal life; and we shall speedily see how many arguments and analogies may be drawn as to all that regards his physical history, from those inferior forms of being which exist, for his uses or contemplation, in the world around him.

This is especially true as respects the inquiry to which we now come, having already in part promised our opinion upon it, viz., whether there be one species or more of the genus Man?—whether (to put the most cogent case in front) the perfect Negro and the perfect European, seeing the strong contrasts and diversities they exhibit, can be rightly deemed of the same species?—and whether,

to explain other striking varieties in the races of men, it be needful to extend yet further this view of their specific differences? In discussing these points we must limit ourselves to the reasons best fitted to elucidate the conclusions obtained.

The question naturally first occurs—and it is a question which in its nature becomes an argument—if man be not a single species, how many species of the human being must we count on the earth? The Negro is the most striking contrast to the European; but the beardless yellow Mongolian also has characteristics so strongly marked, that we cannot concede the difference of species in the one case without admitting it in the other. How, or where, are we to stop in these admissions, when we find diversities alike in kind, and different only in degree, existing everywhere around us; and determining those divisions into races, of which some have retained the same distinctive characters from the earliest periods of history? The question is further perplexed by the intermixture of races and varieties; rendering it difficult, if not impossible, to define any such primitive separation of origin, as the phrase of *different species* implies. Multiplicity, then, in this case becomes itself an argument for unity. No lines of demarcation are found sufficiently strong to render the plurality of species natural or probable. Every such line is traversed by others, which, while effacing its distinctness, do all point to a certain common origin—expressing in this what we believe to be the unity of the species over the earth.

This manner of putting the argument, however, though strong, is obviously not conclusive. It is rendered much more forcible by a regard in detail to those conditions which may fitly be considered as showing the identity or diversity of species; and further, by analogies derived from the variations of species in other parts of the animal creation. From these two sources, concurring in the evidence they afford, we derive conclusions as certain as any that can be had in those parts of physical science into which mathematical proof does not enter.

And first, as to the criteria which best determine the identity or diversity of species—an inquiry of singular interest in its connection with the physiology both of animal and vegetable life. Limiting our present view to the former, and to the part of the scale more approximate to man, we may name the following conditions as those which must mainly determine the result in each particular case:—the anatomical structure in all its

parts—the average duration of life—the relation of the sexes and laws of propagation, including the periods of utero-gestation and number of progeny—the production, or otherwise, of hybrid progeny by mixed breeding—the liability to the same diseases—and the possession of the same instincts, faculties, and habits of action and feeling. It will be readily admitted that wherever individuals or groups of beings concur as to these general conditions, there the proof of identity of species is complete. But we have already alluded to that capacity for variation within certain limits in each species, which may as justly be called a law of nature as the division into species itself; and we are in no instance whatever entitled to expect entire conformity to the several conditions stated above. In recurring to them hereafter it will be seen that each condition includes a liability to such variations, more or less, for every species; and it would seem a general fact that this increases as we rise upward in the scale of animal life. In the higher animals, and notably in man, this capacity for variation shows itself peculiarly in all that regards the instincts, habits, and mental faculties, as modified by climate, food, culture, and other contingencies. In the phenomena more strictly of physical organization, a lesser amount of change is likely to occur; yet here also (and it will soon occur to us as an important point in the argument) the familiar experience of every one will indicate to him innumerable such varieties, more striking as the research is more extended and minute.

Taking these circumstances into account, our demand for proof of the identity of species will be limited to such conformity to the several criteria above stated as may be general—never admitting more than a certain amount of deviation from the common characters—the deviations themselves alike in kind under like conditions, and prone to return to this primitive standard, when the causes of change are removed. The latter phenomenon, strikingly attested by many well known facts in natural history, will be at once felt as a cogent argument for the unity of the species in which such variations occur, however widely they may alter the aspect of the races and breeds included under it.

Submitting the case of the human being to these criteria, which have helped to solve the most doubtful questions as to other species, we may confidently say that an affirmative answer is derived from all, as to the proper unity of Man. In truth, each point

has been directly or silently conceded, except those which regard configuration, color, and certain other bodily peculiarities on the one hand, and on the other the equality of the mental endowments and capacities. On these points discussions have been raised; and with the effect, as we have before stated, of leading some inquirers to the persuasion that the corporeal and mental diversities of the Negro and Caucasian cannot be explained otherwise than by supposing a difference of species—thus sanctioning the vague and uninstructed belief which the ignorant or interested have so often adopted as to this matter. It may be doubted whether this opinion, in its distinct form, has now many advocates; and we might not think it needful to dwell on the argument more minutely were it not that the reasonings apply almost equally to that modified view before mentioned, which, without denying the identity of the species, affirms that there were different pairs, of different primitive types, placed separately on the earth. Every argument, of course, which tends to show that one species is capable of undergoing the variations actually found among mankind, must apply *pro tanto* to this latter doctrine also.

Looking first, then, to the anatomical part of the question—the characters most dwelt upon in the discrimination of the different races of men are the skeleton, and particularly the skull and pelvis—the stature—the color of the skin—and the nature of the hair. In all the systems of arrangement of these races, the figure of the skull has formed a principal feature; the differences in this structure—so important in the organ it encloses—being such as are obvious to the most careless observer. The early researches and collections of Camper and Blumenbach have been since much extended, and new specimens of crania obtained from various parts of the world, particularly from the two American continents; to which latter class the valuable investigations of Drs. Warren and Morton have been especially directed. These new acquisitions have often proved important in furnishing links between cranial forms more widely dissociated to our previous knowledge. Nevertheless, the main differences are strongly enough marked to justify a division into races upon this character, though naturalists have not hitherto wholly agreed in that to be adopted. The one originally proposed by Blumenbach included five races—the Caucasian, Ethiopian, Mongolian, Malayan, and American—and this with little modification

was long acquiesced in. The latter researches of Dr. Prichard, founded on more ample materials, led him to reduce the chief types of cranial form, and the distinction of races founded thereon, to three only, which he characterizes, from their several peculiarities, as the *prognathous*, the *pyramidal*, and the *oval or elliptical*. The prognathous, or that marked by the predominance of the jaws, is the cranial type of the lower Negro and Australian races—the pyramidal crania, connected with broad, lozenge-formed faces, furnish a type common to the Mongolian or Tartar nations, the Laplanders, Esquimaux, Hottentots, and many of the American races—the oval or elliptical cranium expresses the form common to the Caucasian races and all the more highly civilized nations of the world.

While acquiescing in this division, we may add that we do so simply from its being the one most natural and comprehensive, where some division is required for the clear elucidation of the subject. Under the view we entertain that the various distinctions of cranial form, endlessly multiplied in detail, are secondary, and all derived from a common source, we can attach no higher importance than this to the classifications proposed. Our present knowledge enables us to follow these more strongly marked types into each other, through all the intermediate links; and we can go yet farther, and affirm that some of these changes are taking place under our own eyes. The Turks of Europe and Western Asia are doubtless of the same stem as the Turks of Central Asia; yet they have gained, probably within a few centuries, the cranial form and facial features of the Caucasian races; while those retaining their original seat and manner of life retain also the pyramidal skull and Mongolian characters of the race. The Laplanders, Finns, and Magyars, all derived, as we have reason to believe, from the Mongolian stock, present three gradations of change from the pyramidal to the elliptical type, and bearing proportion to the degree of civilization attained by each. Again, we have various testimony that the Negro head, so strongly marked in its characters, is gradually approximating to the European form, where successive generations of Negroes, without actual intermixture, have been in constant communication with European people and habits.

As a particular feature of the cranium, the facial angle, determining the relation of the line of the forehead to that of the face, is a subject of interest, even to the most



common observers, in its seeming connection with the intellectual development and expression. Its great diversity in different individuals is well known; and the same variation, within certain limits, extends to different races. Naturalists have busied themselves in giving exact measurement to the angle, both in man and the inferior animals; and with results which at first were held by not a few of them to sanction the idea that the Negro was an inferior species, and descending nearer in this part of his development to the Oran-outang or Chimpanzee. But more exact researches have corrected various errors in these results, both as regards the monkey and the man; degrading the former from his acquired rank, and restoring to the latter his identity with the rest of the human species. In truth, the average diversity in this part of the cranial form in the Negro is far below the occasional deviations of the same kind in the European; and both must be regarded as effects of that general law of variation of species, which shows itself alike in individuals, in families, and in races of mankind. The value of the last remark will be manifest as respects both this particular topic and all other parts of the question; and we shall have occasion to recur to it again, as one of the keystones of the argument.

What we have thus stated respecting the diversities of the skull in different races, and the inferences therewith connected, will exempt us from saying much as to the other anatomical points in the question. The form of the pelvis, the length of the forearm, the position of the head in reference to the vertebral column, as well as the color of the skin and character of the hair, have all been cited in proof of a specific difference between the Negro and European stock, and the closer relation of the former to certain species of the quadrumana. But the argument has been disproved in each case—partly by enlarged inquiry, as in the instance of Professor Weber's valuable researches on the pelvis—partly by more exact admeasurements and the application of that system of averages which has contributed so greatly to the progress of science—partly, again, by those general considerations we have already propounded as to the varieties naturally incident to the same species, the graduation of all these varieties into each other, and the occurrence of the same or larger deviations in individuals or families as in races of men. Take, for example, the color of the skin, to which the latter class of arguments chiefly

applies, and the diversities of which are at least as prominent as those of figure. The extreme contrasts in this case are the Negro and the Albino. The latter is clearly an accidental variety; but as such, becomes, from its marked characters, a valuable exponent of all other varieties of color. That part of the structure of the skin, which is called the pigment-cell, is evidently capable of undergoing great changes in its secretions from climate, manner of life, and those more mysterious causes connected with generation and the hereditary transmission of bodily features and peculiarities, the mighty influence of which we everywhere see, but which our ignorance makes it difficult yet to subject to particular laws. Time is manifestly an element of the greatest importance here. The amount of change of which we have evidence, even within short periods, is the proof of the capacity for far greater change where time is prolonged, and any particular community so placed as to be exposed continually to the operation of the same physical causes.

When to these considerations we add the particular evidences upon which we have already so much dwelt, viz., the fact that nature produces frequent varieties in all races as striking as are the extreme diversities amongst them; and, secondly, that there is an entire continuity in the gradations which occur in nature from one diversity to another, we present the argument in the most complete form it can assume. Thus, to take a single but striking example of the first case—a Negro may have an Albino offspring without pigment-cells—a fact that includes at once all those minor varieties of color which are so familiar to us in the same community, and even in the same family. The continuous gradations of color from the Negro to the native of northern Europe, though less obvious to common knowledge, have been so well substantiated by travelers and men of science, that no remaining doubt can exist on the subject. The same two methods of argument (of which we are anxious that our readers should understand the full value) apply equally to the hair of the Negro; which, though called *woolly*, has been well ascertained to have no relation to wool, and is found to graduate through a series of changes into the ordinary hair of the European races in one or other of the many varieties which these races present.

The argument for the unity of the human species might perhaps be sufficient, even if it ended here. But it is exceedingly strength-

ened from a source to which we have more than once alluded, viz., the analogies presented by the inferior species of animal life. We have already said that man, physically considered (and it must be added intellectually also), is subject to this questioning by analogy, and it is very pointedly true in the great question of species and varieties. The exuberance of the subject is such that we can but give a slight indication of it here. Those who desire to pursue it further will find ample means of doing so in the many works on Natural History, Physiology, &c., which have lately appeared.\* The main point in the argument is this: that other species, and notably the races of domesticated animals, exhibit varieties precisely of the same kind as those occurring in mankind—much more extensive in degree—and in most cases derived from similar causes. The outline of this argument, as applied to the horse, the dog, the ox, the hog, the sheep, the domestic fowl, &c., will be understood by every one. We know, and regard without surprise, those vast diversities of size, figure, color, habits of life, and even instincts of action, which distinguish the various breeds of these animals, separating them all more or less from what we may regard as the original stock of each species. It is only, indeed, in certain instances that this primitive stock can be ascertained amidst the varieties that have been impressed upon it; the best evidence being that of reversion to the original form in those cases where the artificial conditions of domestication are altered or withdrawn.

Selecting one instance in illustration, let it be the Dog—that singular animal, which Cicero well affirms to be created for the especial uses of man. What is there in the diversities of the human species comparable to those which this animal exhibits in size, in the form of the muzzle and cranium, in the color, quality, and quantity of its covering, in the sounds it utters, in its intelligence and habits of life? What more different in aspect than the bull-dog, the Newfoundland dog, the Cuba dog, the pug-dog, and the greyhound? Yet we cannot reasonably doubt (the dog itself, whatever its race, certainly does not doubt) the entire identity of the species. It has been justly stated by M. F. Cuvier that if we begin to number the breeds of this animal as species, we must

count up to fifty at least. A question still exists among naturalists whether or not the wolf may be considered its original type. This point—to be settled hereafter by more exact knowledge of the utero-gestation of the wolf and its hybrid relations to the dog—does in no way affect the general argument. What concerns us here is the amount of variation of which the species is capable, and the varieties actually produced by nature or culture, and very especially by the intimate connection of the dog with the uses, habits, and affections of man. These are the illustrations we seek for, and they are abundantly furnished; indicating not merely those changes which are brought about in the individual by the conditions in which he is placed, but still more remarkably those which are transmitted to offspring, and become more or less hereditary in its breeds. Going beyond this again, we find proof in the history of the same animal (which is made known to us even from mummies in the tombs of ancient Egypt), of there being a limit speedily attained to these deviations from a primitive type. And we have further authentic evidence that where dogs are removed from the homes and influence of man they lapse again into a wild state, assume a common form and color distinct from that of their domesticated state, and often even lose the power of barking, which some have supposed to be an acquired quality not natural to the species.\* The dingo of Aus-

\* Every student of the natural history of the Dog is bound to complete his education at Constantinople. Neglecting the beauties of the Bosphorus, the mosques, seraglios, and kiosks, he will find ample scope for study in this great Canine Commonwealth, or rather group of republics—for the Turkish capital is parceled out into districts by the dogs themselves, wholly irrespective of the vast human population tenantry it, with which they have little other concern than as consumers of their offal. The canine citizens of Constantinople have no human masters, nor other home than its narrow, steep, and tortuous streets; but they live under certain municipal regulations of their own, which it would be curious to investigate in detail. That which forbids any interloper of the species to enter other than his own district on pain of being devoured, seems a necessary effect of numbers pressing hard on the means of subsistence. The dogs of Constantinople are a meagre, sullen, wolfish-looking race, covered with scars and bruises from horses' hoofs, indolent from being ill-fed, seemingly careless of life or limb from the same cause. Basking under the mid-day sun, they scarcely move away from man or beast trampling upon them. The political economist, as well as the naturalist, might find many analogies and various materials for study in this great community of dogs, thus strangely insulated from man in the midst of human multitudes.

\* Without any undue preference, we would refer to the copious writings of Dr. Carpenter on these subjects, as distinguished by great ability and very exact knowledge, brought down to the most recent time.

tralia and the dhole of India are instances of such seeming relapse to a wild and more primitive state.

Similar illustrations might be given from the other domestic animals we have named, but less striking as they become less intimately associated with man. They all offer examples of that remarkable class of facts to which we have just alluded as a main element of the varieties of race,—those, to wit, which regard the transmission from one generation to another of qualities or instincts artificially acquired, but which, so transmitted and maintained by use, tend to become hereditary in the breed. The extent to which this capacity for change proceeds—the relative permanence of the changes so induced—the parts of structure or functions most liable to them—the conditions favoring or limiting their progress—these are all questions infinitely curious and instructive, and still largely open to future research. They are connected closely, moreover, with the history and theory of analogous variations in man—the manner of operation being similar, and the extent and limits of deviation defined by the same general laws. In these domestic species more especially, we have, in the manner in which certain acquired qualities become hereditary in particular breeds, an index to the formation of races among mankind. The inquiry, so conducted, gains in value and importance when we reflect on its relation to the future destinies of man; and see in this power of transmission of acquired faculties, the possible element of new and higher conditions of our own species. There is nothing improbable in this view, when we regard the changes and diversities actually existing around us. What we are called upon both by reason and analogy to admit, is a line of ultimate limit to such deviations, assigned doubtless to us, as to other created beings, by the great Creator and Governor of the whole.

We have hitherto spoken only of those physical conditions of the human being, by which we consider the unity of the species to be vindicated, and which go yet further to render probable the derivation of the whole from a single source. We must not let the argument stop here. The proof rises in value and certitude as we admit the intellectual and moral endowments of man into the question. It is very true that from this source, as well as from physical configuration, arguments have been drawn, and strongly insisted upon, by those who maintain the specific inferiority of certain races.

The mental faculties of the Negro in particular have been placed in pointed contrast with those of the European; and the inference thence derived that, whether individually or in communities, the former is incapable of reaching the intellectual standard of the latter, or an equal grade of civilization in social life. The advocate for identity of species has been triumphantly called upon to produce instances from the Negro race of any high attainments in literature or philosophy; and in default of these, summary judgment has been taken out against the whole race in question.

Now, on a subject of this kind, we must not be governed by mere words, however plausible or sanctioned by common use. The term *civilization* is one of those vague generalities often applied for convenience or fashion, with very slender warranty of facts. How frequently is it defined and tested by conditions belonging to our own usages, and which are totally inapplicable to other climates or different circumstances of life! We talk much of *civilized Europe*, and, as matter of general comparison, the expression may be justified. But we must not neglect the fact, that there are districts in Ireland—others, much larger, we could name in the very centre of France—which hardly rank in real civilization above many of the negro communities of Soudan. If we go into the great cities of the United States, New York and Philadelphia, a comparison between the free negro population and the quarters peopled by Irish emigrants would, we venture to say, be decidedly to the advantage of the former. We are asked for examples of some eminent advancement in literature and science. Even were the demand reasonable on other grounds, seeing the condition under which the Negro has hitherto been placed, we should meet it by asking for similar examples of *native growth* among the forty millions of Slavonian race who people the vast plains of European Russia? We might variously multiply instances to the same effect, but we prefer resting the case upon what we believe to be an assured fact, viz., that where negro communities have been associated with European races through a series of generations, their capacities and habits become altered and enlarged, and their attainments approach closely to those of the *same class* in the most civilized countries. This corresponds with what we before noticed as to certain changes taking place in bodily configuration under similar circumstances. It is an example, moreover, of the variations to

which every race of mankind is incident, as well as the Negro, where the more essential conditions of life are altered for long successive periods of time; and as such is very instructive in relation to our subject.

These variations, we are bound to add, are not of advancement alone, but in many cases manifestly of degradation from the standard of the particular race. As such we may probably regard the Hottentots and Bushmen of Southern Africa; the Esquimaux, Laplanders, and Samoyides of the arctic circle; the Fuegians, Papuas, and numerous other tribes scattered over the globe. This fact, indeed, applying alike to the mental and bodily organization, is one which binds itself closely and necessarily with all other parts of our argument. Those varying conditions of existence, which even in the same nation or community tend to degrade and debase certain classes, do so on a larger scale and with more lasting effect, where the insulation from the original stock is more complete, and where the circumstances of life are yet more strongly contrasted, and continued for longer periods of time.

What we have said will be readily understood as applying equally to the moral feelings and character of different races as to their intellectual faculties. The denotation of unity of origin is as strong in the one case as the other. However modified in form and expression by education, the conditions of government and society, or the various necessities of life, the emotions, the desires, the moral feelings of mankind, are essentially the same in all races and in all ages of the world. We have neither room nor need for argument on this subject: all history and all personal experience concur as to the fact. Were we to cite any one instance in particular, it would be the faculty of laughter and tears—those expressions of feeling common to all colors, races, and communities of mankind, civilized or savage; and which give proofs of identity, stronger than all reasoning—λογου τι κρείττον. To our great poet—whose philosophy alone would have made him immortal, even had it not been conveyed in immortal verse—we owe a line, which far more happily expresses our meaning:—

*One touch of nature makes the whole world kin.*

It is this "one touch of nature" testified in tears, which decides the question of unity of species to the common feeling of mankind as entirely as it does to the observations of the

naturalist, or the reasonings of the philosopher.

Though our limits have compelled us to curtail this discussion in numerous particulars, we have pursued it sufficiently to show how much it governs the second question proposed, viz., Whether, though the species be one and single, there were not several pairs of this species placed *separately* on the earth, and possibly under certain diversities of type, corresponding more or less with those of the dominant races which now exist? It will be seen that this question is already in part answered in the one preceding it; and that the grounds of argument in the two cases are closely analogous throughout. It is true, that in the latter case they are chiefly of a negative kind, and do not admit of so determinate a conclusion. We can never prove by any human evidence that it may not have pleased the Creator to give origin to the race and its varieties in this particular manner. The solution cannot be rendered other than one of probability; but we think the amount of probability attainable to be such as may fairly justify the inference to which we come.

We are entitled, first, to ask the same question here as before—Where is the limit to be placed to this multiplication of pairs, if intended to express the several types or varieties of man? Fischer, in his *Synopsis Animalium*, affirms the existence of seven forms or species, wholly distinct. Colonel Hamilton Smith, in the work named at the head of this article, says that we must necessarily admit the Caucasian, Mongolian, and Negro, as separate in origin, and though calling these typical forms, he goes far toward asserting the distinction of species. The Colonel fights for his triple type with zeal and skill; and we are ready to admit, that if the separate types be confined to three, he has rightly chosen them; but we do not see sufficient grounds for this limitation. Looking at the many varieties of mankind, and the manner in which they are sensibly interblended, we find no lines strong enough to form a limit to the supposed multiplicity of pairs, though many sufficiently marked to furnish a basis for the division of races. We think the evidence of facts not likely ever to go beyond this, and that more exact knowledge will tend further to confirm the belief that all these distinctions of races are secondary and subordinate to one single source of human life on the earth.

Of the arguments to this effect, beyond those already stated, the most important un-

doubtedly is, the analogy derived from all other species of organic life. We doubt whether unequivocal proof has ever been produced of the same species having even two primitive *habitats* on the surface of the globe. We have no means, indeed, of absolutely demonstrating the negative; and we must rest the argument, therefore, on the general and very remarkable fact, now recognized by naturalists, that different species, whether animal or vegetable—whether terrestrial, aquatic, or atmospheric—had originally definite seats and localities on the globe, whence their diffusion has been effected by accident or design, modified by their locomotive powers and several capacities for bearing changes of climate and place. There is now a Geography of animals and plants, as well as of mountains, rivers, and kingdoms. The Botanical Geography of De Candolle, to which Humboldt and Brown have so largely contributed, defines at least twenty botanical provinces on the globe, each being the centre of groups of species peculiar to itself in origin. The Zoological provinces have hardly yet been so exactly denoted; but are manifestly subject to the same law of distribution, connected, it may be, with some native adaptation of each species to the region where it had its origin. The great importance of this discovery will at once be obvious; and not less so the extreme interest of the facts in natural history, by which it has been established and verified. The systematic division into provinces may undergo alterations in effect of future revision, but the principle is fixed; and time can only bring fresh accession of facts to this wonderful law of the primitive distribution of species.

Few minds would have been hardy enough to conceive all this *a priori*—to admit, for instance, the likelihood of such facts as the insulated geology and botany of the Galapagos Isles or St. Helena; or those extraordinary relations of typical form in adjoining regions, and on the same continents, which are observed even where the species are distinct. It cannot be doubted that geological changes in the globe, and particularly the relative changes of sea and land, have been largely concerned in the present distribution of organic life, by altering climate and separating genera and species connected primitively with common centres. The researches of Professor E. Forbes have done much to enlarge and illustrate this inquiry. In Sir C. Lyell's work there is an admirable account of those conditions which probably have determined the various distribution of species

over land and sea—closely limiting the locality of some, enabling others to occupy large tracts of the earth's surface or of the waters of the ocean. This will at once be recognized as a fundamental part of the inquiry. On the one hand, while pointing at the original singleness of locality for every species, it indicates their diffusion or limitation as depending on the capacities of each for undergoing the deviations which enable them to sustain changes of climate, food, and other conditions of life. On the other hand, it indicates the main causes of all such varieties in these altered conditions of existence acting on certain parts of the animal structure and economy, and modifying them within the limits of change prescribed to each species; thus completing the circle of demonstration to which every day is adding new evidence.

Following, then, this great line of analogy from inferior species, we are led to infer that man also had his origin in a single and definite place on the earth; whence he has diffused himself more widely over its surface than any other species, by virtue of those eminent faculties of mind as well as body, which enable him to meet even the extreme contingencies of climate and food, and to adapt his existence more variously to the circumstances around him. Man can clothe himself, can fit his habitation to the climate, can prepare his food by cookery, can provide artificial means of transport. In the simple expression of these familiar facts, common to no other animal with him, we have the history of his distribution over the globe; and can conciliate this with the belief that he had his origin in one spot alone. We have adverted to the deficiencies of history respecting the early migrations of mankind, and their collection into communities and nations; and we are obliged to admit further, that we can in no satisfactory way explain the peopling of the many remote isles of the ocean, seemingly inaccessible to man in the ages to which such events must be referred. Still the difficulties of solution do not alter the facts to be solved. The human race is actually spread over the earth and the islands of the sea; single, as we have seen, in all that constitutes the proper definition of a species. Such is the nature of this distribution, that the difficulties are not better obviated by supposing two, three, or more centres of creation than one only. We must, in contradiction to the analogy of all other species, make the number incalculably great, to satisfy this method of solving a case,

which, after all, is reducible to probabilities perfectly conformable to our reason. A more momentous and difficult question is that of *the time* involved in this early part of man's history, and requisite to explain his dispersion and multiplication on the globe. But this question applies itself equally to all parts of the subject—to the variations of bodily type, as well as to the local distribution of races and nations, and the growth of the various languages which have become the use of man—and we must postpone its consideration till the whole topic is more completely before us.

Meanwhile, recurring to the physical evidence for the origin of mankind from a single pair, we may advert once more to the fact, that the actual deviations in man from a common type or standard are less than those which we find in the animals most familiar to us by domestication. The causes of variation, as we have seen, are mainly also the same; including that most remarkable cause, the tendency in certain acquired qualities or habits to become hereditary in the race. To this great natural phenomenon we may trace many of the more prominent features, physical, moral, and intellectual, which distinguish races and nations. Its operation begins with individuals and families where the effects are most familiar to our observation—widens, though becoming less marked, as these are grouped together into larger communities—blends itself variously and closely with all the other natural causes which modify the species—and finally, though more obscurely, forms the basis of what we call national character; a term often vaguely used, but true and explicit in itself, and involving some of the most curious questions which concern the condition and prospects of mankind. The whole subject is one fairly approachable by human reason and observation, yet hitherto less studied than we might suppose likely, seeing that these same causes are actually and constantly in operation under our eyes, shaping out new forms of national character, and with them new destinies for the human race. We might cite many instances to this effect. We will name only the most remarkable, in the United States of America; where, though colonized almost exclusively from one old and civilized country, and deriving from that source its language, laws, literature, and numberless usages, there has grown up, within little more than two centuries, a great nation, well marked and peculiar in many of its physical and moral features, and likely to assume

a still more definite character, notwithstanding its vast increase of territory and population. The instance is one eminently illustrative for our subject, showing at once the scope of such variations, and the causes, manner, and time required for their accomplishment.

There yet remains a question, and that a curious one, connected with the physiological part of our inquiry. If mankind, as now peopling the earth, be of one species, and derived from a single pair, what bodily configuration and character had this simple primitive stock? Were the originals of our species like to any of the derivative races, or moulded in some form now lost amidst the multitude of secondary varieties? In his earliest researches Dr. Prichard adopted as to this point a view somewhat repugnant to the common notions and feelings of the civilized world. He boldly stated his belief that the Negro must be considered the primitive type of the human race; resting this conclusion on the following grounds—1st, that in inferior species of animals any variations of color are chiefly from dark to lighter, and this generally as an effect of domesticity and cultivation; 2ndly, that we have instances of light varieties, as of the Albino, among Negroes—but never of anything like the Negro among Europeans; 3rdly, that the dark races are better fitted by their organization for the wild or natural state of life; 4thly, that the nations or tribes lowest in the scale of actual civilization have all kindred with the Negro race.

Taking these arguments as they are stated, and even conceding for the moment all the assumptions they involve, we certainly see no such cogency in them as to oblige us to relinquish the *fairer* view of our original progenitors. Even Dr. Prichard himself seems to have abandoned this theory in his later writings, though rather by silent evasion of it than by any direct avowal of change. While, however, we refuse on any present proof to people our Eden with a negro pair, we must fairly admit that we can give no satisfactory answer as to the point in question. Direct evidence on the subject is wholly wanting, nor is it easy to see whence it should ever be obtained. There is as much reason for supposing the original type to be altogether lost, as for believing it to be represented in any one form that now exists around us. All we can presume with any degree of assurance is, that this primitive type did not depart out of the limits of existing forms, in whatever manner or proper-

tion it may have combined their varieties. Beyond this we can affirm nothing; and rather than hazard an idle speculation, are willing to leave the question in the obscurity where probably it must ever remain.

We have now completed the outline of this inquiry, as far as the physiological argument is concerned. It has, we think, been rendered, on purely scientific grounds, next to certain that man is one in species—highly probable that all the varieties of this species are derived from one pair, and a single locality on the earth. There are no difficulties attending these conclusions so great as those which other theories involve—and it may be accepted as a further indication of truth, that, in proportion as our knowledge in the several sciences connected with this subject has become larger and more exact, in the same proportion have these difficulties lessened or disappeared. Armed, then, with this strong presumption, derived from one source, we approach the second part of the argument, as originally proposed; that, to wit, depending on the history of human languages in their various forms, and connection with the history of nations over the globe. But on this theme, needful though it be to the completion of the subject, and largely embodied in the works before us, we cannot at present enter further than to show its intimate relation to the inquiry, and the general results to which it leads. It is far too copious to be dealt with in the small space we have at our disposal, and too complex to admit of any intelligible abridgment.

That language should exist at all, and that it should exist among every people and community of the earth, even those lowest in the scale of civilization, is in itself a cogent argument for the unity of man as a species. As is the case with so many other wonders amidst which we live, its very familiarity disguises to us the marvelous nature of this great faculty of speech, confided to man, and to man alone, by the design of his Creator.\*

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\* We will not, by widening the definition of language, embarrass ourselves with the question whether this faculty be not possessed by various animals subordinate to man. Admitting fully the expression of Cuvier, in comparing the faculties of brutes with those of man, "*Leur intelligence exécutée des opérations du même genre,*" we still believe that no just definition can identify the mere instinctive communications by sound, however modified, through which the wants of animals are expressed and supplied, with those wonderful forms and devices of language which have rendered even grammar itself a science, and an index of human

The more deeply we look into the structure and diversities of language, the more does this wonder augment upon us; mixed, however, with great perplexity, in regarding the multitude and variety of these different forms, hitherto reckoned only by approximation, but certainly exceeding some hundreds in number. Many of these are reducible, with more or less deviation, to certain common roots—others do not yet admit of such affiliation—others, again, have been so imperfectly examined or recorded, owing to the want of a common phonetic system, that no sure place has yet been assigned to them in the series.

It is to this seeming chaos of tongues that the labors of modern scholars and philosophers have been earnestly directed; not simply for the solution of questions as to the structure, diversities, and connections of language, but with yet higher aim, in regard to the origin and progress of nations. Ethnology owes many of its most precious documents to these researches. They have aided it where the records of history were obscure or altogether wanting; and it cannot be doubted by those who have watched the course of this science of late years that it is destined to advance much farther by the same prolific methods of inquiry. We have before noted the names of some of the eminent men engaged on the subject. The "Discourse on Ethnology" by Chevalier Bunsen is a remarkable example of these labors, and of the philosophical refinements which have been added to the study of language. The vague and partial conjectures of etymology, and the crude catalogues of words caught by the untutored ear, are now replaced by a close and critical research into the principles of language, and into analogies of a higher class than those founded upon words and sounds alone. We could willingly pursue this topic further, but must limit ourselves simply to what may show the vast aids derived from this source to the study of the history of Man; and the increasing certainty of the conclusions, as the materials become

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character and culture. Of the writers who have sought to assimilate the language of inferior animals to that of man, the late Dr. Macculloch is the most able, and in his posthumous work on Natural Theology will be found a very ingenious chapter on this subject, defaced, it must be owned, by a style and spirit of writing which robs his works of half their value. In this case it seems less his object to elevate our notions of the faculties of the lower animals, than to degrade our estimate of the human being.



larger, and the methods of using them more comprehensive and exact.

The classification of languages is, in truth, the classification of mankind—the migration and intermixture of languages are records of the changes and movements of man over the face of the globe. From the singular multiplicity, however, of these forms of human speech, a person new to the subject might well suppose it impossible to arrive at any certain issue; while those who have gone deepest into it find certain limits, which no genius or labor can surmount. Nevertheless, in relation to our argument, this very multiplicity, like that of the physical varieties of mankind, becomes an evidence of common original. Whatever opinion be held as to the primitive source of language—and many have found cause to consider it of divine communication—we may fairly presume that the numerous varieties of speech, now existing, had their origin in the detached localities and under the various conditions in which portions of mankind were early spread over the earth. Their formation, and the changes they have undergone, have been determined by the faculties, feelings, and social instincts, common to the whole species, and requiring analogous modes of expression by speech. Accordingly, we find that the grammatical relations of different languages, apart from those technical forms which disguise them to ordinary observation, are more certain and closer than the connection by words and roots. Were there more than one species of mankind, and were the type of one race really inferior in its origin to that of another, nothing would be so likely to attest this as the manner of communication of thought and feeling. Language itself would become the surest interpreter of this difference. But its actual varieties, only partially coincident with the degree of civilization and social advancement, offer no such lines of demarcation; and, however great the differences, all possess and manifest in their structure a common relation to the uses or necessities of man.

The most peculiar class of languages, that most detached from others in its genius as well as forms, is undoubtedly the monosyllabic, as spoken and written in China and certain conterminous countries. The singularities of this *inorganic language*, as it may well be termed, have furnished endless matter of discussion to the most accomplished philologists. It has even been made a question whether it should be termed the most imperfect or the most perfect form of human

speech; whether the rudest or the most philosophical of inventions. Without engaging in a warfare of definitions, which here, as in so many other cases, are the real matter in dispute, we may safely state it to fulfill all the probable conditions of language in its earliest and most simple form. M. Bunsen goes so far as to consider it as a monument of antediluvian speech, insulated from others by physical changes on the globe, and retaining those primitive and fundamental characters which have elsewhere merged into secondary and more complex forms. Without following him into this bold speculation, it is sufficient to say that, even if the Chinese language were proved to stand absolutely alone in its most prominent features, we could recognize in this no proof of a separate stock of mankind. The physical characters of this people distinctly denote them as belonging to the great Mongolian family; and as the monosyllabic form of language does not extend to other nations of that race, we are not entitled from its peculiarities to deduce a conclusion which is opposed to these less dubious marks of a common original.

We are left, then, amidst this multitudinous array of tongues, with no more certain clue of origin than those common necessities of social life and intercourse which belong to the species. These, however, are necessities in the strongest sense of the word. They compel the formation of language, and even of the more essential grammatical forms which it assumes. To explain its multiplied varieties we can do no other than admit, what is probable, indeed, on other grounds, the early separation of the human race into distinct communities, and the dispersion of those into localities so far detached as to give cause and scope for the formation of new languages; some of them retaining obvious traces of a primitive root, and collaterally connected more or less closely with other tongues; others, again, seemingly insulated in origin and independent of all such connection. The latter case is obviously the one most difficult to conceive, compatibly with a single origin of mankind; and in seeking for explanation we feel ourselves forced backward upon periods of time which may well alarm the imagination and discourage inquiry. Recent research, however, has done a good deal to abate these difficulties; and it is important to remark here, as we have done in respect to the physical diversities of mankind, that the more minute the inquiry, the more do all differences and anomalies disappear from view. A mere superficial regard



to words and sounds often leaves widely asunder what a rigid analysis of methods and roots will exhibit as closely related in origin, and dis severed only by successive steps, which are sometimes themselves to be traced in existing forms of speech. The philosophy of language thus becomes a guide to ethnology, the best interpreter of the history of nations.

Were we not limited here to a mere outline of the subject, many instances might be given of these recent discoveries in philology which have removed old barriers of time and space, and thrown their light forward upon fields of knowledge still unexplored. It is interesting to note how much these discoveries, as well as the classification and nomenclature of languages previously adopted, connect themselves with the recorded tripartite division of mankind into three great families after the Scriptural deluge. Some of the most remarkable results recently obtained are those which disclose relations, hitherto unsuspected or unproved, between the language of Ancient Egypt and the Semitic and Japhetic languages of Asia; thus associating together in probable origin those three great roots which, in their separate diffusion, have spread forms of speech over all the civilized parts of the world. Taking the Japhetic, or Indo-Teutonic branch, as it has lately been termed, we find these inquiries embracing and completing the connections between the several families of language which compose this eminent division of mankind; already dominant in Europe for a long series of ages, and destined apparently, through some of its branches, to still more general dominion over the globe. We may mention, as one of the latest examples of the refined analysis of which we are speaking, the complete reduction of the Celtic to the class of Indo-Teutonic languages, through the labors of Bopp, Prichard, and Pictet; whereby an eighth family is added to this great stock, and the circle completed which defines their relations to one another, and to the other languages of mankind.

In closing our remarks on this subject, we must again repeat, that we have almost exclusively limited them to what regards its general connection with the primitive history of man;—unable to include that vast body of knowledge which has given philology a place among the sciences, and associated it with ethnology by relations which serve to

illustrate and verify both. Yet we have said enough to show how closely the history of human language is connected with that of the human species—and, further, how strongly these researches tend to the same conclusion as that already deduced from physiology, viz., that man is of one species, and derived from a single pair primitively created on the earth. There yet remain two inquiries, to which, notwithstanding their interest, we have only slightly adverted—those, namely, which regard *time* and *place* in their relation to this great event. But, to say nothing of the intrinsic difficulty of these questions under any circumstances, we consider that they cannot reasonably be brought into view until we have first mastered, as far as it may be done, this preliminary science of human languages. Our physical knowledge of man, as a part of the animal creation, is wholly inadequate to such inquiries; and he must, in truth, be an adventurous reasoner who expects to draw from either source any certain solution of them.

We may possibly at a future time resume this important subject in the greater detail it requires. Meanwhile, we hope to have already justified the assertion with which we prefaced this article, that there is no subject of science of deeper interest than that which regards the natural history and original condition of man. Even were the questions it involves less remarkable, and less important in regard to the present and future condition of the species, the methods of argument and sources of evidence are such as may well engage and engross every scientific inquirer. The evidence is drawn from all parts of creation—from the mind, as well as from the bodily conformation of man himself. The argument is one of probability; always tending to greater certainty, though, it may be, incapable of ever reaching that which is complete. But this is a method of reasoning well understood to be compatible with the highest philosophy, and peculiarly consonant to our present faculties and position in the universe. And if “in this ocean of disquisition fogs have been often mistaken for land,” as in so many other regions of science, we may at least affirm that the charts are more correctly laid down than ever before; the bearings better ascertained; and that our reason can hardly be shipwrecked on this great argument, if common caution be observed in the course we pursue.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## ON MR. MACAULAY'S PRAISE OF SUPERFICIAL KNOWLEDGE.\*

A little learning is a dangerous thing ;  
 Drink deep, or taste not, the Pierian spring :  
 For shallow draughts intoxicate the brain,  
 But drinking largely sobers us again.

THIS often-quoted passage has commonly been employed in such a way as to imply that the quoter has an interest in the doctrine which it expresses, and can afford to despise "a little learning" and "shallow draughts." We believe that Mr. Macaulay was the first person who had the spirit to refuse to join this general league of self-complacency, and to take the other side on general grounds. A little while ago, at a public meeting at Edinburgh, he made a speech in which he took for his thesis the absurdity of these fears of the danger of superficial learning. This thesis he illustrated with his own peculiar brilliancy and fertility. What, he asked, is the standard of shallowness? Is it anything fixed? Is not the profoundness of one age the shallowness of the next? The same knowledge which made Ramahoun Roy profound among the Hindoos would have made him superficial among Edinburgh men. The boarding-school girls of this day are profound geographers in comparison with Strabo. Gulliver, who was a giant in Lilliput, was a pigmy in Brobdnag. The profound astronomer of a few centuries back was an astrologer: the profound chemist, an alchemist. Herschel and Faraday enable us to smile at such profundity.

When an orator has delighted his audience by a series of lively sallies, which at the same time please their imagination and gratify their vanity, it is an ungracious task to set coldly to work to point out the fallacy of the arguments and the falseness of the illustrations. And we must suppose that this was the reason why the many eminent and able men who listened to Mr. Macaulay's defence of "a little learning" acquiesced, by their silence, in the doctrines which he then put forward.

But now that the occasion is long past, it may not be without its use that we should look calmly at his assertions, and try to see with some precision where the fallacy is. For that there is a fallacy, even his own conclusions must make apparent to any sober thinker; and even the audience, who shouted their laughing applause when the orator told them how far they were superior to the astrologists and alchemists of the middle ages, must have had some misgiving when he asserted that each of them, and even most of their daughters, were more profound geographers than Strabo, and deeper astronomers than Kepler or Tycho Brahé. They can hardly have believed that a man who, like Strabo, knew the whole history of geographical discovery up to his own time, and had present to his mind the aspect of almost every city and every shore, was a shallow geographer in comparison with one of us, merely because we can repeat the names of Otaheite and New Zealand, and recognize a map of Baffin's Bay when we see it; or that, simply because we know how many satellites of Saturn have been discovered, and how many small planets there are between Mars and Jupiter, we are better astronomers than those men who, three centuries ago, settled the form of the planets' orbits, and made out the irregularities of the moon's motions. If we hold this, we must also assert ourselves to be more profound astronomers than Newton, because we are apprised of the discovery of Uranus and Neptune; and greater geographers than Rennel and Malte-Brun, because we know where Boothia Felix and Mounts Erebus and Terror lie.

But it is evident that all such assertions go upon the supposition, which is palpably absurd, that because the whole body of knowledge existing at the present day is greater than it was at any previous time, therefore we who possess *any portion* of that knowledge must know more than any one who lived a few generations ago. The absurdity of this

\* The Danger of Superficial Knowledge; an Introductory Lecture to the Course of Natural Philosophy in the University of Edinburgh, delivered on the 1st and 2d of November, 1848. By J. D. Forbes, Esq., F.R.S., &c. London: John W. Parker, West Strand.

fancy is surely palpable enough. Granted that *the world* knows much more now than it did in the time of Galileo, do *we* therefore necessarily know more than he did? Granted that much that was new and difficult then is easy and familiar now, may there not still be many things which were easy to him and which yet are difficult to us? Surely it is a very baseless and self-complacent delusion to identify ourselves with our age, as if we must needs share in its attainments, know much because it knows much, be profound because it is profound. We might object to calling the knowledge of the present day "more profound" than that of former times, merely because it is more advanced, more extended. We might say, that an astronomical lecturer of the present day is not necessarily more profound than Galileo, Kepler, Tycho, merely because he is acquainted with discoveries made since their time. We might reasonably object to a scale of profundity by which the world grows every year deeper and deeper in its knowledge. But grant such a scale. Let it be that the world in the nineteenth century is a very profound world. Let the ocean of its acquirements be deep as well as wide. Is there no such thing as a shallow draught from a deep vessel? Is it not possible that the stream may be shallow though the source be deep? May not a man have a superficial acquaintance with a profound subject? And is not this so with regard to ordinary readers? Do *they* know astronomy or chemistry profoundly, merely because it is profoundly known in this their day? Do they really know the sciences better than the astronomers and chemists of the sixteenth century? It is easy to laugh at astrologers and alchemists, and to please and amuse ourselves by thinking how far our views and our knowledge elevate us above their absurd projects and fables: but let us recollect that there has been a stage *intermediate* between them and us, and let us ask if we are equal to the men of that intermediate stage? We know that there are planets which Galileo or Copernicus did not dream of, but have we as exact a knowledge of the motions of Venus, and Mars, and Jupiter, as they had? Can we determine the places of these planets at any given time, as they could do?—as even Ptolemy and the Greek astronomers could do? It is easy to laugh at those who calculated *nativities*; but have we any right to laugh at those who could calculate *eclipses*, which probably we could none of us do? And so in other subjects. We know what Glauber's salts are,

better than Glauber himself did:—at least, we can give them their systematic name: we can call them sulphate of soda; but do we know as well as he did what will be the effects of mixture in the hot way and in the cold way, upon oil of vitriol and soda;—how salts are made, and changed, by heat, and solution, and distillation? We can name such things; but do we know anything more than the name? We can laugh at the alchemists and their dreams of finding silver and gold in lead and iron; but can we take a piece of ore, and ascertain what silver and what gold is in it, which men could do three centuries ago? If we do not know what the men of the fifteenth and sixteenth centuries did know—knowledge which was true, and which has only been transformed and translated into new language in modern times, not superseded and rejected—what right have we to plume ourselves upon a fancied superiority over them, merely because we have learnt to repeat some of the phrases in which knowledge more recently acquired has been expressed? The great masters in our time may be superior to those who have preceded them in the extent, and, if you please, in the profundity of the knowledge which they possess; but such men are never led by their superiority to think lightly of the discoverers and men of science who have preceded them; and if we, merely because we live among the great men of our age and country, and have the opportunity of hearing their voice and listening to the truths which they utter, are led to despise preceding philosophers for their inferiority, what does this prove, but that we are conceited through the smallness, not the largeness of our knowledge? What does it prove, except precisely what the poet says, that

Shallow draughts intoxicate the brain?

And does not the very different temper of the most profound men of science in all times show to us, that

Drinking deeply sobers us again?

All this may be said, granting the truth of Mr. Macaulay's illustration:—allowing that knowledge goes on constantly growing a larger and larger mass, a deeper and deeper well,—allowing that the generations of men are of a constantly increasing stature, so that the intellectual giant of one age is the intellectual pigmy of the next; so that man, in this respect, is like Gulliver, a giant to the Lilliputians who preceded him, a pigmy to

the Brobdingnagians who follow him. But all this is really quite a delusive view, and the image altogether inappropriate. All this goes upon the supposition that knowledge is a sort of measurable material commodity, that goes on increasing by perpetual additions, like the wall which the bricklayer builds, or the hoard which the miser accumulates.

The smallest attention to the history of science shows us how baseless this representation is. Knowledge does not commonly thus grow by repeated *addition* of parts to parts, but by perpetual *transformations*. When the house has been built by one man, it is pulled down, and a new one—it is to be hoped, a better—built in its place by another man. We are not, therefore, to expect that the houses built in the nineteenth century shall be nineteen times, or any other number of times as large as those built in the first century. When the hoard has been accumulated to a certain amount, it is put in some new shape,—employed in trade, it may be, and made to bring an increase, and thus the man becomes really rich; not by the addition of coin to coin without spending or changing, so as necessarily to give to each successive generation a larger and larger store. The notion that man's intellectual *stature* goes on constantly increasing is not a whit more wise than the notion that his corporeal stature goes on dwindling from generation to generation. The notion that the men of our days are giants compared with men of former times is not more philosophical than the notion that there were giants in those days compared with whom we are dwarfs. The old proverbial expression is far truer, that we may *see further* than they did, because *we stand on their shoulders*. The truth is, that, compared with the men of other times, we are neither giants nor dwarfs. The relation between the two generations is neither the one nor the other. In both ages, men were men. In our age we have, it may be, better food, both for the body and the mind; but it would be very unwise to suppose that we are on that account better, or stronger, or fairer, than our great-grandfathers. They had not turtle and South-down mutton; but, perhaps, goat's flesh and mead, or, it may be, acorns and water. But let us not thence conclude that, therefore, they were weak and we are strong; that if we could be brought into comparison with them, their inferiority would forthwith appear. Nobody, we suppose, believes this. And just the same is the case with the results of our intellectual food. We are nour-

ished from our earliest years with the Copernican system of astronomy, the Newtonian doctrine of attraction, the chemistry which expresses the composition of substances in their nomenclature; but are we really in any material respect superior to those who formerly were taught other systems, which, though they did not explain all facts, explained all that men *then* knew of fact, and very probably all that *we*, as individuals, know of fact; or who were taught systems which prevailed then because the ideas in which the newer systems are expressed were not then matured? Granted that we have got the truth free from some of their errors, yet their views included much truth which is incorporated in our views; and it is very possible that they saw their truth more clearly than we see ours. And that some of them did this is plain; for they could use their truth to deduce and predict other truths, as eclipses, and separation of metals, which, as we have said, few of us could do. And if this be the case, was not their knowledge really more profound than ours? and can we be said to know more than they did merely because we can assent to propositions which have been established in more recent times?

Is it not, in truth, the fact, that in a great number of cases where we profess to know the scientific discoveries of modern times, we merely repeat the phrases in which these discoveries are expressed, without fully understanding the meaning of the language which we use? And is it not also true, that we are very often prevented from fully understanding the language of modern science because we are ignorant of the previous stages of science? We do not *really* know that which we despise our predecessors for not knowing: we do not know this well,—precisely because we do not know what our predecessors did know. We are perplexed by such terms as *right ascension* and *oblique ascension*, because we do not know the manner in which former astronomers studied the circles of the celestial globe. We do not enter into the full import of Bacon's or Newton's great works, because we do not know the ideas which were in the minds of their contemporaries. We talk of the discovery of new metals, but we do not know what we mean by *a metal*, because we have not traced the previous progress of such inquiries. Here there is certainly a difference between our predecessors and ourselves, but is it so entirely and manifestly to our advantage?

They knew what we do not. We know what they did not. If we know *well* what we

know, we have the advantage, because our knowledge then includes theirs; but if our knowledge do *not* include theirs, the possession of it is no advantage to us, for the knowledge is hollow and verbal merely. If this be so, we, compared with them, are not like Gulliver among the Lilliputians. We are such as Gulliver would have been, if he had become a convert to the Laputan philosophers, and had returned to his home gravely asserting as a recent discovery that sunbeams could be extracted from cucumbers, and that a machine might be constructed which should reason.

But, says Mr. Macaulay, if you object to shallow knowledge, tell me what is your standard of shallowness? Is it fixed or changeable? Is not *that* shallow knowledge now, which would have been deep in the days of Erasmus?—We have already said that we express the fact much more appropriately, by saying that the knowledge of modern times is *more advanced*, than by saying that it is “more profound.” But with regard to the standard of knowledge, and of its “profoundness,” or whatever quality that be, which makes it really valuable, do we ask what is the standard of this value? It is plain, from what has been just said, what the answer must be. Knowledge, to be valuable, must really *be knowledge*. The man must *know*, and not merely read books and talk of what they contain. He must have ideas which correspond to the words:—true ideas; ideas made true by a possession of facts and of history, so far as these elements are requisite for the purpose. His knowledge being thus true and real, he may know much or little; but, much or little, his knowledge will be valuable. He may know more or less than a given man of the last age, or the last age but one. But whether he know more or less, he will not despise the man of the former age; because he knows that he himself certainly knows much less than many men of the last age, in a far greater degree than they knew less than the most scientific men of our times. The standard

of knowledge is not fixed for the world; though even for the world the progress of the standard is a perpetual transformation, which makes measurement of relative position far from easy; but with regard to individuals, the standard is fixed. The standard of the value, or, if you will, of the profoundness of knowledge, as distinguished from shallowness, is, that it is really knowledge; distinct and clear thoughts, not merely remembered words; knowledge connected with principles, not merely noted as facts. All that complies not with this condition is shallow, is worthless, is intoxicating, and, therefore, dangerous. All that is real knowledge is valuable, even if it be little; so far, the poet's words are too absolute, if rigorously taken: but the *little* of the first couplet is explained by the *shallow* of the second. But real knowledge, as it becomes more and more extensive, retaining its reality and its fullness of ideas, and the clear deduction of knowledge from knowledge, becomes profound in a stronger sense; and although, as Mr. Macaulay has very well said, it must always be little, compared with the whole extent of possible and conceivable knowledge, it need not at any stage be shallow, since it may go to the full depth of the thoughts which it professes to combine and express.

The remarks which we have made agree, for the most part, with some of those which Professor J. Forbes has urged upon his pupils, and since upon the public, in the little book to which we have referred at the beginning of this article. He has treated the subject in a more profound and methodical manner than we have done, as becomes a learned professor compared with monthly critics. And we are too magnanimous and too consistent to be discontented, if any reader, convinced by our reasons, is still of opinion that a little of such reasoning is a dangerous thing, and should determine to draw from Professor Forbes's page a deeper draught of antidote to the siren strains in which Mr. Macaulay sang his *Encomium Moria*.

From Tait's Magazine.

## WINTER PICTURES OF DENMARK.

### COPENHAGEN.

LET us perfectly understand one another, reader. If you imagine that I am about to give you a full, true, and particular account of all the lions in the city—to enumerate, in guide-book fashion, the thousand-and-one remarkable buildings, and to dwell, with stupefying minuteness, on the contents of museums, churches, palaces, arsenals, and so forth, I give you fair warning that you will be grievously disappointed. Such dreary rule-and-square drudgery would of itself fill a huge quarto volume, and even then the subject would be far from being exhausted. I only profess to notice such striking external objects, and such general traits of manners, as come immediately under my personal observation or inquiry, and can be correctly described by a stranger; for it would be absurd presumption to affect to write aught of higher pretension on the strength of a few weeks' residence. Nothing but a very long sojourn, a perfect familiarity with the manners of the people, and a thorough knowledge of the language, would enable an Englishman to authoritatively and fully depict life in the capital of Denmark, and to pleasingly illustrate it with legendary lore.\* My object, so far as Copenhagen is concerned, is to give a tolerably clear and faithful general idea of the place and people, with notices of a few objects of really surpassing interest; and happy shall I be if my humble sketches prove instrumental in creating a desire on the part of the public for a work of the description above spoken of.

At the time I pen this, I am familiar with

\* I know only one gentleman who eminently possesses all these qualifications, and I have strongly and repeatedly urged him to write a work on the subject, which could hardly fail to be replete with interest. I allude to Mr. Charles Beckwith, who has distinguished himself here by his Danish-English works, and is favorably known to the English public, by his admirable translations of his friend, Hans Christian Andersen's, "*Bazaar*," "*Rambles in the Hartz Mountains*," "*Two Baronesses*," &c.

the external features of nearly every part of Copenhagen, and feel sufficiently qualified, therefore, to give one man's humble but honest impressions of its salient features and general characteristics. So sensitive are nearly all men to the *first sight* of both cities and individuals, that sometimes the most intimate subsequent acquaintance fails to change the original intensely vivid conception, no matter whether it is right or wrong. Undoubtedly, many a traveler who glances for the first time at a landscape bathed in golden sunlight, or who first visits a city when it is unusually prosperous, gay, and splendid, is impressed with a correspondingly exaggerated notion of the beauty of the one, and the attractions of the other. But let him first see the same landscape when a black storm is lowering over it, and first see the same city when its commerce is depressed, and its dwellers spiritless—his opinion would be just the reverse. And yet that opinion would, in either case, be an erroneous one. For my own part, I have a singular affection for the road or street by which I may first enter a strange city; and however long I may afterward sojourn there, and however humble or uninteresting in itself the road or street in question may be, I afterward tread it with greater pleasure, and more frequently than any other. It happened that I entered Copenhagen in a way by no means calculated to bias any impressions of it, and yet the very first time I trod its streets I imbibed opinions concerning it which every day's acquaintance only more strongly confirms.

Copenhagen contains about 130,000 inhabitants, and is situated on the Sound, about nine English miles distant from the opposite coast of Sweden. It is as flat a place as can well be conceived, nor are there any elevated grounds very near it. The view of Copenhagen from the sea is very striking, owing to its having on the west side an enormous mass of dockyards, forts, batteries, &c. It is inclosed with ramparts, elevated

to a considerable height, and forming delightful walks planted with trees. There are also beautiful promenades in other parts of the city. Many parts of the town are intersected with canals.

Copenhagen is emphatically a city of palaces, of museums, of public buildings. This is its grand distinctive feature, and to appreciate it fully nothing but a personal visit will suffice. No person of ordinary intelligence can walk through it without, at every step, exclaiming—THIS IS A CAPITAL! The number of grand edifices belonging to the State are truly astonishing, and yet, taking the city all through, there is not one erection of extraordinary grandeur—not a palace, not a church, not a square, which will bear comparison with those of many other cities. It is true that some of the Government buildings are of amazing extent, and are well built; but, generally speaking, they are essentially plain in their architecture, and exhibit little grandeur of conception. Some of the churches are very extraordinary erections, and contain paintings and sculptures (especially the latter) of inestimable value. There are theatres, a very grand casino, and many places of exhibition. The generality of the streets are narrow, and the people are surprisingly mixed up with the carriages, on the middle of the road, in the narrowest streets; but as no vehicle by law is allowed to drive at a greater rate than one Danish mile (about five English) per hour, accidents rarely occur. The houses have all a substantial and yet a light appearance, owing to the great number of their windows. Some are lofty, especially those facing the ramparts. Although there is not one truly grand street in Copenhagen, there are astonishingly few mean ones. Nearly every street throughout the city is at least respectable. You will search in vain for those dirty, dismal, fetid, sweltering alleys and courts common to all English towns; and you will look equally in vain for any of those repulsive street scenes common in the latter. Beggars are certainly not unknown here, but they are exceedingly few—no miserable objects in rags and tatters ever disgust the eye; and never yet have I met a drunken man in Copenhagen, although I have traversed it at all hours.

There is no lack, as I shall hereafter show of indoor gayety in Copenhagen; but the general aspect of the city, to a foreigner accustomed to the stunning bustle of English towns, is decidedly dull. Partly, this arises from the very little show the shops make,

the comparatively trifling business traffic in the streets, and also from the leisurely habits of the people themselves. The fact is, the Danes have *not yet learned to live in a hurry*; but, although they are "slow," they are steady and sure; although they are a century behind England in many of the leading improvements of the age, they are more than a century ahead of England in generally diffused plenty and comfort; and although they do not gallop through life as though for a wager, they know how to enjoy it rationally. My countrymen! I scorn to flatter you—what I here say may be unpalatable to some among you; but it is true.

#### DANISH LITERATURE AND LITERARY MEN.

The booksellers' shops were, of course, a subject of particular interest to me. They make very little external show, generally having only one or two small windows, a considerable height from the pavement, with a few books and prints displayed against the lower panes. Glazed show-cases, also, containing new works, &c., are attached underneath the windows, and along the sides of the entrance passages. In many instances, the shop itself is only accessible by a flight of steps from a side entrance—strongly contrasting in this, as in other respects, with similar concerns in England. Some of the shops are well stocked with works in various languages (especially German and French), and the publishers are intelligent men, *au courant* on literary subjects. They sell English books at the London prices; but the time occupied in procuring them to order is never less than one month, and sometimes above three. One striking feature in English large towns, shops devoted to the sale of weekly literary sheets and periodicals is altogether unknown in Copenhagen. There are no works whatever published in numbers in Denmark, and no magazines, with the exception of one, a literary and critical monthly, entitled "*Nord og Syd*," (North and South). As to English cheap journals they are utterly unknown; but the English and French monthlies and quarterlies have many subscribers. The number of newspapers of all descriptions issued in Denmark is from seventy to a hundred. In Copenhagen alone there are ten daily and four weekly newspapers, and nearly every little village—under which designation Englishmen would, in fact, class almost all places in the kingdom, excepting the capital—has one or more papers of its own. The largest of the Copenhagen papers is somewhat larger than *one leaf* only

of the London "*Times*," and the smallest are not quite double the size of an ordinary sheet of letter paper. The type is large and the lines leaded out, so that the mass of reading in one of these papers is actually much less than is contained in even half a page of some of the London weekly papers, which use small type. These miniature papers give a little local and foreign intelligence; but the bulk of the matter consists of original leading political articles. One important feature in them is their *feuilleton*, which consists of either fiction or poetry, original or translated. At this time, one of the biggest daily journals, called the "*Fædrelandet*" (Fatherland), is publishing in its *feuilleton* a regularly continued translation of Dickens' tale of "*David Copperfield*," which occasionally occupies nearly half of the current number. The Government organ is "*Berlingske Tidende*" (Berling's Gazette). Some of these papers are printed in Roman characters, but the majority are in German type. Their price is from one penny to twopence each number. There is also a weekly publication called "*Corsaren*" (The Corsair), of the same description as "*Punch*" of London, and the "*Charivari*" of Paris. I am informed that it was originally very able, but is considered to have fallen off greatly of late. Some of its illustrations struck me as being good, but most of them are puerile, without either wit or satire discoverable in them.

Denmark is really an intellectual kingdom. Education is so generally diffused by the State that it is a nation of readers, and, as a natural sequence, these readers have mental pabulum supplied them by a very strong array of native writers. The number of works issued from the Copenhagen press is very considerable, and some of them—especially gift books and annuals—are got up in a style which would not disgrace the best London or Paris houses. The prices are moderate, and as an instance of the comparatively immense circulation works at times attain here, I may mention that a poem of length, entitled "*Den Lille Hornblæser*" (The Little Trumpeter), by H. P. Holst—having for its subject the recent war with the Duchies—was published just before my arrival, and *five thousand copies* were sold within the first fortnight.

Many of the living Danish authors are men of very great talent—a few even are of brilliant genius. Foremost in the latter rank is the veteran Oehlenschlæger, of whom a gentleman, who I know to be a first-rate au-

thority, said to me, "Sir, his tragedies are entitled to a place on the same shelf with those of Shakspeare and Schiller; and it is worth a foreigner's while to study the language, for the sole purpose of being able to appreciate Oehlenschlæger." "Really," I replied, "if that is the case, it is grievous to reflect that the accident of language should confine the works of such a man to so limited a circle of readers. It seems to me much like giving to a party what was meant for mankind."\*

Nothing astonishes the Danes more than to be informed that their countryman, Hans Christian Andersen, has attained such an unrivaled popularity in England. I have conversed with many on the subject, both at Copenhagen and elsewhere, and all agree that Andersen, in their estimation, holds only a secondary place compared with some other Danish authors. Presuming this opinion to be correct, one certainly would derive a very high opinion of the genius of the authors alluded to. Andersen's countrymen do not deny that he is a highly gifted man; nor are they insensible to his peculiar merit. All they contend for is, that his genius is essentially of a less lofty order than that of such beings as Oehlenschlæger. They admit that he is a true diamond, but not a surpassingly brilliant one. At present, I much regret that I have only read a little of Andersen's writings; but that little is quite sufficient to impress me with a notion that he is the Goldsmith of Denmark. I loved the man ere I had read a dozen of his pages: he is so genial, so purely child-like in his temperament, and so filled with unfeigned heartfelt affection for his brother man. I should, for my own part, bitterly abhor any author who merely simulated sensibility—I should loath his very name. Now I have private reason to know that Andersen is no hypocrite, but really only transfers his feelings to paper, and presents us with a sweet reflex of his own infantile yet finely-poetical and noble nature.† This it is that gives that charm to his writings, which has been so universally felt. This it is which will impart unto them

\* Since writing the above, I have learned that Oehlenschlæger has sold the entire copyright of all his works—which fill many volumes—for the sum of only 6,000 rix-dollars Danish, or £675 sterling. Why, there are English novelists who have earned twice as much within one fortnight! And yet, the works in question are the long-life-labors of a mighty intellect.—W. H.

† I probably shall hereafter give some personal details concerning Hans Christian Andersen. W. H.



an enduring vitality, for human nature is the same in all ages, and what is acknowledged to be a true transcript of it now, will be relished as keenly a thousand years hence. There can, however, be no doubt that the circumstance of Andersen's being the first Danish imaginative author introduced to the British public, has aided materially in securing him his monopoly of their esteem; and so thoroughly has he preoccupied the field, that I know for a fact, that the London publishers decline to bring out works of any other Danish author, on that very account.

It is also remarkable that Miss Bremer occupies the same position with regard to Sweden. She has won the first suffrages of the English people, who know not any other Swedish writer; but here publishers and critics alike smile with surprise, when I tell them this, and they unanimously declare, that both in Sweden and Denmark, she is accounted only a second-rate Swedish writer. Really, after all is said and done, it is enough to make one mutter something about a prophet and his own country—is it not?

I felt naturally curious to learn what English writers of fiction are most read in Denmark, and I learned, from an undoubtedly reliable source, that the four favorites are Bulwer, Marryat, Dickens, and James. The sequence of their names, as here given, indicates their relative degrees of popularity. They are all much read; and nearly all the copies bought in the original language are of the cheap but very neat edition issued by Fauchnitz, of Leipzig.

The remuneration generally given to even first-class Danish authors is very small—not one-fourth so much as English writers usually get for magazine papers. We need not marvel at this, when we consider the very limited public addressed. All Denmark Proper contains one million less inhabitants than London alone. But then, nearly every Danish author of repute has a pension from the State, which thus nobly recognizes the claims of literature—paramount, as Hume says, above all other professions whatsoever. I blush for my own mighty country as I write this, for with all her countless wealth, England, as a state, grudgingly assigns so niggard, so beggarly a mite, for the reward and encouragement of men of genius, of literature, art, and science, that foreigners may well cry shame. When will this burning stain be wiped away? When will British legislators learn that spirit is superior to matter—that mammon will perish, but that

VOL. XIX. NO. IV.

the eliminations of God-given genius never pass away? The crown of Denmark also frequently aids in bringing out valuable works, which, from their abstruse nature, cannot, of themselves, command a remunerating sale, and, consequently, but for its assistance, would remain unpublished. His late Majesty, Christian VIII., was, I believe, a munificent and discriminating patron of literature and the fine arts. A few months ago, the Bishop of Copenhagen published a translation of Ossian.

There are in Copenhagen two literary institutions, principally devoted to reading. One is the Athenæum, and consists of a suite of many very commodious and handsomely-fitted reading-rooms, a refreshment room, and also one devoted to conversation and smoking. It possesses a valuable library of upward of 20,000 volumes, principally in the German language—few shelves only being French and English standard works, including latest editions of the "Encyclopædia Britannica." It is plentifully supplied with Danish, German, and French journals and serials, but rather scantily with English ones. It only takes the *Times*, *Morning Chronicle*, *Examiner*, *Athenæum*, and *Punch*; the *Edinburgh Quarterly*, *Foreign Quarterly*, and "Law Reviews;" and *Tait's* and the *United Service* magazines. None other than regularly-elected members of the first personal respectability are admitted to this excellent institution; but shortly after my arrival Mr. Philepsen, a Copenhagen publisher, very kindly made application on my behalf to the directors, who immediately accorded me free usage of all the privileges of a member—of which I have daily availed myself. While thus acknowledging the courtesy shown me, I wish I could positively assure my Danish friends that my own countrymen would not be less generous toward any of them, should they sojourn in Britain under similar circumstances. The other establishment, which is called the "*Arissalon*" (News Room), is a much humbler and less exclusive place, and has only very recently been opened. It is tolerably well supplied with newspapers, and the public can at any time go there, by payment of half a marc (about 2½d. English) per visit, or by monthly or quarterly subscriptions.

To conclude this chapter of literary gossip, I may just add, that, happening to say to a literary gentleman here, that the phrase, "*James's solitary horseman*," is a standard joke with the English critics, he replied—

"Yes, and so is '*Andersen's solitary stork*' with us, for he introduces it into every book he has ever written."

#### THE WATCHMEN OF COPENHAGEN.

During the past year of 1849, it has been my lot to reside at four of the most remarkable capitals of Europe, and to successively experience what spring is in London; what summer is in Paris; what autumn is in Edinburgh, and what winter is in Copenhagen. Vividly indeed can I dwell on the marvelous contrast of the night-aspect of each, but one of the most interesting peculiarities I have noticed in any of them is that presented by the watchmen of the last-named. When I first looked on these guardians of the night, I involuntarily thought of Shakspeare's Dogberry and Verges. The sturdy watchers are muffled in uniform great-coats, and also wear fur caps. In their hand they carry a staff of office, on which they screw, when occasion requires, that rather fearful weapon, the *Northern Star*. They also sometimes may be seen with a lantern at their belt; the candle contained in said lantern they place at the top of their staff to relight any street lamps which require trimming. In case of fire, the watchmen give signals from the church towers, by striking a number of strokes, varying with the quarter of the city in which the fire occurs, and they also put out from the tower flags and lights pointed in the direction where the destructive element is raging. From eight o'clock in the evening, until four o'clock in the morning, all the year round, they chaunt a fresh verse at the expiration of each hour as they go their rounds. The cadence is generally deep and guttural, but with a peculiar emphasis and tone; and from a distance, it floats on the still night-air with a pleasing and impressive effect, especially to the ear of a stranger. The verses in question are of old antiquity, and were written, I am told, by one of the Danish bishops. They are printed on a large sheet of paper, with an emblematical border rudely engraved in the old style, and in the centre is a large engraving exactly representing one of the ancient watchmen, in the now obsolete custom, with his staff and Northern Star in hand, a lantern at his belt, and his dog at his feet. A copy of the broadside has been procured me, and my friend, Mr. Charles Beckwith, (*Andersen's* translator), has expressly made for me a *verbatim* translation of the verses, and his able version I will now give at length. I am induced to

do this, because, not merely are the chaunts most interesting in themselves, as a fine old relic of Scandinavian customs, but there seems to me a powerful poetical spirit pervading them. At the top of the sheet are the lines:—

ORIGINAL.	TRANSLATION.
Naag og heeb, Eft tiden gaar; Tænk og frar, Du heeb ei naar.	Watch and pray, For time goes; Think, and directly, You know not when.

In large letters over the engraving of the watchman are the words:—

Lobet hæere Gud! her Herre, ham  
Skæer Lob, Præis, og Ålre!

That is—

Praised be God! our Lord, to whom  
Be love, praise, and honor.

I will now give the literal version, printed exactly in the same arrangement of lines, letters, and punctuation, as the original:

#### COPENHAGEN WATCHMEN'S SONG.

##### EIGHT O'CLOCK.

When darkness blinds the Earth,  
And the day declines,  
That time then us reminds  
Of death's dark grave;  
Shine on us, Jesus sweet,  
At every step  
To the grave place,\*  
And grant a blissful death.

##### NINE O'CLOCK.

Now the day strides down,  
And the night rolls forth,  
Forgive, for Jesus' wounds,  
Our sins, O mildest God!  
Preserve the Royal house,  
And all men  
In this land  
From the violence of foes.

##### TEN O'CLOCK.

If you the time will know,  
Husband,† girl, and boy;  
Then it's about the time  
That one prepares for bed.  
Commend yourselves to God,  
Be prudent and cautious,  
Take care of lights and fire,  
Our clock it has struck ten.

##### ELEVEN O'CLOCK.

God, our Father, us preserve,  
The great with the small,  
His holy angel-host,  
A fence around us place!  
He himself the town will watch;  
Our house and home  
God has in care  
Our entire life and soul.

\* Burial-place.

† Wife is also understood.

## TWELVE O'CLOCK.

'Twas at the midnight hour  
Our Saviour he was born,  
The wide world to console,  
Which else would ruined be.  
Our clock it has struck twelve,  
With tongue and mouth,  
From the heart's depths  
Commend yourselves to God's care.

## ONE O'CLOCK.

Help us, O Jesus dear!  
Our cross here in this world  
Patiently to bear;  
There is no Saviour more.\*  
Our clock it has struck one,  
Extend to us thy hand,  
O consoling man;†  
Then the burden becomes light.

## TWO O'CLOCK.

Thou mild Jesu child,  
To whom we were so dear,  
Was born in darkness wild,  
To Thee be honor, love, and praise.  
Thou worthy Holy Ghost  
Enlighten us  
Eternally,  
That we may thee behold.

\* There is no other Saviour.

† O consoler!

## THREE O'CLOCK.

Now the black night strides on,  
And the day approaches;  
God, let those stay away  
Who us will distress!  
Our clock it has struck three,  
O pious Father  
Come to our help,  
Grant us Thy grace.

## FOUR O'CLOCK.

Thou, eternal God, have honor  
In thy Heavenly choir,  
Who watchman wilt be  
For us who dwell on earth.  
Now it rings off watch,  
For a good night  
Say thanks to God;  
Take good care of Time.

## FIVE O'CLOCK.

O Jesu! morning star!  
Our King unto thy care  
We so willingly commend,  
Be thou his Sun and Shield!  
Our clock it has struck five.  
Come mild Sun,  
From mercy's pale,  
Light up our house and home.\*

\* Many of the Danish words of this song are obsolete, but Mr. Beckwith has with great care given the precise equivalents. I am not aware that any translation of it has ever appeared before.—W. H.

From Mrs. Ellis's Morning Call.

## MAURICE MAYFIELD—OR, NEVER TOO LATE.

MAURICE Mayfield was exactly what is generally called a remarkably fine boy, and the pride of his mother's heart. As an infant he was rosy, vigorous, and robust,—the envy of all the matrons in the neighborhood where his family dwelt. And as he grew in strength and beauty, with his fine rich hair clustering in short curls around his large but well-shaped head, and as he threw about his lusty limbs, and displayed a complexion heightened by vigorous exercise, but never by ill-temper—for Maurice was remarkably good-humored—no wonder that his own fond mother stood gazing at him with a smile almost of exultation lighting up her face and making her look at once both proud and happy.

And yet the mother of Maurice Mayfield

was a widow, and placed in what are called straitened circumstances; for though she would gladly have indulged her beautiful son by purchasing for him almost anything which he desired to eat, drink, or possess, such was the smallness of her income, that she was often compelled to deny herself and him the gratification of these wishes. It is true they would not have been very easily gratified had Mrs. Mayfield been a much richer woman than she was; for Maurice had a most pressing and peculiar fancy for everything good to eat, whenever it could be had, as well as for everything beautiful to see, amusing to hear, or valuable to possess.

People called him a greedy fellow; but they smiled so kindly when they did so, and

patted him so gently on his fine rosy cheek, and so often gave him at the same time the very thing he wanted, that for Maurice to entertain an idea that greediness was disagreeable to any of his numerous friends would have been contrary to nature. Nor in fact was the child greedy, according to the general application of the word; for he liked very much to give his good things to other people as soon as his own appetite was satisfied, and he would most willingly have fed the whole human race on sponge-cake and barley-sugar.

But Maurice was not the only child of his widowed mother. He had a sister, Isabel, one year older than himself, and between these two children a more than common attachment had been cherished from their early infancy. Indeed, the widow's family altogether was an unusually united one; seldom finding any moments so pleasant as those which were spent together in their own quiet domestic way, around a simple, but always genteel-looking table, or hearth.

It is not pretended that this family were free from those natural faults which so often create disunion, even where affection exists. No doubt they had each their share of these. Mrs. Mayfield was, perhaps, too proud of her children, too solicitous that they should succeed in the world and obtain the approbation of her friends. Isabel, the daughter, was a trifle too anxious about those whom she loved, about her brother in particular; and Maurice—but of him there remains so much to tell, that it will be best to let his character speak for itself.

One thing, however, it may be well to state in the outset—that as he advanced in years, it became evident that he was gifted by nature with very superior talents, and could learn more quickly than any of the boys with whom he associated at school or at play. Whether this was a good or an evil appeared sometimes a question with his sister; for, as she used to say—"If Maurice found but half the difficulty in learning which I do, he would be more careful to have his lessons always ready in time." To which sober remark her brother would as frequently reply,—"But you see I never am *really* too late."

It may be worth while to inquire what was Maurice Mayfield's idea of not being really too late. His sister Isabel could have described it very feelingly, for she had a good deal to do with it one way or another. She knew, therefore, that it consisted chiefly in sitting until the latest possible moment at

night, cracking nuts, or cracking jokes, as the fancy might be; sometimes in looking at pictures, or in making pictures himself by drawing shadows on the wall, caricatures, and all sorts of things to amuse his mother and sister, to make them laugh, and so to turn their attention away from his lessons, which had all to be learned for the next morning; and then, when the hour of bed-time came, of taking up his candle and going up stairs just as leisurely as if all his duties had been done; then placing it on the table, giving two or three long, loud yawns, throwing himself into his comfortable bed, and falling fast asleep before his mother went to take his candle away.

But the morning was the time to be more particularly noticed by those who may wish to follow Maurice Mayfield's plan; the morning, when Isabel crept out upon the staircase, and went sometimes, in her haste, with bare feet along the cold passage to her brother's door, rousing him so gently, and yet so earnestly, that he could not, with any show of reason, fold himself up in the bed-clothes and fall asleep again. It is true this did happen sometimes, but there was always a ready excuse on his part. Isabel had not knocked loud enough, the candle she brought had died out in the socket, he had not believed it was so late as she told him it was. There was always something thought of by Maurice, and brought forward in his own excuse, for he did not like to be blamed, any more than other people do. He simply liked to do what was pleasant to him at the precise moment of doing it.

When Maurice did rouse himself, however, there was noise, and stir, and animation enough. Chairs and stools were then knocked over, books were snatched by their old worn backs, and often torn in the struggle; Isabel was called for faster than she could fly to fetch twenty things at once, and all the while she was entreated, implored, nay, sometimes even commanded to stand beside him to hear his declension of a Latin noun, to look over an exercise, or to find the root of some dozen doubtful words. Shoes, breakfast, clothes, brush, string, buttons, clean handkerchief, slate pencil, every imaginable item that could be necessary, was carefully made ready for the young student as punctually as the clock struck eight; but they were seldom laid hold of by his eager hand until a few minutes before nine, the hour at which he had to make his appearance at the door of Mr. Jessop's academy, situated within half a mile

of his mother's residence. Thus, if Maurice did manage to be really at the door by the time the last stroke of the hour had sounded from the neighboring belfry, it was only by keeping his mother and sister in attendance upon him for a full hour, and then leaving them unnerved, exhausted, and without appetite for the scattered breakfast which remained after he was gone; by running in breathless haste for the whole distance, and all the while cramming into his capacious mouth such portions of buttered roll as he could keep hold of in his rapid flight. By these means Maurice Mayfield so managed as seldom, if ever, to be what is called—*really too late*.

"But the time *may* come," sighed Mrs. Mayfield over her boy, "and if you do not take care, Maurice, it *will* come yet."

"Wait until it does, mother," was the accustomed reply of the heedless boy; and with every repeated warning on the part of his mother, and every repeated success at the critical moment on his own, the triumph of Maurice became more exulting, and his confidence in never being actually too late more complete.

Mrs. Mayfield's small income required great economy and good management, to enable her to maintain a genteel as well as comfortable appearance throughout her household. She had many rich relations, but she did not wish to be indebted to them for money, even in the education of her children. All that she asked of them at present was their interest to obtain for her son admission into a higher school, in order that his mind might be more cultivated, his manners improved, and his whole character fitted for taking a higher position in the world.

Nor was Maurice, in reality, undeserving of his mother's anxious care. Partial as she was, and predisposed to look with favorable eye upon everything which his quick talents enabled him to do, even her fond loving heart scarcely valued his natural gifts beyond their real worth. The great thing was to turn his talents to account. And he did turn them to account sometimes, especially at school. When once there, where there was nothing to tempt him from his studies, nothing to eat or to drink, and nothing either to see or to hear, besides the lessons he had to learn, and the duties he had to perform, he found his place always amongst the cleverest boys, many of whom were much older than himself; while he was esteemed by his master as the most promising of all his pupils.

"That boy will be an honor to his family," was the pleasant observation often made by the good schoolmaster, when he drew his chair beside the widow's fire; and Isabel would then stand very still, and look into his face with her deep, searching eyes, and listen, as one listens to sweet music—she loved so much to hear her brother Maurice praised.

Nor was Maurice, in return, indifferent to what was said in praise of his sister. When the boys at Mr. Jessop's academy spoke of her as having beautiful eyes, and asked how old she was, or remarked of any one's hair that they liked to see hair worn as Isabel Mayfield wore hers, Maurice felt more than usually disposed to be on good terms with those boys, and would offer to help them with a sum, or an exercise, as if he owed them a kindness, and was delighted to pay off the debt.

But there were many serious things for Mrs. Mayfield to think about, besides what agreeable remarks were made upon her boy. It was daily becoming more and more desirable that he should be removed to another school; and sorry as Mr. Jessop felt to part with him, he could not deny that since Maurice had gained the highest place in his academy, his efforts had begun to flag, nor was he altogether free from an impression that, under certain circumstances, Maurice *might* yield to habits of procrastination.

The first time Mr. Jessop said this, Isabel was standing near him, in her usual place, for she liked the good schoolmaster, who always spoke so kindly of her brother. But now, gently as this was said, her cheek grew pale, her lip quivered, and suddenly tears started into her deep, thoughtful-looking eyes. Ah! what a tender little heart that was of poor Isabel's, to begin life with, and how often it would be likely to ache, if it could not bear a few gentle words like these! Still, it is a sad thing to hear of the faults of those we love, whether from friend or enemy; but it is a far sadder thing to feel, as the sister of Maurice did on this occasion, that, whatever the kind schoolmaster might say, the truth was far worse than he knew; and that in the secret of her affectionate soul there were fears and misgivings of a far more serious nature than any which Mr. Jessop had expressed. It was this feeling that called forth those tears which Isabel now wiped away from her eyes as fast as they came, and still kept wiping away, until the tea was made ready, and the little party drew toward the table, with a shining lamp in the centre; and then, not liking to attract atten-

tion, Isabel let the tears lie untouched beneath her long eye-lashes, glimmering like dew-drops in the sunshine whenever she looked up.

But the day was not long in coming when a cousin of Mrs. Mayfield's, a very influential gentleman, called, as he told the servant, on rather pressing business, and therefore he asked to speak with her mistress immediately, and alone. The children were consequently told to go out of the room; and although their mother looked very much pleased to see this gentleman, about whom they felt so curious, it was evident by her look and manner that she also felt more than usually anxious.

"Let us go and wait in the store-room," said Maurice, thinking this an opportunity not to be lost for turning his exit from the parlor to some agreeable purpose.

"Don't go far," said the hurried voice of Mrs. Mayfield, as she just at that moment put her head out at the parlor-door which was hastily closed again.

"We shall be all right in the store-room," said Maurice, with concealed satisfaction. But he thought his sister hesitated, and he soon found out why. "Peaches!" exclaimed Maurice, "I declare I smell peaches—where are they? How capital that is! A peach is the very thing I want."

"Wait, dearest Maurice," said Isabel; "we are to have the peaches after dinner. Mamma did not want you to know before then; it was to have been an agreeable surprise."

"But why not *one* peach now," replied Maurice, "and the rest after dinner?"

"There are not many," said Isabel, "and they are a present to mamma."

"Ah! that is all very good of you," observed Maurice; "I should be a shockingly greedy fellow to devour mamma's peaches. I will only eat *one*, then, Isabel, but I must have it *now*."

"I have no right to give it to you," said Isabel, blushing deeply, and looking very uncomfortable.

"True, again," replied Maurice. "You are always right; but see, Isabel, I will take one—only one—quite a little one, too—not nearly so large as the others—and with a hole in it, besides—leaving you and mamma

one, two, three—actually five, much larger than mine."

So saying, Maurice drew out the peach of his choice from the basket, and applied it to his lips. The luscious odor of the fruit was very pleasant to his sense of smell—the soft rind gave promise of a delicious draught of juice within.

As this moment the parlor door opened quickly. "Maurice! Maurice!" said his mother's voice, so earnestly, that Isabel started, and answered, "Yes." Most people would have laid down the peach. Not so Maurice; for on hearing the call repeated, he squashed the whole into his mouth at once, by way of getting rid of it in the manner most agreeable to himself; and while the rapid tread of the gentleman's foot was heard along the hall, toward the outer door, and while Mrs. Mayfield again called for her son, but this time more imploringly than in anger, there stood the prop of his father's house with both cheeks distended and full, and the juice of the peach gushing out from his lips, a most unseemly spectacle to appear before the rich and important gentleman who had condescended to interest himself in his favor.

This mortification, however, was spared to all parties by the hasty manner in which the gentleman left the house; never once looking back toward the store-room, or any other apartment, but only repeating, half to himself and half to Mrs. Mayfield, as she continued to call her boy, "Never mind; never mind. I am pressed for time to-day. You'll not forget the address. It must be your own application, you know; and see that the boy is there in time. Good morning."

The gentleman was gone, and Mrs. Mayfield heaved a deep sigh. "Where have you been, Maurice?" said she, as that hopeful young gentleman came forward, wiping his mouth, and then his fingers, from the juice of the peach. "Where have you been? I did so much wish to introduce you to my cousin the major."

"I was just coming," replied Maurice, rather ashamed of himself.

"But you were too late," observed his mother.

"No, not *really* too late," said Maurice.

From Fraser's Magazine.

## THE BRITISH POST-OFFICE.

READER, if you be not entirely "used up," and can still relish a minor excitement, take a stroll through the General Post-office some Saturday evening just as the clock is upon the stroke of six.

The scene is much more exciting than half the *émeutes* which have lately taken place on the Continent; considerably cheaper, and much more safe. Stand aside amid the treble bank of spectators on the right hand, and watch the general attack upon the letter-takers. A stream of four or five hundred people, who run as Doyle's pencil in *Punch* only can make them run, dash desperately toward the open windows of the receivers. Against this torrent a couple of hundred who have posted, dodge and finally disappear. Wave after wave of people advances and retreats, gorging with billets the capacious swallow of the post. Meanwhile a still more active and vigorous attack is going on in the direction where newspapers are received. A sashless window-frame, with tremendous gape, is assaulted with showers of papers, which fly faster than the driven snow. Now and then large sacks-full, direct from the different news-venders and publishing offices, are bundled in and bolted whole. As the moments pass the flight of papers grows thicker, those who cannot struggle "to the fore" whiz their missiles of intelligence over the heads of the others, now and then sweeping hats with the force of round shot. Letters struggle with more desperate energy, which is increased to frantic desperation as the clock slowly strikes, one—two—three—four—five—*six*; when, with a nigh miss of guillotining a score of hands, with one loud snap all the windows simultaneously descend. The post, like a huge monster, has received its full supply for the night, and gorged, begins, imperceptibly to the spectators, in quiet to digest.

If we enter behind the scenes and traverse what might be considered the vast stomach of the office, we shall perceive an organization almost as perfect as that which exists in the animal economy, and not very dissimilar to it. The huge piles of letters, and the

higher mountains of newspapers, lie in heaps—the newly-swallowed food. To separate their different atoms, arrange and circulate them, requires a multiplicity of organs, and a variety of agents, almost as numerous as those engaged in the animal stomach—no one interfering with the others, no one but is absolutely necessary to the well-being of the whole.

So perfect is the drill, so clearly defined the duty of each member of the army of seven or eight hundred men the stranger looks down upon from one of the galleries, that he can only compare its noiseless and unerring movements to the action of some chemical agency.

Toward the vast table upon which the correspondence of two millions of people for two days is heaped and tossed, a certain number performing the functions of the animal chyle proceed to arrange, eliminate, and prepare it for future and more elaborate operations; certain others take away these eliminated atoms, such as the letters for the district delivery, and, by means of a subterranean railway, transport them to their proper office on the opposite side of the building; others, again, like busy ants, carry the letters for the general delivery to the tables of the sorters, when in a moment the important operation of classing into roads and towns, sets all hands to work as busily, as silently, and as purposefully as the restless things we peep at through the hive-glass, building up their winter sweets.

In an hour the process is complete; and the thoughts of lawyers, lovers, merchants, bankers, swindlers, masters, and servants, the private wishes of the whole town, lie side by side, enjoying inviolable secrecy; and bagged, stringed, and sealed, are ready, after their brief meeting, for their final dispersion over the length and breadth of the land.

All the broad features of this well-contrived organization, its economy and power, the spectator sees before him; but much as he is struck thereby, it is only when he begins to examine details and to study the sta-

tistics of the Post-office, that he sees the true vastness of its operations and estimates properly the magnitude and variety of its functions, as the great metropolitan heart of communication with the whole world.

As we pass the noble Post-office at St. Martin's-le-Grand, with its ranges of Ionic columns, its triple porticos, and its spacious and elegant quadrangle—a worthy outward manifestation of the order, ingenuity, and intelligence that reign within—we cannot help contrasting its present condition with the postal operations of two or three centuries ago,—the noble oak of the present, with the little acorn of the past.

No truer estimate of the national advance can be obtained than by running down the stream of history in relation to any of our great institutions which deal with the needs and wishes of the masses of the people, and in no one of them is our advance more clearly and correctly shown than in the annals of the Post-office. They form, in fact, a most delicate thermometer, marking the gradual increase of our national vitality, and indicating, with microscopic minuteness, the progress of our civilization.

In early times the post was a pure convenience of the king, instituted for the purpose of forwarding his dispatches, and having no dealings with the public whatsoever. Instead of St. Martin's-le-Grand being the point of departure, "the court," wherever it might happen to be, "made up the mails." How these mails were forwarded may be imagined from the following exculpatory letter written by one Brian Tuke, "Master of the Postes" in Henry the Eighth's time. It would appear that Cromwell had been pulling him up rather sharply for remissness in the forwarding of dispatches. The worthy functionary states that

"The Kinges Grace hath no moo ordinary postes, ne of many days hathe had, but betwene London and Calais. . . . For, sir, ye knowe well, that, except the hackney-horses betwene Gravesende and Dovour, there is no suche usual conveyance in post for men in this realme as in the accustomed places of France and other parties; ne men can keepe horses in redynes withoute som way to bere the charges; but when placardes be sent for suche cause (to order the immediate forwarding of some State packet), the constables many tymes be fayne to take horses oute of plowes and cartes, wherein can be no extreme diligence."

We should think not, Master Tuke. The worthy post-master further shows how simple and rude were the arrangements of that

day by detailing the manner in which the royal letters were conveyed in what we should have considered to be one of their most important stages:—

"As to postes betwene London and the courte, there be nowe but 2; wherof the on is a good robust felowe, and was wont to be diligent, evil intreated many tymes, he and other postes, by the herbigours, for lack of horse rome or horsemete, withoute which diligence cannot be. The other hath been the most payneful felowe, in nyght and daye, that I have knowen amongst the messengers. If he nowe slak he shalbe changed, as reason is."

This was in the year 1533. In the time of Elizabeth and James I., horse-posts were established on all the great routes for the conveying of the king's letters. This postal system was, of course, a source of expense to the Government—in the latter reign of about £3400 annually. All this time subjects' letters were conveyed by foot-posts and carriers, whose expedition may be judged of by the following extracts from a project for "accelerating" letters by means of a public post first started in 1635:—

"If (say the projectors) anie of his Ma<sup>ty</sup> subjects shall write to Madrill in Spain, hee shall receive answer sooner and surer than hee shall out of Scotland or Ireland. The letters being now carried by carriers or footposts 16 or 18 miles a-day, it is full two monethes before any answer can be received from Scotland or Ireland to London."

This project seems to have been acted upon, for three years later we find a vast reform effected in the post. In fact, it was put upon a foundation which lasted up to the introduction of mail-coaches; as it was settled to have a "running post or two to run night and day between Edinburgh in Scotland, and the city of London, to go thither and come back again in six days;" carrying, of course, all the letters of the intermediate towns: the like posts were established in the following year on all the great routes.

The principle of posts for the people once established, the deficit was soon changed to a revenue. Cromwell farmed the Post-office for £10,000 a-year, he being the first to establish the general office in London. It might not be out of place to give an insight as to the scale of charges for letters, then settled. A single letter could be posted within eighty miles of London for 2d.; above that distance for 3d.; to Scotland for 4d.; and to Ireland for 6d.; double letters being charged double price: not such high charges



these, considering the expenditure of horse-flesh and post-boys' breath. For every rider was obliged to ride "seven miles an hour in summer and five in winter, according as the ways might be," and to blow his horn whenever he met a company, and four times besides in every hour. Charles II. leased the profits of the Post-office for £21,500 a-year. The country, it was evident, was rapidly advancing in commercial greatness and activity, for in 1694 the profits of the Post-office were £59,972 14s. 9d. In the next century the introduction of mail-coaches gave an immense impulse to the transactions of the Post-office, which augmented gradually until the end of the year 1839, when the number of letters passing through the general post alone averaged 2,643,533 a-month, and the net profit upon the carriage of all letters throughout the kingdom was £1,589,486.

With the beginning of the year 1840 commenced that vast revolution in the system so long projected by Mr. Rowland Hill—the Penny Postage.

The effect of that system upon the number of letters passing through the post, and upon the manner of payment, was almost instantaneous. During the last month of the old high rates of postage, the total number of letters passing through the general office was, as we have before stated, a little more than two millions and a half; of these 1,159,224 were unpaid, and only 484,309 paid. In the same time—a short twelve-month after the introduction of the cheap postage—the proportion of paid to unpaid letters was entirely changed; the latter had shrunk to the number of 473,821, whilst the former had run up to the enormous number of 5,451,022. Since 1841 the flow of letters and the proportion of paid to unpaid has been continually on the increase. The last return made to parliament in 1847, gave the following results:—Unpaid, 644,642; paid, 10,957,033: the term "paid" includes, of course, all those letters on which the penny was prepaid and those impressed with her Majesty's gracious countenance. The prepayment of the penny was a vast benefit to the post, and, together with the general introduction of letter-boxes in private houses, saved the whole time lost to the letter-carriers whilst old ladies were fumbling for the postage; but the introduction of the stamp was of still greater importance, as on its ultimate exclusive adoption (which Mr. Rowland Hill always calculated upon) a vast saving would be effected in the labor of receiving letters. We are glad to find that the anti-

pations of the postage reformer seem likely to be realized at no very distant date, for year by year stamps have been steadily gaining ground upon the prepayment by coin system. Upon the first introduction of Queen's heads in 1840, only 285,079 were used in one month, whilst 1,108,613 pence were paid. The month of April, 1847 (the last return published), however, shows an entirely different state of things—1,613,185 stamps were then received, against 966,054 pence; and no doubt the difference in favor of heads is even much greater at the present date.

When stamps were first introduced by Mr. Hill, he did not appear to anticipate the use that would be made of them as a medium of exchange; but every one is aware how extensively they are used in the smaller monetary transactions of the country. Bankers, dealing in magnificent sums, do not deign to take notice of vulgar pence: the Government has, however, unintentionally taken up the neglected coin, and represented its value by a paper currency, which, if not legally negotiable, yet passes from hand to hand unquestioned. It would be impossible, of course, to ascertain the amount of penny stamps that pass from town to town, and from man to man, in payment of small debts, but without doubt it must be very considerable—very much beyond the demand for letters: as long, therefore, as this sum is floating—until it comes to the post (its bank) for payment in shape of letter carriage, it is a clear public advance to the Exchequer.

The only good reason yet assigned against introducing these penny stamps and those representing a higher value, such as the colonial shilling stamp, as a regular currency, is the fear of forgery. At the present time great precautions are used to prevent such an evil—the dye itself, hideous and contemptible as it undoubtedly is, as a work of art, in intricacy of execution, is considered a masterpiece at the Stamp-office. If you take one from your pocket-book, good reader, and inspect it, you will doubtless pronounce it to be a gross libel upon her Majesty's countenance, muddled in line, and dirty in printing; but those who know the trick, see in that confusion and jumble certain significant lines, certain combinations of letters in the corners, which render forgery no such easy matter. The great security against fraud, however, is, that letter stamps are placed upon the same footing as receipt or bill stamps. Venders can buy them only of the Government, and the consequent difficulty forgers would have in putting sufficient

spurious stamps in circulation to pay them for their risk and trouble seems to obviate all risk of their being turned to improper account.

It is our intention to confine ourselves mainly in this article to the operations of the General Post-office : but in order to give our readers an idea of the vast amount of correspondence which annually takes place in the United Kingdom, it may be as well, perhaps, to take a glance at the general postal transactions of the country. Make a round guess at the number of letters which traverse the broad lands of Britain, which circulate in the streets and alleys of our great towns, and which fly on the wings of steam, and under bellying sail, to the uttermost parts of the earth. You cannot? Well, then, what say you to 300,000,000? To that enormous amount have they already arrived.

The number of letters posted in the metropolis and in the country is subject, at stated times, to a very great augmentation. In London, for instance, on Saturday night and Monday morning, an increase in letters of from thirty to forty per cent. takes place owing to the Sunday closing of the Post-office. Valentine's Day, again, has an immense effect in gorging the general as well as local posts with love epistles. Those who move in the higher circles might imagine the valentine to be a "dead letter;" but the experience of the Post-office shows that the warm old saint still keeps up an active agitation among tender hearts. According to the evidence given by Mr. Rowland Hill, the increase of letters on the 14th of February, is not less than half a million throughout the United Kingdom.

We have spoken hitherto only of the conveyance of letters, but they form an inferior portion of the weight carried by the Post-office. The number of newspapers posted in London throughout the week is something enormous. Several vans full of *The Times*, for instance, are dispatched by every morning and evening mail; other morning papers contribute their sacks full of broad sheets; and on Saturday evening not a paper of any circulation in the metropolis but contributes more or less largely to swell that enormous avalanche of packets which descend upon the Post-office. In the long room lately added to the establishment of St. Martin's-le-Grand, which swings so ingeniously from its suspending rods, a vast platform attracts the eye of the visitor—he sees upon it half-a-dozen men struggling amid a chaos of newspapers, which seem countless as the heaped-

up bricks of ruined Babylon. As they are carried to the different tables to be sorted, great baskets with fresh supplies are wound up by the endless chain which passes from top to bottom of the building. The number of papers passing through all the post-offices in the kingdom is not less than 70,000,000 per annum, or only 10,000,000 less than the annual number of stamps issued to newspapers in Great Britain. Of late years the broad sheet has materially increased in size and weight, each paper now averaging five ounces; so that 9765 tons weight of papers annually, or 187 tons weekly, are posted, full half of which pass through St. Martin's-le-Grand, and thence to the uttermost ends of the earth—to India, China, or Australia, absolutely free! The penny news stamp alone carries them, whilst if they were charged by the letter scale, tenpence would be the postage; so that if weight were considered in the accounts of the Post-office, there would be a loss in their carriage of ninepence on every newspaper, or of no less a sum than £2,625,000 annually on the whole number carried. Of course this loss is mostly nominal, as the railways take the mails without calculating their weight; and to the packets, tons or hundredweights make no earthly difference. Even if this cost were real, the speedy transmission of news to all parts of the kingdom and its colonies is a matter of so much importance, that it would not by any means be purchased dearly.

We are continually seeing letters from subscribers in *The Times*, complaining that their papers do not reach them, and hinting that the clerks must keep them back purposely to read them. If one of these writers were to catch a glance of the bustle of the office at the time of making up the mails, he would smile indeed at his own absurdity. We should like to see one of the sorting clerks quietly reading in the midst of the general dispatch; the sight would be refreshing. The real cause of delays and errors of all kinds in the transmission of newspapers, is the flimsy manner in which their envelopes and addresses are frequently placed upon them. Two or three clerks are employed exclusively in endeavoring to restore wrappers that have been broken off. We asked one of these officials once what he did with those papers that had entirely escaped from their addresses? "We do, sir," said he, very significantly, "the best that we can," at the same time packing up the loose papers with great speed in the first broken wrappers that came to hand. The result of

this chance-medley upon the readers must be funny enough—a rabid Protectionist sometimes getting a copy, perhaps, of the *Daily News*, a Manchester Rad a *Morning Post*, or an old dowager down at Bath an early copy of the *Mark Lane Express*.

The carriage of magazines and other books is an entirely new feature in Post-office transactions, introduced by Mr. Rowland Hill. At the end of every month the sorting tables at the Post-office are like publishers' counters, from the number of quarterlies, monthlies, magazines, and serials, posted for transmission to country subscribers. The lighter ones must all be stamped at the Stamp-office, like newspapers; and any magazine under two ounces with this talisman pressed upon it, passes without further question to any part of the United Kingdom for twopence, whilst books under sixteen ounces can be forwarded for sixpence. This arrangement is a wise and liberal one, recognizing as it does the advantages of circulating as widely as possible the current literature of the country. Many a dull village, where *Regina* or *Old Ebony* penetrated not a few years ago, by this means is now kept up level in its reading with the metropolis.

The miscellaneous articles that pass through the post under the new regulations are sometimes of the most extraordinary nature. Among the *live stock*, canary birds, lizards, and dormice, continually pass, and sometimes travel hundreds of miles under the tender protection of rough mail-guards. Leeches are also very commonly sent, sometimes to the serious inconvenience of the postmen. Ladies' shoes go through the general office into the country by dozens every week; shawls, gloves, wigs, and all imaginable articles of a light weight, crowd the Post-office; limbs for dissection have even been discovered (by the smell), and detained. In short, the public have so little conscience with respect to what is proper to be forwarded, *that they would move a house through the post* if they could do it at any reasonable charge.

The manner in which a letter will sometimes track a person like a bloodhound, appears marvelous enough, and is calculated to impress the public with a deep sense of the patience and sagacity of the Post-office officials. An immense number of letters reach the post in the course of the week with directions perfectly unreadable to ordinary persons; others—sometimes circulars by the thousand—with only the name of some out-of-the-way villages upon them; others,

again, without a single word of direction. Of these latter, about eight a-day are received on an average, affording a singular example of the regularity with which irregularities and oversights are committed by the public. All these letters, with the exception of the latter, which might be called stone blind, and are immediately opened by the secretary, are taken to the Blind Letter-office, where a set of clerks decipher hieroglyphics without any other assistance than the Rosetta stone of experience, and make shrewd guesses at enigmas which would have puzzled even the Sphinx. How often in directing a letter we throw aside an envelope because the direction does not seem distinct—useless precaution! the difficulty rather seems to be, to write so that these cunning folks cannot understand. Who would imagine the destination of such a letter as this, for instance?—

L. Moses,  
Ratlivhitahi.

Some Russian or Polish town immediately occurs to one from the look of the word, and from its sound; but a blind-letter clerk at once clears up the difficulty, by passing his pen through it and substituting—Ratcliffe Highway.

Letters of this class, in which two or three directions run all into one, and are garnished with ludicrous spelling, are of constant occurrence, but they invariably find out their owners. Cases sometimes happen, however, in which even the sharp wits of the Blind-letter-office are nonplussed. The following, for instance, is a veritable address:—

Mrs. Smith,  
At the Back of the Church,  
England.

Much was this letter paused over before it was given up. "It would have been such a triumph of our skill," said one of the clerks to us, "to have delivered it safe; but we could not do it. Consider, sir," said he deprecatingly, "how many Smiths there are in England, and what a number of churches!" In all cases like this, in which it is found impossible to forward them, they are passed to what is called the Dead Letter-office, there opened and sent to their writers if possible. So that out of the many millions of letters passing through the Post-office in the course of the year, a very few only form a residuum, and are ultimately destroyed.

The workings of the Dead Letter-office form not the least interesting feature of this gigantic establishment. According to a re-

turn moved for by Mr. T. Duncombe in 1847, there were in the July of that year 4658 letters containing property consigned to this department, representing, perhaps, a two months' accumulation. In these were found coin, principally in small sums, of the value of £310 9s. 7d.; money-orders for £407 12s.; and bank-notes representing £1010. We might then estimate the whole amount of money which rests for any time without owners in the Dead Letter-office, to be £11,000 in the year. Of this sum the greater portion is ultimately restored to the owners—only a very small amount, say one and an eighth per cent., finding its way into the public exchequer. A vast number of bank post-bills and bills of exchange are found in these dead letters, amounting in the whole to between two and three millions a-year; as in nearly all cases, however, they are duplicates, and of only nominal value, they are destroyed with the permission of the owners.

Of the miscellaneous articles found in these letters, there is a very curious assortment. The ladies appear to find the Post-office a vast convenience, by the number of fancy articles of female gear found in them. Lace, ribands, handkerchiefs, cuffs, muffettees, gloves, fringe—a range of articles, in short, is discovered in them sufficient to set up a dozen pedlars' boxes for Autolycus. Little presents of jewelry are also very commonly to be found; rings, brooches, gold pins, and the like. These articles are sold to some jeweler, whilst the gloves and handkerchiefs, and other articles fitted for the young bucks of the office, are put up to auction and bought among themselves. These dead letters are the residuum, if we may so term it, of all the offices in England, as, after remaining in the local post for a given time, they are transferred to the central office. The establishments of Dublin and Edinburgh, in like manner, collect all the same class of letters in Ireland and Scotland.

In looking over the list of articles remaining in these two letter offices one cannot help being struck with the manner in which they illustrate the feelings and habits of the two peoples. The Scotch dead letters rarely contain coin, and of articles of jewelry, such as form presents sent as tokens of affection, there is a lamentable deficiency; whilst the Irish ones are full of little cadeaux and small sums of money, illustrating at once the careless yet affectionate nature of the people. One item constantly meets the eye in Irish dead letters—"a free passage to New York." Relations, ~~who~~ have gone to America and

done well, purchase an emigration ticket, and forward it to some relative in "the ould country" whom they wish to come over to join them in their prosperity. Badly written and worse spelt, many of them have little chance of ever reaching their destination, and as little of being returned to those who sent them, they lie silent in the office for a time and are then destroyed, whilst hearts, endeared to each other by absence enforced by the sun-daring ocean, mourn in sorrow an imaginary neglect.

When one considers it, the duties of the Post-office are multifarious indeed. Independently of its original function as an establishment for the conveyance of letters, of late it has become a parcel-delivery company and banking-house. In the sale of postage stamps it makes itself clearly a bank of issue, and in the circulation of money-orders it still more seriously invades the avocations of the Lombard Street fraternity.

The money-order system has sprung up almost with the rapidity of Jack the Giant-killer's bean-stalk. In the year ending April, 1839, there were only 28,838 orders issued, representing £49,496 5s. 8d.; whilst in the year ending January, 1849, there were sold 4,203,722 orders, of the value of £8,151,294 19s. 8d. The next ten years will in all probability double this amount, as the increase up to the present time has been quite gradual. It cannot be doubted that the issuing of money-orders must have seriously infringed upon the bank-draft system, and every day it will do so more, as persons no longer confine themselves to transmitting small amounts, it being very frequently the case that sums of £50 and upward are forwarded in this manner by means of a multiplication of orders. The rationale of money-orders is so simple, and so easily understood by all persons, that they must rapidly increase; and we do not doubt that Mr. Rowland Hill's suggestion of making them for larger amounts will before long be carried into execution, as it is found that the public cannot be deterred by limiting the amount of the order, from sending what sums they like, and the making one order supply the place of two or three would naturally diminish the very expensive labor of this department. The eight millions of money represented by these orders of course includes the transactions of the whole country, but they are properly considered under the head of the General Office, as all the accounts are kept there, and there every money-order is ultimately checked. Between twelve and thirteen thou-

sand letters of advice are received every morning in the head office of this department, engaging until lately upward of two hundred clerks, or a fourth of the entire number employed in the Bank of England. This number by a simplification of the accounts is now reduced, but it is still very considerable. On the sale of money-orders the Government gains £12 10s. per thousand (in number) issued, and this more than covers the whole expense of the greatest monetary convenience for the body of the people ever established.

There is one room in the Post-office which visitors should not fail to inquire for—the late Secret Office. When Smirke designed the building he must have known the particular use to which this room would be put; a more low-browed, villanous-looking apartment could not well be conceived. It looks the room of a sneak, and it was one,—an official sneak, it is true, but none the less a sneak. As we progress in civilization, force gives place to ingenious fraud. When Wolsey wished to gain possession of the letters of the ambassador to Charles V. he did so openly and dauntlessly, having ordered, as he says,

“A privye watche shoulde be made in London, and by a certein circuite and space aboutes it; in the whiche watche, after mydnyght, was taken passing betweene London and Brayneford, be certain of the watche appointed to that quarter, one riding toward the said Brayneford; who, examyned by the watche, answered so closeley that upon suspicion thereof, they searched hym, and founde secreteley hyd aboutes hym a little paquet of letters superscribed in Freuche.”

More modern ministers of state liked not this rough manner, but turning up their cuffs and by the aid of a light finger obtained what they wanted, without the sufferer being in the least aware of the activity of their digits. In this room the official letter-picker was appropriately housed. Unchallenged, and in fact unknown to any of the army of a thousand persons that garrisons the Post-office, he passed by a secret staircase every morning to his odious duties; every night he went out again unseen. He was, in short, the man in the iron mask of the Post-office.

Behold him, in the latter days of his pride, in 1842, when the Chartists kept the north in commotion, and Sir James Graham issued more warrants authorizing the breaking open letters than any previous Secretary of State on record,—behold him in the full exercise of his stealthy art!

Some poor physical-force wretch at Manchester or Birmingham has been writing some trashy letters about pikes and fire-balls to his London confederates. See the springs a powerful government set to catch such miserable game! Immediately upon the arrival of the mails from the north, the bags from the above-mentioned places, together with one or two others to serve as a blind to the Post-office people, are immediately taken, sealed as they are, to the den of this secret inquisitor. He selects from them the letters he intends to operate upon. Before him lie the implements of his craft,—a range of seals bearing upon them the ordinary mottos, and a piece of tobacco-pipe. If none of the seals will fit the impressions upon the letters he carefully takes copies in bread; and now the more serious operation commences. The tobacco-pipe redhot pours a burning blast upon the yielding wax; the letter is opened, copied, resealed, and returned to the bag, and reaches the person to whom it is directed apparently unviolated.

In the case of Mazzini's letters, however, (the opening of which blew up the whole system), the dirty work was not even done by deputy; his letters were forwarded unopened to the Foreign-office, and there read by the minister himself. The abuses to which the practice was carried during the last century were of the most flagrant kind. Walpole used to issue warrants for the purpose of opening letters in almost unlimited numbers, and the use to which they were sometimes put might be judged by the following:—

“In 1741, at the request of A., a warrant issued to permit A.'s eldest son to open and inspect any letters which A.'s youngest son might write to two females, one of whom that youngest son had imprudently married.”

The foregoing is from the Report of the Secret Committee appointed to investigate the practice in 1844, and which contains some very curious matter. Whole mails, it appears, were sometimes detained for several days during the late war, and all the letters individually examined. French, Dutch, and Flemish enclosures were rudely rifled, and kept or sent forward at pleasure. There can be no doubt that, in some cases, such as frauds upon banks or the revenue, forgeries or murder, the power of opening letters was used, impartially to individuals and beneficially to the State; but the discoveries made thereby were so few that it did not in any

way counterbalance the great public crime of violating public confidence and perpetuating an official immorality.

Thus far we have walked with our reader, and explained to him the curious machinery which acts upon the vast correspondence of the metropolis with the country, and of the country generally, with foreign parts, within the establishment at St. Martin's-le-Grand. The machinery for its conveyance is still more vast, if not so intricate. The foreign mails have at their command a fleet of steamers such as the united navies of the world can scarcely match, threading the coral reefs of the "Loan Antilles," skirting the western coast of South America, touching weekly at the ports of the United States, and bi-monthly traversing the Indian Ocean—tracking, in fact, the face of the ocean wherever England has great interests or her sons have many friends. Ere long the vast Pacific, which a hundred years ago was rarely penetrated even by the adventurous circumnavigator, will become a highway for the passage of her Majesty's mails; and letters will pass to Australia and New Zealand, our very antipodes, as soon as letters of old reached the Highlands of Scotland or the western counties of Ireland. This vast system of water-posts, if so they might be called, is kept up at an annual expense of £800,000.

The conveyance of inland letters by means of the railways is comparatively inexpensive, as many of the companies are liberal enough to take the bags for nothing, and others at a very small charge. Every night at eight o'clock, like so much life-blood issuing from a great heart, the mails leave the metropolis, radiating on their fire-chariots to the extremities of the land. As they rush along the work of digestion goes on as in the flying bird. The traveling post office is not the least

of these curious contrivances for saving time consequent upon the introduction of railroads. At the metropolitan stations, from which they issue, a letter-box is open until the last moment of their departure. The last letters into it are, of course, unsorted, and have to go through that process as the train proceeds. Whilst the clerks are busy in their itinerant office, by an ingenious, self-acting process, a delivery and reception of mail-bags is going on over their heads. At the smaller stations where the trains do not stop, the letter-bags are lightly hung upon rods which are swept by the passing mail-carriage, and the letters drop into a net suspended on one side of it to receive them. The bags for delivery are, at the same moment, transferred from the other side to the platform. The sorting of the newly-received bags immediately commences, and by this arrangement letters are caught *in transitu*, and the right direction given to them, without the trouble and loss of time attendant upon the old mail-coach system, which necessitated the carriage of the major part of such letters to St. Martin's-le-Grand previous to their final dispatch.

The success of Mr. Rowland Hill's system, with its double delivery, its rapid transmissions, and its great cheapness, which brings it within the range of the very poorest, is fast becoming apparent. Year by year it is increasing the amount of revenue it returns to the State, its profits for 1849 being upward of £800,000; a falling off, it is true, of some £700,000 a-year from the revenue derived under the old rates, but every day it is catching up this income, and another ten years of but average prosperity will, in all probability, place it far beyond its old earnings, with a tenfold amount of accommodation and cheapness to the public.

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## TO WALTER SAVAGE LANDOR.

LANDOR, thy classic page affords me joy,  
And thus a simple tribute let me pay;  
Rhyme from a self taught, solitary boy  
Comes from the heart when feelings are at play.  
Would I could dedicate a page to thee;  
If genius uses magic—why not give  
A honey-scented bed of poesie!  
That in the very wreck of time may live.

Thine are the honors of a lasting age—  
An epitaph which far outlives the stone  
Or sculptor's art which sinks into decay,  
Leaving the dust to mingle with its own.  
And I have read, and read again, and feel  
Thy heart like mine not cold as senseless steel.  
ALEXANDER SEPTIMUS HAY.

From Bentley's Miscellany.

## FREDERIC CHOPIN, THE PIANIST.

It is possible to be too late, as well as too early, in beginning to note down traits and memories belonging to those with whom we have been conversant. Languor and depression naturally come over the spirits of persons who have lost many friends, when, invited to look far back, they see betwixt the past and the present too large a portion of *Mirza's* bridge thickly sown with pitfalls. No wonder if then the hand is apt to perform its task mechanically rather than with the animation of quickened feeling. But it is one thing to make the record before men's indifference shall have come on, and another to minister to vacant curiosity by the random and indelicate haste of "the parish gossip." Let me try to avoid the latter offence while I trace, before they fade, a few forms and scenes belonging to the world of Music in which Time and Fate have been so strangely busy,—and in which I have spent so many hours during the last twenty years. Who would not like to know something concerning the habits and sayings of the Venetian Patrician Marcello? or to possess richer materials than any before the world for forming our own judgment of the *man* Beethoven? The literary men who have written concerning musicians have too generally thought contemptuously of the art, never troubling themselves to ascertain in what the professor thereof agreed with or differed from the man of genius, belonging to other worlds—or to reflect how far the acceptance of his class in society may have stamped him with, and limited him within, those peculiarities of which complaint has been again and again made by proserers lacking wit, and rhymesters without reason.

While the subject is fresh in my mind I wish to speak a little concerning one of the most graceful, delicate, and original artists who ever added treasure to the stores of instrumental music,—I mean Frederic Chopin. Those who knew him during his many years' residence in Paris, or who *divined* him (for acquaintance under such circumstances be-

comes almost impossible) during the hurries and confusions of the London season of 1848, will bear me out in stating that he well merited his memorial. Perhaps it may serve the purpose of drawing a stranger or two more within the enchanted circle of his music.

For enchantment there is in Chopin's works: which implies that their beauty has something fantastic, capricious, delicate—not altogether natural.—In no other world of art, I have often fancied, is connoisseurship so curiously limited as in Music. To hear the *fanatici* wrangle, it might be fancied that admiration for Handel deprived Mozart of his just merit, or that the listener who moved by "the Delirious Lady" of Purcell (and let me commemorate how especially magnificent that *cantata* was when sung by Miss Masson) must needs abominate Rossini's brilliant "Non piu mesta," or others of the giddily and gracefully sparkling *bravuras*, in which the Italian master makes the mere sensual pleasure of sound stand in the place of the more spiritual enjoyments of sense and sound worthily mated. I have known amateurs in no respect stupid or ill-educated who could not bear a particular rhythm, or particular key; and the jealousy betwixt vocal and instrumental players is "old as time and clear as day." But apart from all these barriers which Bigotry and Self-conceit delight in throwing up betwixt good Christians and their pleasures, I have often remarked that in some persons of taste a relish for what is fantastic, elvish, delicate, humorous, is totally wanting. They are distanced by fairy tales—find Hood's whims far-fetched, and not entertaining,—will bear in architecture nothing but pure Doric, or harmonious Palladian, and reject Gothic grotesques with an active hatred. On such amateurs (and probably they might be devout Handelians, or severely dramatic Gluckists, or implicit believers in Mozart as the one idol), the music of Chopin would be wasted; and the name be thought hardly worthy of admission with-

in their Pantheon of half-a-dozen divinities, whereof self is not the smallest.

The obituaries have already told the public that Frederic Chopin was born in the year 1810, at Zelazowawola, near Warsaw, that he was taught composition by Herr Elsner, and pianoforte playing by M. Zywni, and that in 1831, almost contemporaneously with any mention of his name as a musician of original and promising genius, he appeared in Paris, and established himself there. This was no child's nor *tyro's* task to accomplish, for the French metropolis was just then in its fullest glory of musical life, competition, and activity. Liszt was there, with his stupendous ten fingers, and that brilliant wit of his which "cut its bright way through" in circles where his *fantasias* and *tarentelles* and studies were not really cared for. Ferdinand Hiller, too, was there, both as a pianist and as a composer, giving promise which he has since been tardy of fulfilling. The monotony of Thalberg's magnificence as a performer had not as yet been found out; and the old, urbane and sweet-spoken Kalkbrenner (most courteous of the courteous, and vainest of the vain) still retained a certain congregation among persons who, as poor Lady—— once put it, "passed their lives in cultivating elegance." What was more, it became soon clear that Chopin could not and would not make his way as a public performer; that his health was delicate almost to the point of perpetual invalidism,—that his social pretensions (not gifts) were small, that his delicacy of mind was great. There was every chance of his music being thrown by as *baroque* and vague. Just then, however, it happened that Paris was Hoffmann mad—Jean Paul mad—Esmeralda mad—mad for everything that was parcel eccentric, parcel sentimental—mad with Polish sympathies, and for Polish poets. The pallid and frail-looking young artist, too, modest and gentle as he was, had, in addition to quiet polish of manners, that boon of irony and humor—that power of placing a *mot* which then at least (Heaven knows what the fashions are now!) never failed to command for its owner a hearing and a position in the select *coteries* of the French metropolis. Further, Chopin resigning all pretensions to the career of a traveling *virtuoso*, pitched his tent and furnished his *appartement* in Paris, a thing particularly agreeable to our neighbors: who in Art either love to discover what every one has found out, or else to monopolize that which they assume no one else is worthy to enjoy. Nothing to a thinker who has had

any means of comparison can be much more pregnant with diversion than the connoisseurship of Paris: what it adopts, what it repudiates, the "why" of its takings, and the "wherefore" of its leavings. But more of this, perhaps, some other day, when scandal is in the ascendant. Enough for the moment to state that Parisian taste did itself honor and credit in making a home—a position—a career for Chopin. I believe that in London his *Mazurkas*, *Scherzi*, *Ballades*, *Polonoises*, *Notturmi*, or *Studies*, if then put forth, would have been wasted on the empty air. In Paris they became the high fashion (as distinguished from the rage), and their composer the favorite master of the most refined and poetically disposed pianoforte players. Nor did this merited reputation dwindle on its becoming known, in the progress of time, that Chopin had a history, and that the strangest and most poetical of female authors or reformers, that "large-brained woman and large-hearted man" (as Miss Barrett finely described George Sand), had given the young composer a *fauteuil* in her singular *salon*, as an intimate and valued family friend. It is needless to advert to the interpretation which was sure to be passed upon such an intimacy by our shrewd and malicious neighbors—save to advert to its probable baselessness. But when I was in Paris, in 1839-40, Madame Dudevant's *mot*, describing her inmate as "*mon beau cadavre*," was in every one's mouth—and, strange though her description may sound in the ears of English friendship, steady and deep I believe to have been their mutual regard; until that happened, which mostly befalls in such cases—too frequent intercourse becoming in the end burdensome; and the two separating finally after many years of affectionate counsel. It was mainly to Chopin's bad health, and tendency to pulmonary and asthmatic disorders, that we owe one of George Sand's most charming books of picture-writing—her "*Winter in the South of Europe*,"—otherwise the Island of Majorca.

Writing of the man, rather than of the musician, I will not indulge in any long-drawn or technical analysis of the peculiarities of Chopin's compositions. Never has so long a series of works more intensely individual been produced—his *Mazurkas*, how rationally, pensively, quaintly freakish!—his ballads, *Notturmi* and *Preludies*, how tenderly and melodiously poetical!—his *Polonoises*, how pompous and stately! There is one in A. major, of grandeur as yet unequalled, which I never hear without its calling up some



coronation-festival, so gorgeously regal is its step. His *Studies*, again, are of the highest order: and this not solely as finger-exercises, but also as compositions—in spite of the peculiar notation adopted, which renders them sometimes needlessly difficult to decipher. Two remarks, however, must be offered—since they will supply a *key* to Chopin's peculiar manner to those whom Chopin's music in any respect attracts. The left hand of the player is never to be out of *tempo*: the right hand may almost always (save in the case of some distinctly formal instrumental figure) indulge in *tempo rubato*. Again, whereas other pianoforte masters insist on the equality of the fingers—in spite of the anatomical lock and key put by Nature on the motion of the third digit,—Chopin provided for their inequality: wishing, as he once told me, so far as was possible, to develop, not to destroy, the individuality of each member of the hand. Hence a system of fingering, which might possibly have made the Clementis and Hummels as irate as such gentlemen are apt to become when anything in the least new is broached, and the wisdom of which is open to controversy,—but which is still a system.

Those, however, who knew and who loved the man (for the two things were one), will best taste and render the peculiar humor of Chopin's music—will best understand how it will bear a certain dash of private judgment on the part of the player—but not the slightest touch of exaggeration. Pianists of the *hammer-and-tongs* school—or who can do nothing without a *metronome*, are warned off Chopin's fairy-land. His interpreters ought to have hands as long as Perugino's angels, and as delicately firm as though they were framed on adamant. The uttermost precision and the most sensitive ease are all too little to play Chopin's music as he played it himself. For, though anything but foolish—anything but weak (there is iron in the rose)—he was a curious compound of fantasy, feeling, and strength—one of the most wayward, tender, *spirituel* persons I have ever conversed with. Alike remarkable for his simplicity and for his self-consciousness—he could be as eagerly irritable as a child about some little mistake in a concert-*programme*, as eagerly entertained over the toys of art or luxury, with which his *appartement* was filled by his friends and pupils. He could divert himself with trifling courtesies and mysteries—making genial sport, to those who were in his confidence, of his own interest in such things. Yet never did artist more

quietly trust in his own genius as sufficient for his own success, nor more worthily hold himself remote from the intrigues, and the littleness, and the fevers, with which the intercourse betwixt performer and public, the connection betwixt art and letters, are now spoiled and mixed up in France—than Chopin. There was in his nature a mixture of delicacy and pride, which cleared him of any possible participation in the practices of Parisian journalism. Traffic he could not—directly or indirectly. He was loved and admired as a *bon camarade*, but it was said of him truly, that “into the shop he would not, could not, go.” Hence arose his extreme aversion to playing in public, and not altogether, as some have stated it, from his physical weakness. It was further his fancy that the best artists are unequal, and that it is only perfect mediocrity which can be perfect always—and when the clock strikes. And he knew, too, that the wayward, quaint, mournful playfulness of his *Mazurkas*, and ballads, and *Notturni*, ought always to have not only the air, but, in some degree, the reality of improvisation, which few men can control. I have never been thoroughly satisfied in the playing of Chopin's more poetical music by any performer, save by Liszt; when Liszt is in his gentler mood, and sits dreaming away at the piano,—calling upon his supernatural memory to give up its treasures for the delight of one or two intimates and of himself. But as the best written account of playing is about as unsatisfactory as the lessons for dancing printed in a book, the solemn perusal of which (with illustrative diagrams) once surprised me into a hearty laugh, greatly to the offence of its author—let us “come away from the piano.”

In his intercourse with his friends, Chopin had established certain ways and caprices of his own, against which all remonstrance was fruitless. To write letters, or to answer notes, did not seem to him so much difficult as impossible. Neither from his dictation, nor from his own pen, was there any means of extracting a written reply—even when the question concerned his own interests. How his pupils managed, I could never imagine; but I know that, save by word of mouth, it was utterly useless to introduce a pupil to him—still more to induce him to make any appointment for an interview. This in one, the largest portion of whose revenues was derived from teaching, was, to say the best of it, an uncomfortable peculiarity. Chopin had, however, as many delightfully ingenious reasons in its defence, as most people com-

mand, who, from indolence indulged till it becomes a system, neglect what Anna Seward called the "epistolary interchange of courtesies." Had the fates pleased to have allowed him a few years' residence in England, he would possibly have sacrificed so inconvenient and unpolite an eccentricity. For there is a certain sober high-breeding in our atmosphere, which, let newly-arrived or distant foreigners rail at it as they will, rarely in the end fails to penetrate them as something better, more to be relied upon, nay, and absolutely more conducive to easy enjoyment, than either the *faux brillant* of old French politeness, or the *laissez aller* of modern French philosophy! It is only the mock-genius, and the mock-gentleman, whom our life, and our manners, and our sense of mutual obligation, fail, sooner or later, to impress.

At all events, no two things could be more entirely different than Madame Dudevant's intimate circle, with its eccentric ordinances and artificial usages—parcel savage, parcel super-civilized—and its intensely exciting conversation, in which every feverish opinion and false principle found its most eloquent and refined representative—from the matter-of-fact, bustling, unsympathetic drawing-rooms of London; where *Mrs. Leo Hunters* may be found by the score eager alike to stare at a *Bastardella* or a *Prince Lee l'oo*, and into which refined, and intelligent, and appreciating admirers of instrumental music rarely enter. Yet so far from bearing the change badly—or from making a sulky, or cynical, or mournful "lion"—Chopin (in spite of his being driven hitherward by no choice of his own, but simply by the total destruction of Art in Paris by the Revolution) seemed heartily to be amused in London—and to enjoy his power of appreciating the good qualities of our fine ladies and our plain gentlemen. He was neither touchy in withholding nor tiresome in giving too much of his playing. If a good listener or two was near the pianoforte he was easily prevailed upon to begin, and always ended too soon. Over himself his art exercised a great charm. I have seen him look fifty when he took his place, and twenty-five when he quitted it—sit down a meagre, worn, livid, panting man (his face, as some one described it, "*seamed with pain and anxiety*"), and as he proceeded, shadow after shadow gradually dissolve, and fold after fold soften,—and the flush of health come back into the cheek, and the dim glassy eyes brighten with a cheerful and living intelligence!—

When Chopin was thus excited his countenance was full of beauty; and one then gave one's self up to the hopeful fallacy that his health was less bad than it appeared to be—that other men worse bested than he had struggled on to old age, and that a deliverance from the hot-bed life in which he had been enervated, might be followed by a slow return to a healthier and more manly condition of health and strength. Alas! the wonder was that such shattered fragments could be made to assume even the semblance of consistency and volition—that such a life could be prolonged from evening to evening by any spell! Even before he came to our rude climate, Chopin was so weak, and a pulmonary or asthmatic affection had gained such ground, that he was compelled to be carried up stairs; and it was a distressing sight to see him (as I have more than once done) shivering and trembling with eagerness among the arriving or departing guests of a London rout, arrested by the apparition of so very peculiar a shadow, until some friend came by, who could explain or provide for his infirmity.

Chopin's death was probably hastened by a visit to Scotland, which he was induced to make at the close of the London musical season of 1848. The climate, he said, "pierced him through like a spear;" but his enjoyment of our *vie de chateau*, and his wonderful power of endurance, carried him through. He himself, on his return to London, described with sad humor the utter amazement testified by a party of sportsmen in rude health, on stumbling over him as he lay gasping for breath on the deck of a steamer, covered with warm wrappings,—and their doubt (he said) "as to his species." It became too evident to every one that his decay had been cruelly accelerated by his lingering too late in the North; and, for a fortnight, in November, he lay in that state of prostration from which some of us conceived he could never rally. Will it be believed that, in this state of death-in-life, Chopin was solicited by the charity-mongers and philanthropical patriots (well acquainted with the intensity of his national affections) to appear at Guildhall on the night of the Polish Ball, and to perform at the concert, which on such occasions must be hurried through before the dancing begins? Some of his friends interfered, by pointing out the peril of such exposure to the dying man, and by advancing the harder and more selfish argument that his playing would produce not the slightest effect, heard under

such circumstances, nor his name in the bill attract, his celebrity as a musician being select rather than universal. It was of no avail,—remonstrance was unheeded by the enthusiastic promoters of the scheme, whose callous disregard of everything save the contents of the begging-box to be filled at other people's cost is laid by for "the rainy day," on which the charity extorted from musicians by mendicant persons of quality is to be repaid by the critic and historian. Chopin was got out of bed and patched up, and blistered, and drugged,—and carried off to the City; and after all this, as another musician who was present on the occasion described it, "hardly one of the audience cared when he began, or knew when he ended." But the Polish cause was served, and the thing made a show in the morning papers!

I saw Chopin once again in Paris in April last, a stage or two further down the hill; then so feeble as to converse with difficulty, having been for many weeks compelled to give up playing. Nevertheless, he managed to rally under the spell of the strong interest of Meyerbeer's "Prophète," and in order to be present at the first appearance of Madame Viardot Garcia, for whom he entertained a deep friendship. I think this must have been the last music he ever heard, for shortly afterward we learned that his disease had made such progress that he was removed to Chaillot for the sake of the better air. Once or twice he might be seen driving in the *Bois de Boulogne* by the side of Mlle. Jenny Lind; but soon came the time when his own carriage came to the door every day by his orders, to be sent away after an hour's waiting. He was always to be better—to drive out "to-morrow!" Before this period his sister had arrived from Warsaw to attend upon him, and it became evident soon that her detention in Paris would not be a long one. New symptoms of disease appeared; new pains had to be suffered—but as death approached and agony deepened, all little whimsies and manifestations of irritabi-

lity dropped away from the invalid and utterly disappeared; and an affectionate and touching patience (the real nature of the man) to the end sustained him, and made the task of watching his death-bed easy. Something of the poet, too, broke out in Chopin's last hours. Among the friends who attended upon him were M. Franchomme, the admirable violoncellist, and M. Guttman, a favorite pupil. On the eve of his death, the 16th of October, he turned to them and entreated them "never to play anything save good music," adding earnestly, "Pray give me this pleasure—I am sure I shall hear you." About five o'clock in the morning of the 17th, a Polish lady, with whom he had long maintained an intimate friendship, arrived. Chopin smiled when he saw her enter, and though then almost inarticulate, said, "Ever since yesterday evening I have been asking, why God was so long in calling me to him. But now I know it was that I might have the pleasure of seeing you once again." He then entreated Madame de P—— to sing, and while she was singing sunk away and expired.

It had always been Chopin's wish that "the Requiem" of Mozart should be performed over his remains. This was done in *La Madeleine* with as much musical splendor as was attainable; and more real sorrow and sympathy than is common (dare I say it?) at Parisian ceremonials. The choir was led by Madame Castellan, Madame Viardot Garcia, M. Alexis Dupont, and Signor Lablache. The funeral march from Chopin's own first pianoforte *Sonata*, and one of his Preludes, were played;—and after this the remains were transferred to that strangest and most theatrical of Golgothas, the cemetery of *Pere la Chaise*. A monument to his memory is projected; but do what sculptor or epitaph-monger will, they will not better the old adage, that Chopin's best monument is in his music. His death leaves us almost without a composer for his instrument meriting the name.

From Sharpe's Magazine.

## CALIFORNIA:

### ITS PAST PROGRESS, PRESENT CONDITION, AND FUTURE PROSPECTS.

MORE than three hundred and twenty years have elapsed since Hernan Cortez discovered that long narrow peninsula which outlies the coast of Mexico, and forms the Gulf, then known as the Purple or Vermilion Sea. He was more attracted by its position than its aspect; for it appeared a situation where he could concentrate his forces and spread his power over the golden continent. It presented few attractions to the eye, but the voyager's experience taught him to expect that, where the plains and hills seemed least verdant, the concealed treasures of the earth abounded most. Cortez at once attempted to subdue what he considered an island of moderate fertility. In those times national right was little more than a fiction; and with this ambitious explorer discovery conferred the privilege of dominion. But he failed, and it was not until 1679 that a Spanish admiral planted a flag in that soil—a flag destined to flourish there through many generations, until the mother-country, languishing under a long decline, lay prostrate amid the rising powers of Europe. Meanwhile, New California was in 1542 discovered by Cabrillo, explored by Drake, and surveyed by Spain sixty years later. Considerable uncertainty hangs round the exact order of events connected with this wealthy region; but its early history is associated with the names of those adventurous navigators who sought to conquer by the sword what they had through chance discovered. It forms a map of events too intricate to be delineated in the present sketch. Drake saw the country, named it New Albion, and called it British territory. Our claim, however, was never asserted. Sebastian Visconio, in 1602, was led by accident to Monterey, and established the Spanish authority there; but finally, when the first heat of enterprise had cooled, and the enthusiasm of many contending claimants was exhausted, the Jesuits, toward

the close of the seventeenth century, obtained permission to colonize a territory whose value was still unknown to the world, but which to their subtle discernment appeared to teem with the ready materials of wealth.

A hardy band of seamen or soldiers, commissioned to this adventure, would have landed, sword in hand, upon the coast, built a fortress, planted cannon on the heights, and at once built up their dominion on the adamant basis of superior power; but the Jesuits infused the character of their order into the prosecution of their enterprise. Theirs was a bloodless conquest. They carried gifts, not arms, into California. They subdued the natives with luring promises, not with the sabre or the arquebuss; and their sway—unseen, unrecognized at first,—spread in a rapidly widening circle over the region. Having destroyed the independence, they sought to develop the resources of their acquisition; they planted missions; they stimulated labor; they industriously wrought the land; and their energies soon piled up stores of wealth. Crafty in this, as in every other project, they feared jealousy, and assiduously scattered through Christendom accounts of the sterility, the baneful climate, the unwilling people of California. Meanwhile the pearl-fishers brought up riches from the bed of the ocean; the lands were covered with plenty, and the Jesuits dispatched many a rich galleon, to the various markets of the world.

Ships with costly cargoes left the harbors, bearing in their holds the riches of the virgin soil; but in the mouths of their crews, reports of the wretched country they had left! Still these crafty fathers labored not wholly for themselves; with them it was an axiom that the enthralled mind is the heaviest fetter for the body; and whilst they reaped the ready crops of California,—whilst they ranged its forests in search of gums, and bored its

rocks in quest of gold,—they spread everywhere the influence of Christianity, and the promising buds of a new civilization appeared. Before the arrival of these Jesuits the country wore the aspect of a fertile solitude, with primeval forests, vast grassy valleys, and luxuriant plains, peopled only by wandering, houseless savages. Its progress under their influence was rapid, and its prosperity rose high. Let us not inquire too closely into the motives of the saintly fathers, whose energies ripened into results so friendly to civilization.

At length Lord Anson captured a vessel, richly freighted, sailing from that *poverty-stricken* land. The Jesuits owed their fall to the occurrence of that day; for their masked rapacity was trumpeted through the length and breadth of Europe; and when the country was smiling in its changed attire, and the Indians had sunk to a proper degree of submission, a new revolution occurred. It formed the dawn of another epoch in Californian history. The Jesuits were expelled, and the region was confided to the control of the Dominican monks of Mexico and the saintly Franciscan friars.

The peninsula was at this time studded with sixteen villages; and though the upper country had not maintained the race with equal swiftness, its superior beauty and richer verdure attracted the enterprize of settlers. It seemed to roll away to the snowy mountains in splendid undulations of fertile land, with dashing streams and plenteous valleys, inviting culture, and offering a generous reward to industry.

The first mission in New California was San Diego. It was planted in 1769, and soon around it there sprung up others, until, in 1803, eighteen were scattered over the country. Each mission was considered as the fold of a tribe of Indians, numbering in some more than twelve hundred; and during the domination of the priests, the converts were well fed, clad, and lodged, in return for the labor of their hands. The products of their industry were bartered with the merchants of Europe; and attracted by the forms and ceremonies of the Christian Church, owning its soft influence, and the benefits to be derived from steady lives and well-directed toil, the neophytes swelled their numbers, and California promised to become the home of a population at once happy, simple, and religious.

The means of conversion, however, were not always the most scrupulous; for the good missionaries held the theory, that the result obtained sanctifies the instruments em-

ployed. When persuasion, or gifts, or gentle allurements failed, the stubborn savages were seized, condemned to ten years' servitude, compelled to adopt the Christian creed, but encouraged by kind treatment, and taught the various arts of industry. Many labored for the common interest, many were let out to private service, and many, having served their period, received allotments of land and rewards for faithful conduct. The influence of the missions was beneficial, if the manner of its employment admits of blame. The rise of population and the extension of industry were rapid in the extreme. In 1790 there were in the upper country 7748 inhabitants; in 1801, 13,668; in 1802, 15,629, or double the first number; whilst the quantity of wheat raised, increased from fifteen to thirty-three thousand bushels, and the oxen fattened, from twenty-five to sixty-eight thousand. This tide of prosperity was rising with undiminished rapidity when troubles, in 1835, broke out, and the accumulated store of years was swept away by a torrent of struggles and confusion. Authority changed hands. The priests, stripped of their functions, degenerated into simple pastors, and the *administradors*, appointed by a despotism cloaked under the venerated name of a Republic, drove the Indians in great numbers to their native woods, robbed them of the fruits of their long labor, and overthrew the fabric commenced by the Jesuits and continued by the monks and friars.

The Indians, driven from their homes, galled by bitter injuries, robbed of their humble riches, and hunted once more to a refuge among woods and mountains, carried with them the spirit of hatred, and the purpose of deep revenge. They retaliated on their oppressors. Populous cultivated places were laid desolate, and left deserted; and the flames of a harassing and miserable war threatened to convert the smiling verdure of the land into a waste of smoking ashes. The missions were neglected; ruins became frequent; the earth was uncultivated; Christianity languished, and all things appeared as though the degenerate savage was again to range, in the unlimited freedom of nature, over a wild but magnificent wilderness. But the United States infused a new element of population into California. Her war with Mexico—whether justifiable or not—afforded the occasion; but there was a policy in her movements rarely observed in the impetuous conduct of youthful powers. She spread her actual influence long before she planted a flag as the sign of her dominion.

For two years previous to the capture of

Monterey in 1846, her authority had been paramount in the country, which—nominally a province of Mexico—was, in truth, American territory. At length, toward the close of the summer of 1845, Captain Fremont appeared in the neighborhood of Monterey, whose park-like scenery—trees scattered in groups over grassy hills, wide sloping fields, plantations of oak and fir, red-tiled houses, yellow-washed church, and white cottages—showed in pleasant contrast to the desolate region he had left. He was accompanied by some of his trappers—gigantic loafers, dressed in deer-skin coats, with formidable rifles, and mounted on tall, spare horses. They rode in Indian file through the outskirts; their one-eyed leader viewed the town, and they vanished. Soon again he appeared with an ominous array of thirty-five followers, encamped on a woody height; was commanded to depart, was driven to the hills, pursued, and again lost sight of. An American ship then sailed into the harbor. Fremont was again at Monterey. The Californians foresaw the probable progress of events, and perhaps secretly desired the fostering protection of the great Republic. They balanced between that and independence; but, at length, a Mormon prophet excited an insurrection; and while a contest was pending, two United States vessels simultaneously entered the harbors of Monterey and San Francisco, and in July, 1846, the whole of California relapsed, without a struggle, under the easy rule of America. A new era was again opened. An immediate change appeared. Industry was revived; deserted villages were re-peopled; neglected lands were again cultivated; decaying towns were renovated; and the busy hum of toil broke that death-like silence, that dispiriting lethargy, which broods over an ill-governed country.

But another and a greater change was at hand, to turn the tide of her fortunes into a new, a wider, and more diffusive channel, and to raise California from the condition of an ordinary State, to be the focus of the world's attention, the spot where innumerable streams of emigration from the four quarters of the world, from barbarous and civilized countries, pouring over the Rocky Mountains, or brought over the sea, from distant shores, were to meet in tumultuous confluence, and, flowing upon each other, form an eddying whirlpool of excitement, such as few countries on the globe, in any period of their history, could present to the observation of mankind.

The region itself—independently of its newly-discovered treasures—is wealthy in many natural resources. Its extent is great. From Cape Mendocino, at the borders of the United States, to the root of the Peninsula, is seven hundred miles, and Lower California thrusts out its vast tongue to an almost equal distance. The old region is for the most part a broken, hilly, and barren tract of land; but occasional plains of rich fertility alternate with the less favored tracts; and these formed the sites of the old Jesuit Missions. Alta California extends from the coast to the provinces of New Mexico; but the interior desert basin remains unknown, except in those parts traversed by the Exploring Expedition. All that is known of it is, that it is a wild, rocky, and woody territory, watered by a few rivers, and lakes, rising periodically from the earth, and peopled by wandering Indian hordes—uncouth, improvident savages; who seem to have derived from the white race little save that vice which appears most easily to be planted, and most quickly to grow, in all newly-discovered soils. The wild man at first contemplates his strange visitor as a god, and then receives from him the worst lessons of profligacy and debauch; leaving it for his children to learn, that civilization has commonly sent her most abandoned sons in the train of great discoverers.

The Sierra Nevada, or Snowy Range, divides the gold region from the great desert basin; and between this and the sea lies another line of mountains, forming a valley 500 miles in length, watered by the Sacramento and the San Joachim. These streams, forming a junction in the centre of the valley, diverge toward the sea, and pour in an united current into the harbor of San Francisco—one of the noblest on the globe. The aspect of the country is diversified, and full of beauty. Green valleys, glittering lakes, and verdant hills, extend along the interior borders, backed by the rounded spires of the Snowy Range, whose deep ravines and caverns are now peopled by toiling gold-hunters; who draw more wealth from the bleakest, most barren, and most neglected spots, than the husbandman in the course of many years could derive from the most luxuriantly cultivated land. Along the river banks, light grassy slopes alternate with stony, broken, sandy expanses, honey-combed as it were by time, but now swarming with amateur delvers. However, the country, as a whole, is fertile; producing abundance of grains, vegetables, and fruits, with fine tim-

ber; whilst immense pasture grounds afford nourishment to the flocks and herds that once formed the principal wealth of California. Several towns have risen along the coast; and of these Monterey, San Diego, San Francisco, San Gabriel, and the City of Angels, are the chief. Previous to the popular outbreaks and the war between the administrators and the Indian tribes, considerable commerce was carried on at the ports,—the produce of the country being exchanged for cloths, cottons, velvets, silks, brandies, wines, teas, and other merchandise.

But this trade was almost wholly destroyed, until the Annexation gave a new aspect to affairs. Then a new era was opened up, and prosperity filled the towns with bustle, the ports with shipping, the fields with cultivators, and the workshops with industrious artisans. Even the Indians, driven to the forests by misgovernment, flocked to the peopled communities, and gradually cast away, for the second time, the mantle of their barbarous life.

Before the establishment of Christianity, they formed one of the strangest and most savage sections of the human race. They worshiped a fantastic god; they dwelt in tribes, and lived partly in primitive thatched huts, and partly under the still more primitive roof of the forest. They wandered abroad in search of game, of dried seeds, of the wild produce of nature's own orchards, and roots dug out of the earth. The whole race was plunged in the darkest barbarism. From this condition they were elevated by the successive European rulers of the country. Their domestic manners were purified by passing through the first progress of refinement; their habits of life became more decent and more regular, and their ideas were enlarged within the sphere of a new belief. They rose to a considerably high standard of progress; but were again depressed by the events of 1835, and once more reclaimed by the establishment of American power. The fisheries were actively prosecuted, and the culture of grain—which had been so neglected that foreign produce was required to blunt the edge of famine—occupied the energies of a numerous class. The rearing of oxen and sheep was undertaken with the vigor of former times. During the spring-tide of her prosperity, California was famous for hides and fleeces. This branch of industry also withered, and the traveler across those wide-spreading pastures was only reminded of the productive labor of former days by the vast

heaps of bleaching bones left on the slaughtering-grounds. They frequently occur in many of the districts, and call to recollection those ominous piles of white bones which dot the sandy wastes of Libya, recording the fate of luckless caravans. But a new epoch was about to open. A sudden change appeared in the aspect of the country. It sprang up from its low prostration; it revived from its long lethargy; and society, restored to health, was again inspired with the spirit of industry, the love of commerce, and the ambition of well-earned prosperity.

The intercommunication between California and the United States received a vigorous impulse. Broad currents of emigration flowed through the gorges of the Rocky Mountains, from the territories of the great republic, and into the valleys and plains of California. This leads us to consider for a moment one of the most curious features of commerce in this or any other quarter of the globe. We mean that great caravan or wagon-train which traverses the deserts, gorges, hills, valleys, and flowery plains lying between the town of Independence, Missouri, in the United States, Santa Fé on the western slope of the Rocky range, and the City of Angels on the coast of Alta California. It was formerly one of the principal links of intercourse, and, indeed, with the vast emigrant trail diverging from it, and crossing the Rocky Mountains through the South Pass, afforded a main channel for the intercommunication of the two regions.

Forty-five years only have elapsed since one James Pursley, after wandering for a long period through the desolate solitudes west of the Mississippi, fell in with some Indians on the banks of the Platte River, and descended with them to the trading station of Santa Fé. Whether or not he opened a barter with that town, is conjectural; but it appears certain that he planted the first seed of that overland intercourse, although local tradition relates that a swindling French Creole amassed much wealth through trade carried on across the Rocky Mountains. Some desultory undertakings were attempted, but with little result, until in 1821 the first caravan arrived at Santa Fé. Perils and privations were the lot of the first adventurers; but in the next year a company of traders was formed to establish the system of commerce. Eighty of them in 1824 started with a caravan of numerous mules and twenty-five carts, bearing merchandise to the value of thirty thousand dollars. The journey was performed with little difficulty; but

gradually, when the wagon-trains passed in regular succession along the trail, their wealth attracted tribes of roving Indians to hover along the line of march, plunder, murder, and intercept. They filled the woody hollows, lying in closest ambush until the head of the large, unwieldy caravan appeared in view, and then suddenly but stealthily thronging out upon the comparatively defenceless traders, who nevertheless frequently beat back their assailants and left a mound of slaughter on the spot. Still, the guilt of the first bloodshed hangs in a doubtful scale between the savages and the civilized men, though certain it is that many a corpse, shrouded in its own clothes, filled a grave on the way-side, and numerous stone-heaps or upright posts mark the resting-places of the dead along the borders of the trail.

In 1829 military protection was secured, and bodies of riflemen accompanied the caravans a considerable distance on their journey.

From various districts of America merchandise is collected on the Missouri River, brought up over its waters to the City of Independence, and then stowed in huge wagons, which bear it to Santa Fé, where part of the cargo, if we may so call it, is sold to the merchants of New Mexico, whilst a portion is carried on to the City of Angels. The caravan starts from Independence in May. Its appearance is singularly picturesque. A train of perhaps a hundred teams of from four to fifteen yokes, pulling five-score huge tented wagons, under the guidance of numerous drivers, cracking their long whips and shouting with all the power of their lungs; immense droves of cattle; long strings of carts drawn by mules; numbers of these animals laden with packs, with the merchants in their rude attire; all these, and countless other features,—too minute to be described—too picturesque to be forgotten,—impart the chief interest to a scene of singular romance. All the town's-people throng out to witness the departure of the caravan, which is regarded as the great event of the year, although it is not more gigantic than many of those vast loaded trains which nightly issue from every side of London, and travel through darkness to the remotest quarters of the kingdom.

The interest of the expedition is not diminished by the wild landscapes across which the caravan pursues its creeping way. Now it enters on a broad grassy savannah, level as a lake; now it wends among flowery slopes,

dotted with a few trees, brilliant with the Californian poppy, and speckled with thickly blooming shrubs, crimson blossoms, purple lilies, and the modest petals of the white and yellow evening primrose. Now it strikes out upon a wide, bleak, barren plain, studded with stony heaps; now it descends into a desert valley, deep and broad, waving from rim to rim with the wild mustard; now it skirts the arid shores of a salt lake; and now it enters the Vale of the Lonely Elm, where a solitary tree, by a pool of water, has given its name to the spot where it grows. Occasionally a little clump of tall cotton trees dots the prairie, each bearing amid its branches a small platform whereon a shrouded Indian corpse is laid. The climate is favorable to rapid desiccation, which encourages this singular plan of disposing of the dead. It is a custom among many barbarous races, and was practiced by the ancient Scythians, as it is now among some of the Bornean tribes.

Plunging amid rugged gorges, dark, precipitous heights, and deep, lonely defiles, the wagon-train winds among the Rocky Mountains, and then, descending the slopes, entering a valley cultivated with rich crops of corn and yams, reaches Santa Fé. The town has three or four thousand inhabitants, dwelling in mud-brick houses, one story high, with a church and fine gardens in the suburbs. Long strings of asses may be constantly seen, laden with wood, wending their way from the distant hills, upon which the city depends for fuel. The arrival of the caravan spreads life through the dull streets, and a brisk barter is at once commenced: the mules and cattle of the surrounding region, with other materials of wealth, being exchanged for the merchandise brought from the Missouri.

In October a train of about two hundred horsemen, with a multitude of loaded mules, leaves Santa Fé for the City of Angels. They take with them woolen, cotton, and linen cloths, to be exchanged for horses and mules—two pieces being the usual price of each animal. Crossing the Sierra Madre, descending southward to the Rio Navajoas, traversing the wasted districts of the old missions, and making its way over the Colorado, the Snowy Range, the Valley of Tulares, and the Californian hills, it reaches Los Angeles in about seventy-five days, and leaves it in the following April, before the melting of the snows, with a train of two or three thousand horses and mules. Everywhere neglected lands, olive plantations heavy with



fruit, and magnificent vineyards overgrown with wild vegetation, recalled the decayed industry of former days. But American enterprise was gradually rebuilding the ruined fabric of prosperity, when a discovery was made which turned adventure into a new channel, and opened another era in the history of California.

In September, 1847, an American settler, Captain Sutter, erected a water-mill in a mountainous spot a thousand feet above the level of the valley, where the Rio des los Americanos pours down from the Sierra Nevada to swell the united streams of the Sacramento and San Joachim. Some glittering particles were observed in the mud. They were examined—they were tested—they were proved to be pure and virgin gold. The discoverer at first secreted his knowledge, but it escaped him and spread abroad. The first rumors were lightly tossed aside; but confirmation gave them strength, and as each transmission of intelligence to the United States carried fresh accounts of new discoveries, an enthusiastic ardor was awakened, and within four months of that eventful day five thousand persons were delving on the river's banks, on the slopes, amid the ravines, hollows, and caverns in the Valley of the Sacramento.

From the vast population of the rising Republic new streams of emigration broke at once to swell that current which had for years set noiselessly toward the valleys of California. The upper region, or at least that portion of it lying between the Snowy Mountains and the sea, previously contained about twenty-five thousand inhabitants, of whom half were Christianized Indians, a third Spanish Americans, and the rest foreigners. Of the wild tribes in the interior no reckoning was ever made; but the number we mention swelled at once to immense additional magnitude after the discovery of the gold. Gradually the knowledge of that auriferous soil was borne to the four quarters of the world, and from all the ports of all the nations a few sails were spread toward the coasts of that wealthy region, the valley of that modern Pactolus, whose Chrysorhean stream appeared to pour down an inexhaustible flood of riches from the caverns of the Snowy hills.

Industry was making rapid progress along the coast; the towns were full of life, and the sounds of the hammer and the anvil awoke a thousand cheerful echoes. But the sands of the Sacramento attracted the population as by a magnetic impulse. Law-

yers, stewards, hotel-keepers, merchants, mechanics, and cultivators, left their occupations and hurried with basket and spade to the glittering region. Sinbad's diamond valley appeared not half so rich. Houses were closed; the grass threatened to grow over whole streets; deserted ships swung on their anchors in silent harbors. There was little danger in this. None had time to rob; none had the inclination. The garrison of Monterey abandoned arms and took up the pickaxe and the shovel. Trains of wagons constantly streamed from the coast to the interior. Stores and sheds were built along the river bank, and crammed with provisions to be sold at more than famine price; whole towns of tents and bushy bowers sprang up as if by magic; every dawn rose upon a motley toiling multitude, swarming in every nook and corner of the modern El Dorado, and every night was illumined by the flames of a thousand bivouacs.

Half-naked Indians; sharp-visaged Yankees in straw hats and loose frocks; groups of swarthy Spanish Americans; old Dons in the gaudy costume of a dead fashion; gigantic trappers with their rude prairie garb; and gentlemen traders from the United States, with crowds of pretty Californian women, jostled in tumultuous confusion through the gold district. Every method, from the roughest to the most ingenious, was devised for the rapid accumulation of gold; and the strange spectacle was presented of a vast population without law, without authority, without restraint, toiling together in amicable companionship. But the duration of this condition of things was brief. Outrages were perpetrated; robbery commenced; blood was shed, and anarchy in its most hideous form appeared. But the United States government soon laid the foundations of order, and has prepared a system of regular legislation for California. A severe code was established; thieving incurred the heavy penalty of a brand on the cheek, with mutilation of the ears: and by the last accounts, the treasures accumulated by the gold digger lie as secure in his canvas tenement as though under treble lock in a London bank.

A Californian gold hunter, who wrote this day five months ago, estimating the influx of population from the States during the past season, fixes it at a hundred thousand souls, so that the original census was quadrupled within those few months. Of these he calculates forty-five thousand arrived in the nine thousand wagons that traversed the

overland route, and four thousand on mule-back, whilst the remainder came *via* Panama, and round Cape Horn. One third of this multitude was composed of farmers, another of tradesmen and mechanics, and the rest of merchants, professional men, adventurers, and gamblers. The vast emigrant armies have acted as pioneers on their various routes, hewing down trees, filling up chasms, leveling the grounds, bridging torrents, and in every manner possible facilitating the passage of the trail. But the sufferings endured in these colossal caravans are severe and terrible. Many perish by the way; many become insane through lack of food and water. The Mormon half-way settlements on the Salt Lakes have afforded succor to thousands of these struggling wretches; so that some good has been effected by the wild saints of New Jerusalem.

By this time two or three hundred thousand persons must be busy in the golden region, although it appears as though the settlers wish to check emigration by fabricating accounts of the bad climate and poor soil, in imitation of the old Jesuit policy, but in contradiction to all writers of authority on California.

American enterprise is clearing the forest lands, cleansing out mines, planning cities, speculating in town lots, erecting school-houses, universities, and churches; whilst land is selling at prodigious prices. Dreaming adventurers call to mind the coffers of King Cræsus, and hearing that that in California there is

"Gold to fetch, and gold to send,  
Gold to borrow, and gold to lend,  
Gold to keep, and gold to spend,  
And abundance of gold in *futuro*,"

pour in mad torrents to the favored land, and dig with glistening eyes, whilst building up visionary castles more extravagant than those of the sanguine Alnaschar in the Thousand and One Nights. They never call to mind The Melancholy Man's Moral Maxim,—Hope for naught, and naught will disappoint you.

But the rage for gold has not driven all human feeling from the land, for the speculators are falling in love by thousands, though marrying only by hundreds, as women are very scarce, and most desperate jealousies occur; so that matrimony is as busy among them as the Midas mania for the glittering treasures of the Sacramento. Still, it must be confessed that Mr. John Cayley, pausing from his narration of the deeds of Sir Regi-

nald Mohun to apostrophize the reader, is right when he lays down the maxim—

"Have you a heart? gold is the thing to harden it;" and we sadly fear that many of the speculators having been victorious in a jealous struggle, rather neglect their wives, to sift the fine grain on the sand flats, or dig for precious fragments among the rocks. Still, many edifying pictures of felicity occur, and the speculative gold-hunter may often lift his eyes and see a long Yankee store-keeper scraping in the same hole with his partner, in most loving companionship; one holding the sieve, whilst the other pours upon it the rich dust; or one filling the pail, whilst the other stirs it with a long wooden pestle.

A traveler journeying from San Francisco to the gold district, has given some interesting details of the singular aspect presented by this population of miraculously rapid growth which now swarms from end to end of the Sacramento Valley, and even to the spurs of the Snowy Mountains. He arrived at San Francisco in April, 1848, and was delighted with the view spread out before his eye, whilst sailing across the broad lake-like harbor, whose gently heaving bosom was studded with ships that had recently arrived from Europe and America. On all sides rose lofty hills, whereon pastured innumerable herds of oxen and flocks of sheep. Their vast green slopes were dotted with clumps of trees. The town lay scattered on the harbor's rim; and over the entrance of the port frowned quaint old Spanish fortifications, where the stars and stripes of the Republic fluttered gaily above, and the streamers of a merchant fleet below. But our traveler was dreaming of gold, and the prospect had few endearing charms for him.

During his stay at the town, a man arrived from the gold district with twenty-three ounces of the pure metal, the produce of eight days' work. Others followed him, and gradually shovels, mattocks, and tin pans rose to a premium at the San Francisco market; whilst parties of adventurers continually left for "the diggings." Houses were closed; half-finished buildings were abandoned, and every species of industry was neglected. Meanwhile, vessels laden with amateur miners arrived from the United States, and the disembarked emigrants presented a curious spectacle, as they hurried in search of the means of rapid transit to the diggings. Here was a lawyer who had left his office—perhaps with a half-written brief upon the table; behind him stole his clerk,

and at his heels, perhaps, the functionaries of the law, abandoning quills, blue bags, red tapes, and staves, for spades, mattocks, crow-bars, and colanders. Here was a merchant who had closed his counting-house, with his partners and assistants; here was a store-keeper; here was the master of a hotel; and here an ominous array of most doleful and grim-looking individuals proclaimed themselves connected with the press; indubitably they were none other than the patient workers who toil by twilight. From the editor to the printer's devil, the whole staff of a New York journal emigrated to California; presses stood still; types remained in hopeless "pies," and uncorrected proofs were abandoned to the rats; for gold tempted all classes to its shrine, and even justices, naval and military officers, musicians, and farmers, left their gentler crafts to bore the rocks, and dig among the caverns of the Snowy Mountains, or to wash the mud and sift the glittering sands of the Sacramento.

Negro servants and laborers of all classes immediately assumed imperial airs, and demanded an imperial rate of wages. The waiter at the San Francisco hotel, succumbing—reluctantly, no doubt—to circumstances, found himself perfectly comfortable for some time with a salary of nearly nine hundred a year. Gold-scrappers, sieves, spades, shovels, and pickaxes, were sold for enormous sums; provisions were vended at Tanjore—famine prices; and camp equipage, arms, horses, and liquors, could only be obtained by those whose purses were heavy with the accumulation of former gains. The traveler, with a party of companions, prepared well for their adventure, and were lucky enough to secure the services of a mechanic to furnish them with saddles; but visiting his workshop to order some alterations, saw posted on the door the laconic written notice—"Gone to the Diggins."

Journeying to the banks of the Sacramento, they overtook many huge wagon trains, laden with emigrants to the gold regions, groups of horsemen and crowds of men, women, and children; whilst along the border were sprinkled numerous tenements composed of rough wooden frames, covered with brown calico or cotton. The great valley was peopled by an industrious multitude, some digging in holes, others washing in the river beds, shaking pails and sieves; some erecting houses, some dispensing provisions from stores, others changing the dust for coin—(the Jews monopolize this)—whilst all pursued through varied means one common object—gold.

Along the waters of the river, the masts of numerous vessels might be seen threading their way from the coast, and immense encampments studded the hill-slopes with life.

On dry and level spots, the amateur diggers erected their tents under the trees. Huge log-fires were kindled, bowie knives cut the pork, spoons mixed the coffee; the meat was fried in oceans of its own fat, with soaked pilot bread; and tin pails, used in common for gold washing and water boiling, foamed with the rich brown cream of the grateful beverage. An American "digger" describes with much animation the scene he witnessed around, whilst engaged pleasantly devouring fat pork and swallowing hot coffee. The axe resounded, and the flames crackled in all directions through the valley as evening approached, while continual streams of new comers poured toward the mines. Hundreds of these were escaped or released convicts from New South Wales, whose appearance was that of so many demons broken from the infernal realms. Dressed in discolored shirts, their ugly and impudent faces, says the American, peered with cunning impudence from beneath flaming red caps, which from their shape might be the camp pudding-bag; around their waists circled greasy leathern belts, in which worked at ease a wooden-handled sheath knife, used to blood of man and beast; while, leaping through the flames of their camp fire with hideous yells, they completed at least a close copy of one of Pluto's ante-chambers.

The night closes in; the vast scattered camps relapse into repose; the sound of digging, washing, and sifting ceases; the swarthy multitudes seek their various places of rest, or lie down shelterless on stores of gold. The camp fires blaze dimly, and shed a lurid glare on tent and sleeper, whilst the dark assemblages of bush-formed bowers, canvas tenements, calico-frame houses, and mud huts, mingled with the groves and strewn along the river banks, with the thousands of prostrate forms, and the few groups of watchers, form a picture at once novel, wild, and romantic. Early dawn changes it; all are again astir. The fires blaze up; the pots are on; the kettle hisses; the frying-pans sputter with their floating masses of pork, and a general demolition of bread, meat, coffee, and tobacco takes place. The meal is hurried. The whole valley wakes into activity. Every man seizes his implements. Pots, kettles, colanders, crowbars, and axes are caught up, and thus armed, the whole host of gold diggers pours out upon the

plains, valleys, and hills, to toil for another day, and heap up a new accumulation of wealth.

Our American was a trader, and opened a store in the Culoma valley. The great tent was pitched, and piled with merchandise. A broad counter, erected on barrels, was prepared in front. "Then arranging our articles we prepared for trade, and were soon visited by groups of diggers or others to purchase or look on. Ascertaining the current prices, we disposed of powder at sixteen dollars a pound, percussion caps at two dollars a hundred, or for waterproof, eight dollars a quarter box, with small belt pistols from thirty-two to forty-eight, a rifle for a hundred, clasp, sheath, and bowie knives at eight, ten, and sixteen dollars, and cigars at from seventy-five cents to a dollar and a quarter a dozen. The abundance of the gold dust and lumps in the possession of the miners was most wonderful. A fellow clad in greasy deer-skin pants and hunting shirt, the *usual dress of the diggers*, would purchase some article for an ounce or half-ounce, and producing, from the folds of a sash or handkerchief around him, an old deer-skin pouch, untie the coarse string, and turn out the dust into our scales. In this clumsy process more or less gold was spilled on the paper under the scales, and unless it was a considerable quantity, they generally refused to receive it back, saying, 'There's plenty more where that comes from.'"

At the river banks, and scattered over the rough ground, in this portion of the region spectacles of singular strangeness were presented. Men with long-handled shovels delved among clumps of bushes, or by the side of large rocks, never raising their eyes for an instant; others, with pick and shovel, worked among stone and gravel, or with trowels searched under banks and roots of trees, where, if rewarded with small lumps of gold, their eyes kindled with sudden pleasure, and the search was more intently pursued. In the water, knee, or even waist deep, regardless of the shivering cold, others were washing the sand in tin pans or the common cradle rocker, whilst the sun poured a hot flood upon their heads. The *rocker* is a wooden cradle covered with a grating, in which the earth and water are thrown, escaping through a contrivance at the bottom, which retains the gold. Some are so large

as to require five men to work them, and with steady labor the thrifty miner rarely fails to pile up in his tent a store of glittering riches; but what is obtained with toil is spent in excess. Parties of diggers continually throng to the stores to enjoy "a burst," which means a few days of degrading revel, drinking, feasting, and profligacy. Brandy at half an ounce, and champagne at an ounce, a bottle, are swallowed in profusion, and the intoxicated wretches rush from place to place, brandishing bowie knives, or shooting with the rifle at any fancied mark, with the ball often not half home and the rammer in. Others, leaping into the saddle and howling with frenzied excitement, ride fiercely through the tents in any direction, and are frequently thrown and nearly killed; whilst oaths and blasphemy so fearful that, as our American well expresses it, the rocks refused to echo them, fill the air. Many of the miners have spent as much as ten thousand dollars in two or three days—answering all remonstrance with, "There's plenty more, and when we want it we can dig it."

Such were the scenes which were in 1849 to be witnessed from end to end of the gold region. We have merely glanced at a few pictures, and of these rather suggested the outline than filled in the details. But the reader's imagination will doubtless carry him to those splendid valleys, those green hills and glittering rivers, where the waters are golden, where the soil teems with precious dust, where every stream is a Pactolus and every ravine a miser's chest; where Time has hoarded up his stores, now opened to the eye of man; where the Snowy Mountains have rolled down their exhaustless wealth, and converted the whole region into one vast mine, wherein now merchants, doctors, convicts, parsons, thieves, artists, editors, judges, soldiers, sailors, broken adventurers, black-legs, and lawyers, dramatic poets, beggars, mechanics, and vagabonds of all classes and calibres, swarm as flies about carrion, delving, washing, scraping, toiling and sweating from morning till night—all falling down and bowing before the great idoli of their worship, the golden calf of Mammon, as the multitudes of old Egypt labored around the eternal pyramids, at the bidding of their despotic kings.

One most singular circumstance is, that the Chinese, who for unnumbered ages have been interdicted from foreign settlement, have broken all old bonds, crossed ten thousand miles of ocean, and located themselves in great numbers at San Francisco, in wooden

\* "Sights in the Gold Region and Scenes by the Way." By Theodore T. Johnson. New York: Baker and Scribner, 1849.

tenements brought from Hong Kong, occupying themselves, as usual, in cheating as well as house-building—both most lucrative employments in California. A complete hotel has been sent thither from Antwerp: it consists of forty rooms, with furniture, all in cast-iron. The whole takes to pieces when desired. Similar houses have been shipped from Liverpool; but lodgings are nevertheless at a high premium, both in the towns and at the diggings.

Remembering the vast and continually rising tide of emigration that sets toward those golden shores, we cannot but regard with interest the plans for facilitating the transit of passengers. The voyage to New York offers, of course, every facility, but from thence to San Francisco, by way of Cape Horn, is a breadth of sea extending seventeen thousand miles, whilst the journey by the Panama Isthmus is only a third of that distance. But the passage of this narrow link of land, connecting the South with the North American continent and Mexico, is now tedious and difficult—open to long de-

lays and vexatious obstacles. A company has, however, been chartered to connect, by a railway, the Atlantic with the Pacific Ocean. The contractors for the line, which is to be fifty miles in length, are pushing the accomplishment so vigorously, that a year is expected to complete the undertaking, and the voyager from New York may then, instead of navigating the perilous sea that rolls round the head of Cape Horn, land at Chagres, place himself in a railway carriage, pull out his copy of the *Ancient Mariner*, and ere he has seen the old man shrivel, find himself at Panama, on the banks of the Pacific. It is a noble project, and its accomplishment will be one of the most splendid triumphs of human enterprise. To bore a tunnel through the earth beneath a river is a wonderful thing; but to throw a bridge of iron, to be traversed by steam, between the two mightiest oceans on the globe, will be a magnificent achievement. It will open an easy road from the Old and New Worlds to the shores of the land of gold.

## LIKING AND DISLIKING.

Ye who know the reason, tell me  
How it is that instinct still  
Prompts the heart to like—or like not—  
At its own capricious will!  
Tell me by what hidden magic  
Our impressions first are led  
Into liking—or disliking—  
Oft before a word be said!

Why should smiles sometimes repel us?  
Bright eyes turn our feelings cold?  
What is that which comes to tell us  
All that glitters is not gold?  
Oh—no feature, plain or striking,  
But a power we cannot shun,  
Prompts our liking, or disliking,  
Ere acquaintance hath begun!

Is it instinct—or some spirit  
Which protects us,—and controls  
Every impulse we inherit  
By some sympathy of souls?  
Is it instinct?—is it nature?  
Or some freak, or fault of chance,  
Which our liking—or disliking—  
Limits to a single glance?

Like presentiment of danger,  
Though the sky no shadow flings;  
Or that inner sense, still stranger,  
Of unseen—unutter'd things!  
Is it—oh, can no one tell me,  
No one show sufficient cause  
Why our likings—and dislikings—  
Have their own instinctive laws?

## LADY JANE GREY.

(SEE PLATE.)

[HUME's version of the tragic history of Lady Jane Grey has ever been admired for the exquisite taste and grace of style it displays, as well as for its essential adherence to truth. It forms so fine an accompaniment to our engraving, that we beg to refresh the reader's memory by a reproduction of it:]

The title of the princess Mary, after the demise of her brother, was not exposed to any considerable difficulty; and the objections started by the Lady Jane Grey's partisans were new and unheard of by the nation. Though all the Protestants, and even many of the Catholics, believed the marriage of Henry VIII. with Catharine of Arragon to be unlawful and invalid; yet, as it had been contracted by the parties without any criminal intention, had been avowed by their parents, recognized by the nation, and seemingly founded on those principles of law and religion which then prevailed, few imagined that their issue ought on that account to be regarded as illegitimate. A declaration to that purpose had indeed been extorted from parliament by the usual violence and caprice of Henry; but as that monarch had afterward been induced to restore his daughter to the right of succession, her title was now become as legal and parliamentary as it was ever esteemed just and natural. The public had long been familiarized to these sentiments: during all the reign of Edward, the princess was regarded as his lawful successor; and though the Protestants dreaded the effects of her prejudices, the extreme hatred universally entertained against the Dudleys, who, men foresaw, would, under the name of Jane, be the real sovereigns, was more than sufficient to counterbalance, even with that party, the attachment to religion. This last attempt to violate the order of succession had displayed Northumberland's ambition and injustice in a full light; and when the people reflected on the long train of fraud, iniquity, and cruelty, by which that project had been conducted; that the lives of the two Seymours, as well as the title of the princesses, had been sacrificed to it; they were moved

by indignation to exert themselves in opposition to such criminal enterprises. The general veneration also paid to the memory of Henry VIII. prompted the nation to defend the rights of his posterity; and the miseries of the ancient civil wars were not so entirely forgotten, that men were willing, by a departure from the lawful heir, to incur the danger of like bloodshed and confusion.

Northumberland, sensible of the opposition which he must expect, had carefully concealed the destination made by the king; and in order to bring the two princesses into his power, he had had the precaution to engage the council, before Edward's death, to write to them in that prince's name, desiring their attendance, on pretence that his infirm state of health required the assistance of their counsel and the consolation of their company. Edward expired before their arrival; but Northumberland, in order to make the princesses fall into the snare, kept the king's death still secret; and the Lady Mary had already reached Hoddesden, within half a day's journey of the court. Happily, the earl of Arundel sent her private intelligence, both of her brother's death, and of the conspiracy formed against her; she immediately made haste to retire; and she arrived, by quick journeys, first at Kenning Hall in Norfolk, then at Framlingham in Suffolk; where she purposed to embark and escape to Flanders, in case she should find it impossible to defend her right of succession. She wrote letters to the nobility and most considerable gentry in every county in England; commanding them to assist her in the defence of her crown and person. And she dispatched a message to the council; by which she notified to them, that her brother's death was no longer a secret to her, promised them pardon for past offences, and required them immediately to give orders for proclaiming her in London.

Northumberland found that further dissimulation was fruitless: he went to Sion House, accompanied by the duke of Suffolk, the earl of Pembroke, and others of the

nobility; and he approached the Lady Jane, who resided there, with all the respect usually paid to the sovereign. Jane was in a great measure ignorant of these transactions; and it was with equal grief and surprise that she received intelligence of them. She was a lady of an amiable person, an engaging disposition, accomplished parts; and being of an equal age with the late king, she had received all her education with him, and seemed even to possess greater facility in acquiring every part of manly and polite literature. She had attained a familiar knowledge of the Roman and Greek languages, besides modern tongues; had passed most of her time in an application to learning; and expressed a great indifference for other occupations and amusements usual with her sex and station. Roger Ascham, tutor to the Lady Elizabeth, having one day paid her a visit, found her employed in reading Plato, while the rest of the family were engaged in a party of hunting in the park; and on his admiring the singularity of her choice, she told him, that she received more pleasure from that author than the others could reap from all their sport and gayety. Her heart, full of this passion for literature and the elegant arts, and of tenderness toward her husband, who was deserving of her affections, had never opened itself to the flattering allurements of ambition; and the intelligence of her elevation to the throne was nowise agreeable to her. She even refused to accept of the present; pleaded the preferable title of the two princesses; expressed her dread of the consequences attending an enterprise so dangerous, not to say so criminal; and desired to remain in the private station in which she was born. Overcome at last by the entreaties, rather than the reasons, of her father and father-in-law, and above all of her husband, she submitted to their will, and was prevailed on to relinquish her own judgment. It was then usual for the kings of England, after their accession, to pass the first days in the Tower; and Northumberland immediately conveyed thither the new sovereign. All the counselors were obliged to attend her to that fortress; and by this means became, in reality, prisoners in the hands of Northumberland, whose will they were necessitated to obey. Orders were given by the council to proclaim Jane throughout the kingdom; but these orders were executed only in London and the neighborhood. No applause ensued: the people heard the proclamation with silence and concern: some even expressed their scorn and contempt; and one Pot, a

vintner's apprentice, was severely punished for this offence. The Protestant teachers themselves, who were employed to convince the people of Jane's title, found their eloquence fruitless; and Ridley, bishop of London, who preached a sermon to that purpose, wrought no effect upon his audience.

The people of Suffolk, meanwhile, paid their attendance on Mary. As they were much attached to the reformed communion, they could not forbear, amidst their tenders of duty, expressing apprehensions for their religion; but when she assured them that she never meant to change the laws of Edward, they enlisted themselves in her cause with zeal and affection. The nobility and gentry daily flocked to her, and brought her reinforcement. The earls of Bath and Sussex, the eldest sons of Lord Wharton and Lord Mordaunt, Sir William Drury, Sir Henry Benningfield, Sir Henry Jernegan, persons whose interest lay in the neighborhood, appeared at the head of their tenants and retainers. Sir Edward Hastings, brother to the earl of Huntingdon, having received a commission from the council to make levies for the Lady Jane in Buckinghamshire, carried over his troops, which amounted to four thousand men, and joined Mary. Even a fleet which had been sent by Northumberland to lie off the coast of Suffolk, being forced into Yarmouth by a storm, was engaged to declare for that princess.

Northumberland, hitherto blinded by ambition, saw at last the danger gather round him, and knew not to what hand to turn himself. He had levied forces, which were assembled at London; but dreading the cabals of the courtiers and counselors, whose compliance, he knew, had been entirely the result of fear or artifice, he was resolved to keep near the person of the Lady Jane, and send Suffolk to command the army. But the counselors, who wished to remove him, working on the filial tenderness of Jane, magnified to her the danger to which her father would be exposed; and represented that Northumberland, who had gained reputation by formerly suppressing a rebellion in those parts, was more proper to command in that enterprise. The duke himself, who knew the slender capacity of Suffolk, began to think that none but himself was able to encounter the present danger; and he agreed to take on him the command of the troops. The counselors attended on him at his departure with the highest protestations of attachment, and none more than Arundel, his mortal enemy. As he went along, he remarked the

disaffection of the people, which foreboded a fatal issue to his ambitious hopes. "Many," said he to Lord Gray, "come out to look at us, but I find not one who cries, God speed you!"

The duke had no sooner reached St. Edmondsbury, than he found his army, which did not exceed six thousand men, too weak to encounter the queen's, which amounted to double the number. He wrote to the council, desiring them to send him a reinforcement; and the counselors immediately laid hold of the opportunity to free themselves from confinement. They left the Tower, as if they meant to execute Northumberland's commands; but being assembled in Baynard's castle, a house belonging to Pembroke, they deliberated concerning the method of shaking off his usurped tyranny. Arundel began the conference, by representing the injustice and cruelty of Northumberland, the exorbitancy of his ambition, the criminal enterprise which he had projected, and the guilt in which he had involved the whole council; and he affirmed, that the only method of making atonement for their past offences, was by a speedy return to the duty which they owed to their lawful sovereign. This motion was seconded by Pembroke, who, clapping his hand to his sword, swore he was ready to fight any man that expressed himself of a contrary sentiment. The mayor and aldermen of London were immediately sent for, who discovered great alacrity in obeying the orders they received to proclaim Mary. The people expressed their approbation by shouts of applause. Even Suffolk, who commanded in the Tower, finding resistance fruitless, opened the gates, and declared for the queen. The Lady Jane, after the vain pageantry of wearing a crown during ten days, returned to a private life with more satisfaction than she felt when the royalty was tendered to her: and the messengers who were sent to Northumberland with orders to lay down his arms, found that he had despaired of success, was deserted by all his followers, and had already proclaimed the queen, with exterior marks of joy and satisfaction. The people everywhere, on the queen's approach to London, gave sensible expressions of their loyalty and attachment; and the Lady Elizabeth met her at the head of a thousand horse, which that princess had levied in order to support their joint title against the usurper.

The queen gave orders for taking into custody the duke of Northumberland, who fell on his knees to the earl of Arundel, that

arrested him, and abjectly begged his life. At the same time were committed the earl of Warwick, his eldest son, Lord Ambrose and Lord Henry Dudley, two of his younger sons, Sir Andrew Dudley, his brother, the marquis of Northampton, the earl of Huntingdon, Sir Thomas Palmer, and Sir John Gates. The queen afterward confined the duke of Suffolk, Lady Jane Grey, and Lord Guildford Dudley. But Mary was desirous, in the beginning of her reign, to acquire popularity by the appearance of clemency; and because the counselors pleaded constraint as an excuse for their treason, she extended her pardon to most of them. Suffolk himself recovered his liberty; and he owed this indulgence, in a great measure, to the contempt entertained of his capacity. But the guilt of Northumberland was too great, as well as his ambition and courage too dangerous, to permit him to entertain any reasonable hopes of life. When brought to his trial, he only desired permission to ask two questions of the peers appointed to sit on his jury; whether a man could be guilty of treason that obeyed orders given him by the council under the great seal; and whether those who were involved in the same guilt with himself, could sit as his judges. Being told that the great seal of a usurper was no authority, and that persons not lying under any sentence of attainder were still innocent in the eye of the law, and might be admitted on any jury, he acquiesced, and pleaded guilty. At his execution, he made profession of the Catholic religion, and told the people that they never would enjoy tranquillity till they returned to the faith of their ancestors: whether that such were his real sentiments, which he had formerly disguised from interest and ambition, or that he hoped by this declaration to render the queen more favorable to his family. Sir Thomas Palmer and Sir John Gates suffered with him; and this was all the blood spilled on account of so dangerous and criminal an enterprise against the rights of the sovereign. Sentence was pronounced against the Lady Jane and Lord Guildford, but without any present intention of putting it in execution. The youth and innocence of the persons, neither of whom had reached their seventeenth year, pleaded sufficiently in their favor.

After the parliament and convocation were dismissed in 1554, the new laws with regard to religion, though they had been anticipated in most places by the zeal of the Catholics, countenanced by government, were still more openly put in execution: the mass was everywhere re-established; and marriage was de-



clared to be incompatible with any spiritual office. It has been asserted by some writers, that three-fourths of the clergy were at this time deprived of their livings; though other historians, more accurate, have estimated the number of sufferers to be far short of this proportion. A visitation was appointed, in order to restore more perfectly the mass and the ancient rites. Among other articles, the commissioners were enjoined to forbid the oath of supremacy to be taken by the clergy on their receiving any benefice. It is to be observed, that this oath had been established by the laws of Henry VIII., which were still in force.

This violent and sudden change of religion inspired the Protestants with great discontent; and even affected indifferent spectators with concern, by the hardships to which so many individuals were on that account exposed. But the Spanish match was a point of more general concern, and diffused universal apprehension for the liberty and independence of the nation. To obviate all clamor, the articles of marriage were drawn as favorable as possible for the interests and security, and even grandeur of England. It was agreed that, though Philip should have the title of king, the administration should be entirely in the queen; that no foreigner should be capable of enjoying any office in the kingdom; that no innovation should be made in the English laws, customs, and privileges; that Philip should not carry the queen abroad without her consent, nor any of her children without the consent of the nobility; that sixty thousand pounds a year should be settled as her jointure; that the male issue of this marriage should inherit, together with England, both Burgundy and the Low Countries; and that if Don Carlos, Philip's son by his former marriage, should die, and his line be extinct, the queen's issue, whether male or female, should inherit Spain, Sicily, Milan, and all the other dominions of Philip. Such was the treaty of marriage signed by Count Egmont and three other ambassadors, sent over to England by the emperor.

These articles, when published, gave no satisfaction to the nation. It was universally said, that the emperor, in order to get possession of England, would verbally agree to any terms; and the greater advantage there appeared in the conditions which he granted, the more certainly might it be concluded that he had no serious intention of observing them; that the usual fraud and ambition of that monarch might assure the nation of such

a conduct: and his son Philip, while he inherited these vices from his father, added to them tyranny, sullenness, pride, and barbarity, more dangerous vices of his own: that England would become a province, and a province to a kingdom which usually exercised the most violent authority over all her dependant dominions: that the Netherlands, Milan, Sicily, Naples, groaned under the burden of Spanish tyranny; and throughout all the new conquests in America there had been displayed scenes of unrelenting cruelty, hitherto unknown in the history of mankind: that the inquisition was a tribunal invented by that tyrannical nation, and would infallibly, with all their other laws and institutions, be introduced into England; and that the divided sentiments of the people with regard to religion would subject multitudes to this iniquitous tribunal, and would reduce the whole nation to the most abject servitude.

These complaints being diffused everywhere, prepared the people for a rebellion; and had any foreign power given them encouragement, or any great man appeared to head them, the consequence might have proved fatal to the queen's authority. But the king of France, though engaged in hostilities with the emperor, refused to concur in any proposal for an insurrection, lest he should afford Mary a pretence for declaring war against him. And the more prudent part of the nobility thought that, as the evils of the Spanish alliance were only dreaded at a distance, matters were not yet fully prepared for a general revolt. Some persons, however, more turbulent than the rest, believed that it would be safer to prevent than to redress grievances; and they formed a conspiracy to rise in arms, and declare against the queen's marriage with Philip. Sir Thomas Wiat purposed to raise Kent; Sir Peter Carew, Devonshire; and they engaged the duke of Suffolk, by the hopes of recovering the crown for the Lady Jane, to attempt raising the midland counties. Carew's impatience or apprehensions engaged him to break the concert, and to rise in arms before the day appointed. He was soon suppressed by the earl of Bedford, and constrained to fly into France. On this intelligence, Suffolk, dreading an arrest, suddenly left the town with his brothers, Lord Thomas and Lord Leonard Gray, and endeavored to raise the people in the counties of Warwick and Leicester, where his interest lay; but he was so closely pursued by the earl of Huntingdon, at the head of three hundred horse, that he was obliged to disperse his followers, and

being discovered in his concealment, he was carried prisoner to London. Wiat was at first more successful in his attempt; and having published a declaration, at Maidstone in Kent, against the queen's evil counselors, and against the Spanish match, without any mention of religion, the people began to flock to his standard. The duke of Norfolk, with Sir Henry Jernegan, was sent against him, at the head of the guards and some other troops, reinforced with five hundred Londoners commanded by Bret: and he came within sight of the rebels at Rochester, where they had fixed their head-quarters. Sir George Harper here pretended to desert from them; but having secretly gained Bret, these two malecontents so wrought on the Londoners, that the whole body deserted to Wiat, and declared that they would not contribute to enslave their native country. Norfolk, dreading the contagion of the example, immediately retreated with his troops, and took shelter in the city.

After this proof of the disposition of the people, especially of the Londoners, who were mostly Protestants, Wiat was encouraged to proceed; he led his forces to Southwark, where he required of the queen that she should put the Tower into his hands, should deliver four counselors as hostages, and in order to insure the liberty of the nation, should immediately marry an Englishman. Finding that the bridge was secured against him, and that the city was overawed, he marched up to Kingston, where he passed the river with four thousand men; and returning toward London, hoped to encourage his partisans who had engaged to declare for him. He had imprudently wasted so much time at Southwark, and in his march from Kingston, that the critical season, on which all popular commotions depend, was entirely lost: though he entered Westminster without resistance, his followers, finding that no person of note joined him, insensibly fell off, and he was at last seized near Temple Bar by Sir Maurice Berkeley. Four hundred persons are said to have suffered for this rebellion: four hundred more were conducted before the queen with ropes about their necks: and falling on their knees, received a pardon, and were dismissed. Wiat was condemned and executed: as it had been reported that, on his examination, he had accused the Lady Elizabeth and the earl of Devonshire as accomplices, he took care, on the scaffold, before the whole people, fully to acquit them of having any share in his rebellion.

The Lady Elizabeth had been, during some time, treated with great harshness by her sister; and many studied instances of discouragement and disrespect had been practiced against her. She was ordered to take place at court after the countess of Lenox and the duchess of Suffolk, as if she were not legitimate: her friends were discountenanced on every occasion: and while her virtues, which were now become eminent, drew to her the attendance of all the young nobility, and rendered her the favorite of the nation, the malevolence of the queen still discovered itself every day by fresh symptoms, and obliged the princess to retire into the country. Mary seized the opportunity of this rebellion; and hoping to involve her sister in some appearance of guilt, sent for her under a strong guard, committed her to the Tower, and ordered her to be strictly examined by the council. But the public declaration made by Wiat rendered it impracticable to employ against her any false evidence which might have offered; and the princess made so good a defence, that the queen found herself under a necessity of releasing her. In order to send her out of the kingdom, a marriage was offered her with the duke of Savoy; and when she declined the proposal, she was committed to custody under a strong guard at Wodestoke. The earl of Devonshire, though equally innocent, was confined in Fotheringay Castle.

But this rebellion proved fatal to the Lady Jane Grey, as well as to her husband: the duke of Suffolk's guilt was imputed to her; and though the rebels and malecontents seemed chiefly to rest their hopes on the Lady Elizabeth and the earl of Devonshire, the queen, incapable of generosity or clemency, determined to remove every person from whom the least danger could be apprehended. Warning was given the Lady Jane to prepare for death; a doom which she had long expected, and which the innocence of her life, as well as the misfortunes to which she had been exposed, rendered nowise unwelcome to her. The queen's zeal, under color of tender mercy to the prisoner's soul, induced her to send divines, who harassed her with perpetual disputation; and even a reprieve for three days was granted her, in hopes that she would be persuaded during that time to pay, by a timely conversion, some regard to her eternal welfare. The Lady Jane had presence of mind, in those melancholy circumstances, not only to defend her religion by all the topics then in use, but also to write a letter to her sister in the

Greek language; in which, besides sending her a copy of the Scriptures in that tongue, she exhorted her to maintain, in every fortune, a like steady perseverance. On the day of her execution, her husband, Lord Guildford, desired permission to see her; but she refused her consent, and informed him by a message, that the tenderness of their parting would overcome the fortitude of both, and would too much unbend their minds from that constancy which their approaching end required of them: their separation, she said, would be only for a moment; and they would soon rejoin each other in a scene where their affections would be forever united, and where death, disappointment, and misfortunes, could no longer have access to them, or disturb their eternal felicity.

It had been intended to execute the Lady Jane and Lord Guildford together on the same scaffold at Tower Hill; but the council, dreading the compassion of the people for their youth, beauty, innocence, and noble birth, changed their orders, and gave directions that she should be beheaded within the verge of the Tower. She saw her husband led to execution; and having given him from the window some token of her remembrance, she waited with tranquillity till her own appointed hour should bring her to a like fate. She even saw his headless body carried back in a cart; and found herself more confirmed by the reports which she heard of the constancy of his end, than shaken by so tender and melancholy a spectacle. Sir John Gage, constable of the Tower, when he led her to execution, desired her to bestow on him some small present, which he might keep as a perpetual memorial of her: she gave him her table-book, on which she had just written

three sentences on seeing her husband's dead body; one in Greek, another in Latin, a third in English. The purport of them was, that human justice was against his body, but divine mercy would be favorable to his soul; that if her fault deserved punishment, her youth at least, and her imprudence, were worthy of excuse; and that God and posterity, she trusted, would show her favor. On the scaffold she made a speech to the bystanders; in which the mildness of her disposition led her to take the blame wholly on herself, without uttering one complaint against the severity with which she had been treated. She said, that her offence was not the having laid her hand upon the crown, but the not rejecting it with sufficient constancy; that she had less erred through ambition than through reverence to her parents, whom she had been taught to respect and obey; that she willingly received death, as the only satisfaction which she could now make to the injured state; and though her infringement of the laws had been constrained, she would show, by her voluntary submission to their sentence, that she was desirous to atone for that disobedience into which too much filial piety had betrayed her; that she had justly deserved this punishment for being made the instrument, though the unwilling instrument, of the ambition of others; and that the story of her life, she hoped, might at least be useful, by proving that innocence excuses not great misdeeds, if they tend anywise to the destruction of the commonwealth. After uttering these words, she caused herself to be disrobed by her women; and with a steady, serene countenance, submitted herself to the executioner.

From Chambers's Edinburgh Journal.

## THE ACCOMMODATION BILL.

SUCH of the incidents of the following narrative as did not fall within my own personal observation, were communicated to me by the late Mr. Ralph Symonds, and the dying confessions of James Hornby, one of the persons killed by the falling in of the iron roof of the Brunswick Theatre. A conversation the other day with a son of Mr. Symonds, who has been long settled in London, recalled the entire chain of circumstances to my memory with all the vivid distinctness of a first impression.

One evening toward the close of the year 1806, the Leeds coach brought Mr. James Hornby to the village of Pool, on the Wharf, in the West-Riding of Yorkshire. A small but respectable house on the confines of the place had been prepared for his reception, and a few minutes after his descent from the top of the coach, the pale, withered-looking man disappeared within it. Except for occasional trips to Otley, a small market-town distant about three miles from Pool, he rarely afterward emerged from its seclusion. It was not *Time*, we shall presently see—he was indeed but four-and-forty years of age—that had bowed his figure, thinned his whitening hair, and banished from his countenance all signs of healthy, cheerful life. This, too, appeared to be the opinion of the gossips of the village, who, congregated, as usual, to witness the arrival and departure of the coach, indulged, thought Mr. Symonds, who was an inside passenger proceeding on to Otley, in remarkably free-and-easy commentaries upon the past, present, and future, of the new-comer.

"I mind him well," quavered an old white-haired man. "It's just three-and-twenty years ago last Michaelmas. I remember it because of the hard frost two years before, that young Jim Hornby left Otley to go to Lunnion; just the place, I'm told, to give the finishing polish to such a miscreant as he seemed likely to be. He was just out of his time to old Hornby, his uncle, the grocer."

"He that's left him such heaps of money?"

"Ay, boy, the very same, though he

wouldn't have given him or any one else a cheese-paring whilst he lived. This one is a true chip of the old block, I'll warrant. You noticed that he rode outside, bitter cold as it is?"

"Surely, Gaffer Hicks. But do ye mind what it was he went off in such a skurry for? Tom Harris was saying last night at the Horse-Shoe it was something concerning a horse-race or a young woman; he warn't quite sensible which."

"I can't say," rejoined the more ancient oracle, "that I quite mind all the ups and downs of it. Henry Burton horsewhipped him on the Doncaster race-course, *that* I know; but whether it was about Cinderella that had, they said, been tampered with the night before the race, or Miss Elizabeth Gainsford, whom Burton married a few weeks afterward, I can't, as Tom Harris says, quite clearly remember."

"Old Hornby had a heavy grip of Burton's farm for a long time before he died, they were saying yesterday at Otley. The sheepskins will now no doubt be in the nephew's strong box."

"True, lad; and let's hope Master Burton will be regular with his payments; for if not, there's Jail and Ruin for him written in capital letters on yon fellow's cast-iron pliz, I can see."

The random hits of these Pool gossips, which were here interrupted by the departure of the coach, were not very wide of the mark. James Hornby, it was quite true, had been publicly horsewhipped twenty-three years before by Henry Burton, on the Doncaster race-course, ostensibly on account of the sudden withdrawal of a horse that should have started, a transaction with which young Hornby was in some measure mixed up; but especially and really for having dared, upon the strength of presumptive heirship to his uncle's wealth, to advance pretensions to the fair hand of Elizabeth Gainsford, the eldest daughter of Mr. Robert Gainsford, surgeon, of Otley—pretensions indirectly favored, it was said, by the father, but contemptuously repudiated by the lady. Be this as it may, three weeks after the races, Elizabeth Gains-



ford became Mrs. Burton, and James Hornby hurried off to London, grudgingly furnished for the journey by his uncle. He obtained a situation as shopman in one of the large grocer establishments of the metropolis; and twenty-three years afterward, the attorney's letter, informing him that he had succeeded to all his deceased uncle's property, found him in the same place, and in the same capacity.

A perfect yell of delight broke from the lips of the taciturn man as his glance devoured the welcome intelligence. "At last!" he shouted with maniacal glee; and fiercely crumpling the letter in his hand, as if he held a living foe in his grasp, whilst a flash of fiendish passion broke from the deep caverns of his sunken eyes—"at last I have thee on the hip! Ah, mine enemy!—it is the dead—the dead alone that never return to hurl back on the head of the wrongdoer the shame, the misery, the ruin he inflicted in his hour of triumph!" The violence of passions suddenly unreined after years of jealous curb and watchfulness for a moment overcame him, and he reeled as if fainting into a chair. The fierce, stern nature of the man soon mastered the unwonted excitement, and in a few minutes he was cold, silent, impassible as ever. The letter which he dispatched the same evening gave calm, business orders as to his uncle's funeral, and other pressing matters upon which the attorney had demanded instructions, and concluded by intimating that he should be in Yorkshire before many days elapsed. He arrived, as we have seen, and took up his abode at one of the houses bequeathed to him in Pool, which happened to be unlet.

Yes, for more than twenty bitter years James Hornby had savagely brooded over the shame and wrong inflicted on him before the mocking eyes of a brutal crowd by Henry Burton. Ever as the day's routine business closed, and he retired to the dull solitude of his chamber, the last mind-picture which faded on his waking sense was the scene on the crowded race-course, with all its exasperating accessories—the merciless exultation of the triumphant adversary—the jibes and laughter of his companions—the hootings of the mob—to be again repeated with fantastic exaggeration in the dreams which troubled and perplexed his broken sleep. No wonder that the demons of Revenge and Hate, by whom he was thus goaded, should have withered by their poisonous breath the healthful life which God had given—have blasted with premature old age a body rock-

ed with curses to unblessed repose! It seemed, by his after-confessions, that he had really loved Elizabeth Gainsford with all the energy of his violent, moody nature, and that her image, fresh, lustrous, radiant, as in the dawn of life, unceasingly haunted his imagination with visions of tenderness and beauty, lost to him, as he believed, through the wiles, the calumnies, and violence of his detested, successful rival.

The matronly person who, a few days after the Christmas following Hornby's arrival at Pool, was conversing with her husband in the parlor of Grange farmhouse, scarcely realized the air-drawn image which dwelt in the memory of the unforgiving, unforgetting man. Mrs. Burton was at this time a comely dame, whose *embonpoint* contour, however indicative of florid health and serenity of temper, exhibited little of the airy elegance and grace said to have distinguished the girlhood of Elizabeth Gainsford. Her soft brown eyes were gentle and kind as ever, but the brilliant lights of youth no longer sparkled in their quiet depths, and time had not only "thinned her flowing hair"—necessitating caps—but had brushed the roses from her cheeks, and swept away, with his searing hand, the pale lilies from the furtive coverts whence they had glanced in tremulous beauty, in life's sweet prime; yet for all that, and a great deal more, Mrs. Burton, I have no manner of doubt, looked charmingly in the bright fire-blaze which gleamed in chequered light and shade upon the walls, pictures, curtains of the room, and the green leaves and scarlet berries of the Christmas holly with which it was profusely decorated. Three of her children—the eldest, Elizabeth, a resuscitation of her own youth—were by her side, and opposite sat her husband, whose frank, hearty countenance seemed to sparkle with careless mirth.

"Hornby will be here presently, Elizabeth," said he. "What a disappointment awaits the rascally curmudgeon! His uncle was a prince compared to him."

"Disappointment, Henry! to receive four hundred pounds he did not expect?"

"Ay, truly, dame. Lawyer Symonds' son Frank, a fine, good-hearted young fellow as ever stepped in shoe leather—— Lizzy, girl, if that candle were nearer your face it would light without a match."

"Nonsense, father!"

"Very likely. Frank Symonds, I was saying, believes, and so does his father, that Hornby would rejoice at an opportunity of returning with interest the smart score I

marked upon his back three-and-twenty years ago."

"It was a thoughtless, cruel act, Henry," rejoined his wife, "and the less said of it the better. I hope the fright we have had will induce you to practice a better economy than heretofore; so that, instead of allowing two years' interest to accumulate upon us, we may gradually reduce the mortgage."

"That we will, dear, depend upon it. We shall be pushed a little at first; Kirkshaw, who lent me the two hundred and fifty, can only spare it for a month; but no doubt the bank will do a bill for part of it by that time. But sufficient for the day is the evil thereof. Here is the money for Hornby, at all events; and here at last comes the shriveled atomy; I hear his horse. Fanny, light the candles."

If Mrs. Burton had consciously or unconsciously entertained the self-flattering notion that the still unwedded bachelor who had unsuccessfully wooed her nearly a quarter of a century before, still retained a feeling of regretful tenderness for her, she must have been grievously surprised by the cold, unrecognizing glance which Hornby threw on her as he entered, and curtly replied to her civil greeting. *That* was not the image stamped upon his heart and brain! But when her eldest daughter approached the lights to place paper and pens upon the table, the flashing glance and white quivering lip of the grave visitor revealed the tempest of emotion which for an instant shook him. He quickly suppressed all outward manifestation of feeling, and in a dry, business tone demanded if Mr. Burton was ready to pay the interest of the mortgage.

"Yes, thank God," replied Burton, "I am; here is the money in notes of the Governor and Company of the Bank of England. Count them!"

Hornby bent down over the notes, shading his face with his hand, as if more accurately to examine them, and the glance of baffled rage which swept across his features was not observed.

"They are quite right," he said, rising from his chair; "and here is your receipt."

"Very good! And now, Hornby, let us have a glass of wine together for the sake of old times. Well, well; you need not look so fierce about it. Let bygones be bygones, I say. Oh, if you *will* go—go in God's name! Good-night!"

"Good-night!"

"Baffled—foiled!" muttered Hornby as he rode homeward. "Where could he get the

money? Borrowed it, doubtless; but of whom? Well, patience—patience! I shall grip thee yet, Henry Burton!" And the possessed man turned round in his saddle, and shook his clenched hand in the direction of the house he had quitted. He then steadily pursued his way, and soon regained his hermitage.

The month for which Burton had borrowed the two hundred and fifty pounds passed rapidly—as months always do to borrowers—and expedient after expedient for raising the money was tried in vain. This money must be repaid, Kirkshaw had emphatically told him, on the day stipulated. Burton applied to the bank at Leeds with which he usually did business to discount an acceptance, guaranteed by one or two persons whose names he mentioned. The answer was the usual civil refusal to accept the proffered security for repayment—"the bank was just then full of discounts." Burton ventured, as a last resource, to call on Hornby with a request that, as the rapid advance in the market-value of land consequent on the high war-prices obtained for its produce, had greatly increased the worth of Grange Farm, he would add the required sum to the already-existing mortgage. He was met by a prompt refusal. Mr. Hornby intended to foreclose as speedily as possible the mortgages he already held, and invest his capital in more profitable securities. "Well, then, would he lend the amount at any interest he chose?"

"The usury laws," replied Hornby, with his usual saturnine sneer, "would prevent my acceptance of your obliging offer, even if I had the present means, which I have not. My spare cash happens just now to be temporarily locked up."

Burton, half-crazed with anxiety, went the following day to the Leeds bank with the proffer of a fresh name agreed to be lent him by its owner. Useless! "They did not know the party." The applicant mused a few moments, and then said, "Would you discount the note of Mr. James Hornby of Pool?"

"Certainly; with a great deal of pleasure." Burton hurried away; had his horse instantly saddled, and galloped off to Pool. Hornby was at home.

"You hinted the other day," said Burton, "that if you had not been short of present means you might have obliged me with the loan I required."

"Did I?"

"At least I so understood you. I am of



course not ignorant, Mr. Hornby, that there is no good blood between us two; but I also know that you are fond of money, and that you are fully aware that I am quite safe for a few hundred pounds. I am come, therefore, to offer you ten pounds *bonus* for your acceptance at one month for two hundred and fifty pounds."

"What?" exclaimed Hornby, with strange vehemence. "What?"

Burton repeated his offer, and Hornby turned away toward the window without speaking.

When he again faced Burton, his countenance wore its usual color; but the expression of his eyes, the applicant afterward remembered, was wild and exulting.

"Have you a bill stamp?"

"Yes."

"Then draw the bill at once, and I will accept it."

Burton did not require to be twice told. The bill was quickly drawn; Hornby took it to another table at the further end of the apartment, slowly wrote his name across it, folded, and returned it to Burton, who tendered the ten pounds he had offered, and a written acknowledgment that the bill had been drawn and accepted for his (Burton's) accommodation.

"I don't want your money, Henry Burton," said Hornby, putting back the note and the memorandum. "I am not afraid of losing by this transaction. You do not know me yet."

"A queer stick," thought Burton, as he gained the street; "but Old Nick is seldom so black as he's painted! He was a plaguy while, I thought, signing his name; but I wish I could sign mine to such good purpose."

Burton laid the accepted bill, face downward, on the bank counter, took a pen, indorsed, and passed it to the managing clerk. The gray-headed man glanced sharply at the signature, and then at Burton, "Why, surely this is not Mr. Hornby's signature! It does not at all resemble it!"

"Not his signature!" exclaimed Burton; "what do you mean by that?"

"Reynolds, look here," continued the clerk, addressing another of the bank *employés*. Reynolds looked, and his immediate glance of surprise and horror at Burton revealed the impression he had formed.

"Please to step this way, Mr. Burton, to a private apartment," said the manager.

"No—no, I won't," stammered the unfortunate man, over whose mind a dreadful

suspicion had glanced with the suddenness of lightning. "I will go back to Hornby;" and he made a desperate but vain effort to snatch the fatal instrument. Then, pale and staggering with a confused terror and bewilderment, he attempted to rush into the street. He was stopped, with the help of the bystanders, by one of the clerks, who had jumped over the counter for the purpose.

The messenger dispatched by the bankers to Hornby returned with an answer that the alleged acceptance was a forgery. It was stated on the part of Mr. Hornby that Mr. Burton had indeed requested him to *lend* two hundred and fifty pounds, but he had refused. The frantic asseverations of poor Burton were of course disregarded, and he was conveyed to jail. An examination took place the next day before the magistrates, and the result was, that the prisoner was fully committed on the then capital charge for trial at the ensuing assize.

It were useless, as painful, to dwell upon the consternation and agony which fell upon the dwellers at Grange Farm when the terrible news reached them. A confident belief in the perfect innocence of the prisoner, participated by most persons who knew his character and that of Hornby, and that it would be triumphantly vindicated on the day of trial, which rapidly approached, alone enabled them to bear up against the blow, and to await with trembling hope the verdict of a jury.

It was at this crisis of the drama that I became an actor in it. I was retained for the defence by my long-known and esteemed friend Symonds, whose zeal for his client, stimulated by strong personal friendship, knew no bounds. The acceptance, he informed me, so little resembled Hornby's handwriting, that if Burton had unfolded the bill when given back to him by the villain, he could hardly have failed to suspect the nature of the diabolical snare set for his life.

In those days, and until Mr., now Sir, Robert Peel's amendment of the criminal law and practice of this country, the acceptor of a bill of exchange, on the principle that he was *interested* in denying the genuineness of the signature, could not, according to the English law of evidence, be called, on the part of the prosecution, to prove the forgery; and of course, after what had taken place, we did not propose to call Hornby for the defence. The evidence for the crown consisted, therefore, on the day of trial, of the testimony of persons acquainted with

Hornby's signature, that the acceptance across the inculcated bill was not in his handwriting. Burton's behavior at the bank, in endeavoring to repossess himself of the bill by violence, was of course detailed, and told heavily against him.

All the time this testimony was being given, Hornby sat on one of the front seats of the crowded court, exulting in the visible accomplishment of his Satanic device. We could see but little of his face, which, supported on his elbow, was partially concealed by a handkerchief he held in his hand; but I, who narrowly observed him, could occasionally discern flashes from under his pent brows—revelments of the fierce struggle which raged within.

The moment at last arrived for the prisoner, whose eyes had been for some time fixed on Hornby, to speak or read his defence, and a breathless silence pervaded the court.

Burton started at the summons like a man unexpectedly recalled to a sense of an imperious, but for the moment forgotten, duty.

"James Hornby!" he suddenly cried with a voice which rang through the assembly like a trumpet, "stand up, and if you can face an innocent man!"

Hornby, surprised out of his self-possession, mechanically obeyed the strange order, sprang involuntarily to his feet, let fall the handkerchief that had partially concealed his features, and nervously confronted the prisoner.

"Look at me, I say," continued Burton with increasing excitement; "and as you hope to escape the terrors of the last judgment, answer truly: did you not, with your own hand, and in my presence, sign that bill?"

"This cannot be permitted," interrupted the judge.

"If you do not speak," proceeded the prisoner, heedless of the intimation from the bench; "or if you deny the truth, my life, as sure as there is a God in heaven, will be required at your hands. If, in consequence of your devilish plotting, these men consign me to a felon's grave, I shall not be cold in it when you will be calling upon the mountains to fall and cover you from the vengeance of the Judge of heaven and earth! Speak, man—save me: save your own soul from mortal peril whilst there is yet time for mercy and repentance!"

Hornby's expression of surprise and confusion had gradually changed during this appeal to its usual character of dogged impassibility. He turned calmly and appealingly toward the bench.

"You need not answer these wild adjurations, Mr. Hornby," said the judge, as soon as he could make himself heard.

A smile curled the fellow's lip as he bowed deferentially to his lordship, and he sat down without uttering a syllable.

"May the Lord, then, have mercy on my soul!" exclaimed the prisoner, solemnly. Then glancing at the bench and jury-box, he added, "And you, my lord and gentlemen, work your will with my body as quickly as you may; I am a lost man!"

The calling of witnesses to character, the opening of the judge's charge, pointing from its first sentence to a conviction, elicited no further manifestation of feeling from the prisoner: he was as calm as despair.

The judge had been speaking for perhaps ten minutes, when a bustle was heard at the hall, as if persons were striving to force their way into the body of the court in spite of the resistance of the officers.

"Who is that disturbing the court?" demanded the judge angrily.

"For the love of Heaven let me pass!" we heard uttered in passionate tones by a female voice. "I must and will see the judge!"

"Who can this be?" I inquired, addressing Mr. Symonds.

"I cannot conceive," he replied; "surely not Mrs. Burton?"

I had kept my eye, as I spoke, upon Hornby, and noticed that he exhibited extraordinary emotion at the sound of the voice, to whomsoever it belonged, and was now endeavoring to force his way through the crowded and anxious auditory.

"My lord," said I, "I have to request on the part of the prisoner that the person desirous of admittance may be heard."

"What has she to say? Or if a material witness, why have you not called her at the proper time?" replied his lordship with some irritation.

"My lord, I do not even now know her name; but in a case involving the life of the prisoner, it is imperative that no chance be neglected!"

"Let the woman pass into the witness-box," interrupted the judge.

The order brought before our eyes a pale, stunted woman, of about fifty years of age, whose excited and by no means unintellectual features, and hurried, earnest manner, seemed to betoken great and unusual feeling.

"As I'm alive, Hornby's deformed house-keeper!" whispered Symonds. "This poor devil's knot will be unraveled yet."

The woman, whose countenance and de-



meanor, as she gave her evidence, exhibited a serious, almost solemn intelligence, deposed to the following effect:—

"Her name was Mary M'Grath, and she was the daughter of Irish parents, but born and brought up in England. She had been Mr. Hornby's housekeeper, and remembered well the 4th of February last, when Mr. Burton, the prisoner, called at the house. Witness was dusting in an apartment close to her master's business-room, from which it was only separated by a thin wooden partition. The door was partly open, and she could see as well as hear what was going on without being seen herself. She heard the conversation between the prisoner and her master; heard Mr. Hornby agree to sign the paper—bill she ought to say—for two hundred and fifty pounds; saw him do it, and then deliver it folded up to Mr. Burton."

A shout of execration burst from the auditory as these words were uttered, and every eye was turned to the spot where Hornby had been seated. He had disappeared during the previous confusion.

"Silence!" exclaimed the judge sternly. "Why, woman," he added, "have you never spoken of this before?"

"Because, my lord," replied the witness with downcast looks, and in a low broken voice—"because I am a sinful, wicked creature. When my master, the day after Mr. Burton had been taken up, discovered that I knew his secret, he bribed me with money, and great promises of more, to silence. I had been nearly all my life, gentlemen, poor and miserable, almost an outcast, and the temptation was too strong for me. He mistrusted me, however—for my mind, he saw, was sore troubled—and he sent me off to London yesterday, to be out of the way till all was over. The coach stopped at Leeds, and, as it was heavy upon me, I thought, especially as it was the blessed Easter-time, that I would step to the chapel. His holy name be praised that I did! The scales seemed to fall from my eyes, and I saw clearer than I had before the terrible wickedness I was committing. I told all to the priest, and he has brought me here to make what amends I can for the sin and cruelty of which I have been guilty. There—there is all that is left of the wages of crime," she added, throwing a purse of money on the floor of

the court; and then bursting into a flood of tears, she exclaimed with passionate earnestness, "for which may the Almighty, of his infinite mercy, pardon and absolve me!"

"Amen!" responded the deep husky voice of the prisoner, snatched back, as it were, from the very verge of the grave to liberty and life. "Amen, with all my soul!"

The counsel for the crown cross-examined the witness, but his efforts only brought out her evidence in, if possible, a still clearer and more trustworthy light. Not a thought of doubt was entertained by any person in the court, and the jury, with the alacrity of men relieved of a grievous burden, and without troubling the judge to resume his interrupted charge, returned a verdict of acquittal.

The return of Burton to his home figured as an ovation in the Pool and Otley annals. The greetings which met him on all sides were boisterous and hearty, as English greetings usually are; and it was with some difficulty the rustic constabulary could muster a sufficient force to save Hornby's domicile from sack and destruction. All the windows were, however, smashed, and that the mob felt was something at all events.

Burton profited by the painful ordeal to which he had, primarily through his own thoughtlessness, been exposed, and came in a few years to be regarded as one of the most prosperous yeomen-farmers of Yorkshire. Mr. Frank Symonds' union with Elizabeth Burton was in due time solemnized: Mr. Wilberforce, the then popular member for the West Riding, I remember hearing, stood sponsor to their eldest born; and Mary M'Grath passed the remainder of her life in the service of the family her testimony had saved from disgrace and ruin.

Mr. James Hornby disappeared from Yorkshire immediately after the trial, and, except through his business agents, was not again heard of till the catastrophe at the Brunswick Theatre, where he perished. He died penitent, after expressing to Mr. Frank Symonds, for whom he had sent, his deep sorrow for the evil deed he had planned, and, but for a merciful interposition, would have accomplished. As a proof of the sincerity of his repentance, he bequeathed the bulk of his property to Mrs. Symonds, the daughter of the man he had pursued with such savage and relentless hate!

## RECENT BRITISH PUBLICATIONS.

*The Chronology of Egypt.* By RICHARD LEPSIUS. —Fragmentary, imperfect, obscure and uncertain as our knowledge of ancient Egypt is—and probably must ever be—it has received great and valuable accessions within the present century. The investigations and discussions of Salt, Burton, Felix, Wilkinson, Vyse, Young, Champollion, Rossellini, Bunsen, and Lepsius, have given it such a shape and consistency as to elevate it to the rank of a science under the title of Egyptology. Champollion's grand hieroglyphical discoveries, founded on the Rosetta Stone, and facilitated by the previous researches of Dr. Young, formed the commencement of a new era in the study. Much that was before dark and doubtful has since been satisfactorily cleared up, many errors have been corrected, and some conjectures have been confirmed in a gratifying manner by ancient monuments which we are now able partially to decipher. Since the untimely deaths of Champollion and Rossellini, none have contributed so largely to the full development of our present resources as the Chevalier Bunsen and Dr. Lepsius. "In the year 1831," says the former, "Richard Lepsius, a young German philologist, gifted with a genius for the study of the monuments not inferior to that of Rossellini, and with much more natural acuteness and critical tact—furnished, besides, with that comprehensive knowledge of language peculiar to the German school—commenced, though not himself a pupil of Champollion, following out, from his own independent resources, the path opened up by that great master." Dr. Lepsius may now be said to be the first of living Egyptologists. The most important of his former publications on this subject are—"A Journey from Thebes to Lower Arabia," "The Tablet of Abydos," "The Tottenbuch," and "A Selection of the most Important Records of Egyptian Antiquity." This last work was freely used by Bunsen. Most valuable services have been rendered to the student of Egyptian antiquity by Lepsius's various discoveries,—his restoration of ancient monuments, particularly "The Hieratical Canon or Royal Papyrus of Turin,"—and, above all, his corrections and improvements of Champollion's hieroglyphic system. In September, 1842, as our readers well know, he was appointed to take the conduct of a Scientific Expedition into Egypt and Ethiopia, fitted out by the present King of Prussia. He remained there upward of three years, pursuing his investigations with persevering diligence, and the present is the first published result of his inquiries. The work is to consist of two other parts in addition to this.—*Athenæum*.

*Gilfillan's Literature and Literary Men*, republished in a handsome 12mo volume, by D. Appleton & Co., N. Y., is thus reviewed by the *Athenæum*. It should be borne in mind, however, that the verdict of the Press has generally been quite the reverse of the *Athenæum's* opinion.

Much labor and pains must have been taken by the most patiently-laborious writer to produce such a piece of hard reading as this volume. In his first "Gallery," if we recollect rightly, Mr. Gilfillan was sketchy, anecdotal, personal; doing his best to emulate Mr. N. P. Willis and others who have "penciled" literary men, women, and angels. In his present essays the "obscurely wise" has been the style aimed at. In one page we are reminded of Galt's gorgeous life of Byron,—in another of the picture language of Carlyle,—in a third of the transcendentalism of Emerson. In no page, be it ever so grandiose or mystical, are we secure against outbreaks of a most huck-a-back and colloquial familiarity, which startle as much as they edify and amuse. Lord Byron stands second in the "Gallery," and Mr. Gilfillan conceives that he is making "some small contribution toward a future likeness" of the poet. Smaller the boon of thought or acumen could hardly be; though the pages glitter with tropes and metaphors. If the present work indicates what Mr. Gilfillan can do when he is sparing of enthusiasm, we cannot but look forward to his expenditures upon the Psalmist and the Prophets with awe and apprehension.

On the other hand, the *Westminster and Foreign Quarterly Review* more candidly and truthfully speaks thus of the work:—

We miss none of that genial kindly feeling which, by identifying itself with its subject, forms the principal charm of short critical and biographical sketches like Mr. Gilfillan's. There is, too, an earnestness about these portraits, which evinces, we think, that in praising or blaming he is equally sincere. His sketches abound with happily-chosen and characteristic epithets, few-worded, indeed, but often on that very account far more expressive than the most elaborate sentences.

*Hildreth's History of the United States*, first published by Harper & Brothers, New York, republished by Low, London, has been very handsomely received by the British press. A specimen of the tone of transatlantic criticism is the following by the *Athenæum*—a work, however, seldom favorable to American literature:—

One great fault in Mr. Hildreth's work is, the method of its arrangement. Instead of dividing it, in the first place, into books or sections, each book or section comprising some specific portion of the history capable of being detached from the remainder,—and then subordinately into chapters,—Mr. Hildreth lets the narrative straggle on as it best can through no fewer than forty eight chapters continued in unbroken series over the three volumes. Such a plan may be suitable in certain cases,—as, for example, where some short portion of history is to be treated very fully; but in a history of the



United States, where the distracting multiplicity of petty contemporaneous details renders it so difficult for the reader to pursue the main thread for any length of time, the author ought the more assiduously to keep this thread in view by cutting it across at well-defined intervals.

Perhaps the best portion of the work, as it stands, is that which goes over the ground of the first periods of American history. This appears to have been the most carefully written. The author's style is bald and meagre in the extreme; and never once does he rise into anything like fervor, or exhibit the slightest capability of the graphic and picturesque. But the story is conscientiously—and, as far as details go, thoroughly—told. Punctual accounts are inserted of the various constitutions and codes of laws enacted in the several colonies; the prominent individual characters among the early settlers—the Smiths, the Williamses, the Eliots, the Mathers, &c.—duly appear and disappear; and, though no attempt is made to sketch their portraits. The spirit in which the story is told is also remarkably fair. The Puritans—"often rude, hard, narrow, superstitious, and mistaken," as Mr. Hildreth thinks them, "but always earnest, downright, manly, and sincere"—are treated with evident respect and liking; and only now and then, when in duty bound as a modern and an American,—as, for example, in behalf of representative freedom, religious toleration, and such matters—does the author put in any protest of his own. Wherever, in short, the facts recorded are not such as to move the reader by some indestructible force of their own, there is not the slightest chance of a lively sensation being communicated from Mr. Hildreth's pages.

Altogether, the perusal of Mr. Hildreth's book leaves with us an impression unfavorable to the possibility of a continuous history of the United States. In the first place, any history of them prior to their union is, in fact as well as in name, a non-entity; such a work can at best be only a collection of the parallel and independent histories of some twelve or thirteen distinct colonies. A history of the American colonies jointly prior to their union can properly be treated no otherwise than as an episode of British history, under some such title as "A History of the Colonization of America." Individually, however, the colonies may have histories strictly American from the beginning; and we shrewdly suspect that it is from such individual histories, taken in connection with topographical memoirs and with biographic sketches of the more remarkable of the pilgrim fathers and their immediate successors, that the clearest and most interesting views of early Anglo-American society will always be obtained. As regards the really possible history of the United States,—that which commences with their first display of united action in the struggle for independence—even here the subject is not the most promising for the historian. We question, for example, if any movement so important in reality as the revolt of the American colonies ever furnished so meagre a collection of materials for a story. We admire the struggle chiefly for its result; and we revere Washington while remembering scarcely a single saying of his, or a single anecdote regarding him worthy of being quoted. As compared with other national struggles, the American revolution is like a problem worked out algebraically; the result is notable, but the process unpicturesque. When that struggle was over, the States relapsed much into their former condition as

distinct territories:—the whole presenting a rich field for political and social observation rather than an apt subject for narrative. This very fact, far from being discreditable to American civilization, is, if rightly understood, one of the most remarkable and characteristic things about it.

*Life of Dr. Chalmers, by his son-in-law, Rev. Dr. Hanna*, published by Thomas Constable, Edinburgh, and now republishing in three beautiful volumes: small 8vo, by Harper & Brothers, is warmly received by the press. The *Examiner* notices it thus:—

It is not possible to imagine of any divine, living or dead, a more thorough identification with the doctrines he taught than was presented by Dr. Chalmers. The spirit of Christianity was incarnate in him in its most vital and energetic form. He was what he taught, and he has found a fitting biographer. Dr. Hanna has the qualities as well as opportunities, to an extent possessed by no other person, for the authentic portraiture of his mind and character; and we see already the noble contribution he will make to our gallery of the wise and good.

The *Biblical Review*, edited by Dr. Harris, author of "Mammon," says:

This work exhibits the Christian, the philosopher, the theologian, something of the patriot, but, above all, the man—with all the frank and genuine manliness of his character in heart, in mind, and in language—though accomplished in all science, yet still simple as a child.

The *Athenæum* begins its long review of the work thus:

So often as the British orators of the first half of our nineteenth century are enumerated, in the foremost rank, by the side of—perhaps before—Robert Hall will be placed Dr. Chalmers. The brilliancy of his eloquence, the passion and poetry with which he could invest facts of exact science, or theological controversies for the establishment of a favorite dogma, or philanthropical arguments on questions of social morals,—his genius, in short, will not make the world oblivious of the energetic virtue to which these things ministered; but it brings him out in glowing relief from among the company of arid theologians and zealous wranglers and benevolent agitators to whom, in spite of their faults and follies, society owes so much. The name of Chalmers belongs to no party so much as it does to mankind. According to its author's conscience, the book before us is carefully and fairly executed, and it will naturally supersede all other memoirs issuing from a source less authentic.

The *Spectator* says of it:

The style of Dr. Hanna's narrative is terse and manly; and he effectively indicates the pith of his story, whether humorous or serious. But his great merit lies in the mastery of his subject and the management of his materials. The mode in which he handles complex subjects so as to place them plainly before the reader, and the way in which he suspends chronology to bring remarkable circumstances effectively together, is akin to the art that produces the episode and retrospection of epic poetry.



*Daily Bible Illustrations*, by John Kitts, D.D., published in Edinburgh, by Oliphant & Son, and now republishing in four handsome 12mo volumes, by R. Carter & Brothers, New York. The *Christian Times*, a weekly of large circulation and high character, says of it:

Here are readings for thirteen weeks (in the first volume), so that the purchaser may promise himself or his family—if it is to be a family book, and well it may be—daily instruction and delight for one year after the purchase, if it please God that he live to read so long. For the first day of each week a lesson is provided in accordance with the sanctity of the Christian Sabbath, when the heart should be warmed, the affections elevated, and the mind subdued into a frame of subservience to the highest end of human existence, and prepared for the “sabbatism that remaineth for the people of God.” The four volumes will contain a very large body of information, and well deserve a place in the library of the critic and divine.

*Ticknor's History of Spanish Literature*, published in three elegant volumes, by Harper & Brothers, New York, and republished by John Murray, London, is highly lauded by the best critical authorities abroad. The opinion of the *Literary Gazette*, which is by no means more favorable than that of other journals, may be discerned from the following extracts of a long review:—

Out of an abundance has this work been formed; and the author has, we think, by this history, proved that he possesses as great ability for turning his stories of information to good account as he has so long evinced unwearied diligence in collecting them. Many years of that delightful literary toil has been his, as they have been the enjoyment of many; but few there are who have attained the higher felicity of building, out of such labor of love, a lasting monument to their own fame, and an Atrean Treasury for the public for ever.

In 1818 Mr. Ticknor traversed Spain as a book-collector, and enjoyed the aid and advice of that excellent man and scholar, Don Jose Ant. Conde, whose researches into the oral literature of Spain are so highly and justly appreciated. Since that period the author has sedulously availed himself of every opening and opportunity to augment his acquisitions; and these three volumes are the fruit of his industry and talent.

The field is very wide—indeed, a vast prairie—and we must be thankful for having it brought into one view, however extensive, and from its extent impossible to be entirely seen in all its distinctness. But hitherto we have seen only small separate portions of it. And Bouterwyk, and Sismondi, and Southey, in his notes on Madoc, and all the lesser exhibitors, make us only very imperfectly acquainted with the ground. With any omissions or imperfections of the American author, therefore, we are bound, in gratitude, to be exceedingly lenient; and yet, as far as we can ascertain from a limited examination, he seems to us to stand in need of but little indulgence.

*Irving's Life of Oliver Goldsmith*, published in a beautiful volume, by George P. Putnam, New York, and republished by John Murray, London, wins golden opinions abroad. The *Athenæum* thus speaks of its merits:—

“There are few writers,” says Mr. Irving in his opening paragraph, “for whom the reader feels such personal kindness as for Oliver Goldsmith.” This seems to have been Mr. Irving's motive originally for entering on the task of becoming Goldsmith's biographer. Mr. Irving does not pretend to have made a single discovery in Goldsmith's life; he only wishes to tell as pleasantly and briefly as he can all that is known about the poet—to bring the man before his readers in all his aspects and sufferings, from his cradle to his grave. His book owes all that it has of novelty and charm to style, reflection, apposite illustration and arrangement. As a piece of literary work we can award high praise to it. It is skillfully constructed out of the material, such as it is; the style is mellow and musical; the narrative flows on without interruption from the first page to the last—and occasionally it is brightened by passages of unusual beauty of diction and pictorial effect in the grouping of ideas and of situations.

The *Spectator* says of it—

For popular readers this will be the Life of Goldsmith. Few writers are more penetrated with the spirit of Goldsmith than Washington Irving; for his own style was founded upon that of the gifted Irishman. His own genius was akin to Goldsmith. . . . We think Mr. Irving exceedingly happy in bringing out the precise character of the stories with which any life of Goldsmith must of necessity be well sprinkled.

The commendation of the *Gentleman's Magazine* is thus expressed—

This, the latest account of the *child of genius and nature*, will bid fair to be the most popular, as it is the most pleasing. The previous biography of Mr. Prior is too long, and Mr. Forster's—also of considerable length—is too discursive. We presume that, for a considerable period at least, the biography of Goldsmith will close with this volume.

The relative merits of the three biographies are thus characterized in the *Atlas*, a weekly journal, of wide circulation—

Mr. Prior had given us the facts, and Mr. Forster the philosophy, of the literary history of Oliver Goldsmith and his times. There remained for Mr. Washington Irving to give us a life, simply and amusingly narrated, of that gentle and eccentric humorist. Its style is genuinely Irvingite—natural and lively, exactly what a biography ought to be. Altogether, we are able to form a more intimate, and, perhaps, a more agreeable acquaintance with “Poor Noll” than could be derived from the more elaborate volumes of memoirs which we already possessed.











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